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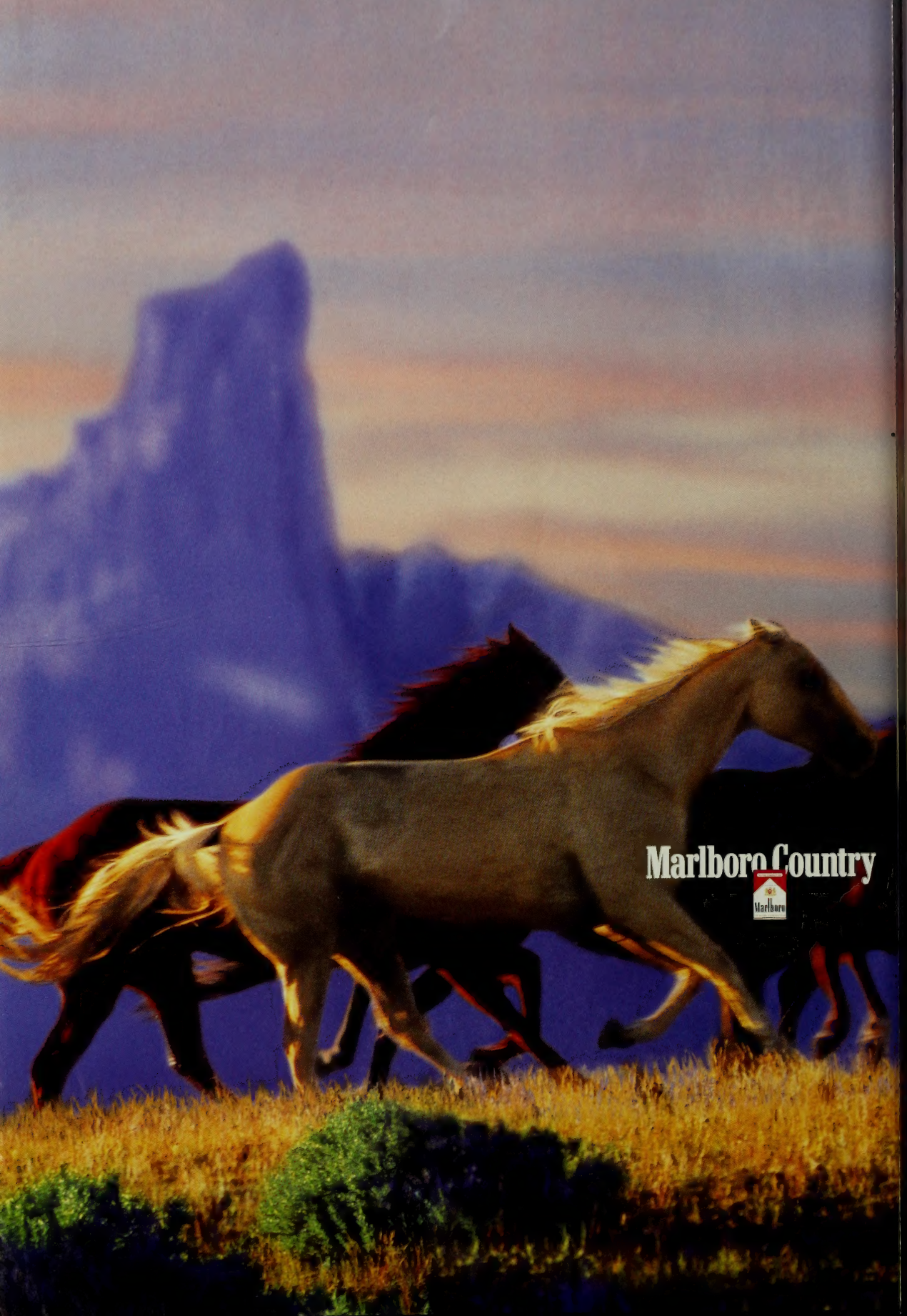
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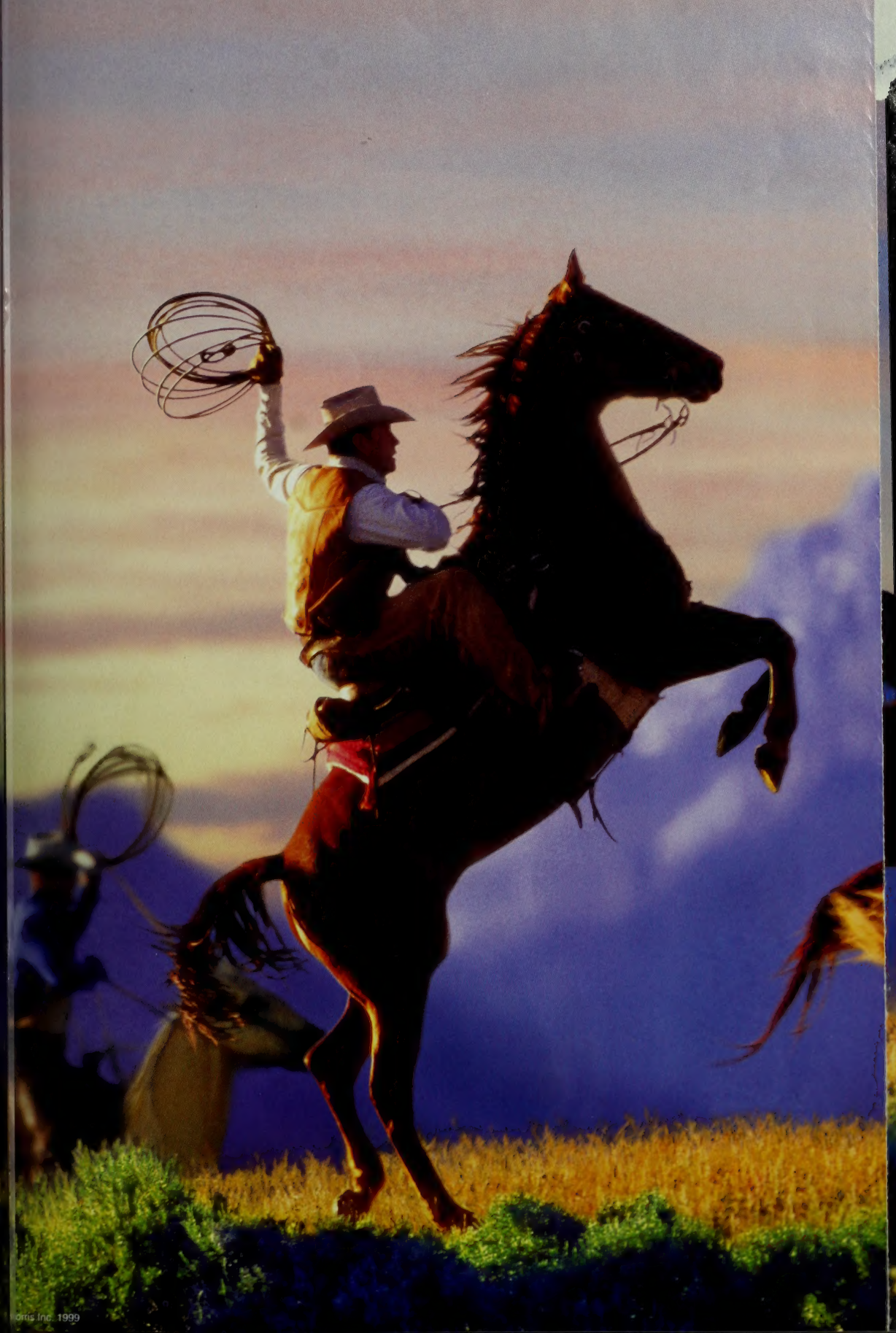
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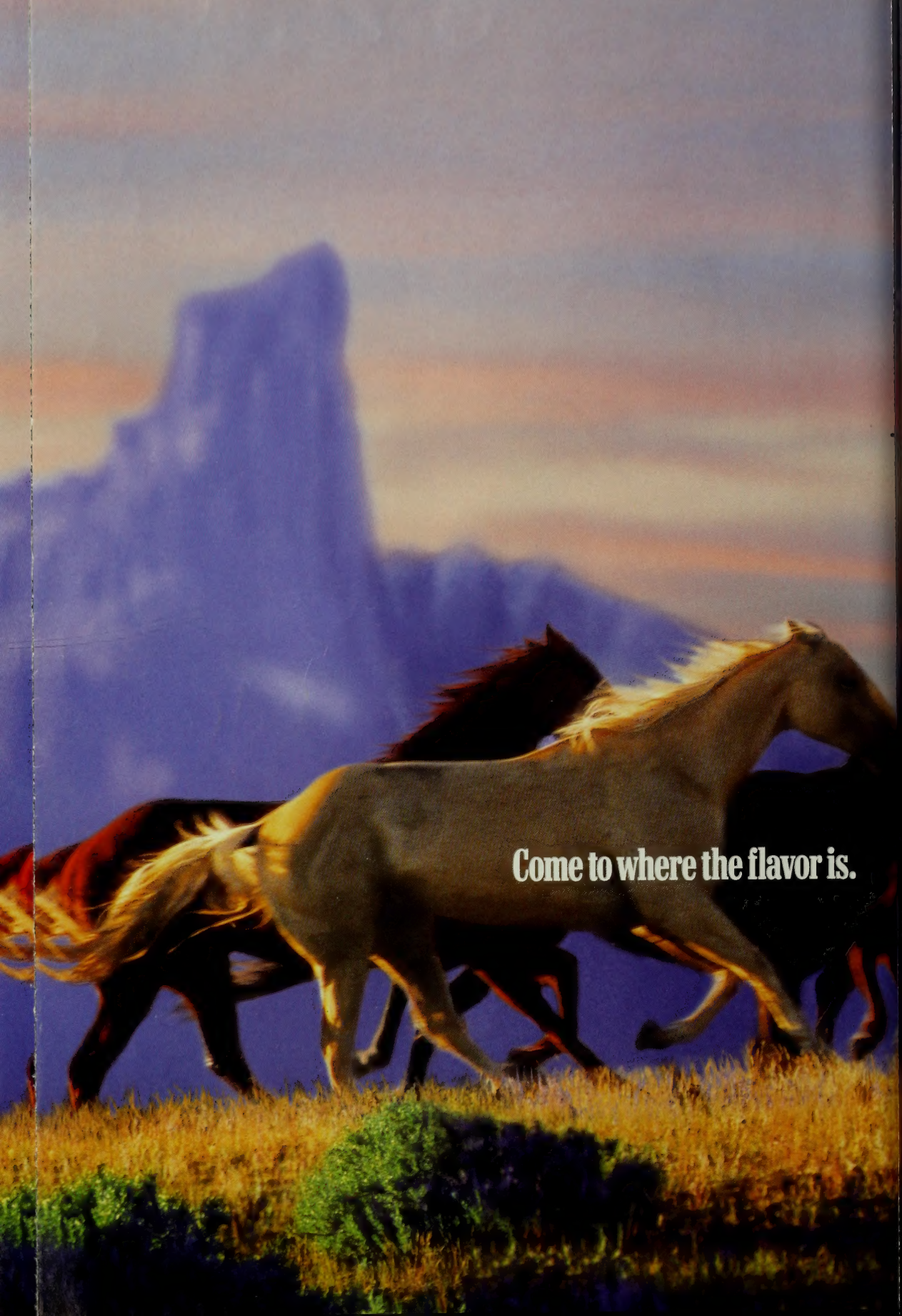
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WILLIE MORRIS on EUDORA WELTY
MICHAEL SHNAYERSON on DICK SNYDER
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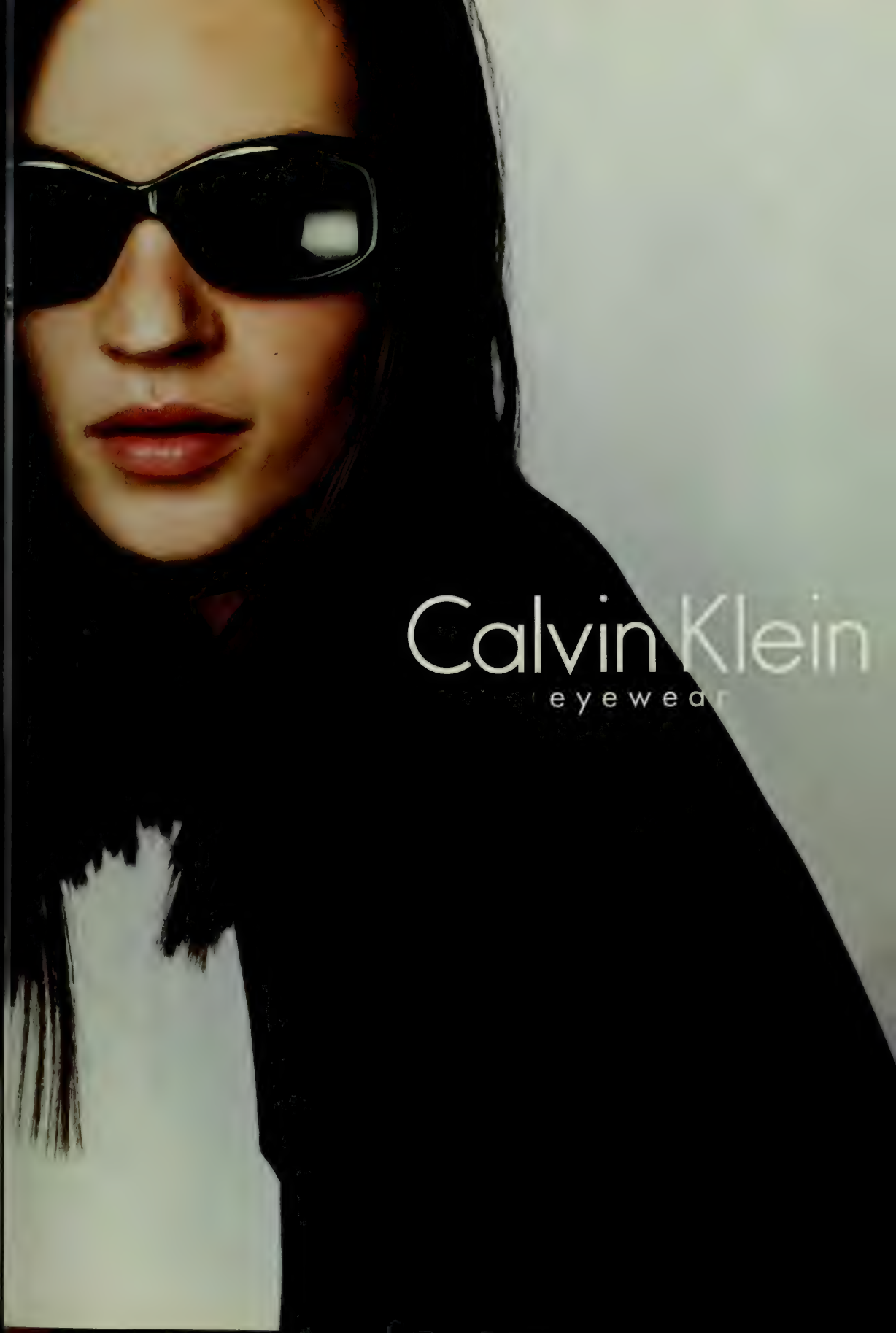

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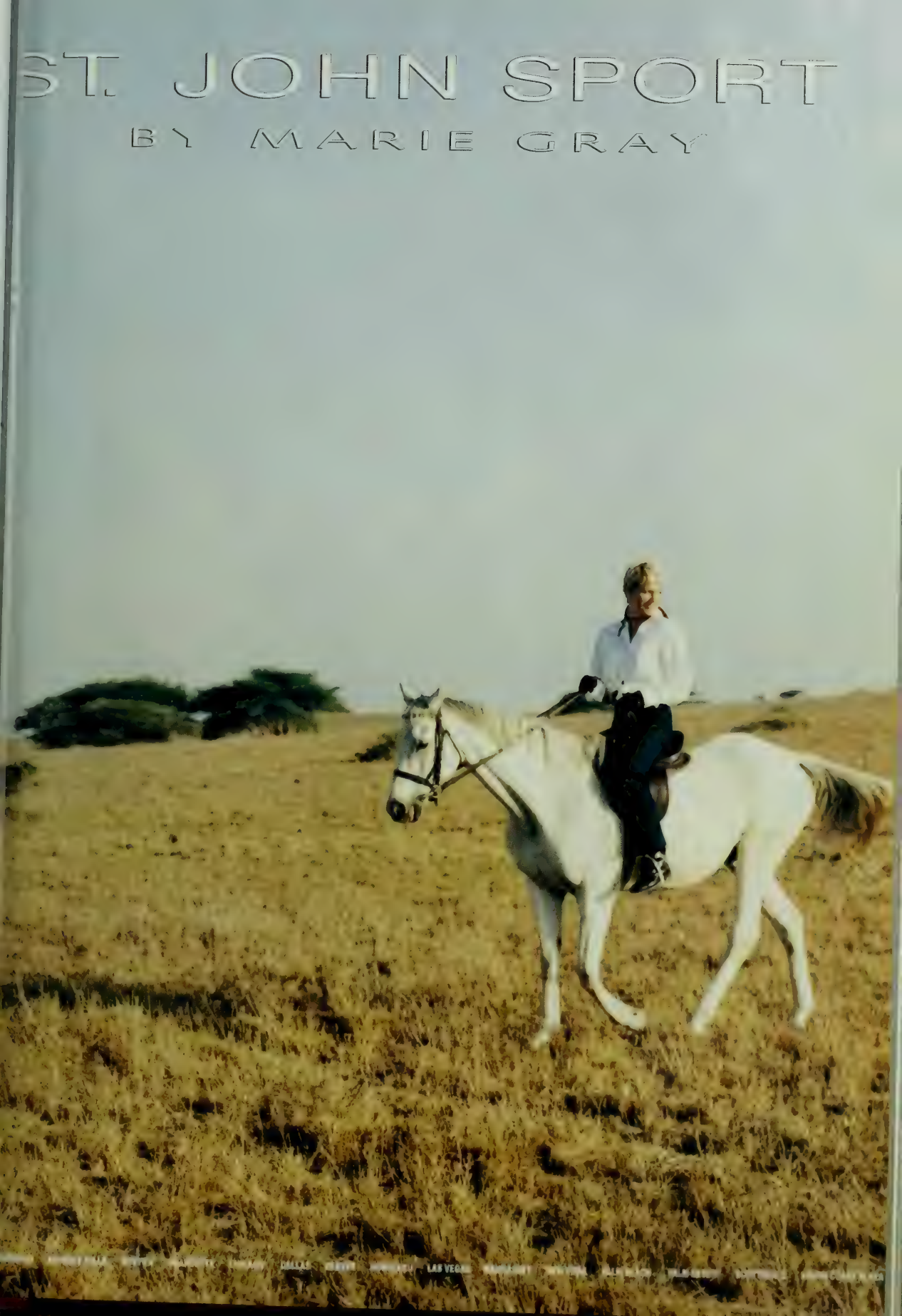
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VANITY FAIR

MAY 1999 № 465

Features

THROUGH THE STARDUST | 146

While other young stars are choosing nightclubs, Natalie Portman is weighing Harvard vs. Yale and Hollywood against any number of careers. This month, as the 17-year-old brings her uncanny maturity to George Lucas's *Star Wars* prequel, Leslie Bennetts enters Portman's paradoxical world. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

MR. DUNNE GOES TO WASHINGTON | 152

Beginning with the whispers of his friend Lucianne Goldberg and even after the Lewinsky scandal broke, Dominick Dunne maintained his allegiance to Bill Clinton. But after covering the impeachment trial from the Senate gallery and dining in Georgetown with the likes of Kay Graham, Vernon Jordan, and Sidney Blumenthal, Dunne was left with chilling theories and no illusions.

STORM WARNING | 158

On December 26, 115 sailboats, helmed by everyone from billionaires to locksmiths, crossed the starting line of the 54th Sydney–Hobart race. But when a vicious storm whipped the waves to 80 feet, the quest for glory on the high seas turned into a desperate fight for survival that left six men dead. Bryan Burrough reports.

SPORT OF QUEENS | 166

Hugh Hales-Tooke and Dominic Lawson spotlight three reigning queens of the chessboard—Hungary's Polgar sisters.

BRICE MARDEN'S ABSTRACT HEART | 168

As the recent, ecstatic work of Brice Marden tours the United States, John Richardson traces the forces that led the greatest abstract painter of his generation from a wild Greenwich Village apprenticeship to marriage to a strong-willed beauty, to this moment of triumph. Photographs by Bruce Weber.

MARK OF TRIUMPH | 178

Lorenzo Agius and Amy Fine Collins spotlight Alber Elbaz as he turns Yves Saint Laurent's prêt-à-porter line, Rive Gauche, into a must-have label for chic young Parisians.

MISSISSIPPI QUEEN | 180

The author of 13 books and winner of virtually every literary prize, Eudora Welty has lived as many stories as she has crafted. At her childhood home, the grande dame of American letters takes Willie Morris through 90 years of dreams and discoveries.

A HEAD FOR HORROR | 184

Mary Ellen Mark captures the cast of *Sleepy Hollow,* Tim Burton's film of the legend of the Headless Horseman—a tale, writes David Kamp, that might have been plucked straight from the director's own imaginative mind.

GOTH GIRL | 184

CONTINUED ON PAGE



Tiffany with your eyes closed

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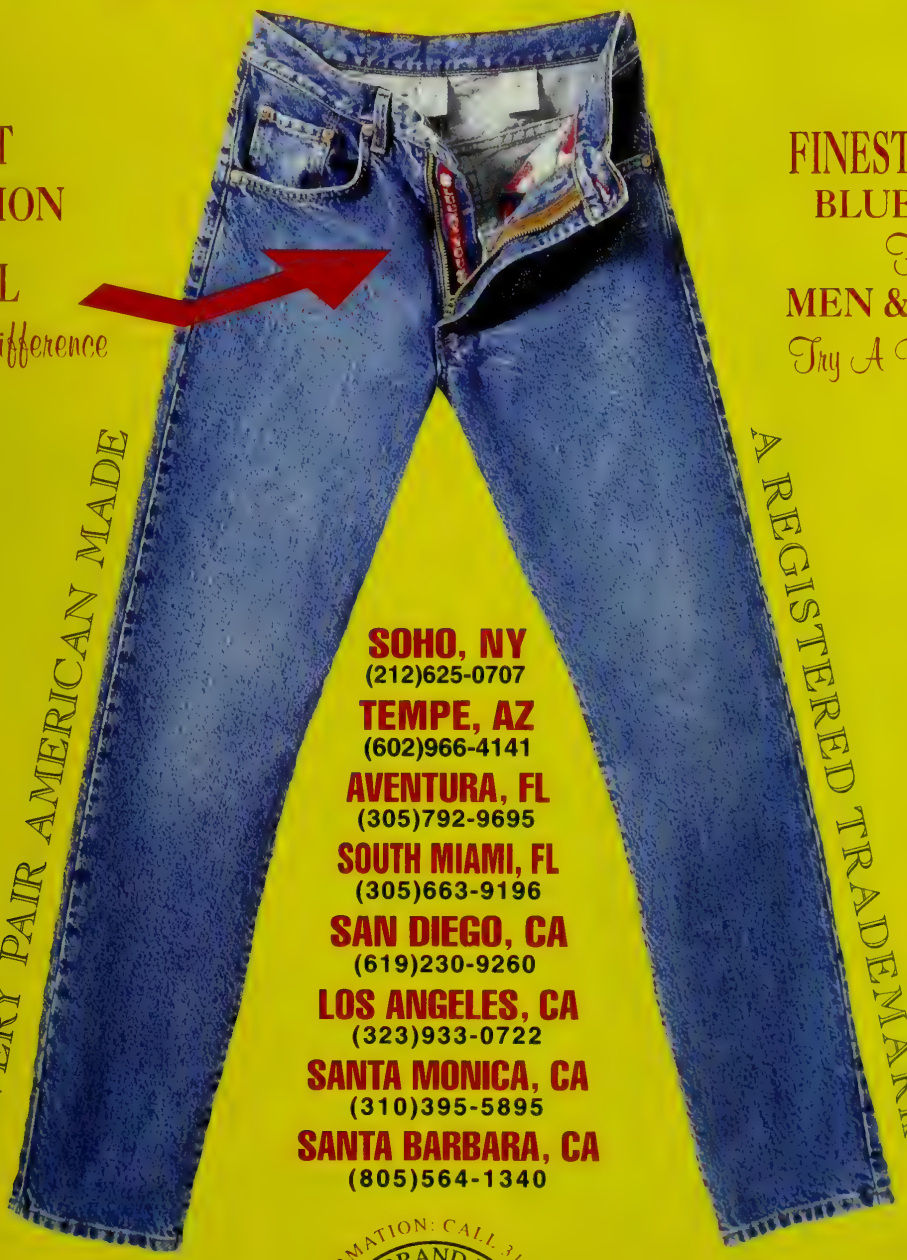
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VANITY FAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

MAY 19

A JAZZ OF THEIR OWN | 188
The bond between Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn made for such classics as "Take the 'A' Train" and "Satin Doll"—and a enigmatic relationship. On the 100th anniversary of Ellington's birth, David Hajdu reveals how the legendary jazz king and Lothario gave voice to a soft-spoken, gay composer and found in him the truest partner he ever had.

Columns

I'LL NEVER EAT LUNCH IN THIS TOWN AGAIN | 7
When Christopher Hitchens wanted to call the president a liar, he was forced to challenge the testimony of an old friend—ignitin furious charges of betrayal. Just what was he thinking?

THE PENTAGON'S TOXIC SECRET | 82
A crusading immunologist believes she has linked some cases of Gulf War syndrome, a cruel and undiagnosed condition plaguing thousands of veterans, to an anthrax vaccine. Followin a Pentagon paper trail, Gary Matsumoto investigates the mystery behind the illness. Photographs by Harry Benson.

HALL OF FAME | 108
Katharine Marx nominates violin teacher Roberta Guaspari-Tzavaras for bringing the sound of music to 1,200 inner-city children. Portrait by Anders Overgaard.

DICK SNYDER'S TARNISHED CROWN | 110
How did Dick Snyder, the visionary chairman of Simon & Schust end up losing his job, then running his new venture, Golden Books, into the ground? Michael Shnayerson has the page-turnin rise and fall of a publishing king. Photographs by Gasper Tringal

Vanities

MIGHTY MENA | 131
Party line—Washington novelist Christopher Buckley's speed dia George Wayne and Donny Osmond share some milk and a smile; barking doggerel—Laura Jacobs and Hilary Knight's ode to the Westminster Dog Show.

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: Profiles in courage | 48
CONTRIBUTORS | 52
LETTERS: This boy's life | 62
CREDITS | 212
PLANETARIUM: Toughen up, Taurus | 214
PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Leo Castelli | 216

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THE WORLD ON A STRING | 108



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VANITY FAIR AGENDA

Bruce McCall Retrospective

Admirers and fans gathered in New York at Milk Studios and in Detroit at the Cranbrook Art Museum for a retrospective of original artwork by Bruce McCall. McCall, a *Vanity Fair* contributor and one of America's most admired humorists and illustrators, attended both events. Guests were treated to an exhibit of his signature illustrations, featuring bright and inventive planes, trains, and automobiles.









e from top left: in Detroit, ɔefton from Bozell and his fe, Barbara; Bruce McCall ter), surrounded by Steve ı, Matt Woehrman, Leslie and Betsy Adelstein, from pbell Ewald; in New York, Laurent-Rella and Kieron from the G&P Charitable ndation; Andrea Robinson Ralph Lauren Fragrances.

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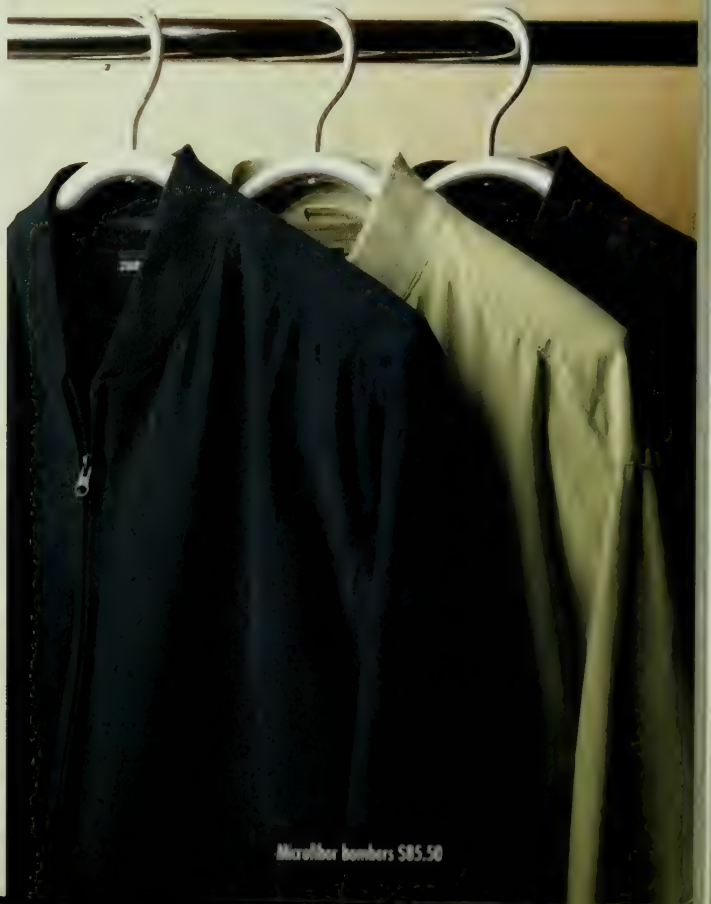




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Editor's Letter

Profiles in Courage



For the tired wage apes who wander the halls of *Vanity Fair,* tales of epic heroism or achievement out in the real world are both a balm and a source of frustration. The world beyond our offices on Madison Avenue at 45th Street comes to us in the form of photographs, faxes, and FedExed manuscripts. Journalists don't really live life—they just report on those who do it better. In this issue are three quite different stories of lives informed by intellectual endurance or admirable courage.

First is the saga of Dr. Pamela Asa, an immunologist in Memphis, Tennessee, who since the mid-1990s has waged a lonely battle against the medical establishment and the Pentagon on behalf of the thousands of veterans suffering from what is commonly referred to as Gulf War syndrome. Since the end of the six-week-long Gulf War, in 1991, most experts have believed that no single illness can account for the debilitating symptoms—including nausea, fatigue, joint pain, and seizures—that many Gulf War veterans have complained about. Asa believed otherwise. And according to Gary Matsumoto's groundbreaking article, "The Pentagon's Toxic Secret," which begins on page 82, after five years of steady research and investigation, Asa believes she has established the probable cause for at least some cases of Gulf War syndrome: a vaccine secretly (and illegally) administered by the Pentagon itself. This is startling stuff.

Ten thousand miles away, in the churning waters near Sydney Harbour, Australia, notions of heroism and courage were truly put to the test, and the consequences were most dire. On December 26, Boxing Day, 115 of the world's most sophisticated ocean-racing boats set sail on a 630-mile course to Tasman[ia]. That one of the boats was helmed by Larry [E]son, the billionaire owner of the Oracle softw[are] corporation, and that one of his hands was La[chlan] Murdoch, heir apparent to his father Rupe[rt] News Corporation, made the race interesti[ng] enough. That a monster summer storm a[p]proached as the boats headed out into open [w]only heightened the tension. As special cor[re]spondent Bryan Burrough reports in his riveti[ng] account, "Storm Warning," which begins [on] page 158, 90-mile-an-hour winds whipped up [40]-foot waves, pummeling even Ellison's maxi-yac[ht] *Sayonara,* which won the race. Others were less fortunate. S[ix] sailors were killed in the 36-hour nightmare of the storm, and sev[en] boats went down. More might have died, had it not been for t[he] helicopter rescues carried out by paramedics who risked their liv[es] plucking desperate sailors from roiling seas.

Finally, on page 180, the legendary southern journalist Wil[lie] Morris pays tribute to one of his literary heroes, novelist Eudo[ra] Welty, whose quiet brilliance has made her a kind of southern Ja[ne] Austen. Morris and Welty were born and raised in Mississippi, t[he] land of William Faulkner and Tennessee Williams, and they ha[ve] known each other for most of Welty's career, during which she h[as] produced 13 books, including her Pulitzer Prize–winning 1972 ma[s]terpiece, *The Optimist's Daughter.* Then again, although Welty, wh[o] is 90 this month, may well be America's greatest living writer, perhap[s] the most heroic thing about her is the fact that she's never taken h[er] legend—or herself—half as seriously as everyone else seems to.

Graydon Carter

Portrait of a Lady

ON THE COVER
Natalie Portman wears a shirt by Prada. Hair by Sally Hershberger. Makeup by Jeanine Lobell. Hair products from Ready to Wear/John Frieda. Makeup from Chanel. Props styled by Rick Floyd. Styled by Nicoletta Santoro. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.



Natalie Portman poses for Annie Leibovitz in front of a camellia bush in full bloom. It was Portman's idea to give the shoot its fairy-tale feel, and the ivy-covered town of Lowndesboro, Alabama, provided the perfect backdrop. Dress by Prada. *Inset,* makeup artist Jeanine Lobell touches up the usually makeup-free Portman. Photographed on February 7, 1999.

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EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

VANITY FAIR AGENDA

Tropicana Pure Premium

Vanity Fair and TROPICANA PURE PREMIUM invite you to learn more about nutrition with tips from Dr. Carla of the Tropicana Nutrition Center.

It may surprise you that 85-90 percent of adults do not get enough calcium each day. Alarmingly, no group of females over age nine gets enough.

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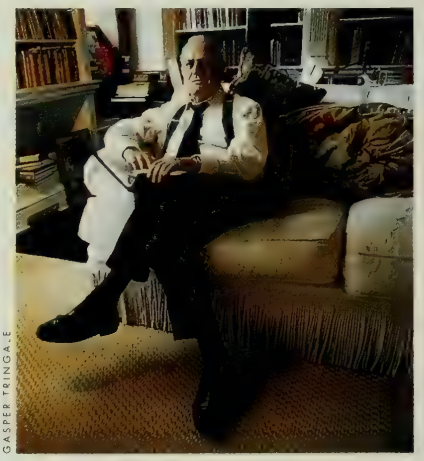
Whether you're already hooked on the USA NETWORK's *La Femme Nikita* or you have yet to discover this basic cable sensation, you won't want to miss another episode. Starring Peta Wilson, *La Femme Nikita* turns up the heat this season, Sundays at 10 p.m./9 p.m. Central, only on the USA Network.

Contributors



GASPER TRINGALE

"For having spent so much time in Hollywood, Natalie Portman is very unusual for a teenager, and unusual for an actress," says contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts,** who profiles the extraordinary young star in this issue. "She's the kind of teenager that people say doesn't exist in this day and age." In fact, Bennetts sometimes found it hard to believe that she was talking to a 17-year-old. "I know a lot of 40-year-olds who are not nearly as mature as she is."

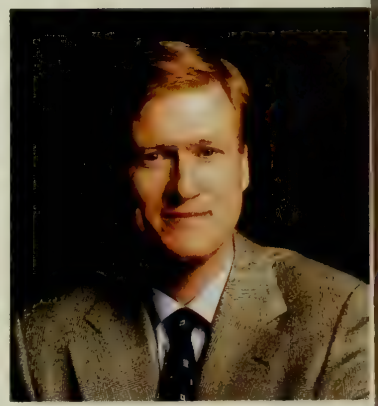


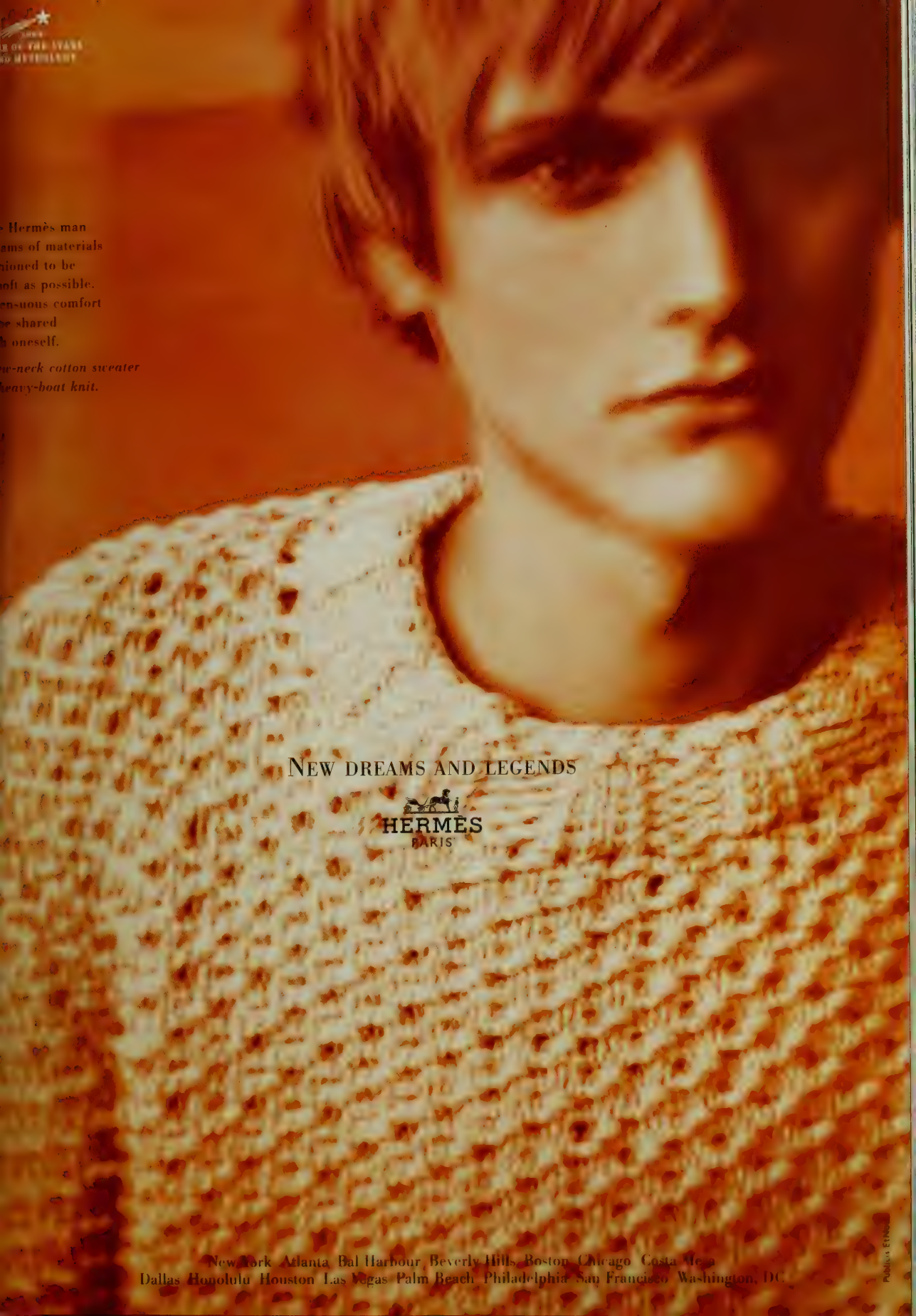
GASPER TRINGALE

Before getting back to the third volume of his acclaimed biography, *A Life of Picasso,* **John Richardson** is fine-tuning *A Sorcerer's Apprentice,* a memoir of his life in a Provençal château with the celebrated collector Douglas Cooper, and the part they played in Picasso's entourage. In this issue, Richardson profiles Brice Marden, whom he describes as the greatest nonfigurative painter of his generation. "Brice's painterly obsession and addiction to hard work remind me of the giants of the school of Paris," Richardson says.

"Writing about times when lives are at stake is much closer to my heart than money and other stuff that I've written about," says special correspondent **Bryan Burrough,** who in this issue reports on the Sydney–Hobart yacht race, which turned tragic when a tumultuous storm hit. Burrough, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter, says his fascination with true stories began at his grandmother's house. "She always had *Reader's Digest,* and I would read the real-life dramas. I wanted to write them. And this was my chance."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52



After the first reports about the mysterious Gulf War syndrome surfaced, in 1991, **Gary Matsumoto** took a personal interest. "I was a foreign correspondent for NBC during Desert Storm," says Matsumoto. "I began to ask myself, Is my body a ticking time bomb? Am I going to get sick?" Fortunately, Matsumoto did not, but last year he started investigating the possibility that an army-supplied vaccine was an actual cause of Gulf War syndrome. The results of his investigation begin on page 82.



GASPER TRINGALE

For contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson,** downfalls are always more interesting than success stories. "They're a challenge to character." So he watched keenly as publisher Dick Snyder, deposed at Simon & Schuster, tried a comeback with Golden Books, only to stumble. "He's had to admit to serious misjudgments," observes Shnayerson, whose profile of Snyder begins on page 110. "But he has, and in agreeing to discuss them with *Vanity Fair,* he's been pretty game."

Although she didn't realize it, **Krista Smith** was a shoo-in during her job interview at *Vanity Fair* in 1987. "My résumé really only said that I spoke Italian and had worked on Gary Hart's campaign," recalls Smith, who grew up in Denver. "But *Vanity Fair* was right in the middle of a huge exposé by Gail Sheehy on Gary Hart." Two weeks later, Smith began working as a fact checker on the story. She moved through the ranks and in 1993 was promoted to West Coast editor. Her position entails covering the entertainment industry from all angles: producing shoots, writing about celebrities, traveling to film festivals, and watching a constant stream of movies.

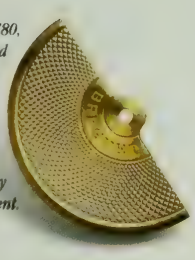




MARK FERRI

Contributing artist **Hilary Knight** admits that he is "very pro-pug, because of *Eloise,*" which he illustrated. But he was thrilled to see a six-pound papillon named Kirby take "Best in Show" at the Westminster Dog Show. Knight, whose illustrations of the event appear on page 142, was at the edge of the ring for the judges' final look at the dogs. "When the papillon came out," Knight recalls, "it was like looking at a rock star." This month, Simon & Schuster will publish *Eloise: The Absolutely Essential Edition.*

Invented for you



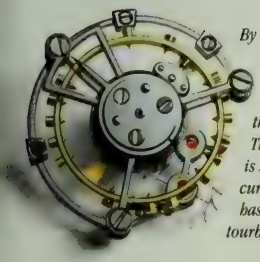
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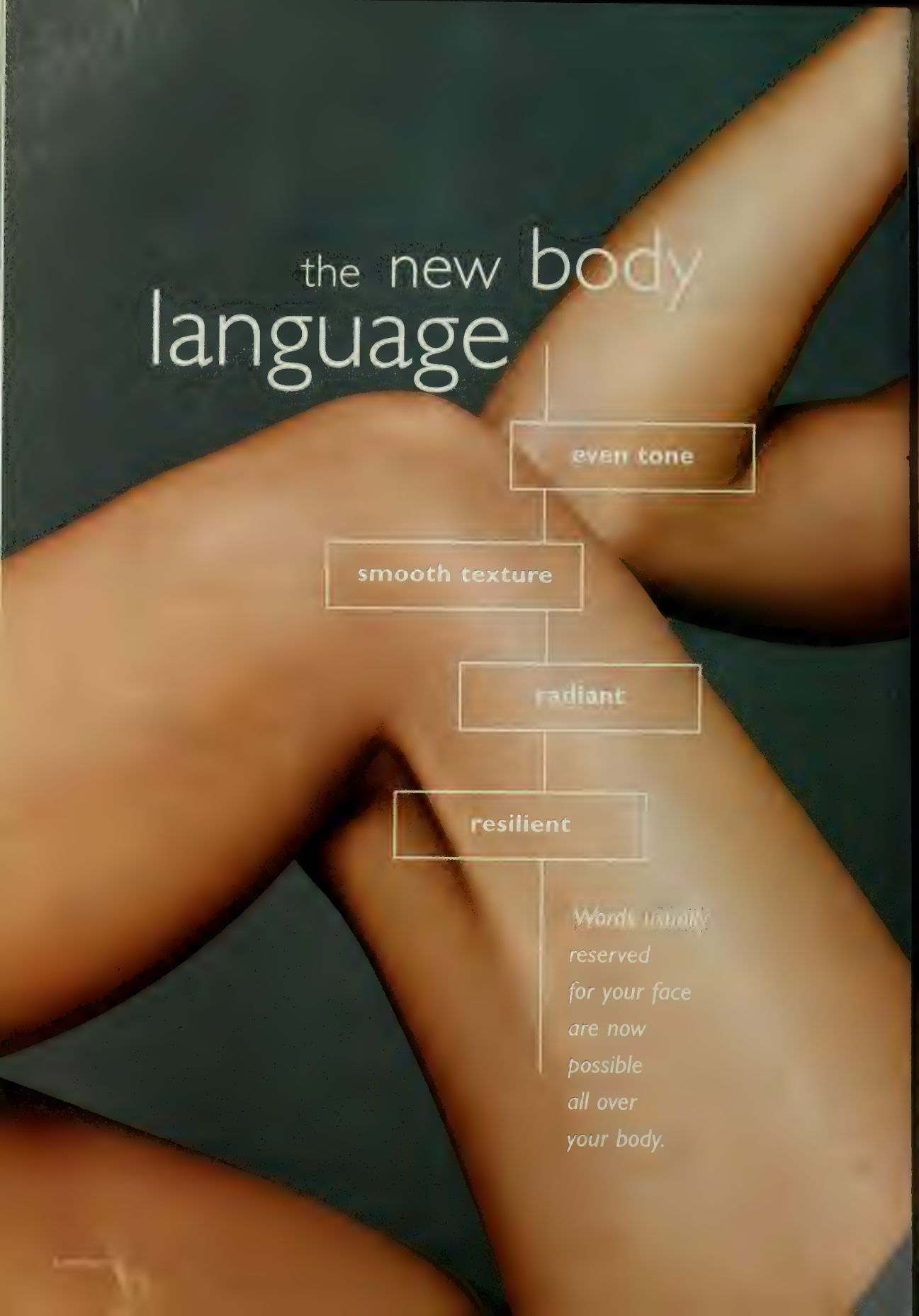


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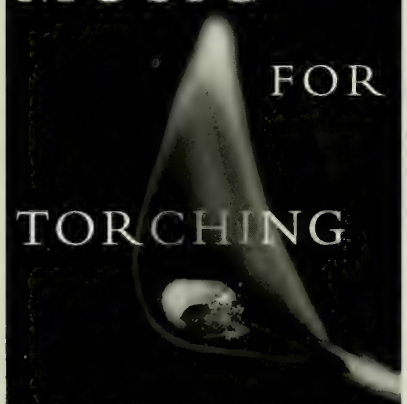
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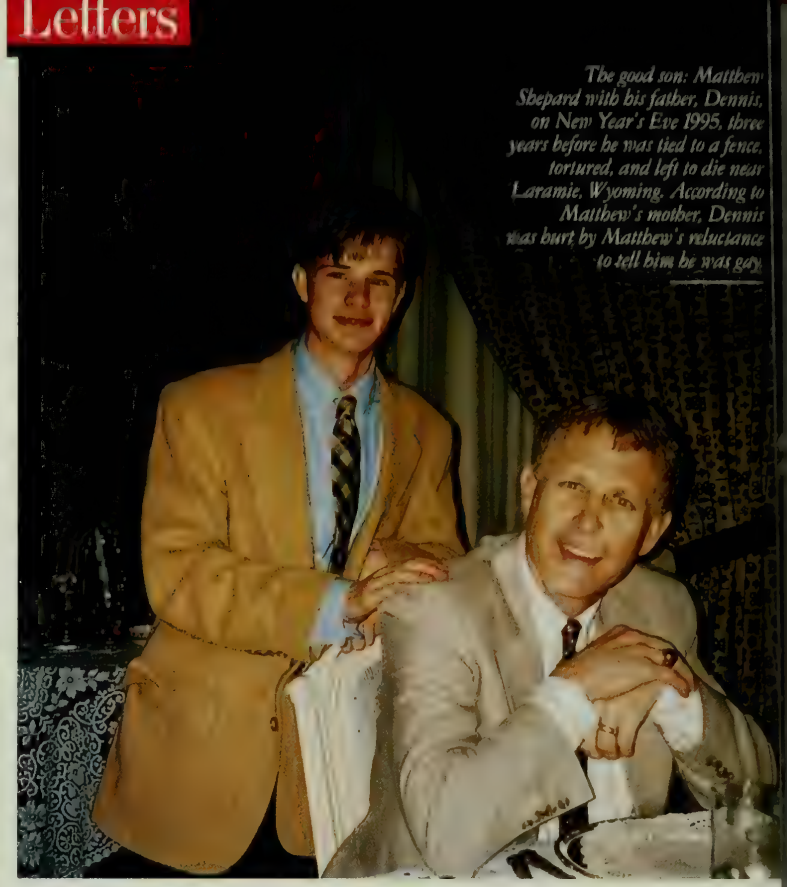
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The good son: Matthew Shepard with his father, Dennis, on New Year's Eve 1995, three years before he was tied to a fence, tortured, and left to die near Laramie, Wyoming. According to Matthew's mother, Dennis was hurt by Matthew's reluctance to tell him he was gay.

THIS BOY'S LIFE

Melanie Thernstrom's "The Crucifixion of Matthew Shepard" [March] is one of the most heart-rending, infuriating, and brilliant pieces of writing I have read in a very long time. You said her article set out to "fathom how one of America's most God-fearing communities bred a fatal hatred." The answer is simple. Few people are more potentially dangerous and intolerant than those who claim God as their own. The world is, and always has been, littered with the lives of people who have been destroyed in the name of God simply because they were not deemed "normal." I hope *Vanity Fair* will keep up its very high standards and perhaps offer free subscriptions to some of those living in "God-fearing" communities.

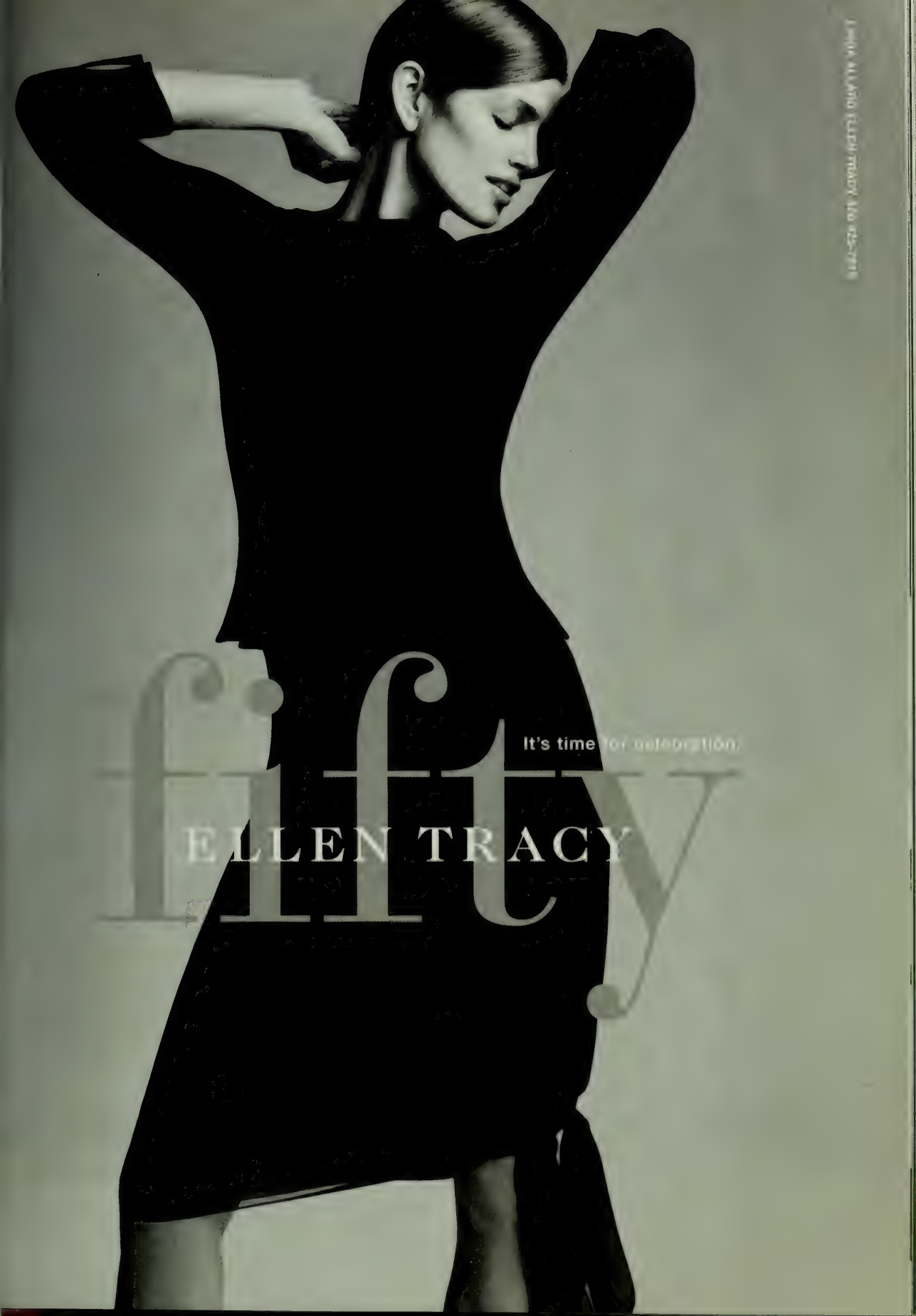
MICHAEL WRIST-KNUDSEN
Ely, England

SINCE THE KILLING of Matthew Shepard, the fight for hate-crime legislation has gained more support. But the price was too high. Shepard is not a tool for political progress but a symbol of how this society has failed its youth. The horror of Matthew's plight lies not only in his savage death but also in his unfortunate life. Here was a bright young man, full of hope and light, who consistently suffered from depression and suicidal thoughts—like so many other young gays and lesbians. The real tragedy is that society allowed and, indeed, prepared him for his tragic end. Thank you for shedding some light on this unnecessary tragedy and taking us beyond Matthew the Martyr to Matthew the Human.

PAUL SILVA
Washington, D.C.

HAVING READ YOUR ARTICLE on the tragedy of Matthew Shepard, I feel compelled to speak to your readers and, most of all, to the people of Laramie, Wyoming. After learning the details surrounding his death, many gay Americans immediately recognized that it could just as easily have occurred in Leeds, Alabama, or Southwick, Massachusetts, as in Laramie. In addition, we realized that the victim could have been any one of us instead of Matthew Shepard.

While we do not want to turn Matt


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into a "gay icon," we must dedicate ourselves to cultural and political change so that his death will not have been in vain. Because of his suffering, many mothers called their gay sons or daughters to make sure that they were O.K. But, sadly, many more did not.

MICHAEL F. ARMENTROUT
Raleigh, North Carolina

UNFORTUNATELY, Melanie Thernstrom's well-written and convincing report about the tortured life and death of Matthew Shepard was undermined by your magazine's betrayal of his family. Fearful of her son's exploitation, Matthew's mother made clear that she abhors comparisons with Jesus, saying that her son was no saint. Yet, insensitively, you called the killing a "crucifixion" in your headline.

DONALD S. WARNER
The Bronx, New York

AFTER READING Melanie Thernstrom's article on Matthew Shepard I immediately turned back to the "Contributors" section to look up the author. When I discovered that her best friend had been murdered, my response was "I knew it."

Less than two months before the killing of young Matthew, a beloved friend of mine was shot to death by someone who claimed to love him. As a gay man in my late 30s, I find that the death of a friend is not an uncommon experience. But to lose a friend to a senseless, brutal murder has turned my world upside down and nearly drowned me with confusion and pain.

While reading Ms. Thernstrom's article, I felt my own healing progress in the way that it does only when I meet someone who has been there. Matthew's family and friends were presented to me with such compassion and insight that I was certain the writer had been personally linked to a similar kind of pain.

I have no doubt that everyone who knew and loved Matthew Shepard benefited from the experience of meeting Melanie Thernstrom. She says of Matthew, "He speaks to people in an extraordinary way." The same can be said of Melanie Thernstrom.

PHILLIP B. PRILLMAN
Honolulu, Hawaii

The Prime of Ms. Barbara Walters

AT 51, I'VE MANAGED to keep my hair, my teeth, and, for the most part, my waistline. I've been a successful English teacher, writer, and speaker for 30 years. My midlife crisis some years ago involved neither sports cars nor neophytes; instead, I had a renewed love affair with Deborah, my own cherished wife of 20 years, and we now have a terrific 10-year-old son as a result.

The only problem with all this hard work, good fortune, and clean living is that I'm not likely to show up on Barbara Walters's interview list, and so I'm also not likely to have a chance to tell her that she is the best-looking, sexiest woman on any program on any channel in any time slot. Jennet Conant's article ["Major Barbara," March], with its accompanying photographs, highlights the main reason people want to talk with Barbara Walters: Miss Walters herself, an enviable, enduring blend of classic beauty and beautiful class.

PAUL LANKFORD
Virginia Beach, Virginia



A room with a view: Barbara Walters's recent 20/20 interview with Monica Lewinsky attracted 74 million viewers. Walters was photographed in her Manhattan apartment.

MICHAEL O'NEILL

Master Callas

STELIOS GALATOPOULOS'S "Callas in Love" [March] put to rest any doubts I may have had regarding Callas's strengths, both as an artist and as a woman who knew what she was willing to give up for her music. I had always admired Callas for her tenacity. But I had difficulty reconciling her public persona with the private one created by the media after Onassis married Jackie Kennedy: that of a spurned lover. Even when Faye Dunaway portrayed Callas onstage in San Francisco, the idea of her having been jilted was emphasized in several scenes. I think Aristotle Onassis was wise enough to realize who really cared for him after his charade of a marriage to Jackie. I can't wait to buy the book when it comes out.

MARITES LEE
San Rafael, California

Gala's True Colors

I AM OUTRAGED BY your vile and distorted depiction of Gala Dalí's character in your December exposé by John Richardson, entitled "Dalí's Demon Bride." Gala Dalí was an incredible woman. Those who truly knew her knew her to be kind, sincere, loving, and immensely nurturing of Dalí and his career. I was privileged to know the Dalís for the last 10 years of their lives. In the article, John Richardson and Dalí biographer Ian Gibson leveled several pernicious accusations against me that are unequivocally unsubstantiated. I was there; your writers were not. I would trust that your upscale readers are sophisticated enough to consider the source before believing everything they read. Disgraceful!

JEFFREY C. FENHOLT
Nichols Hills, Oklahoma

Wartime Lies

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS is dead-on in describing the machinations of the Clinton administration ["Weapons of Mass Distraction," March]. Clinton's adroit manipulation of the media is now so well known as to be legendary. What is contemptible is that he would try to maintain his lofty approval ratings by such actions as the bombing of Iraq and Sudan. That people would have to die to maintain the façade of Clinton's leadership is yet another twist in the tale.

DENNIS SAMS
Fairburn, Georgia

MR. HITCHENS FAILS to realize that President Clinton and Prime Minister Blair's bombing of Iraq was a pragmatic and sound decision.

From King Hussein's frail appearance at the Wye River conference in October, it was clear that he had less than six


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months of life left. Bombing Iraq was a pre-emptive strategy in anticipation of what would undoubtedly be a large funeral. Iraq would have had a golden opportunity to bomb Amman and consequently assassinate many of the world's leaders. It was the only solution to a logistical nightmare from a security standpoint.

While Mr. Hitchens has every right to criticize President Clinton's personal behavior, it's folly to overlook the need that existed to cripple Saddam Hussein's long-range-missile capability. In light of the dignity of King Hussein's life, and the fact that President Saddam Hussein regarded him as an enemy, it was a wise decision to bomb Iraq, and a fitting signal to send King Hussein, letting him know that he could rest in peace.

KIFFI-KHALAADI
Montreal, Quebec

THANK YOU for Christopher Hitchens's scathing indictment of the president. I seethed with anger as I read what Hitchens was able to unearth.

Although I admit I was a proponent of the air strikes, I didn't question the timing. Like many other Americans, I was wait to see what great plan would unfold ter the air strikes to remove the tyran of Saddam Hussein. Yet, as the smo cleared, not only did we lose the mand to investigate Iraq's weapons of mass struction, but we settled comfortably i a routine of jeopardizing the lives American and British pilots in an endl and trivial course of continuous pinpric So, as with most things relevant to t administration, I have come away skep cal apropos the air strikes. It's quite cl that Clinton can thank his lucky stars t the Senate recently gave credence to t statistically insignificant popularity "poll

JEFFREY TAPPAN GOR
Raleigh, North Caroli

In regard to "The Crucifixion of Matth Shepard," by Melanie Thernstrom (Marc Matthew's mother, Judy, asked that we publish address of the foundation set up in his na Inquiries may be directed to: The Matth Shepard Foundation, c/o Beech Street Law Offic 123 South Durbin Street, Casper, Wyomi 82601; E-mail: matthewshepard@wyoming.co

CORRECTIONS: On page 262 of our prof of Barbara Walters ("Major Barbara," March the name of the late ABC anchor Max Robi son was misspelled.

In the excerpt from Stelios Galatopoulo book Maria Callas: Sacred Monster *(March it was incorrectly stated that Maria Callas w born in Greece. She was born in New York Ci*

On page 86 of the "Letters" section of the Mar issue, we published a letter written by Nancy Mey addressing Ned Zeman's article on Felicity *writ Riley Weston ("Youth or Consequences," January). T letter, in its edited form, altered her intended mea ing. The letter* should *have read: "[Riley Weston was given a coveted job on a writing staff knowin and not caring that she didn't have 'the write stuff.'*

In the Hollywood portfolio of the April issu we mistakenly referred to both Nicole Kidma and Catherine Deneuve as "The Lioness."

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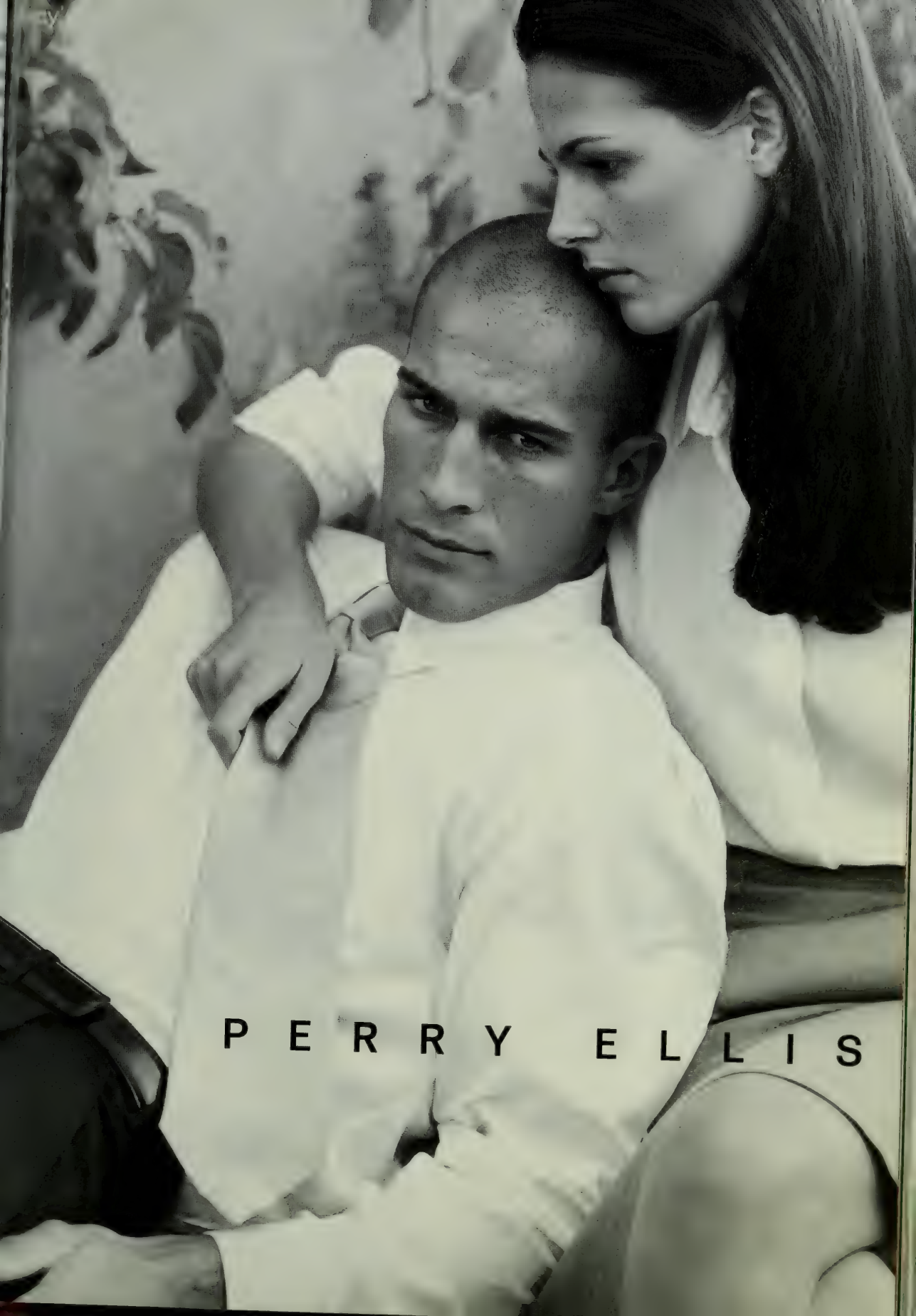


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PERRY ELLIS

A magazine is not a mirror.

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seemed even vaguely like you looking back?

(If you have, turn the page.)

Most magazines are made to sell us a fantasy of what we're supposed to be.

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for how much you want to weigh,

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Just do it.

Christopher Hitchens

I'LL NEVER EAT LUNCH IN THIS TOWN AGAIN

When the author filed an affidavit testifying that his old friend White House aide Sidney Blumenthal had repeated the president's smears about Monica Lewinsky–thereby giving the lie to Clinton's denial of such tactics–the author was denounced by those around him. He tells why he could not have done otherwise

If you care to consult the *Congressional Record* of the Senate trial of Bill Clinton—the only impeachment trial ever held of a sitting and elected American president—you will find that the last item of business is the entering of three affidavits into the official account. One of these was sworn by me, one by my wife, Carol Blue, and one (witnessing only to the fact that we had not made up our story on the spot) by Scott Armstrong, the Senate Watergate investigator who discovered the Nixon tapes and later collaborated with Woodward and Bernstein. As the trial ended and CNN went straight to worldwide, the first features blazoned on the screen were my own—obscured (the features, I mean, not the screen) by an ill-advised new beard, which made me look like Rasputin or the Unabomber. A Clinton witness—Mr. Clinton chose not to appear at his own trial—had said that the White House staff had never done anything to spread the president's famous and desperate smear of Monica Lewinsky as a stalker and blackmailer. I had a strongly contrasting impression and had decided, whether asked by a voter or a reader or indeed by the House Judiciary Committee, not to keep it to myself.

If there was a lack of proportion here, it certainly didn't escape me. It astonishes me more in retrospect than it did even then. All I had done, in essence, was repeat a true story to which I had put my name, in print and in person, many times. But in the deranged atmosphere of Clinton's Washington (a culture of lies that I believe will one day be remembered with whistles and groans of shame) the most anecdotal truth, told by a most seemingly negligible individual, was enough by itself to precipitate a minor crisis. The Clinton trial was intended to move gravely toward a predetermined and reassur-



HAIL TO THE CHIEF? Chief executive Bill Clinton and chief defender Sidney Blumenthal gaze warily upon chief critic Christopher Hitchens.

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"His friends knew that Sidney was interested in 'access.'"

ing conclusion. In Hilaire Belloc's words, "The stocks were sold; the press was squared; the middle class was quite prepared."

I'd like to say that my derailment of a dishonest consensus was a proud moment in my life, and reminded me why I had become a journalist in the first place. But I'll never quite be able to do that. The person whose dirty job it was to give Clintonian answers was an old friend of mine. I could give the lie to Clinton only by publicly disagreeing with this same friend, whose name is Sidney Blumenthal. As a result, the small matter of my testimony was engulfed by a subplot about treason, loyalty, journalistic etiquette, and the *placement* for Georgetown dinner parties. Christopher Buckley, the best novelist of Washington life, appeared to strain for effect when he described in *The Washington Post* the ensuing froth as the equivalent for our crowd of the Alger Hiss–Whittaker Chambers moment. Concerning the actual stakes, this seemed (and seems) a heroic exaggeration. But concerning mentalities and attitudes, it didn't. As it happened, Sidney Blumenthal and I had written long and contrasting reviews of Sam Tanenhaus's tremendous biography of Whittaker Chambers. I liked it a bit more than he did. As it happened, I had once received extensive and absurd overpraise from Alger Hiss. As it happened, Christopher Buckley's father, the forbidding William F. (whose biography is now being written by Sam Tanenhaus), had ignored the advice of Whittaker Chambers, who had implored him never to get involved with the hysterical wickedness of Senator Joseph McCarthy. As it happened, the confusion about that bit of history had put an enduring question mark over anyone who can be described as a "snitch," or a traitor, or a "friendly witness" before a hostile Congress.

Believe me when I say that I knew all that going in. During the next few days, I was to see that the word "snitch" can be made to rhyme with Hitch. I think Geraldo Rivera was the first to make anything of it; anyway, the joke got a good workout. Indeed, only a couple of weeks after Rivera first got his laugh, Maureen Dowd recycled the gag in her waning *New York Times* column. (This is the same Ms. Dowd, by the way, who gave away the whereabouts of Salman Rushdie while he was staying in my apartment in the fall of 1993—a time when, if I was a really keen rat, I could have made myself some serious reward money.) A snitch, if you think about it, is supposed to be motivated by malice, cynical self-preservation, or hope of gain. You become a snitch by dropping an anonymous dime, by striking a plea bargain, by "naming names" to get yourself immunity, or by dumping a former associate to save your own skin. Nobody has made any such allegation against me. However, I here repeat my charge that the associates of Bill Clinton were actively, and with taxpayers' money, spreading false information against truthful female witnesses. They sought to destroy the characters of these women by off-the-record briefings, and by underhanded denunciations. *They* snitched, in fact. In doing what I did, I testified *against* the authorities and not *to* them.



ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN
White House aide Sidney Blumenthal testifies for the defense during the Senate impeachment trial, February 3, 1999.

I had the alternative—as who does not?—of keeping quiet. Here's how it goes in Washington, where I have now lived for nearly two decades. The government, in the person of X or Y, takes you into its confidence. Now, here is a lie, or a half-truth, which we the administration wish to have widely circulated or believed. You are being briefed, let us add, in confidence. We know we can count on you. Thus, you are sworn. You're in. You hardly notice the oath being administered. If you breach the confidence—well, as they used to say in the trade, then comes ethics. You will know if you have committed an ethical breach, because you will lose your "access." *Capisce?*

I have long thought that this is slightly too easy, and that the state should have to work a bit harder than that to get the press on its team. Do you remember when Ronald Reagan complained so self-pityingly about the eruption of the Iran-contra matter? If it had not been for "that rag in Beirut"—as he said of the Lebanese magazine *Al-Shiraa,* which first broke the story of Oliver North's secret cake-and-Bible run with the mullahs—the whole story of hostage trading and illegal arms dealing would have remained a secret. And it was absolutely true that, until the Levantine sheet published the story, knowledge of North's name and potency was the private property of a few Washington-bureau chiefs who knew the score. How reluctant they were to share, and how well I remember them all. It was in those years, when an overstaffed and overpaid Washington press corps was leading too fat and happy a life, that I first got to know Sidney.

Not only have we often eaten and drunk in each other's homes, and watched each other's children grow (it was at the 1991 Bar Mitzvah of Sidney's firstborn, Max, that I made up with Christopher Buckley, who hadn't spoken to me for years after something I wrote about his father-in-law during Iran-contra), but we have also done some journalistic and political soldiering together. We jointly inaugurated the Osric Dining Society (Osric is the fawning courtier in *Hamlet*), an annual anti-awards dinner at which the prize went to the most butt-kissing piece of journalism published that year. When Rushdie came to Washington that time, we helped him meet some useful people. And when the Bosnian prime minister, Haris Silajdzic, came, to appeal for his murdered country and countrymen, we did the same. When Sidney was briefly detained by Secret Service agents for making a joke about Dole's impending terminal experience at the gruesome Republican National Convention in San Diego in 1996, I stayed by Sidney's side, leaving it only to bring him what may have been his first vodka and tonic. Not only was it a pleasure to be in his company—he is much more humorous than his TV appearances suggest—but in our limited way, on all of these occasions, we were at least trying to speak truth to power.

Now, I always knew, and all his friends knew, that Sidney was also interested in

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How did the White House expect to get away with the lie?

power and "access." I didn't think, as some did, that he strayed off the reservation by being too close to Gary Hart. Even in the past seven years, when he sometimes seemed to be ventriloquized by Clinton—in the pages of *The New Republic* and *The New Yorker*—I defended him. (He was often beaten up in print by people who didn't have the guts to attack Clinton himself.) I did notice that, without saying anything, he dropped the subject of the Osric Dining Society. In retrospect, it astonishes me that we avoided a major quarrel for so long. I had become utterly convinced, as early as the 1992 campaign, that there was something in the Clinton makeup that was quite seriously nasty. The automatic lying, the glacial ruthlessness, the self-pity, the indifference to repeated exposure, the absence of any tincture of conscience or remorse, the awful piety—these were symptoms of a psychopath. And it kept on getting worse and worse—but not for Clinton himself, who could usually find a way of sacrificing a subordinate and then biting his lip in the only gesture of contrition he had learned to master. (After reading the testimony of Juanita Broaddrick, I'll never be able to think of his lip biting in the same way again. But no doubt Arthur Schlesinger will be on hand to assure us that all men lie about rape.)



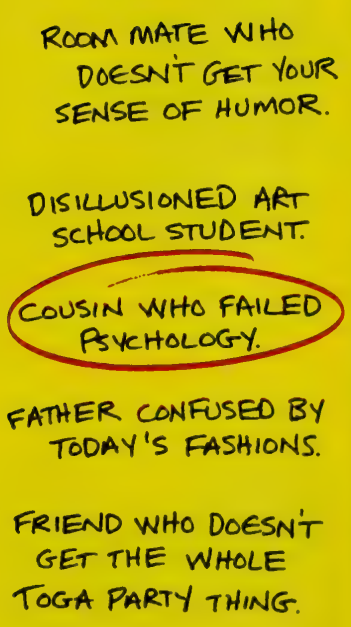
FACE TIME
Hillary Clinton with the Hitchenses as they celebrate Sidney Blumenthal's 46th birthday at his Takoma Park home, November 5, 1994.

So here's what happened between Sidney and me, and here's how the "compartmentalization" broke down. In March of last year, I came back to Washington for the first time since the Lewinsky scandal had broken. (I had been teaching at the University of California.) The first thing that Carol and I did was to have a catch-up lunch with Sidney. And I have to say, it was a shock. He was rather grim and businesslike, and in a very defensive mode. He could think of his boss only as the victim of a frame-up. The preceding Sunday on *60 Minutes,* Kathleen Willey had gone public with her accusation of a crude lunge made by Clinton, and what impressed me most at the time, and depressed me, too, was the tone of voice Sidney used in discussing this. "Yeah, her poll numbers are high now, but they'll be down by the end of the week. You'll see." There was a sort of "We'll take care of her" tone that I didn't like, and Carol and I couldn't look at each other. We felt the same constraint when he told us that "what people need to understand" was that Monica Lewinsky was a stalker, an unstable minx who had been threatening Clinton and telling him that if he didn't have sex with her she would say he had anyway. This was no informal chat; we weren't asked to keep that interpretation to ourselves; the presence was that of Sidney but the spin was His Master's Voice. Sidney's account as given to Starr is the same as I remember except that to me he left out Clinton's breathtaking claim to be the victim and prisoner in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon.* I feel flattered in retrospect that my old friend didn't try to sell me this line. I remember saying, rather feebly, "Are you sure you want to get involved in this kind of thing—in going after the reputation of these women?" He left me two folders of pro-Clinton clips and documents, which I wish I'd kept, and went off back to the White House. *The Washington Post,* if you are interested, has since published not just the menu of that lunch but also the recipe for the salad, should you desire to prepare one in the comfort of your own home. This is, in some ways, a very silly town.

And, at the time, this seemed like no more than a disappointing lunch. Our old pal had said one rather disagreeable thing and had asked us to believe in one self-evidently preposterous theory. (A president, if you think about it for a second, just can't be stalked in his own Oval Office.) However, as time went by, the significance of the conversation metamorphosed. I became convinced that, a few weeks before the lunch, Kathleen Willey had been threatened in person, had received threats against her children by name, and earlier had had her car brutally vandalized. I discovered that, within days of the lunch, she received a telephone call from a private detective named Jared Stern. Hired to invigilate her, he had sickened of his work and decided to give her an anonymous call warning her that she had influential enemies. It also appeared that Ms. Willey had been subjected to pressure by a politically connected tycoon named Nathan Landow, whom I knew by reputation as one of the less decorative members of Clinton's soft-money world. (Asked by the grand jury whether he spoke to Ms. Willey about her testimony in the Paula Jones lawsuit on his own behalf or on the president's, Mr. Landow has taken the Fifth Amendment.) I refuse to believe for a second that Sidney knew anything about this, but in the week that we talked, the White House "found" and released Ms. Willey's correspondence with Clinton. I say "found" because when these same letters had been subpoenaed in the Jones case in January 1998, they couldn't be located anywhere. Just another day in Clinton's Washington.

Then came Clinton's Senate trial. Suddenly, it was important to the White House to deny that Monica Lewinsky had ever been slandered. Why was it important, and why would they run the risk of telling such a transparent lie? It was important because it bore on the matter of obstruction of justice. She had been, before she unavoidably lost touch with "the big creep," rewarded with a job search in return for a perjured affidavit. The rapid appearance in print of the "stalker" allegation could be viewed as a warning to keep silent—a hint of what might be said of her if she didn't stay perjured. It hit me very abruptly, when I was having a drink with Erik Tarloff, Chris Buckley's only rival as D.C.'s first satirical fictionist. As well as having contributed to speeches for Clinton and Gore, Erik is married to Laura D'Andrea Tyson, formerly Clinton's chief economic adviser. He's a shrewd guy, and he's seen a lot of the Clinton M.O. "Notice how they always trash the accusers," he said. "They destroy their reputations. If Monica hadn't had that blue dress, they were getting ready to portray her as a fantasist and erotomaniac. Imagine what we'd all be thinking about her now." At that moment, I became a hostage to what I'd been told at lunch. That day, it had been one CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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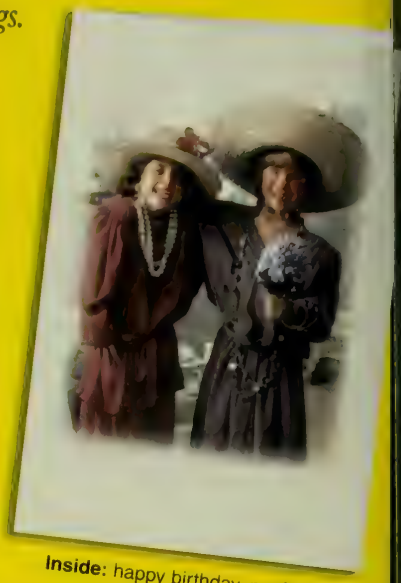
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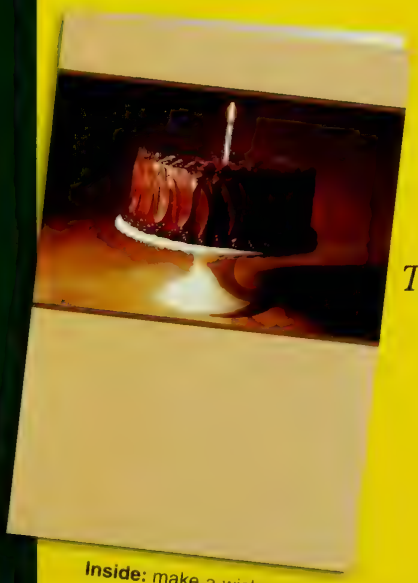
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"In doing what I did, I testified *against* the authorities."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 thing, but with the passage of time it had become another. I told Erik what I'd been told. He told me he'd heard the same thing.

How, then, did the White House expect to get away with the lie? They expected to get away with it because they had made everyone complicit. In a city where the main "source" is the government, the etiquette about sources masks the plain fact that the government has a lock on the press. (One survey, which took 2,850 news stories from *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, found that 78 percent of the stories were attributed to government sources either on or off the record. Talk about ventriloquism. The state uses the media as a megaphone.)

Here's what I mean. On January 23, Charles Ruff, the counsel to the president, told the Senate trial the following whopper: "The White House, the president, the president's agents, the president's spokespersons—no one has ever trashed, threatened, maligned, or done anything else to Monica Lewinsky. No one." (I know who the president's spokespersons are, I recall thinking at the time. But who are these "agents"?) The following day, James Warren, the excellent Washington-bureau chief of the *Chicago Tribune*, was asked to comment on CNN:

> That comment by Ruff was so palpably untrue. If I had a buck for every person at the White House who bad-mouthed her to me last January I could leave the set now and head off to Antigua.

I barely know a single reporter who could not have sworn to the same. And indeed, I do know at least one reporter who was approached by the House Judiciary Committee and asked to testify. He said no. He has to live here, and he can't commit his newspaper. I don't have to live here. Still and all, I wish it had been Ruff rather than Sidney I heard putting the story about. As it is, the state now has a new weapon against the press. Don't be calling the president a liar. You'll be accused of snitching on his juniors.

When Susan Bogart, senior investigative counsel of the House Judiciary Committee, contacted me in the closing days of the trial, she asked a question to which she already knew the answer. I had put a version of the lunch



BEARDING THE LION
After the news of his affidavit leaked, Hitchens defended himself on CNN, February 8, 1999.

with Sidney in print, in the London *Independent* of September 13, 1998. I had told many people. I was in the process of writing a column for a small, pro-Clinton weekly magazine, in which I was proposing to tell it again. Furthermore, the story had the merit of being true, and of being revealing of the squalid underside of Clintonism. Every time I told it, I now realize, I was placing a friend in potential jeopardy, but only because he had elected to join the president's bodyguard. In order to disown the story, I would have had to join the general agreement about "putting this behind us and moving on." Well, I didn't want to join any bloody agreement about putting things behind us and moving on. I thought it was a disgrace to have a mock trial, invisibly sponsored by the stock market and the opinion polls, at which the defendant didn't appear and at which all efforts to mention Kathleen Willey and Juanita Broaddrick were quashed. The stocks are sold, the press is squared—include me out. To disown the story, also, I would have had to risk committing perjury, in order to accuse myself of having lied in the first place, in order to safeguard a dirty tactic used by Clinton's proxies. Well, thanks, but then again, no thanks. That would've been Clintonism squared or cubed. And why didn't I run out the clock, people ask me, and get clever with lawyers and delaying tactics? That's easy. The trial of Clinton was in its closing stages. If I strung the prosecution along, anything they later established from me could be used only against someone other than the Godfather.

So I said that, if need be, I would confirm the Lewinsky stalker stuff under oath. I also put in the material about Kathleen Willey, without being asked, so as to help establish the White House state of mind. By the time you read this, the name Willey may be much better known than it is now, and people will be ashamed that they ever spoke so fatuously about "consensual sex." No one has bothered to notice that I went out of my way to include Willey in the affidavit, because Sidney hasn't been asked about it under oath and doesn't know much about it anyway, and therefore it doesn't help the only story that people seem to care about, which is fratricide between Sidney and me. A silly town, as I said, and sometimes a spiteful one, too. A town where, as the Chinese say, when the finger points at the moon, the idiots look at the finger.

The rest of the conversation with the House Judiciary Committee—actually the bulk of the conversation—consisted of my making a moral stipulation. This affidavit was being given in the trial of one person only: the president. It was being given as a rebuttal to a White House strategy of deception. Since grand-jury testimony had elicited the fact that Clinton was the sole author of the "stalker" slander, that he had passed it to Sidney and probably others, and had seen it get into the press, I wasn't doing more than filling in one blank. In Senate evidence, Sidney had said that he now felt he'd been lied to by his president. He wasn't the only one who had that feeling. So it would obviously be grotesque to proceed against him for the mere offense of giving an evasive answer. Any use of my affidavit for this purpose, I said, would cause me to repudiate it and risk being held in contempt. I would testify again only about Kathleen Willey. There are no absolute guarantees in this world, but I do know that what I said was understood. Anyway, the offense of perjury has been so downwardly defined by the Clintonoids that it can't seriously be charged against a perjurer's apprentice. Morally, also, it has been defined by the Democratic leadership as an offense only slightly worse than telling the truth.

And for doing that, I have already been held in contempt. But in Clinton's Washington, it is a positive honor to be despised. □


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SUPER TROOPER
Colonel Herbert Smith with his pointer, Raisin, at home in Ijamsville, Maryland. A former Green Beret, he can now barely walk.

THE PENTAGON'S TOXIC SECRET

Thousands of American veterans suffer from debilitating Gulf War–related illnesses. But the origins have remained a mystery. A crusading molecular biologist and internal military documents now suggest a shocking scenario: the Pentagon's possible use on its own soldiers of an illicit and secret anthrax vaccine

BY GARY MATSUMOTO

Veterinarian Dr. Herbert Smith negotiates the nine paces across his porch to the driveway of his house as though he were on a high wire, adjusting each deliberate step, shifting his weight from a walking cane in his left hand to another in his right. Smith lives in Ijamsville, Maryland, a subdivision no-man's-land of two-acre lots and empty vistas where the exurbs of Washington, D.C., commingle with those of Baltimore.

He wears black leather wrist pads Velcro'd from palm to forearm and a pair of ragged government-issue elbow pads to protect himself from the falls he frequently experiences. "I'm subject to what's called neurapraxia—damage to the nerves," explains Smith. "Like with diabetics, who then wind up with amputations. I'm trying to avoid that."

On reaching the driveway, he straightens up to shake my hand. You can still see the outlines of the



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elite athlete he once was. Dr. Smith, 59 years old, is also Colonel Smith, Green Beret. His subordinates nicknamed him "Super Trooper," in deference to his gung-ho attitude and his once Olympian physique. When he entered airborne school at Fort Benning in April 1966 he set out to be No. 1 in a class of 687 by baiting his drill instructors to drive him harder than the others. "So, they targeted me. I must've done a thousand push-ups a day. But I knew it was all a game. I never got mad, never lost my cool. There were a couple of navy SEALS there. They were pretty tough guys. But they weren't as tough as me." Until 1991, Smith ran P.T. (physical training) programs; the ones back in the 80s were notoriously grueling, earning him a nickname: "Dr. Death." He smiles at this but is unapologetic. "I wore 'em into the ground. In a fun way, not in a brutal way."

"A doctor there accused me of bleeding myself to fake anemia," says Colonel Smith.

Today, a thick purple welt juts from Smith's forehead—an angry bulge from hairline to brow. Even on perfectly flat ground, he falls a lot.

The symptoms first appeared in January 1991, the same month, Smith says, that he got his first shot of something that does not appear on his immunization card or in his records—a mysterious vaccine, described to him only as "Vac A." He was then in Saudi Arabia training Kuwaiti medical personnel in disaster relief. Sometimes the pain was so bad in his right hand he couldn't hold a fork at meals. The next time it would be his left hand, never both hands at the same time. By May his joints ached and his lymph nodes were swollen, and he had a fever and a red rash on his chest and legs. He was constantly fatigued. It hurt to walk. It hurt to brush his teeth. After the invasion he wanted to stay on to help the Kuwaitis rebuild, but the symptoms were getting worse, and he had no idea what was wrong. He knew he needed treatment back in the States.

Just before he got on a transport heading home, one of his medical officers, who had seen similar symptoms in other soldiers, came up to him and said, "When you get home, check out the vaccines. I think you've got a problem with them." Smith had received vaccinations for hepatitis and tetanus, and a second shot of Vac A, which was entered into his records on February 14, 1991.

Back at Fort Meade, Smith was given a desk job while the military doctors investigated his condition without success. In October 1991 he left active duty, but continued to see physicians at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C. He didn't regard the problem as serious until the seizures started. Not grand mal, fall-on-the-floor, foam-at-the-mouth seizures, but complex partial ones, in which he appeared to be functioning normally but was actually on autopilot, without awareness of what he was doing. "I skipped periods of time," he explains. "I was in a car driving towards Baltimore on I-70, and the next thing I know, I'm outside of Washington, D.C., on I-95, and I've got no clue how I got there."

One night, his worst, Smith became completely disoriented. "I had blacked out for an hour, hour and a half. I had to call my wife on the phone to find my way home. I was probably 25 miles away. I was an emotional mess because by then I had to admit to myself that something was wrong with me."

By this time Smith was seeing Dr. Michael Roy, an internist at Walter Reed. Roy diagnosed Smith's condition as "somatization disorder," a psychosomatic illness in which a patient becomes so obsessed with an imaginary disease that he begins to exhibit its symptoms.

Smith was not the only Gulf War veteran experiencing mysterious symptoms. In late 1991 and early 1992, some from a reserve unit at Indiana's Fort Benjamin Harrison reported sick with a constellation of symptoms that have since been associated with Gulf War syndrome: joint pain, headaches, fatigue, memory loss, and rashes. Reservists in Georgia and Alabama made similar complaints. Military doctors mostly dismissed the symptoms as psychosomatic or stress-related. As the number of people affected began to grow, several government studies were commissioned, including those of the Presidential Advisory Committee on Gulf War Veterans' Illnesses, the Institute of Medicine, and the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs. By 1996 all of them had concluded that there was no single disease that could account for all the different symptoms associated with Gulf War syndrome. The Department of Defense has examined at least 20 possible health hazards, including pyridostigmine bromide (P.B.) pills taken by the Gulf War troops to help protect against chemical warfare, the insect repellent DEET and various pesticides used by the soldiers, and Kuwaiti oil-fire smoke. A frequently repeated theory, still unproven, blames the syndrome on low-dose exposures to chemical-weapons fallout.

About 40,000 veterans have registered with the Department of Defense's Comprehensive Clinical Evaluation Program (C.C.E.P.) for Gulf War illnesses; another 70,000 or so are tallied by the V.A. A C.C.E.P. spokesperson says the numbers do not overlap; i.e., the total number of 110,000 to 115,000 is accurate. Of these, 18,000 are undiagnosed, and are merely being treated for their symptoms. To date, the federal government has sponsored 140 or so related research programs, exploring everything from microwaves to biological weapons, which have been funded at a cost to the taxpayer of more than $130 million.

Colonel Smith is one of the highest-ranking officers on full disability for Gulf War syndrome. He believes he might have never known the nature of his illness had it not been for the efforts of Dr. Pamela Asa, a Ph.D. molecular biologist who for the past five years has waged a one-woman battle with the Pentagon over the diagnosis of Gulf War syndrome and its cause. She has conducted her own research without a penny from the government or any other benefactor. Because of Asa's work, Colonel Smith has become more than a poster boy for a public-health disaster. Asa believes that in Smith's blood there is evidence that may hold the answer to why so many veterans of the Gulf War are sick.

Vanity Fair has uncovered military documents that show the Department of Defense made plans to run a clandestine trial of experimental vaccines and medical products during Desert Shield and Desert Storm. Military physicians called this effort "the Manhattan Project." While many of these vaccines were never used, *Vanity Fair* has found evidence suggesting that the Pentagon may have developed a modified version of its F.D.A.-licensed anthrax vaccine during an operation called "Project Badger." If Pam Asa is right, an experimental substance that causes incurable diseases in lab animals was mixed into an unknown number of doses—in essence creating a new, untested anthrax vaccine. The actual administration of such a vaccine would have violated the 10-point Nuremberg Code, which in 1947 established the conditions for experiments on human beings—the cardinal point being informed consent. Speaking for the Pentagon, Dr. Ronald R. Blanck, a three-star general in the army's medical com-



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mand, denies that any of this took place. "Absolutely not," he says. "I will tell you flat out it wasn't done."

There are echoes of the antebellum South in Pam Asa's accent, in the way she can stretch three syllables out of a word like "hey." Her speech is a genteel drawl, evoking images of hoopskirts, silk fans, and magnolia blossoms. Asa, 46 years old and the mother of four, lives in Memphis, Tennessee. "American by birth, southern by the grace of God," she likes to say, especially in the presence of Yankees. During the Civil War, Union cavalrymen arrested her great-great-grandfather the Reverend John Murray Robertson for refusing to pray for Abraham Lincoln, and then turned his church, Huntsville, Alabama's Episcopal Church of the Nativity, into a horse stable. But though Asa is fond of making jokes about "the War of Northern Aggression," she is no regional chauvinist. Members of her family have fought in just about every American conflict, from the Revolutionary War up through Vietnam. Francis Scott Key, who wrote the words to the national anthem, is one of her ancestors. Her father retired from the Marine Corps as a captain in the early 1960s, then worked as a quality-control director for NASA's Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville. Asa's reverence for the military borders on idolatry. "My father taught me ever since I can remember to have respect for anyone who serves in the military, because they protect us. They're willing to take bullets for us."

It was patriotism that motivated Asa to approach the Pentagon in 1994 about vaccines administered to the troops for Operation Desert Storm. By then, the symptoms related to Gulf War syndrome had been widely publicized. They were vague enough to point to anything from a stroke to allergies to mere tension. "But when these particular symptoms are taken together," Asa says, "they point to autoimmune disease"—when a person's immune system goes haywire and attacks his or her own body.

Mostly, doctors don't know what causes autoimmune disease. Many victims develop it from unknown causes. Since 1984, Asa had been working with her husband, Kevin—an M.D. certified in both internal medicine and rheumatology—to treat a group of women with such autoimmune diseases as rheumatoid arthritis and lupus. After a series of landmark legal cases in the early 1990s which alleged a relationship between silicone breast implants and autoimmune disease (the lawsuits put the main manufacturer, Dow Corning, into bankruptcy), a large number of the Asas' patients revealed that they had received breast implants. Pam Asa became convinced that silicone had induced diseases such as scleroderma and lupus in her patients—a conclusion that embroiled her in one of the most contentious public-health disputes of the 90s. It is a view that has propelled her into what promises to be an even more bellicose scrap.

Asa suspected that the autoimmune illnesses showing up in Gulf War troops were also induced by a toxic substance. For one thing, the gender breakdown of the victims was suspicious. Women develop autoimmune diseases far more often than men do. With lupus the ratio of female to male sufferers can be as great as 14 to 1. But among Gulf War veterans the victims were overwhelmingly male (an anomaly only partially explained by the fact that women made up a mere 6.8 percent of the U.S. force serving there).

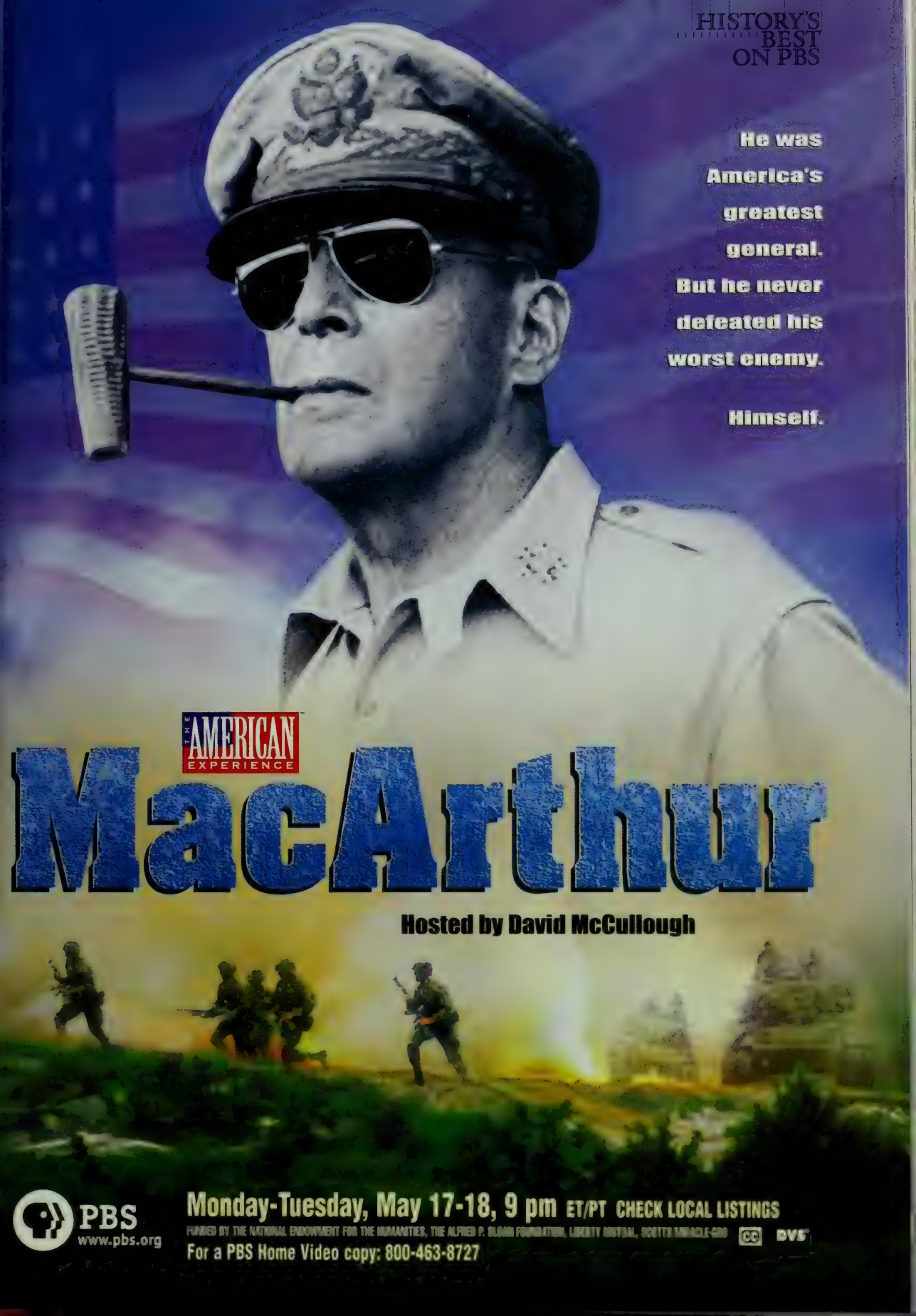
"They're not going to equate my son with a lab rat," says Asa. "It's not right."



BAD MEDICINE
Pamela Asa holds a jar of squalene, which she suspects was added to military vaccines and is causing autoimmune diseases.

Another startling fact pointed to the vaccination program. Many of Asa's Gulf War–syndrome patients had never deployed to the Persian Gulf. They had never been exposed to petroleum fires, chemical-weapons fallout, pesticides, or the other suspected causes of Gulf War syndrome. But, she says, they did have one thing in common with the troops who were in theater: they had rolled up their sleeves and gotten their shots.

For Asa, all of this pointed to an adjuvant. Adjuvants are toxic substances which make vaccines more effective by stimulating an even stronger response from the immune system than a virus or bacterium might on its own. In the course of investigating the possible connection between her earlier patients' breast implants and their illnesses, Asa says she came across a confidential Dow Corning document showing that the company had conducted research with silicone as a vaccine adjuvant in 1974. The term "adjuvant" comes from the Latin word *adjuvare*, "to aid." But the quest for a safe, effective adjuvant has been like the medieval alchemist's


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quest to turn lead into gold. Adjuvants work because they are toxic, generally *too* toxic. Eighty years of research has produced a grand total of one that is considered safe for human use: a salt called aluminum hydroxide, also known as alum. Other adjuvants have been rejected as too dangerous; in tests on animals, adjuvants have been used over and over again to induce autoimmune disease.

At first, Asa suspected sabotage. "If the vaccine manufacturers were overseas, their loyalties could lie elsewhere or be bought for the right price." If an enemy wanted to undermine our fighting forces undetected, she says, this would be one way to do it. "I can't think of a more effective and insidious way to reduce the effectiveness of a military force going into combat. This disease process affects people's minds. Patients suffer mood swings, blackouts, and cognitive disorders where a person loses the ability to read or understand language or remember directions. This is not what you want to see happening to people who handle guns, bullets, and bombs." Asa contends this "process" can develop into full-blown, debilitating, and sometimes fatal autoimmune diseases such as lupus, rheumatoid arthritis, and multiple sclerosis.

"I would have declined to give the vaccine. You do not obey an unlawful order."

In June 1994, Asa phoned Colonel John Dertzbaugh of the Pentagon's Defense Science Board with her theory. Dertzbaugh said it made a lot of sense, and promised to check it out. But the Science Board had just completed a report concluding that there was "no persuasive evidence" of Gulf War syndrome and no single cause of illness related to service in the Persian Gulf. The report had gone to press, and no one wanted to reopen the investigation. Still, Dertzbaugh couldn't shake the feeling that it was important to give Asa's theory a closer look. In December 1994, he asked her to write a report and submit it to the Office of the Army Surgeon General. Dertzbaugh even made a personal pitch; he told the office that Asa's theory appeared to explain the patients' problems, as he understood them. Asa says she asked the office for vaccine samples to test free of charge—to no avail.

Herb Smith didn't call Pam Asa. She called him. In March 1995, *60 Minutes* ran a segment on Gulf War syndrome that made a case for chemical weapons as its cause. Promoting this view was one of the veterans whom newsman Ed Bradley interviewed, Colonel Herbert Smith. "We were getting hammered with a lot of information about us getting affected by chemicals. I was getting sick enough where I couldn't argue with anyone. As you noticed," Smith recalls now, "they were talking about chemicals. [Former] senator Don Riegle [Democrat, Michigan], his team, and Jay Rockefeller [Democrat, West Virginia] and his team—they all said it was chemicals."

Watching the program, Asa noticed that Smith's knuckle joints had a particular swelling that she had seen before. She was convinced he had an autoimmune disease.

Asa decided to track down Colonel Smith. "*60 Minutes* called me and said, 'We got people calling and they wanna talk to you,'" says Smith. "And I said, 'Fine, you know, doesn't bother me, let 'em call.' I was getting people calling me up and saying, 'You've got Lyme disease; you've got chronic fatigue syndrome; you need to take vitamin C.' They were trying to help, but they were nuts. When Pam called, I thought, Well, here's another one gonna tell me, you know, what I've got and how to fix it. And then she starts talking and it just makes sense to me." About one month later, Smith says, he flew to Memphis to be treated by the Asas.

After examining Smith, Dr. Kevin Asa agreed with his wife that the diagnosis was systemic lupus erythematosus (S.L.E.). Physicians back at Walter Reed balked. Smith recalls them protesting, "You can't have lupus! You're a white male in your 50s. People like you don't get autoimmune diseases!" They refused to run their own tests. Smith was not surprised at this response from the people who had been telling him that his problems were all psychological. "I had a doctor there, a guy named Michael Roy [major, U.S. Army]. He accused me of bleeding myself to fake my anemia," says Smith. "I have a degree in chemistry as well as being a doctor of veterinary medicine. Anyway, he says I'm a pretty smart guy, so I must know how to screw up my lab results." (Dr. Roy could not be reached for comment.)

Smith wouldn't let this insult go. "I wrote a letter to the commanding general, and I told him I had an officer, a major, accuse a superior officer, me, of conduct unbecoming an officer, and perjury. They gave me this new doctor, and he comes in saying, 'Well, you know, Dr. Roy says you got all these psychological problems.' And I said, 'What about all the V.A. findings [which supported the conclusion that Smith was physically ill]?' 'The V.A.? They're wrong. They don't know what they're doing.' So I asked, 'If you won't believe the V.A., who will you believe?' And this new doctor says, 'We'll believe either N.I.H. [National Institutes of Health] or Johns Hopkins.'"

Smith sent his lab results to the N.I.H.'s Dr. John Klippel, who had co-edited a standard medical-school text in this field called *Rheumatology*. "He reviewed the case," says Smith, "and he said the Asas' diagnosis was correct, but he couldn't see me, because he wasn't accepting new patients." (Dr. Klippel could not be reached for comment.) Smith then sent his records to another leading rheumatologist, Dr. Michelle Petri of Johns Hopkins University Medical School. "She called me up and said the Asas' diagnosis was correct, but she's going to have to run her own tests to confirm this. I gave more blood. Did a brain scan. And the results were pretty much the same."

When the Asas treated Smith for lupus, his pain subsided. He could get out of his wheelchair and walk again, provided he used canes.

Word about Asa had spread on the Internet's Gulf War–veteran grapevine, and others started to get in touch with her. One was Dr. Charles Jackson, a general practitioner who used to work at the V.A. hospital in Tuskegee, Alabama. Jackson told her he had hundreds of Gulf War–syndrome patients; he didn't know what it was or how to treat it. Asa asked him to run standard diagnostic tests for autoimmunity. Jackson says the lab values suggested that a full quarter of his Gulf War patients had autoimmune problems.

But if Gulf War syndrome is adjuvant-induced autoimmunity, what is the adjuvant? In 1995, Asa got the clue she sought. An official with the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs introduced her to a patient who had volunteered for an N.I.H. experimental-herpes-vaccine trial. The patient complained of chronic fatigue, muscle and joint pain, headaches, and photosensitive rashes—the same baseline symptoms as in Gulf War syndrome. She also had arthritis and other autoimmune disorders, diagnosed through lab tests. But this particular patient had never received the herpes vaccine. She'd been injected with a placebo, a single shot of a compound called MF-59, which contained an adjuvant that is much stronger than alum: squalene. This was in 1991, the same year as Desert Storm. Asa discovered from published scientific papers that squalene was a cutting-edge adjuvant used in at least three experimental vaccines

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in the 1990s. These were used in tightly controlled experiments on animals and humans, but vaccines containing squalene have never been approved by the F.D.A. for human use.

Squalene is a lipid, or fat, that can be found in sebum, an oily substance secreted by the human sebaceous glands. Commercial squalene is extracted from shark livers. You can buy it in health-food stores in capsules which are purported to boost the immune system. It is also used in some cosmetics as a moisturizing oil. Squalene manufacturers say it's safe, and it appears to be when swallowed or rubbed on the skin. But injecting it is another matter. The adverse effects of vaccines containing squalene have been documented in papers published in such peer-reviewed scientific journals as *Vaccine* and the *Annals of Internal Medicine*. Since the mid-1970s researchers studying autoimmunity have used squalene to induce rheumatoid arthritis and a multiple-sclerosis-like disease called experimental allergic encephalomyelitis (E.A.E.) in rats. Like every other oil-based adjuvant ever concocted, squalene is apparently unsafe.



SWAN'S WAY
Jeff Swan with his mastiff, Bob, in Ossipee, New Hampshire, March 1999. A military doctor told him he "wasn't in the right place" to get Gulf War illness.

"For almost 20 years I held a top-secret clearance. Suddenly I'm psychotic?" says Swan.

A rheumatologist who conducts research into adjuvants at the N.I.H. disputes the idea that adjuvants can induce autoimmune disease in humans. The researcher, who did not wish to be named, calls these allegations "junk science." He admits that squalene can induce rheumatoid arthritis, but alleges that it does so only in one species of rat. Published scientific studies, however, show that squalene has been linked to the development of autoimmune disease in rats, mice, and macaque monkeys. When asked if he thinks the F.D.A. will ever approve squalene as an adjuvant, the N.I.H. researcher says no. "The F.D.A. has not had a track record of approving oil-based adjuvants."

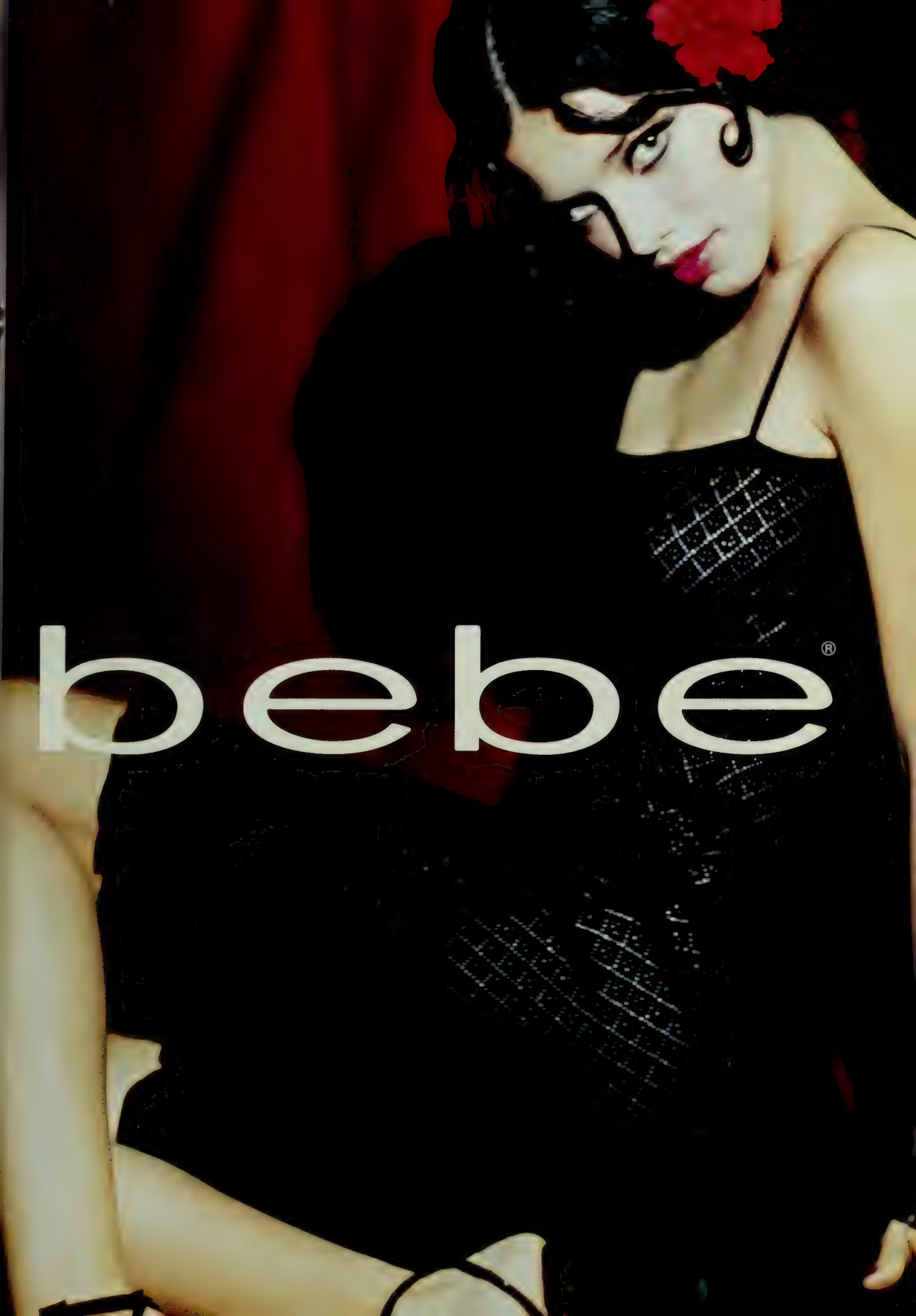
Research with squalene has been done at Stockholm's Karolinska Institute, which names the finalists for the Nobel Prize in Medicine each year. Dr. Lars Klareskog, a rheumatologist at the affiliated hospital, concurs that compounds with squalene could be dangerous for humans. "It's true that adjuvants can, in these experimental models, turn a potential autoimmune reaction that is otherwise not pathogenic into pathogenic immune reactions. That is true in experimental animals. Whether that is true in humans, we do not really know. But we believe that is so. Where the event occurs in reality very much depends on the genetic background."

In early 1995, Asa submitted to the army surgeon general the report Dertzbaugh had asked her to write. In response, the Department of Defense in March 1996 published a report on the Internet, refuting her theory without ever putting it to the test. A letter to the commander of the U.S. Army Medical Research and Materiel Command from Dr. Walter Brandt, who works for the Science Applications International Corporation, a Pentagon contractor, summarized the army's critique of Asa's theory, claiming that the only adjuvant the military used in vaccines was alum. He also criticized Asa's use of the phrase "human adjuvant disease" (H.A.D.), a term used by Japanese doctors in the 1960s to describe autoimmune problems in women who had received silicone injections to enlarge their breasts. Brandt's letter said, "The term was coined 30 years ago and is generally not used by most informed physicians today.... There is similarity between H.A.D. and Gulf War Syndrome in their symptomatology. However, the development of symptoms in H.A.D. requires years, not months."

After the Internet report came out, Asa's initial frustration with the army's lack of response turned to anger. "Adjuvant disease doesn't take years to create symptoms," Asa says. "And I wrote them about squalene and they hardly mentioned a word about it." Recently, Dr. Brandt explained to *Vanity Fair*, "The presence of squalene or squalene antibodies in blood samples would seem to be a natural occurrence and not an indicator of adjuvant injection." According to Dr. Robert Garry, a professor of microbiology at Tulane University School of Medicine who works with Asa, this contradicts the fundamental definition of autoimmunity. "If that were true, we'd have antibodies to all the proteins, all the tissues in our bodies, and the immune system wouldn't function at all," he says.

In August 1997, Vice Admiral Harold M. Koenig, then the surgeon general of the navy, wrote that the army "has used squalene as an adjuvant in several experimental vaccines ... over the past ten years.... Military members who served in the Persian Gulf received standard vaccines, licensed by the FDA, with one exception [botulinum toxoid, which approximately 8,000 troops received].... Squalene was not a component of any vaccine product given."

In June 1996, after denying for years


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that Iraq had ever forward-deployed chemical weapons during Desert Storm, the Defense Department admitted that the U.S. had destroyed a large cache of chemical munitions at the Khamisiyah depot in Iraq in March 1991. Using only limited data on weather and detonation patterns, in 1997 the D.O.D. and C.I.A. released computer models of a toxic plume emanating from Khamisiyah, wafting downwind and possibly contaminating 100,000 troops—by remarkable coincidence the approximate number of veterans who at the time were believed to be sick. (In September 1998, after conducting its own study, the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs would censure both the D.O.D. and C.I.A. for faulty analysis and for sending letters to Gulf War vets suggesting—without sufficient evidence—that Gulf War syndrome may have been due to fallout from Khamisiyah.)

The Khamisiyah computer models were suspect, but the spin was effective. The C.I.A.-produced animations were played and replayed on television news shows. Almost overnight, chemical-weapons contamination became the conventional wisdom on the cause of Gulf War syndrome. Saddam did it, sort of. So did the wind. And maybe army engineers should have taken more precautions. As shots in the dark go, this seemed to make sense. The appearance that the Pentagon and C.I.A. had disclosed a possible cover-up lent the idea credibility.

"All I know is, my son and other people are getting sick after getting the anthrax shots."

But even if a toxic plume had actually existed and moved in the direction the Pentagon said it did, enveloping 100,000 troops with minute doses of nerve agent, the theory collapses on several points with regard to autoimmune disease. First, the symptoms don't match: the effects of chemical weapons—acute headache, nausea, shrinkage of the pupils to pinpoints, and muscle paralysis—are well documented. In more than 50 years of data on nerve gases, published since the Nazis invented the chemical weapons sarin and soman, there isn't a single recorded instance of a nerve agent causing autoimmune symptoms or diseases.

Second, veterans suffering from the symptoms of Gulf War syndrome who never deployed to the Gulf could not have been exposed to chemical-weapons fallout, or any other toxic agent in the region. Some of the veterans never left the United States; some went to other countries, such as Egypt. These veterans did not take P.B. pills. Moreover, had chemical weapons caused Gulf War syndrome, one would expect to see it among those who are native to the region. Yet according to U.S. defense intelligence documents, there are no reports of Gulf War syndrome among the Kuwaitis or Israelis. The Egyptians, who contributed some 40,000 troops to the coalition force, don't have it; neither do the French or the Belgians. All of them sent troops. Another cohort of people who do not significantly report cases are the journalists who covered the war, myself included. These groups all have at least one thing in common: they did not receive shots for biological-warfare agents.

Retired air force master sergeant Jeffrey Swan, 40, says he got his shots at Fort Belvoir in Virginia sometime around March 1991. Only one of the vaccines he received was identified (smallpox), so he doesn't know which other shots he was actually given. Because Swan speaks Arabic, French, and Greek, the air force sent him to Egypt in April 1991 to serve as a liaison with the Egyptian military. About four months later the tremors started, which made him look as though he were suffering from an alcoholic's D.T.'s. He developed joint and muscle pain and experienced seizures similar to Smith's. In 1996, back home in Tamworth, New Hampshire, he felt his car accelerating out of control and he slammed on the brakes. But it wasn't moving; he was parked at a shopping center.

Swan's symptoms were the same as those of veterans who had Gulf War syndrome, but a V.A. physician refused to put him on the government registry for it. "He told me that I had Gulf War illness, but he couldn't write that in the records, because I hadn't been deployed there, I wasn't in the right place. So he wrote 'undiagnosed illness.'" Air-force physicians have listed Swan's problem as "Major Depression with psychotic features." "For almost 20 years I held a top-secret security clearance," Swan says. "On my medical chart there was a big red-and-white sticker that said, 'SENSITIVE DUTIES.' I never had a doctor or dentist once note anything suspicious about my behavior. Any hint of instability had to be reported immediately.... Anything that might affect my performance had to be reported, even a teaspoonful of codeine. Suddenly I'm psychotic?"

Swan thinks he knows why he and other veterans have encountered this penchant to call their problems psychosomatic, if not psychotic. "Anything I said could be dismissed. It got to a point where *I* didn't even believe I was having these symptoms ... that I was imagining everything. If we were registered for Gulf War syndrome, then everybody would know that the sickness couldn't be due to chemical weapons. We're the proof." According to Asa's reading of Swan's lab tests, Swan has lupus. He says a V.A. rheumatologist also told him that he may have atypical lupus, but that it would take more time to confirm the diagnosis. Asa has tested Swan +2 positive for squalene on a scale of 4.

In early 1997, Asa bought 200 milliliters of squalene from Acros Organics in Geel, Belgium. She developed a scratch test to measure sensitivity to the substance. All 10 of her Gulf War patients were "reactive." Some suffered symptoms such as rashes or swelling at the injection site. She also tested a control group of healthy patients who had never taken military vaccines; none of them reacted. Still, Asa didn't have her evidence. The scratch test indicated exposure, but didn't prove squalene had been injected.

Around this time, Asa teamed up with Robert Garry at Tulane University. Garry and the university received a U.S. patent in 1997 for an assay that could detect antibodies to polymers, of which squalene is one. Asa sent Garry an initial batch of serum samples, including one from the subject who had volunteered for the N.I.H. herpes-vaccine trial. Asa didn't tell Garry which polymer he would be testing for, or which patients might have been exposed to it. This would be a blind study.

When the samples all came back positive for antibodies to the unknown polymer, Garry repeated the tests and got the same results. He also tested frozen serum samples from Gulf War veterans sent directly to him in 1993 by Department of Defense and V.A. researchers. He had originally been asked to test the blood for evidence that the patients had been exposed to retroviruses including H.I.V., for which they were virtually all negative. Garry got these samples out of cold storage and ran the new assay on them. He had been told that some of the samples were from healthy control subjects; now 69 percent of the samples tested positive for antibodies to the unknown polymer.

It was at about this time, Asa says, that the phone calls started. She would answer the phone, and no one answered back. Her phone would occasionally dial 911 by itself in the middle of the night. A year and a half earlier, just after she had submitted her report to the D.O.D., there had been two attempted break-ins at her house. Her husband opposed any further involve-

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BURDEN OF PROOF Professor Robert Garry at Tulane University School of Medicine, New Orleans. His tests revealed Asa's patients were positive for antibodies to squalene.

"Our commander told us to destroy everything connected with the vaccine," says Dr. Dubay.

ment with the Gulf War–syndrome patients after the harassment began. If it was tied to this work, their children could be in danger, he believed. But Asa persisted, partly, she says, *for* the safety of her children. Her eldest, Chris, was in high school and would soon register for the draft. "They're not going to equate my son with a lab rat. I don't care what the vaccine is. I don't care what they claim it's supposed to do for mankind. It's not right to experiment on people, ever."

Asa sent Garry more samples, and by the fall of 1997, Garry had the results. Ninety-five percent of Asa's Gulf War–syndrome patients had tested positive for antibodies to the unknown polymer. Colonel Smith was positive. The subject from the N.I.H. vaccine trial was positive. Of those sick veterans who had never deployed to the Gulf, but who said they had received shots, 100 percent were positive.

In all, Asa and Garry tested some 350 subjects, half of them controls. "So what was that stuff?" he asked Asa.

"Squalene," she said.

This left one major question unanswered. If the military used a squalene adjuvant, in which vaccine did they use it?

In August 1990, the month Iraqi troops invaded Kuwait, there was palpable anxiety at the Pentagon over the prospect that Saddam Hussein might use biological weapons to defend his newly annexed territory. On August 8, intelligence intercepts of Iraqi military communications indicated that Baghdad had produced and probably weaponized (i.e., made suitable for warfare) many deadly biological agents, including botulinum toxin and anthrax. The U.S. Army had been purchasing small amounts of vaccine for both, but its stocks were woefully short of what would actually be needed. A high-ranking army source confirms that by August 1990 the United States had stockpiled between 11,000 and 12,000 doses of anthrax vaccine. We eventually deployed 697,000 troops in the Persian Gulf.

According to declassified military documents, in August 1990 the army surgeon general at the time, General Frank F. Ledford Jr., ordered a team of doctors and researchers from the army, the navy, and the air force to form a secret Tri-Service Task Force on vaccinations for troops in the Gulf. On October 9, 1990, in a conference room at the army's Fort Detrick in Frederick, Maryland, the Defense Department convened the first meeting of the task force, which began to draft plans to "surge" the production of vaccines for anthrax and botulinum toxin. At the next meeting, on October 12, the acting chairperson, Colonel Garland McCarty, and a team of 13 other officers decided to give the task force and its mission the code name Project Badger.

Of more than 160 companies that were asked to make anthrax vaccine, all but one said no. Only Lederle-Praxis Biologicals of Pearl River, New York, signed on. Under the supervision of General Ronald R. Blanck and Colonel Harry Dangerfield, Project Badger organized the production of additional anthrax vaccine at the National Cancer Institute's Frederick Cancer Research and Development Center, located at Fort Detrick. Both Lederle and N.C.I. were unlicensed and unregulated by the F.D.A. The plan called for subcontractors to ship vaccine to the only F.D.A.-licensed manufacturer of anthrax vaccine, Michigan Biologic Products Institute (now BioPort), in Lansing, Michigan, for bottling, labeling, potency testing, and storage. This would have been another breach of federal safety regulations. As an earlier task force memo from October 10 stated, "It must be noted that any firm other than Michigan will produce a vaccine under an I.N.D. and not a licensed product." I.N.D. stands for "investigational new drug," which requires special approval from the F.D.A. for use. The army—as the executive agent for the Defense Department's biological-warfare vaccine program—should have sought that approval. It did not, and N.C.I. confirms that it never applied for an I.N.D. to produce anthrax vaccine. (Wyeth-Ayerst International, which now owns Lederle-Praxis, could not be reached for comment.) The F.D.A. must approve all vaccines used in the United States and also license the production sites, military vaccines not excepted. General Blanck disputes this scenario unequivocally. "I have no knowledge of anybody producing any anthrax vaccine other than Michigan," he says. "Nobody provided us or produced any vaccine, because the war ended, basically, is what happened."

By the first week of December 1990, Project Badger had begun plans to test other experimental vaccines on U.S. troops in the Gulf. Project scientists referred to this endeavor, rather portentously, as a "Manhattan-like project," or simply

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a "Manhattan Project." They organized a crash program to manufacture, or purchase, at least four experimental vaccines: Enterotoxigenic E. Coli, Hepatitis A, Centoxin, and Shigella. At least two other experimental products were ultimately used: P.B. pills and botulinum toxoid vaccine, for both of which the army received from the F.D.A. a waiver of informed consent.

As for the mysterious "Vaccine A," variously cited as Vac A, Vac A-1, or Vac A-2 in the shot records of sick veterans such as Colonel Smith, declassified Defense Department documents identify it as anthrax vaccine. Dr. Gregory Dubay, who commanded the 129th Medical Company, a former Alabama National Guard unit out of Mobile, gave thousands of anthrax vaccinations to troops. He says, "Each soldier had to read a classified sheet of instructions, stating that he, or she, was receiving a secret shot, and that this was so for reasons of operational security. You don't want to tell the enemy that you're getting protection against one of his weapons." Dubay—who both administered and took the vaccinations—says that he was under orders not to record the inoculations in the soldiers' medical records, and that the troops were not given a chance to decline the shots. "You were just marched through, and that was it.... Then our commander told us to destroy everything connected with it—the empty vials, the boxes, and the package inserts. We burned them all in 55-gallon steel drums back behind the tents."

The Pentagon says that 150,000 Gulf War troops received anthrax inoculations. There are no documents available proving that the army used a squalene adjuvant in the unapproved vaccines, and the army has specifically denied it. But that still leaves Asa and Garry with more than 100 sick veterans who had their shots and now test positive for antibodies to squalene.

Why might the army have used squalene instead of alum, the only adjuvant approved for human use? Probably because squalene was stronger. The licensed anthrax vaccine was relatively weak. Immunity wasn't achieved with one shot. It took six shots, administered over a period of 18 months, then an annual booster. In 1991, tens of thousands of U.S. troops arrived in Saudi Arabia only a month before the coalition forces began the ground war. Most could get only two shots out of the six-shot regime; some just got one. And there was, perhaps, an even more compelling reason to enhance the vaccine. Two former members of Project Badger say the coalition suspected that Iraq had engineered a more powerful anthrax bio-weapon. "We were concerned that Saddam may have made anthrax resistant to penicillin," says one, who does not wish to be identified. "We knew he had the skills to do that—people who had trained in the United States, who had the skills to turn the bug into a resistant bug.... The Brits were the ones who gave us the information, actually. We actually knew who those people were." The anthrax vaccine licensed by the F.D.A. back in 1970 was designed to protect against anthrax germs that occasionally infect woolsorters and veterinarians. It was not known to be effective against a biowarfare agent that Iraq had possibly made more lethal. It is plausible that the army thought an experimental anthrax vaccine was worth the risk, especially since squalene was considered to be a superior adjuvant. However, this was a hypothesis. Administering such a vaccine to the troops would have been tantamount to a human experiment. In order to conduct a legal trial with squalene, one would have to file an "investigational new drug" application with the F.D.A. and have that application approved. This did not happen. In October 1997, the British revealed their attempts to boost the efficacy of their anthrax vaccine during the Gulf War by using a pertussis vaccine as an adjuvant. This controversial combination had caused serious side effects in animals. But Asa believes she has evidence that the British also boosted at least one of their vaccines with squalene. In 1998, she tested five British veterans suffering from symptoms similar to those of Gulf War syndrome. Four were positive for antibodies to squalene. (The British Ministry of Defence denies using squalene in vaccines given to Gulf War troops.)

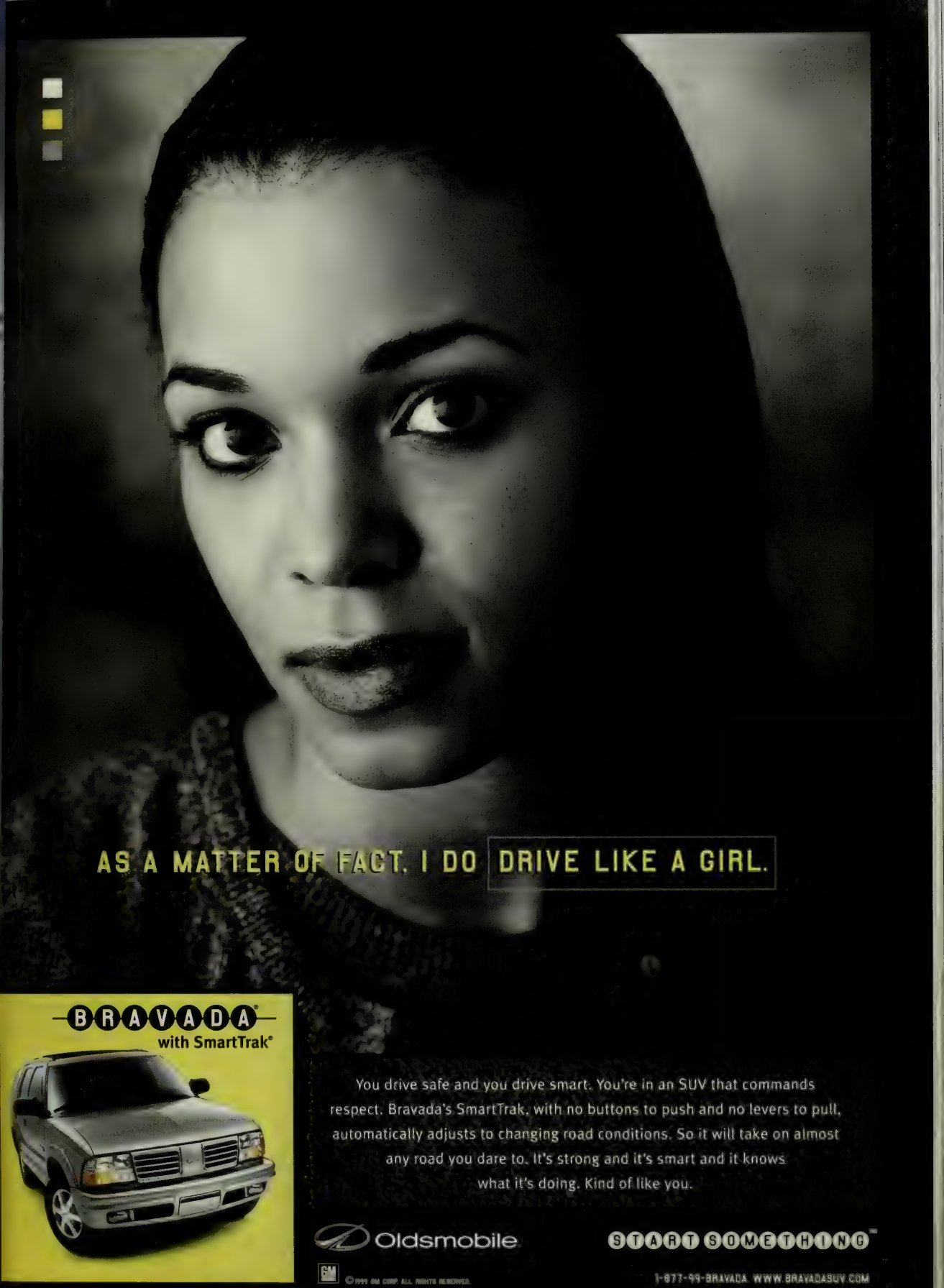
Among the 1991 coalition allies, the United States, Britain, Canada, and the Czech Republic have reported possible Gulf War–related illnesses. Of these, the first three admit to immunizing troops against biological-warfare agents.

Production of anthrax vaccine in unlicensed facilities did not end with the war. On August 29, 1991, six months after Iraq's surrender, the army surgeon general approved a $15.4 million contract for a company called Program Resources, Inc. (P.R.I.), a National Cancer Institute subcontractor that managed some of N.C.I.'s labs at Fort Detrick. Contracts were drawn up for fiscal years 1992 and 1993. In a secret Pentagon log kept continuously between August 8, 1990, and February 7, 1992, there are numerous references to the army's expanded vaccine-production program, but no record of any decision to halt it or to cancel the contract with P.R.I. Chuck Dasey, a spokesman at Fort Detrick, says that no anthrax vaccine was ever produced through the contract.

Presumably, the vaccines made during the Gulf War are part of the stockpile now being administered in the wake of the D.O.D.'s December 1997 decision to immunize all 2.4 million people in the armed services against anthrax. When Pentagon officials held a press conference about the mandatory immunizations last summer, they insisted that there had been only seven reported adverse reactions to the nearly 140,000 anthrax vaccinations that the military had given in the preceding six months. But according to the F.D.A.'s Vaccine Adverse Event Reporting System, there were at least 64 reports of reactions to the vaccine between September 2, 1998, and March 9, 1999. Activist Lori Greenleaf, a day-care provider in Morrison, Colorado, says that, based on her E-mail, there are a lot more military personnel reporting problems. Greenleaf began a grassroots campaign against mandatory anthrax immunizations because of her 23-year-old son, Erik Julius, who she says fell ill after taking the second of three anthrax shots in March 1998. She is swamped with messages from fearful enlisted men and women. Some of them have already received their anthrax shots. "They've got rashes, chronic fatigue, hair loss, memory loss, muscle and joint pain, numbness in their extremities." Greenleaf says she does not know what an adjuvant is, and she has no idea what is ailing her son. "All I know is, my son and many other people are getting sick after getting the anthrax shots, and it sounds an awful lot like Gulf War syndrome."

"No one in their right mind would volunteer for something like that," says Jeff Rawls.

Two servicemen who received their anthrax shots last year have tested positive for antibodies to squalene. One received vaccine from Lot No. FAV020, the same lot sold to Canada and Australia. The other serviceman received vaccine from Lot No. FAV030. Doses from this lot were also sold to Canada, according to that country's Department of National Defence. There is no evidence that every dose in FAV020 and FAV030 is contami-


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nated with squalene, but the antibodies in these two veterans suggest that anyone immunized from these lots may be playing "vaccine roulette." The U.S. has shipped anthrax vaccine from other lots to Germany, Israel, and Taiwan.

If the first casualty of war is truth, then the rule of law is a close second. As Cicero wrote, "Laws are silent in time of war." In the fall of 1990, the Pentagon began petitioning the F.D.A. to waive informed-consent requirements on so-called investigational new drugs for the Persian Gulf. This was an ethical powder keg. In 1947, under the authority of the U.S. military in Nuremberg, Nazi scientists and physicians stood accused of war crimes and crimes against humanity for performing experiments on prisoners. Seven were hanged. Following the trials, U.S. judges drafted the 10-point Nuremberg Code, which was intended to govern all future experiments involving human subjects. The code's first and best-known principle was voluntary, informed consent. Until the Gulf War, the U.S. military had never argued that there should be any exceptions. In the end, the F.D.A. decided to grant waivers for P.B. pills and for the rarely used and as yet unlicensed vaccine botulinum toxoid.

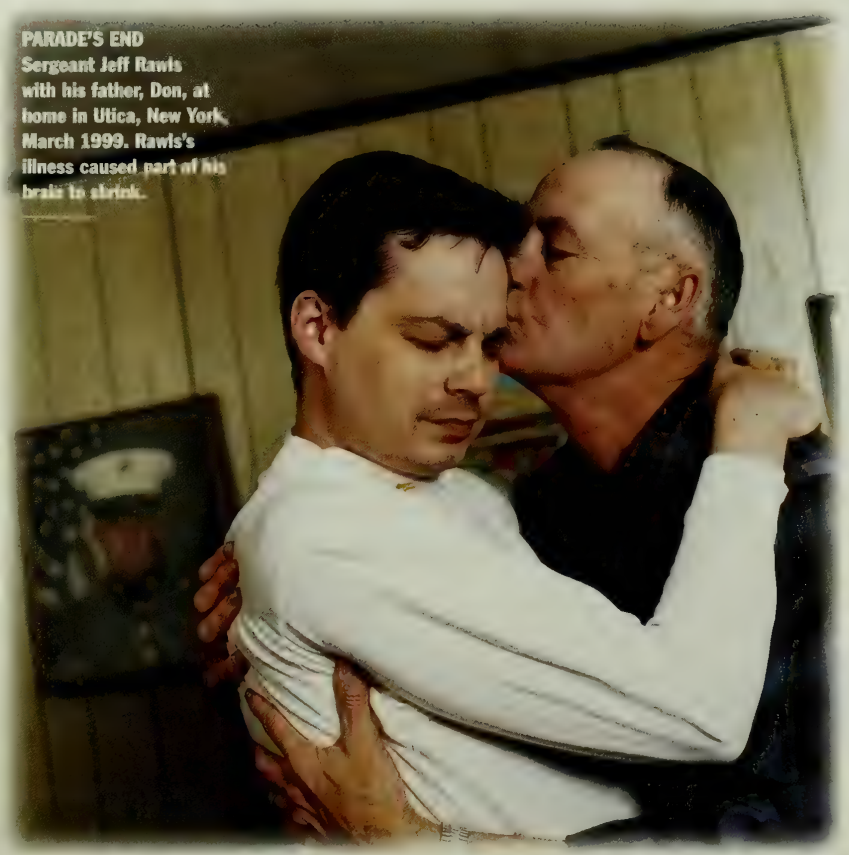
In 1994, the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee called this a violation of Nuremberg, the moral equivalent of the army's World War II–era mustard-gas tests on troops and its LSD experiments in the 50s and 60s. "We'd like to think these kinds of abuses are a thing of the past, but the legacy continues," said the committee chairman at the time, Senator Rockefeller. "During the Persian Gulf War, hundreds of thousands of soldiers were given experimental vaccines and drugs . . . these medical products could be causing many of the mysterious illnesses those veterans are now experiencing." Rockefeller could barely contain himself: "The D.O.D.'s failure to provide medical treatment or information to soldiers was unjustifiable, unethical, sometimes illegal, and caused unnecessary suffering."

He was referring to the experimental P.B. pills and botulinum-toxoid vaccine. Rockefeller and his staff made no mention of unapproved anthrax vaccine, Project Badger, or the Persian Gulf "Manhattan Project."

Declassified documents show that Dr. Walter Brandt, who helped organize the Internet report attacking Asa's theories, was one of the original members of Project Badger. Dr. Michael Roy, the physician who diagnosed Colonel Smith's illness as psychosomatic, also worked with members of the team in early 1991—the same doctors who planned the "Manhattan Project." The Pentagon says that most of the unit logs in which biological-warfare vaccinations were recorded are missing. *Vanity Fair* has found an army document showing that at least some of these records were ordered sent to the Office of the Surgeon General. General Ronald Blanck, who led the Project Badger Working Group on expanded vaccine production, is the current army surgeon general.

Some might understand the decision to accelerate vaccine production by any means possible when faced with the prospect of biological warfare. But Dr. Greg Dubay believes he should have been told if he was administering an altered version of an existing vaccine. "If I'd known it was a vaccine that had been tampered with—if it *was* tampered with—I would have declined the order to give it," he says. "You do not obey an unlawful order. If I knew it was done clandestinely, and had solid evidence, I would have disobeyed the order. The first oath of every physician is to do no harm. I don't know any physician who would purposely do something that is truly harmful, unless you're a Mengele or something."

Production of anthrax vaccine in unlicensed facilities did not end with the Gulf War.



PARADE'S END Sergeant Jeff Rawls with his father, Don, at home in Utica, New York, March 1999. Rawls's illness caused part of his brain to shrink.

A spokesman for BioPort says parts of Project Badger remain classified. Pentagon officials deny using a squalene adjuvant in any Gulf War vaccines and balk at Asa's allegation that some undiagnosed Gulf War illnesses are autoimmune diseases. Can a substance that induces autoimmune disease in a rat or a mouse be dangerous to a human being? Former Marine Corps tank commander Jeff Rawls has a solution for the naysayers. Rawls is a 31-year-old Gulf War veteran who now lives with his parents in upstate New York. He has experienced severe shrinkage of part of his brain and can barely walk. At +3, he is almost off the scale for antibodies to squalene. "Inject them with the same thing and see what happens," Rawls says in a slurred and halting voice. "No one in their right mind would volunteer for something like that." □

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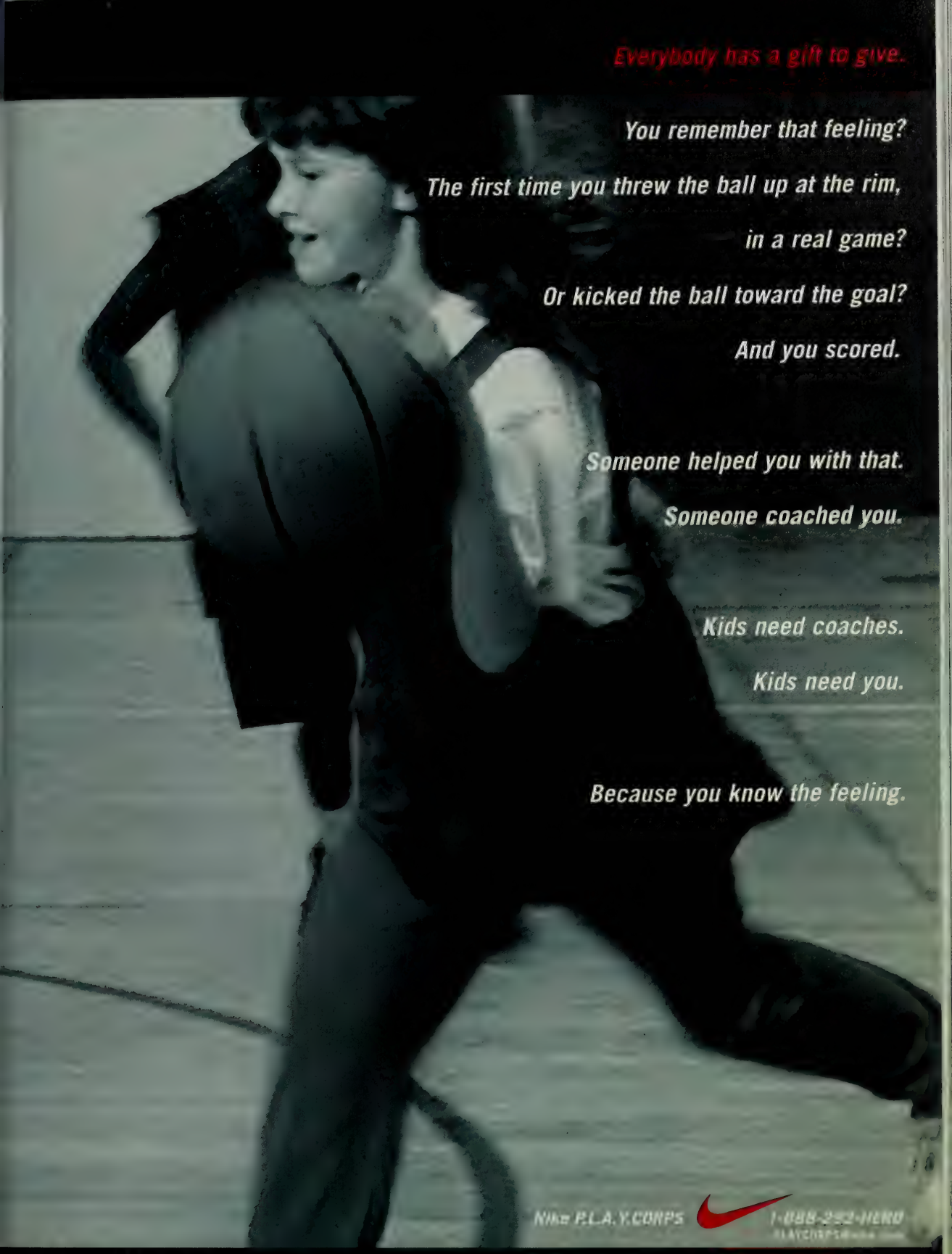
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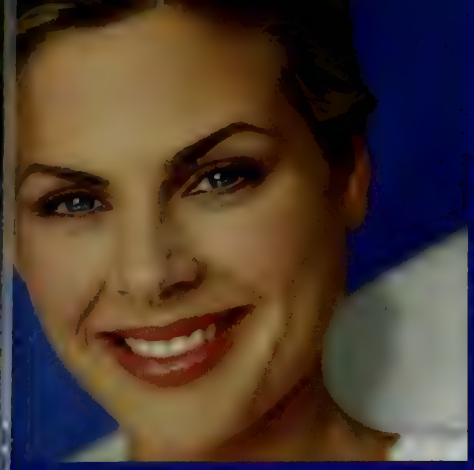
Violin teacher turned crusader Roberta Guaspari-Tzavaras and her daughter, Sophia, eight, photographed in the stairwell of her East Harlem brownstone on November 11, 1998.

BECAUSE 19 years ago, as a single mother, she packed her bags (including 50 violins), moved to East Harlem with her two young boys, and began to teach inner-city children about the magic that happens when a bow meets strings. BECAUSE her lessons soon became so popular that students (roughly 1,200 alumni to date) were chosen by lottery, as parents were won over by one of her strongest themes: When taking up the violin, kids tend to turn away from violence. BECAUSE after her public funding was cut in 1991, "the violin lady" managed to rally virtuosos Itzhak Perlman, Isaac Stern, and Arnold Steinhardt to help rescue her classes, organizing concerts that have since propelled her Harlem charges to Carnegie Hall, the White House, and Zurich, Switzerland. BECAUSE her program, Opus 118 (named for the block where she lives), still struggles, despite private donations and new backing from the New York City Board of Education. BECAUSE this bighearted disciplinarian insists, "I'm not giving up on these kids. Music deserves a place in their souls." BECAUSE her adopted eight-year-old daughter, El Salvador–born Sophia, is now one of her pupils. BECAUSE her resilience has attracted supporters such as Dave Grusin, Quincy Jones, Madonna, Rod Stewart, and, most recently, Meryl Streep, who plays Guaspari-Tzavaras in Wes Craven's biographical film, *Fifty Violins,* premiering in July. BECAUSE, fiddle in hand, she perseveres con brio.

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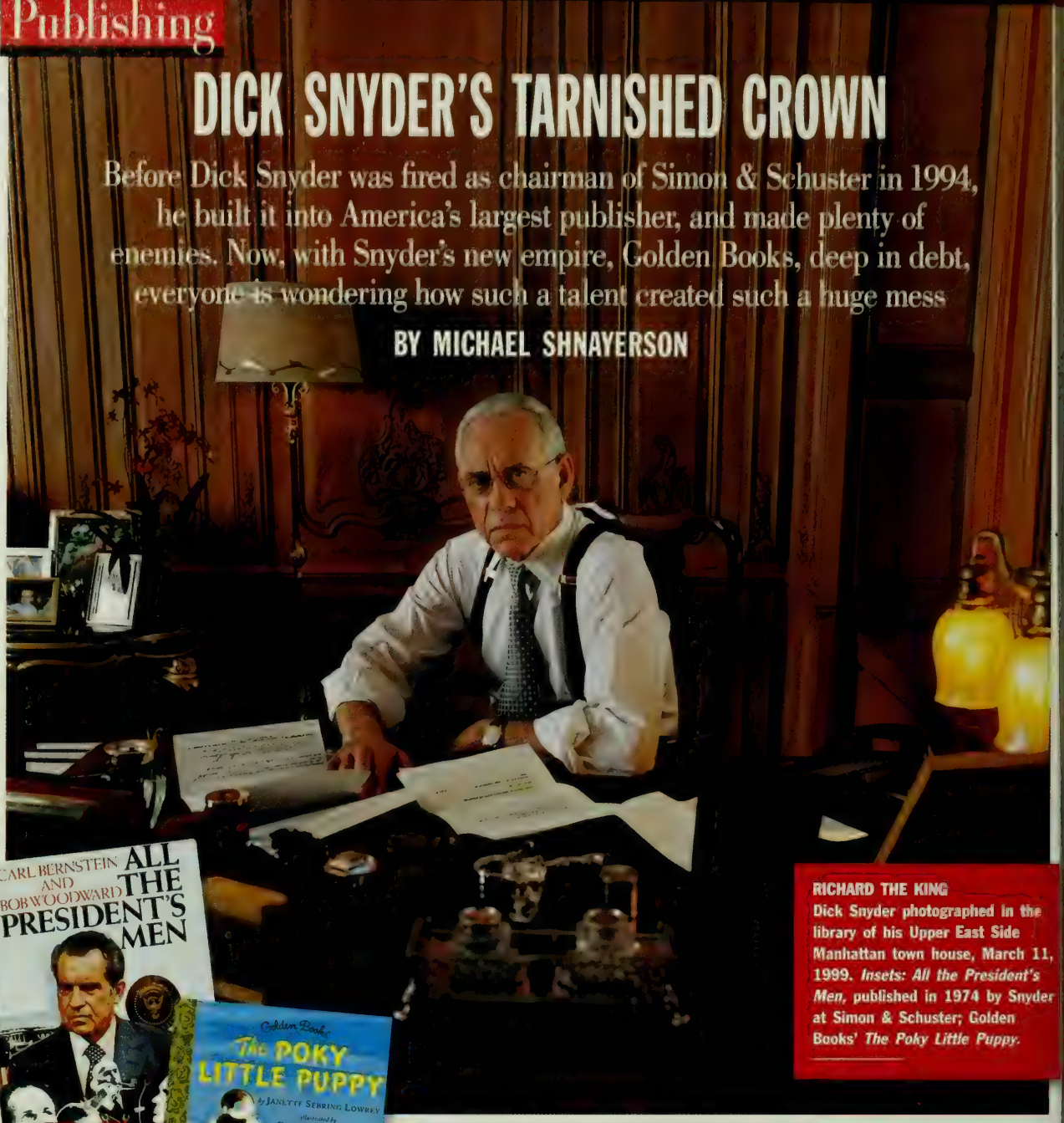
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DICK SNYDER'S TARNISHED CROWN

Before Dick Snyder was fired as chairman of Simon & Schuster in 1994, he built it into America's largest publisher, and made plenty of enemies. Now, with Snyder's new empire, Golden Books, deep in debt, everyone is wondering how such a talent created such a huge mess

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON



RICHARD THE KING Dick Snyder photographed in the library of his Upper East Side Manhattan town house, March 11, 1999. *Insets: All the President's Men*, published in 1974 by Snyder at Simon & Schuster; Golden Books' *The Poky Little Puppy*.

His weekend house looks the same as when he bought it 21 years ago, in the midst of his reign at the pinnacle of New York publishing. A 13-room Normandy-style château with steep slate roofs and mullioned windows, Linden Farm surveys rolling acres to the wooded Ward Pound Ridge Reservation beyond: Westchester as western France. The grounds, though, have changed. Restless at home as at work, Richard Snyder feels compelled to keep improving them. "See those rows?" he says, indicating scores of what look like tiny planted sticks across the front lawn. "Chestnut and walnut trees." They'll take decades to grow to maturity, but that hardly diminishes Snyder's pride at having planted them. "Besides," he says, disarmingly candid, "you know what full-size ones cost?"

Snyder, 66 years old, tramps over to new gardens that he and his wife, Laura, 35 years old, planted for each other, bleak in midwinter but still impressively large. He points out the private playground for their two young boys, Elliott, five, and Coleman, two, and the fields Snyder has cleared amid Linden Farm's 82 acres. But his greatest pride is reserved for the ponds. Three tiered, bass-stocked ponds, connected by trickling waterways. To see them is to gain a first inkling of why Snyder is in the fix he's in today.

In June 1994, Snyder was chairman of Simon & Schuster, America's largest publisher, which he'd built up from modest origins during his long tenure of brilliant book marketing, prescient acquisitions, and harsh, often abusive management. One day that June he was the king, admired and feared, planning to preside for many more years. The next day he was out, de-

STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING done, just tell some human beings it can't be done. Make it known that it's impossible to fly to the moon, or run a hundred metres in nine-point-nine seconds, or solve Fermat's Last Theorem. Remind the world that no one has ever hit sixty-two home runs in a season. Stuffed eighteen people into a Volkswagen Bug. Set half the world free. Or cloned a sheep. Dangle the undoable in front of the world. Then, consider it done.

HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT



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posed, fired by Simon & Schuster's new owner, Sumner Redstone of Viacom, and forced into exile here at Linden Farm. That was when he started in on the ponds: moving earth, hauling rocks, channeling his bitterness and rage and sorrow into back-breaking manual labor, month after month. But thinking all the time: What next?

There had to be a comeback—to work, to win again, to show his corporate assassins how wrong they'd been. The answer that loomed, peculiarly enough, was Golden Books, known for the little golden-spined classics that since 1942 have been found on the bookshelves of nearly every child in America. *Scuffy the Tugboat,* Barbie coloring books, and Mickey Mouse stories might seem a comedown from best-sellers by Larry McMurtry, Bob Woodward, and David McCullough, but Golden was a brand and, after years of lackadaisical stewardship, a bargain. Or so it seemed.

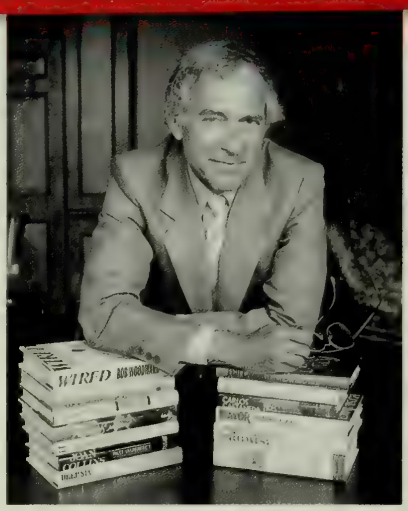


"Dick is someone who simply has to win, even if it costs him more than he could gain."

The ensuing drama has left Wall Street analysts as confused as Snyder's former colleagues and the friends he persuaded to invest in Golden. Somehow, in the three years since he and his backers bought a controlling interest in it, Snyder has managed, as its chairman and C.E.O., to bring a $400 million company to the brink of bankruptcy. At the start of 1998, Golden's stock was trading at about $12 a share on the NASDAQ exchange. Within six months, it was down to 25 cents a share. That's hard to do. Though the stock has perked up a bit on takeover rumors, the news from Golden has gone from bad to worse: defaults on bond payments, angry creditors threatening Chapter 11, and desperate efforts to recapitalize the company's staggering debt.

This month, by coincidence, Snyder's glory days at Simon & Schuster will be limned in a memoir by his old friend Michael Korda, who as the house's editor in chief since 1968 was Snyder's partner in its extraordinary growth. In the just-published *Another Life,* a beguiling sequel of sorts to his classic 1979 *Charmed Lives,* Korda fondly depicts Snyder's fierce ambition and keen marketing instincts. Later this fall comes *Isn't She Great,* a Universal feature based on a chapter of the new book. It is about Korda's secret and successful effort, at Snyder's behest, to lure *Valley of the Dolls* author Jacqueline Susann from Random House in the 1960s, and stars Bette Midler as Susann with Snyder portrayed—satirically, perhaps?—by ex–Monty Python trouper John Cleese. But Snyder's current predicament is what fascinates the publishing world. How could this tough, successful businessman—the king!—create such a spectacular mess? Is much of it, perhaps, not his fault? And can he, having tumbled from the mountaintop into this mire, dig his way out before he suffocates?

Snyder has his defenders. "He's a genius, one of the great publishers of the 20th century," declares Penguin Putnam Inc.'s president, Phyllis Grann, who, as Snyder's "mystery editor" in the 1970s, persuaded him to pay $3,000 for a first novel, *Where Are the Children?,* by a struggling widow named Mary Higgins Clark. "And it would be sad for *Vanity Fair* to concentrate on Golden Books," Grann continues. Says Tony Schulte, former executive vice president of Random House, "There wasn't another publisher his equal in terms of building a company from the modest, privately owned entity that Simon & Schuster had been into the huge, diversified public company it became." Yet the list of those who still perceive him as the meanest, scariest man in the book world is rather lengthier, and so the curiosity is mixed with a palpable Schadenfreude.



ALL THAT GLITTERS

***Top,* M. Lincoln Schuster and Richard Simon in 1924, when they started Simon & Schuster as a Jewish house in a Wasp industry; *above,* Richard Snyder poses with some of S&S's big books, 1984.**

Is Snyder to blame? The same question might be asked of Charlie Croker, the plagued protagonist of Tom Wolfe's current best-seller, *A Man in Full.* Like Snyder, Croker is a proud, vigorous C.E.O. in his 60s, married to a far younger woman, accustomed to the spoils of success. Turpmtine plantation is his Linden Farm, personal chefs and jets his corporate style. Like Snyder, he overreaches, sinking millions of borrowed money into a trophy investment just as the market appears to turn. Like Snyder, he's stunned when his creditors grow nasty, more so by the realization that the world as he knows it is in dire danger of falling apart. Is Croker to blame?

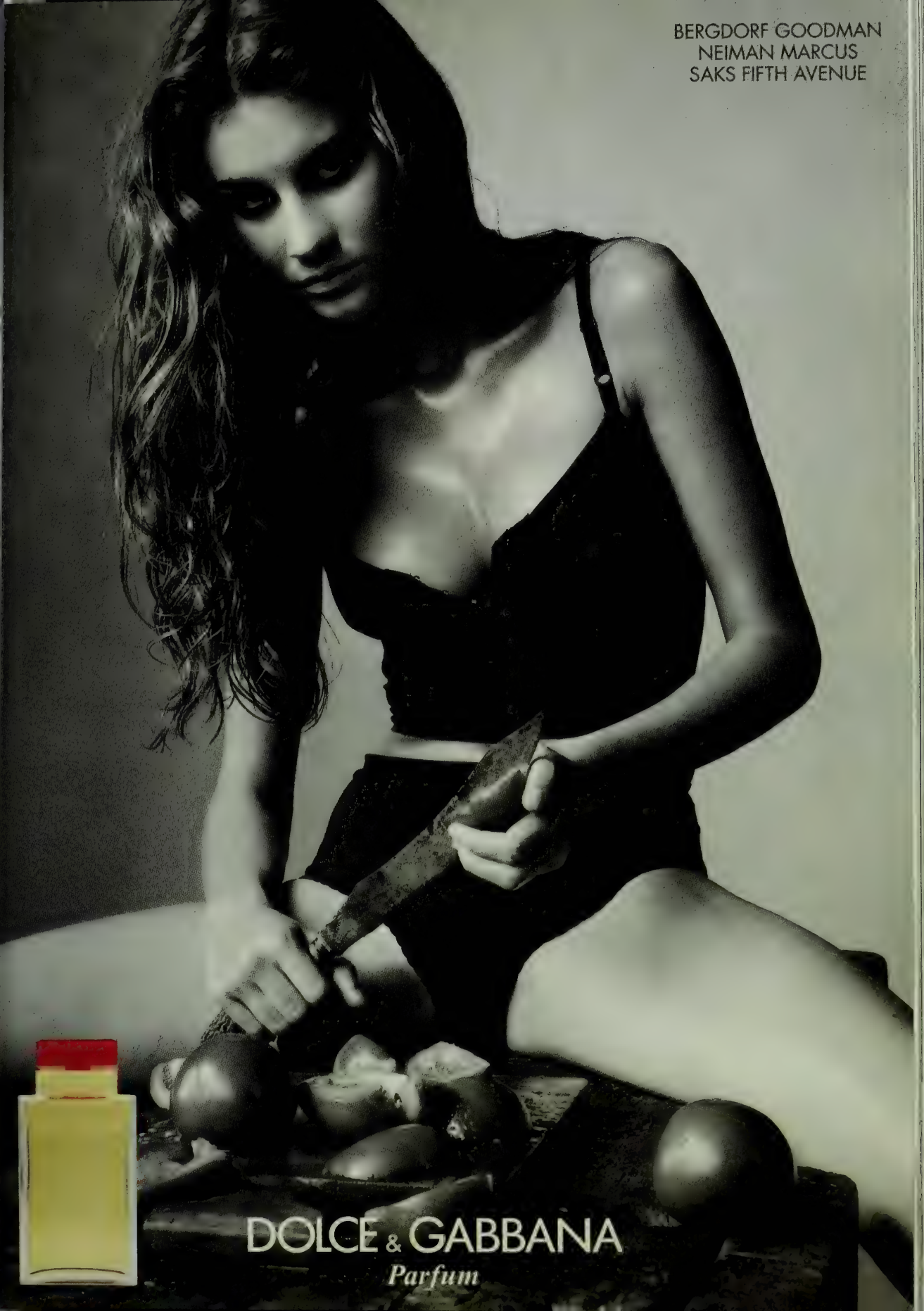
Well, mostly—yes.

"Part of life is what's there," Snyder muses from his 40th-floor corner office at Golden Books on Seventh Avenue in Manhattan. "And Golden was there."

The office is modest in scale compared with his famous lair at Simon & Schuster, which had Georgian furniture and a private dining room, but it does have a northward, panoramic view of Central Park. Snyder is nattily dressed, in a Hilditch & Key dress shirt set off by sporty suspenders, and seemingly bullish about his plight. If his critics find him nasty, brutish, and short, to borrow Hobbes's own description of life, he has a blustery charm that can be quite winning. And if his vanity is always on display, so, too, is his insecurity. "What I like about Dick," says Christopher Cerf, son of Random House co-founder Bennett Cerf, who has granted Golden a license for his children's-television characters, "is that he's outrageously arrogant yet self-deprecating about it." The swagger is real, but also an act. As is the voice, that unique basso profundo of mangled Boston and mid-Atlantic inflections used for so many decades to cover the original Brooklynese that Snyder can say in all seriousness that it's his own.

"The day after I was fired, Richard Bernstein called me and asked me to come

BOTTOM BY BERNARD GOTFRYD


BERGDORF GOODMAN
NEIMAN MARCUS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
DOLCE & GABBANA
Parfum

aboard," Snyder explains. Bernstein, a New York businessman, owned a majority share of Golden Books, or what was then called Western Publishing. "I said, 'Good idea, bad timing.' I went into mourning, without even realizing it."

When he emerged, Snyder first tried to buy Simon & Schuster from Viacom, making a blind bid of $3 billion through the venture-capital firm E. M. Warburg, Pincus & Co.; he was turned down flat. So he started meeting with Bernstein, who'd made a killing in commercial real estate and had taken over the then privately owned Western from Mattel for a paltry $5 million of his own money and private financing. Bernstein took the company public and turned a quick stock profit of $100 million, ran it successfully through the 1980s, then lost interest as the share price and earnings sagged. "We had $120 million in debt, if memory serves," Bernstein recalls. "We had $25 or $30 million in cash. We had had a couple of bad years, I'm not denying it." But, he adds, Golden still completely dominated the mass market for children's books.

In his exile, with a small child underfoot, Snyder was spending much of his time reading about education in America. He was fascinated. And here was Golden. A mere children's-book company held little interest for either Snyder or Barry Diller, his longtime friend and willing partner. But what if Golden—the brand—could be extended to create . . . a family empire? Not only Golden Books—dusted off and brought up to date—but Golden family videos, Golden theme parks, Golden books on parenting. Now, *that* would be big.

On May 8, 1996, after more than a year of negotiations with Bernstein, Snyder agreed to buy Western Publishing for $65 million. Most of the money came from Warburg, Pincus, with modest antes from Diller and from Snyder himself.

"If I had to sum up Dick's problem," says Bernstein, "I think he was trying to show up [Viacom's number two] Frank Biondi and Sumner Redstone. He wanted to get even." An old publishing colleague puts it more broadly. "Dick is someone who simply has to win, even if it costs him more than he could gain. He can't be seen—by himself—to lose."

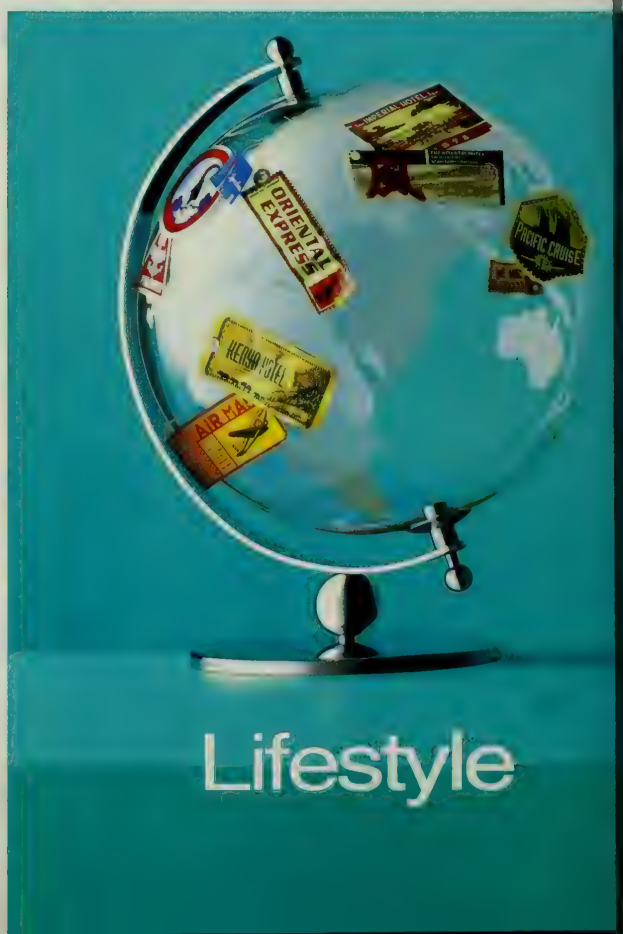
Snyder says he just wanted to work again. His new family weighed on his mind. "I didn't want my children to see their father at home," he says. "And I think there's nothing worse for a marriage than a man being at home and having lunch with his wife every day." Money, to be sure, was another incentive: Snyder negotiated a multimillion-dollar contract that would come to seem excessive as the company tanked.

But Snyder had another, more prosaic reason for buying the company that published Golden Books. Some 40 years earlier, when he was just starting out—before the power and the glory, before anyone thought he was mean—Snyder had worked as a Golden Books salesman. Its founder, Albert Leventhal, had been as close to a mentor as Snyder ever had. Buying Golden would be like coming full circle—like starting all over again.

In fact, Snyder had had no interest in publishing when he got out of the army in 1958. He had assumed that his father, co-proprietor of a men's coat company called Duncan Reed, which championed the natural-shoulder look, would hire him. Instead, his father walked him to the door of his office at 200 Fifth Avenue, gave him $50, and said, "Better a son than a partner." Walking up Fifth Avenue, Snyder ran into a friend who was on his way to a job interview at Doubleday, the book publisher. Snyder went, too, and was hired on the spot.

Unfortunately, the job was in an airless room at Doubleday's Garden City, Long Island, operations. Snyder scrapped his way up to marketing, then heard about an opening at a sales office that served





Simon & Schuster, Pocket Books, and Golden Books. The office was in Manhattan; that was enough for Snyder. He moved over in 1960.

"I was very naïve," Snyder says, and perhaps he was. An only child, he had grown up in the Midwood section of Flatbush, at that time a solidly middle-class Jewish neighborhood. "It was right out of the old Henry Aldrich radio program or Dobie Gillis," says his oldest friend, Tully Plesser, now a marketing-research consultant. Not for a while did Snyder realize that Doubleday was the Catholic house, in a predominantly Wasp industry, and that both Simon & Schuster and Random House had been started by Jews in the 1920s, in part as a reaction to that. "It wasn't that you couldn't get a job if you were Jewish at the wrong place," Snyder explains, "but you were limited." In his new job, Snyder was recognizing the realities—though the caste system was breaking down. And if he was still naïve, he was also ambitious.

"They had an encyclopedia series that was sold in supermarkets," Plesser recalls, "and Dick worked on the promotions. You could get the first volume for 49 cents, then the second for 99 cents, until you had the whole 15 volumes. It was his first taste of business." Snyder loved it. He would stay up late poring over the numbers, devising new promotions. Soon he won a sales post at Simon & Schuster proper, and began his ferocious rise.

"I want it all!," Snyder told a young Michael Korda, like a character in a Jacqueline Susann novel. "Ambition was plainly there," recalls Richard Kluger, a Simon & Schuster senior editor at the time. "He was out of a rough-hewn background, marginally literate; you never thought he appreciated the writing. That he would pick serious books as his path to glory and power—instead of, say, being a tough lawyer—was odd, and sort of endearing."

"I spent thousands of dollars in therapy coming to terms with that anger," says Snyder.

In an earlier era, Snyder would have been stopped cold for his chutzpah and forced to find a new career. But more than the caste system was changing. The family founders of New York's publishing firms were dying off—Richard Simon had passed away just before Snyder joined the company, Max Schuster was in his decline—and new blood was coming in. Snyder benefited from that without, perhaps, quite realizing why. Later, as one tradition after another fell away, he would have the power—and the pragmatism—to embrace each change, appalling those who yearned for the business to remain a gentlemen's club. In so doing, he would come to personify the changing nature of publishing itself.

At Simon & Schuster, the founders' demise had enabled a talented young editor named Robert Gottlieb to become editor in chief, and by 1968 the books he had brought in, among them Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*, had made the house hot. But Gottlieb nursed dreams of his own to wield control unfettered by publisher Peter Schwed. Holding him back was a doleful figure named Leon Shimkin, originally the bookkeeper to Dick Simon and Max Schuster, who had managed to secure a majority interest in the company. Shimkin felt Gottlieb was too literary to nurture a broad range of books. And so, one memorable day in 1968, Gottlieb announced that he and two colleagues, Tony Schulte and Nina Bourne, were decamping to take over ri-



val Alfred A. Knopf, the most prestigious name in publishing, at this time already owned by Random House. They left a vacuum that Snyder and Korda made haste to fill.

Korda simply moved into Gottlieb's office and began acting as editor in chief, though Shimkin refused to grant him the title. Snyder was number two to Schwed, but says he took charge anyway, as much out of indignation as anything else. "The first thing Schwed did was take the entire heritage of Simon & Schuster and sign it over that night," Snyder recalls. "Every writer from Doris Lessing to Robert Crichton, some 50 to 60 books in all. Bob Gottlieb said, 'These authors want to go with me,' and Peter Schwed said, 'Well, that's the way publishing should be.' A lot of my difficulties with the Establishment, and then the press, came because I said 'That's wrong' about things like that." (Retorts Schwed, "I did allow those authors who were particularly attached to Bob Gottlieb to go with him, but they were no more than a handful and not the heritage of Simon & Schuster.") But in fighting to enforce publishing contracts as legal documents instead of treating them as gentlemen's agreements, he won only the makings of a bad reputation.

When Snyder examined Simon & Schuster's backlist—titles that remained profitable year after year—he found little besides Dale Carnegie's perennial best-seller, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. This was a crisis: without some quick moneymakers, Simon & Schuster would be in trouble. "So we took this book we had on toilet training," Snyder recalls, "and we called the author and said, 'How about if we call it *Toilet Training in Thirty Minutes*? Could you write it that way?' We thought an hour was too long, and no one would believe 10 minutes. 'Ah, sure,' he said, 'why not?' And that was how we started."

The big break came in 1974, with Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's *All the President's Men*. By then, Snyder had replaced Schwed (who no longer had to feel Snyder's "hot breath on the back of my neck") and made Korda's editorship official, cementing a partnership that would last for 30 years without a cross word between them. Each respected the other's strengths; both saw publishing as, above all, a business. Both men were married with children—Snyder and his first wife, Ruth, had a young son, Matthew, and a daughter, Jackie; Korda had a young son—though both marriages were heading for divorce, partly because of the long hours each man was putting in at the office. And both felt, when offered a chance to commission *All the President's Men* for $50,000, that the price was right. But Snyder was the catalyst. "Dick got behind it at a time when people didn't believe Watergate was true," says Woodward. As a result, he says, "I've always put Dick and [Woodward's boss, former *Washington Post* editor] Ben Bradlee in the same list of characters, who'll say, 'This is what it is, it's the truth, let's go with it.'"



"That Snyder picked serious books as his path to glory—instead of, say, being a lawyer—was endearing."



THE LITTLE FOXES
***Top,* S&S editors Michael Korda and Joni Evans, 1988; *above,* Dustin Hoffman, Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, and Robert Redford at the premiere of the film version of *All the President's Men,* Washington, D.C., April 4, 1976.**

Snyder was the one who decided not to distribute advance galleys of the book to reviewers and booksellers—a radical move that made it front-page news when it appeared. It was followed by other Simon & Schuster best-sellers like Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*. Snyder, his instincts proved, assumed the trappings of corporate success with a gusto that startled his colleagues. "Much as I like Dick, I couldn't help laughing when one day back then we were doing a *Today* show about publishing," recalls Gottlieb, "and Dick arrived with his publicity person and his car and driver only a few blocks from his office. I thought, Who needs that on the most beautiful day of the year?"

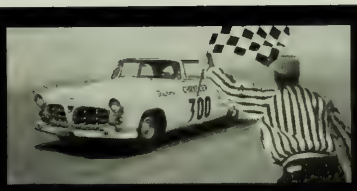
The lifestyle grew grander—Hollywood grand—with the sale in 1975 of Simon & Schuster to Gulf & Western, which owned Paramount Studios. New inheritance taxes and lack of interest on the part of heirs were pushing privately held publishing companies into public hands—another sea change from which Snyder would benefit. To others in the publishing world, Charlie Bluhdorn of Gulf & Western seemed a little Napoleon who shouted himself red in the face and might just be insane. A Viennese refugee who made a fortune at age 21 by cornering the market in malt, Bluhdorn had gone on to acquire a hodgepodge of companies ranging from auto-parts manufacturers to cement producers. None had anything to do with books. But when Shimkin declared his desire to sell Simon & Schuster to Bluhdorn for $11 million—a rosy sum at the time—Snyder saw what the future might be. "The good times are coming," he told Korda. "Trust me."

Bluhdorn let Snyder run the company as he wished. He also encouraged corporate perks on a scale even Snyder had never imagined. Soon, along with his chauffeured town car, Snyder had a private chef, Felipe, and shuttled back and forth between New York and the West Coast on Gulf & Western's corporate jet. "He would have been very out of fashion today," Snyder says of Bluhdorn. "He would say, 'I don't want you to get your groceries or hail a cab. I just want you to concentrate on working—that's a good investment for me.' And we worked 18 hours a day! That's the part they don't get when they write about executive perks."

The most notorious of the perks was, in a sense, apocryphal. Snyder didn't really have a private elevator. But he was reputed to have his chauffeur, Charles, alert a security guard to hold one elevator for him as his car approached the Simon & Schuster building. As Snyder strode toward it he would allegedly glower at any-

TOP, BY MARINA GARNIER; BOTTOM, BY JIM WELLS

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one else who seemed about to join him. Once an executive named Al Reuben bolted into the elevator without realizing his boss was there. Reuben pressed 13, but the elevator, oddly enough, went directly to 14, where Snyder had his office. "See?" Snyder declared. "*Even the elevator knows.*"

At Simon & Schuster, profits soared, and not just because Snyder was working hard. Random House, still larger than Simon & Schuster at the time but looking over its shoulder, had editors of literary distinction. Snyder's team was plugged in—to politics, pop culture, and anything else that could generate the next best-seller. Along with Korda, Snyder had Alice Mayhew, who went from editing *All the President's Men* to work on much of Simon & Schuster's most distinguished nonfiction; Phyllis Grann, who graduated from mysteries to running Pocket Books, the paperback arm; and Nan Talese, who nurtured Margaret Atwood and Ian McEwan. Then there was Joni Evans, an editor of several best-sellers at William Morrow, whom Snyder had hired to handle the newly lucrative field of subsidiary rights, and whom, in 1978, he married.

Over the next decade, the saga of Dick and Joni, from its romantic beginnings to its vitriolic end, would be a central soap opera for the entire industry. How Evans started Linden Press, her own imprint at Simon & Schuster, to distance herself from Snyder at work; how Snyder's corporate rise brought her back to fill his old job as head of Simon & Schuster's adult books; how the pressure of that destroyed the marriage and led Evans to become editor in chief of rival Random House—those chapters remain all too vivid today. With Snyder, the defining aspect of them was anger—anger and a rage to win.

By this time Snyder's temper had become the stuff of legend. "Look, that's history," he pleads. "I'm a different man today. And I can tell you, I spent thousands of dollars in therapy coming to terms with that anger." The old "tantrummer," as his wife teasingly calls him, does seem positively mellow. But, for the many editors angrily fired by him over the years—so many that they used to hold a cocktail party every summer—the image of a gentle Dick Snyder is hard to square with memories of the red-faced, furious boss, spewing profanities and showering them with scorn. So intense was the pressure that three editors, either while at Simon & Schuster or soon after leaving, had heart attacks.



So intense was the pressure that three editors at S&S had heart attacks.



BEHIND THE THRONE
***Top,* Evans and Snyder, November 1986; *above,* Snyder and S&S's legendary nonfiction editor Alice Mayhew, New York, 1990.**

And yet, for those who stood up to him—and generated best-sellers—Snyder could be a loyal, even inspiring leader. Promising editors from other houses would be wooed with a routine none has ever forgotten: after inviting them over for a drink at his corporate apartment in the St. Moritz hotel, Snyder would invoke Simon & Schuster's new greatness, then stand them by the window overlooking Central Park. "Come to work for me," he would say, "and someday all this will be yours." Salaries were the highest in the business—battle pay—and for all of Snyder's bullying, he liked editors who were tough enough to make the grade. "He would accede to our passions," says Jim Silberman, former head of the Simon & Schuster imprint Summit Books. "It's something that has gone out of publishing." Simon & Schuster may be scoffed at as the commercial house—what Roger Straus of Farrar, Straus & Giroux even today calls a "quick-buck company" which was headed by a publisher who "added nothing to literature"—but as Silberman observes, "In retrospect, there was something much more vital at S&S than in publishing houses now." And for the inner circle—Korda, Mayhew, and, while she was married to him, Joni Evans—Snyder was like General Patton: tough, but exhilarating.

More than anyone else in publishing, Snyder saw over the horizon. He saw that chain stores were proliferating; rather than bemoan the demise of independents, he published more books to fill the new stores' shelves. More stores meant more sales, which meant he could pay top authors more—sometimes poaching them from other houses, which scandalized his peers—and still make money. Above all, he saw that publishing, like other businesses, would soon consolidate. And with the death of Bluhdorn of a heart attack at age 56 in 1983, Snyder saw his chance to take advantage of that trend, too.

Snyder was still, in one sense, naïve: a lousy corporate politician. In the wake of Bluhdorn's death, he backed a dark horse, Jim Judelson. When the job went instead to Martin Davis, a difficult, sour man who had come up through the Paramount publicity department, Snyder had an enemy as his boss. Yet Davis realized Snyder was too good to let go, and when he began selling off the many Bluhdorn acquisitions it made no sense to keep, he saw that the cash he was stockpiling ought to go, in part, to buying book companies for Simon & Schuster.

Not just any book companies, however. Textbook companies. Snyder realized that no matter how hard he drove his editors, and how many best-sellers they published, adult books was a tippy business. Textbooks, unglamorous as they might be, were huge and steady earners with a captive audience.

Over the next decade, Snyder bought dozens of textbook companies, including Prentice Hall and other businesses, for a total of about $2 billion. Simon & Schuster was now America's biggest publisher—bigger even than Random House, which had dwarfed it when Snyder began (and which from 1980 until last year was owned by Advance Publications, which publishes this magazine). "Random House was the class Jews, Simon & Schuster the déclassé Jews," says former Simon & Schuster editor Dan Green. And the déclassé Jews had triumphed! A decade later, Viacom, Snyder's nemesis, would sell most of the same bundle to Pearson, the English media conglomerate, which owns Viking Penguin and Putnam, for nearly

TOP BY MARINA GARNIER BOTTOM BY DAFYDD JONES

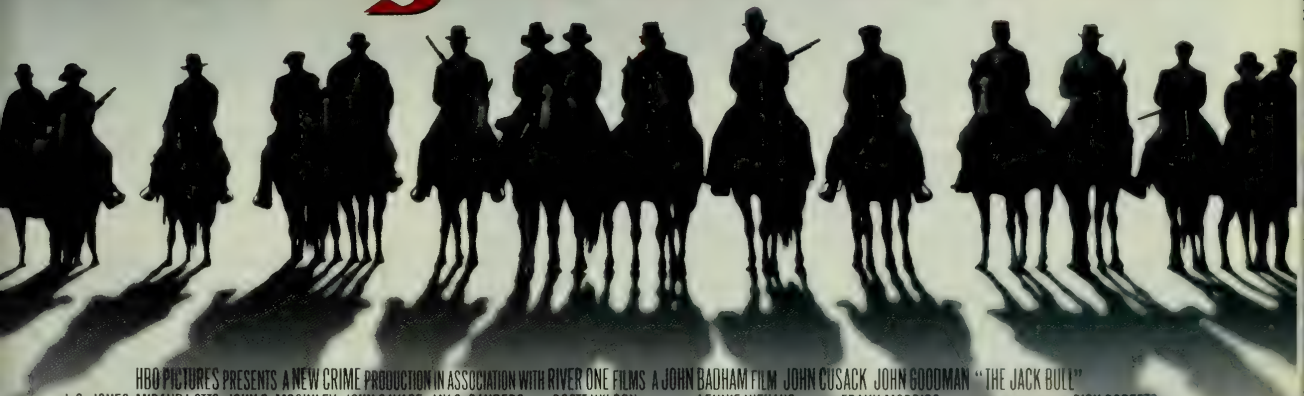
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$4 billion a huge windfall for Viacom and, for Snyder, vindication bittersweet.

In retrospect, the revolution Snyder helped begin overthrew him, as revolutions tend to do. At the time, Joni Evans and Martin Davis appeared the more immediate threats.

The divorce proceedings lasted nearly as long as the marriage. Snyder lost, appealed, lost, appealed again. And was forced, by a clearly exasperated judge, to surrender 50 percent of his marital assets several million dollars. (Evans was forced to give Snyder 50 percent of her more modest marital assets as well.) With part of her settlement, Evans bought a weekend house just five miles from Linden Farm—a contemporary, glass-walled aerie overlooking a river—but never socializes with Snyder and, according to friends, never even thinks about him anymore. She now works as a literary agent at William Morris.

Davis was Snyder's other nemesis. The brooding chairman of what was now called Paramount phoned almost every day to offer criticism or question some decision. Davis did have some cause for ire: the Dick-and-Joni relationship had had sharp reverberations throughout the company. And when, after Evans's departure, Snyder took up with an attractive young Simon & Schuster editor named Laura Yorke, Davis may have had cause to insist Yorke take a job outside the house. But profits stayed high, and if there was a reason, other than personal vindictiveness, for Davis to change the name of Simon & Schuster Publishing to Paramount Publishing, no one today can say what it was. "First, it was dumb," Snyder says. "Second, it was designed to antagonize only one person: me.

"In the end," Snyder adds, "we destroyed each other professionally. I mean, he's a very rich man, and I have a happy life, but I'm doing Golden Books because of Marty Davis, and Marty Davis is doing nothing because of Marty Davis."

Davis, perhaps, is to blame for making Paramount a takeover target in 1993. It was he who spoiled Time Inc.'s friendly merger with Warner Communications, making ever higher offers that forced Warner to take on an additional $9 billion of debt to fend him off. A suitor with so much cash suddenly looked attractive to Viacom, the entertainment conglomerate Sumner Redstone had built from MTV, Nickelodeon, and Showtime. Emboldened, Viacom nearly managed its own friendly merger with Paramount—until Barry Diller played the role of the spoiler. Snyder had grown close to Diller in the Bluhdorn days, when Diller was head of Paramount Pictures. Fairly or not, he was seen as a Diller supporter. When Viacom outbid Diller, Snyder might have left. But, he says quietly, "it would have meant leaving something I loved. I could never have walked away."

At first, the signals from Paramount's new owner seemed encouraging. Redstone spoke of Simon & Schuster as the jewel in Paramount's crown and, at Snyder's request, restored its corporate name. Over a friendly lunch at the Four Seasons with Viacom C.E.O. Frank Biondi, Snyder asked for higher compensation, and Biondi seemed amenable. But within weeks Redstone and Biondi thought they were getting signals of a very different sort from Snyder.

Snyder, they felt, was more imperious than they could have imagined. He hired public-relations man John Scanlon to burnish his personal image—a move Davis had expressly forbidden—and demanded that the 4 years left on his contract be extended to 10, with his $1 million annual salary doubled. Biondi had emerged from the Four Seasons lunch assuming he and Snyder would walk the five blocks back to the office, only to see Snyder's chauffeur, Charles, awaiting his master at the opened door of his black town car. For a top executive in a corporation that stressed collegiality and no frills, it was an image that stuck. When the salary demands came, conveyed by high-priced lawyer Joseph Flom, Biondi and Redstone shook their heads. *This guy doesn't get it.*

The night before Snyder was to make his first presentation to Viacom's division heads, a corporate lawyer called him at home to ask, casually, if he would come to the meeting a few minutes early. "Dick," his new wife told him, "incomprehensible as this is to you, they're going to fire you tomorrow."

So they did. Snyder wandered back to his office in a daze and called his wife, who came right over. As they were crying, the phone rang: Frank Biondi. Why, Biondi wanted to know, was Snyder still in his office? "Frank," Snyder said slowly, "I've been here 32 years. It's going to take me a little while to organize my things."

The day after Snyder took charge of Golden Books—May 9, 1996—he paid a visit to the corporate headquarters of Walmart, his biggest customer. He knew he was in a different business now, of discount consumer-goods chains. He may not have realized how different. "We made books for the children of the masses, not the classes," says Richard Bernstein. "We sold tonnage. Our customers were as likely to eat the books as read them."

Snyder expected a genial reception. He was shocked. The Walmart buyer told him



COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Linden Farm, the Snyders' 13-room country house in Westchester County, New York.

GASPER TRINGALE

"A town car! Who doesn't have a town car? Who doesn't go to the Four Seasons? The guy has this incredibly puritan attitude," says Snyder's wife, Laura Yorke.

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that Walmart no longer believed anything Golden said, and would be just as happy if Golden pulled out for keeps. Snyder learned a new phrase that day: fill rate—the rate at which a publisher was able to keep store shelves filled. Golden, it seemed, was so disorganized that it could not, in any expeditious manner, restock the Golden titles that sold, or take away those that failed to.

Snyder went back to his office to learn that Golden, incredibly for a book publisher, had no sales reports at all. It knew how many books went out; it had no idea what happened to them after that. Worse, Golden sent most of its books in shrink-wrapped discount packs of, say, a dozen different titles. If its warehouse ran out of one of those titles, the packs couldn't go out. It was a nightmare.

"They spent months doing due diligence," Bernstein observes. "There were eight guys from Ernst & Young in our offices—and all of this came as a surprise to them?" Snyder retorts, "Due diligence is 'Here are the accounts receivable; here are the accounts payable; here are the contracts—are they valid?' That's not where we saw anything [wrong]." The due-diligence team didn't look at fill rates. Or frayed customer relations. Or, as Snyder glumly terms it, "the gatekeeper problem." A bookstore, he observes, lets a publisher charge whatever he thinks the market will bear. "The [discount] store says, 'I want it at $1.29, and if you don't give it to me, someone else will.'" Here was the king of Simon & Schuster, locked in to a few pennies' profit on every *Poky Little Puppy* book.

If only Snyder had had a few veterans of the business—the mass-market children's-book business, not those elegant, hardcover, Caldecott Award–winning children's books that Simon & Schuster published at $16—he might have been forewarned, and perhaps forearmed. Yet almost immediately, Snyder fired virtually everyone in the company's operating management. The old guard was stuck in its ways, he says. But as a result, Bernstein observes, "he entirely eliminated the institutional memory."

Instead, Snyder turned to the world he knew. He tried to persuade Alice Mayhew to join him—and was furious with her when she refused. He had better luck with Robert Asahina, a younger Simon & Schuster editor, who agreed to start an adult Golden Books line—on subjects of interest to parents of Golden Books children—for a risk-softening salary of $200,000 with a bonus provision that might yield him two times that much over his pay. To be president, Snyder hired, at a comparable salary, Willa Perlman, who had headed up children's books at Simon & Schuster and was ready for a change. "I had come to a place in my career with children's books, that books as the output of intellectual property were not enough to sustain me any longer," she explains. Golden was so . . . different. "It would be like learning a new language."

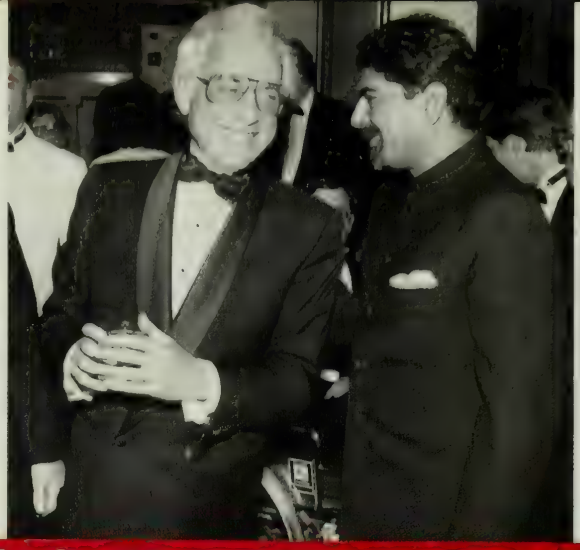
Asahina, at least, was starting a line of books of the kind he knew about, for bookstores, not discount chains, so he would be unaffected by many of Golden's problems. But, like his boss, he acted as if he were still at Simon & Schuster, paying best-selling author Stephen Covey such a high advance for *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective Families* as a debut title that the book would manage nearly to sell out its print run of 500,000 copies—and still lose money. Perlman faced a more immediate problem. Nearly all of Golden's key licenses—for movie and TV characters—were up for renewal.

"Our Disney, our Children's Television Workshop, Barbie, Barney . . . " Perlman ticks them off ruefully. These were "anchor" licenses that provided, she says, 75 percent of Golden's revenue. And due to Bernstein's haphazard management, she claims, most were ready to jump ship. (Bernstein takes exception to that. "Typically, character licenses are in the one- to three-year period, so if one made the statement that all of the licenses had less than three years left on them, sure! But what did that mean?")

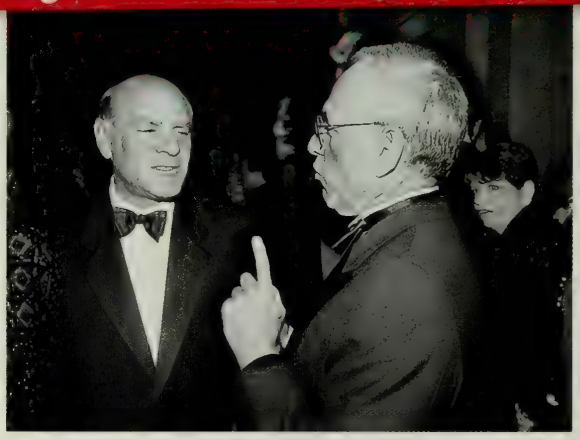
Perlman persuaded nearly all of Golden's anchor licensees to re-up. But at sizable cost. When Golden chose to renew its long-time license to publish books featuring Disney characters for $47.5 million—about 10 times what Golden had paid Disney in the past, according to Bernstein—the industry was agog. In fact, Disney's animated movies were already declining steadily in profitability. But to Golden the license seemed crucial, both for profit and prestige. "They had us over a barrel," says one Golden executive, sighing. "New management . . . bad times."

Undeterred by these portents of trouble, Snyder set about building his family empire. He paid $81 million for Broadway Video, a company run by *Saturday Night Live* creator Lorne Michaels, which owns Lassie, the Lone Ranger, Pat the Bunny, and other Golden-like icons. He commissioned new Lassie episodes for Animal Planet cable and new Pat the Bunny home videos. He looked into Golden theme parks and Golden play centers.

Snyder wanted it all, and he wanted it fast. Rather than settle for some Band-Aid approach to the sales-report and fill-rate problems, he called for a whole new



"There's nothing worse for a marriage than a man having lunch with his wife every day," says Snyder.



BOOKMAKERS
***Top,* Snyder and Alfred A. Knopf publisher Sonny Mehta at the National Book Awards, New York, November 1990; *above,* Golden investor Barry Diller and Snyder, New York, 1993.**

TOP BY MARINA GARNIER BOTTOM BY DAFFOD JONES

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integrated financial system. Bernstein had put in a more modest sales-report system called Wisdom. But it wasn't yet up to speed. As underlings tinkered with it, Snyder ordered a vastly larger one, similar, as he puts it, to a German system called SAP. From Wisdom to SAP! But it was, Snyder concedes now, too complex and expensive to make sense for Golden Books. "It gives you a 747," he says, "when you may need a two-engine prop."

Another such mistake, says Snyder, was the brand-new, $40 million printing plant. For decades Golden had printed its own books at a Dickensian plant in Racine, Wisconsin. Virtually no other publisher in America did that, but it made sense for Golden as long as it stuck to those little Golden books and, perhaps, a few coloring and activity books. Now Snyder wanted to publish all kinds of new books. A publisher who knew the market might have jobbed out the work to factories in Asia. Instead, Snyder built a huge state-of-the-art plant—which still couldn't handle Snyder's outsize publishing plans.

As unfortunate was the decision to move most of the company's white-collar staff from Racine, where Western had been based, to Manhattan. Racine had its share of social problems, and the employment pool was small. But the importation of hundreds of workers to a new, six-story office space in New York to conjure up a new Golden Books—even as Snyder's executive team was trying desperately to whack Golden's 7,000 titles down to a manageable 1,000 or so—was, at best, an optimistic decision. It also led to oddly familiar rumors that made their way around the publishing world. Fancy offices. A personal chef. A corporate jet!

"Look at this paneling!," Snyder says in the hallway outside his office. He knocks on a piece of attractive, white-blond wood. "The cheapest paneling you can buy." The floors are small, he goes on, and very narrow. Because the owner of the Seventh Avenue building, Marshall Rose, sits on Golden's board, Snyder got the space cheap.

Over a deli-ordered tuna-fish-sandwich lunch in what is, admittedly, a very small executive conference room, Snyder answers the next question before it's asked. "O.K.—the chef," he says. "I said, 'Let's get a chef who will make a communal lunch, and we can use the boardroom. And we'll give lunch there every day.' Chef implies dining room—there was no dining room. Chef implies waiter—there was no waiter. And what he cooked mostly was health food."

And the jet?

"Racine is a place you cannot get to," Snyder says indignantly. "And I was not, at my age, with two little kids, going to spend all my time making air connections to Racine. So we got one-eighth of a Citation II, which we had the right to sell back. The fact was it was a tin can, the slowest jet ever made. You couldn't stand up! If you wanted to go to the bathroom, you had to back in!"

Nevertheless, as Snyder admits, all this led to an image problem. Perhaps, he says, he did get spoiled in the Bluhdorn days. All the jets, the drivers, the private apartments. "You get used to all that and don't think about the public perception of it as much as perhaps I ought to have done." As damaging, says one former Golden executive, was the stiff corporate protocol. "Golden was all about dress codes and decorums and a level of formality that was death for a company that should have been entrepreneurial."

None of it would have mattered if Golden Books had begun showing quarterly profits. Unfortunately, all the empire-building schemes sapped cash—eventually $300 million. And though millions of Golden books were selling, the margin of profit on each was very, very small. Much money out, very little in; quarter by quarter, the losses grew.

"I negotiated a contract.... I'm sorry if it offends some people, but it's a lifetime of work to get here."

In hindsight, Snyder may have taken on Golden at an unpropitious time. The last of the baby boomers' children were growing up; the core market was, perhaps, shrinking. Home videos and CD-ROMs were taking larger market shares, and children, perhaps as a result, appeared to be growing faster out of their "Golden years." Moreover, many of the discount chains Golden relied on—Caldor's, Bradlees, Ames, and the like—were ailing, victims themselves of thin profit margins. And after decades of virtually owning the market, Golden had rivals. As a result, Snyder says, mass-market children's-book sales in general were flat or going down.

It's a convincing explanation—except that Golden's main rival, the Ohio-based Landoll Company, has grown, according to its president, Martin Myers, 800 percent in the last five years. "Overall, the environment of children's books is a fantastic one," he volunteers. "And actually the profit margin on licensed-product goods is excellent." Landoll's Rugrats and Blue's Clues are two of the industry's top-selling properties. The key, Myers says, is to be lean and efficient enough to deliver the best value. "It's hard to deliver value," he says, "when you're sitting in a beautiful office overlooking Central Park."

Despite the losses, Golden's board decided, in September 1997, to recognize Snyder's efforts in the "turnaround" with a huge pay raise. The board, which included Diller, New York arts patroness Linda Janklow (the wife of literary agent Mort Janklow, who is a good friend of Snyder's), and Lorne Michaels, increased Snyder's base salary of about $500,000 to $950,000—and made the increase retroactive to January 1997. According to Graef Crystal, the financial analyst who tracks executive compensation, that meant Snyder was being paid 151 percent more than the average C.E.O. of a similar-size company. But that was just the beginning.

Before taking over, Snyder had been granted 599,465 shares of Golden at $8 a share, about what Golden was traded for when the company changed hands. Ostensibly, he bought the stock; in fact, it was loaned, with the loan soon forgiven. Over the next 10 years, he could sell the stock whenever he liked and keep whatever premium it might yield over $8 a share. But if the stock plummeted, he could still cash out for $8 a share. Or, as Crystal says, "Heads I win, tails you lose!" After acquiring another 84,967 shares under the same terms in September 1996, Snyder's no-lose stake stood at $5.5 million.

In September 1997, Golden awarded Snyder a "target" bonus of 100 percent of his new $950,000 salary, then let him trade that for options worth twice that much, or $2 million. So in a year in which Golden would lose $50 million, Snyder was compensated, on paper at least, $3 million. The options were a time-delayed benefit, as was the $250,000 pension Snyder would get whenever—however—he left the company. Still, he was doing very well.

"I negotiated a contract with what would be a compensation committee if and when we took control," Snyder says adamantly. "And followed it. And I'm sorry if it offends some people, but it's a lifetime of work to get here." Had he known how much money Golden would lose over the next year, he says, he and his board—dominated by Warburg, Pincus's John Vogelstein—likely would have modified the pay package accordingly. But due to the problems he inherited, he says, Golden had no clear financial statements until 18 months after his arrival. True, except the board did know

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that Golden's stock had dropped 21.5 percent, in a market that over the same period had gained 48 percent.

For Snyder, the money came at a particularly apt time. That same month he moved his family into a lovely, eight-story Upper East Side town house just off Park Avenue. He had bought it for a reported $4.9 million, with a mortgage of just $1 million, and ordered $2 million of work done to it.

In the top-floor room she uses as an office at the Snyders' town-house home, Laura Yorke offers her own theory for why things went wrong at Golden. "I think he was so traumatized by the press he'd gotten that when he came to Golden it affected the way he managed," she says. "He had just heard and read so many times about the beast that he was that he vowed not to tell anybody they were doing anything wrong at all."

Yorke is a seasoned book editor who prides herself on her old-school line editing, and clearly would have made her way in publishing without her husband's help. Still, her relationship with Snyder has affected her career: first by forcing her to leave Simon & Schuster, more recently by inducing her to go to Golden to help Bob Asahina start the new adult line. Personally, she got dragged into the dénouement of Snyder's divorce wars with Joni Evans.

"In the end we destroyed each other professionally," says Snyder. "I'm doing Golden Books because of Marty Davis."

The Dick-and-Joni saga might have given another woman pause about getting involved with the boss, but, Yorke says simply, "I fell in love with him. And there's so much to love about him!" She counts the ways: brilliant, charismatic, funny, a huge heart. "And the fact that he's volatile? Well, you want to put me on the couch for six years and figure that out? Yeah, O.K., maybe I was used to it. Who knows? But the fact of the matter is that he's not like that anymore." (One former Golden executive disagrees: "He never changed. He'd have one of his screamers, and I'd just say, 'When the lithium kicks in, call me back.'") Nor, she says, does he care about corporate perks now, if he ever did. "The limo is a town car!" she says. "Who doesn't have a town car? Who doesn't go to the Four Seasons? Dick is not excessive in those ways. In his tastes the guy has this incredibly puritan attitude."

Perhaps. But as Yorke conducts a reluctant tour of her new home, decorated by Renny Saltzman, and deliberately lets the elevator descend past the living room and dining room to the ornately wood-paneled second-floor library, where Snyder awaits, "puritan" is not the first word that comes to mind. Especially not to Marco Martelli, the high-end contractor who did the renovation.

At the Snyders' request, Martelli began work on an accelerated schedule in 1997 while architect Michael Rubenstein's plans were still being drawn up. The initial budget was about $1.3 million, though major aspects of the renovation remained unspecified. Over the 12 months the job took, Martelli says he was given 400 change orders—on paper. The added work swelled the total budget, he says, to $3,070,000. Yet when the last bills were submitted, Snyder refused to pay. "The total stiff is $1,078,000," says Martelli. Of that, about $600,000 is due to his own firm for fees, labor, and materials; the balance is due to his subcontractors. Martelli says he is suing; Snyder says he is suing *him*. In fact, Snyder claims, he paid 11 of Martelli's 12 monthly bills with many signed change orders. The 12th, he says, is for $500,000, with unsigned change orders, followed by a charge for $600,000 to cover worker benefits already paid. "This is a classic New York story," he says grimly, suggesting the contractor is shaking him down.

"My case is very clear," says Martelli. Architect Rubenstein agrees. "I think the court will decide in his favor," he says.

It was on April 14, 1998, that Snyder realized how desperate matters had become. He had just returned from a 65th-birthday driving trip through Tuscany with his wife. Before he'd left, C.F.O. Philip Rowley had showed him the monthly numbers. They needed tweaking, but they weren't too bad. Unfortunately the SAP-like financial system was still unreliable. Snyder went back to his office, picked up the March numbers, and said, "My God, we're going to go bankrupt."

Sales were sharply off, cash reserves down almost to nothing, first-quarter losses frighteningly high. That was Snyder's moment of truth. Rowley had already resigned to become group finance director of the English company Kingfisher P.L.C. So Snyder took over the day-to-day running of the place.

From Golden's already reduced payroll



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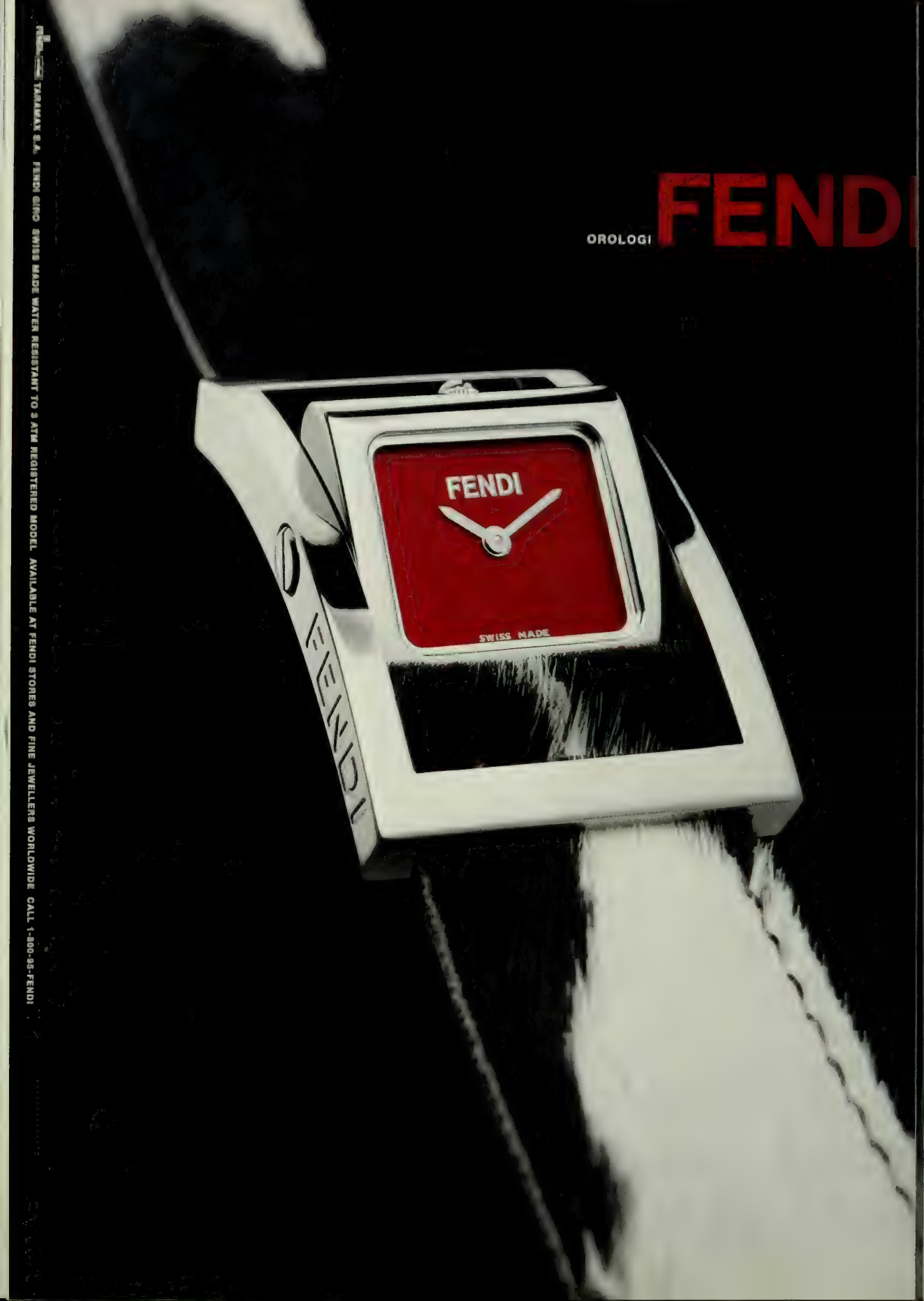
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of about 1,400, several hundred more workers were let go. The printing plant was put up for sale. The new, adult-book line, despite its growing promise, was put up for sale, too. Nearly all the brand-extending schemes were put on hold: no Pat the Bunny floor coverings, no Golden theme parks. Grimly, Snyder reduced his New York office space from six floors to three. The boardroom was dispensed with, as was the chef. The one-eighth share of the corporate jet was sold back.

None of it was enough to stop the stock from its sickening slide as Golden's first-quarter numbers became known. The company's nearly $300 million debt was now greater than its value: after creditors were paid, the common stock would be worthless.



HAPPY AT LAST Snyder and his wife, Laura Yorke, at their $4.9 million Manhattan town house, March 11, 1999.

"I fell in love with him. The fact that he's volatile? You want to put me on the couch for six years?"

Meanwhile, Golden was hit by a class-action suit from shareholders. In the suit, filed by New York law firm Milberg Weiss Bershad Hynes & Lerach, Snyder and his team were accused of having issued deceptively rosy forecasts, quarter after quarter, all the while knowing that the company's finances failed to support them. Snyder denies the charges: the forecasts were always accompanied on 10K reports by all the obligatory numbers. But the fact that Golden was, as Snyder admits, "flying blind" without a good financial system for two years does bring into question why it felt it could be quite so upbeat.

By December, Golden was trading at about 45 cents a share, and the company had defaulted on interest payments to its senior bondholders. That was bad. By law, the whole $149 million Golden owed those bondholders was pushed from the "long-term debt" side of the ledger to the "current liabilities" column, nearly doubling the latter to $267 million. That was worse. The bondholders gave Snyder until February 16 to come up with a Hail Mary plan or be forced into Chapter 11 bankruptcy proceedings. That was about as bad as things could get.

Now the deadline has come and gone. A deal, after many days of waiting for one last call from a reluctant creditor, has been reached. The company is saved—for now—and Snyder is still in charge. But at considerable cost. "Basically, everything we worked for for six months happened," Snyder reported one day in early March. "It's the happiest of possibilities—under the circumstances. But that's not to say that everyone is happy."

Happiest are the bondholders and holders of convertible preferred shares who have, in essence, traded debt for ownership of the company. The senior noteholders who were owed $149 million will get 60 cents on the dollar, and 42.5 percent of the company. The convertible preferred shareholders don't get cash, but they do get 50 percent of the equity. As a result, Golden's suffocating debt load of nearly $300 million will be reduced to $87 million, so that the company can continue. Legally, the deal is a Chapter 11 bankruptcy proceeding, since a bankruptcy judge has to bless it. But it's the mildest sort, because the bondholders and management have agreed to the terms.

Not consulted were the shareholders of Golden common stock. By the terms of the deal, to make the math work, the common stock will be annulled. Golden is a more tightly held company than, say, IBM: perhaps only hundreds, rather than hundreds of thousands, of people own common shares of Golden. But anyone who does just lost his stake. "Don't forget," Snyder says, "buying stock doesn't mean you make money."

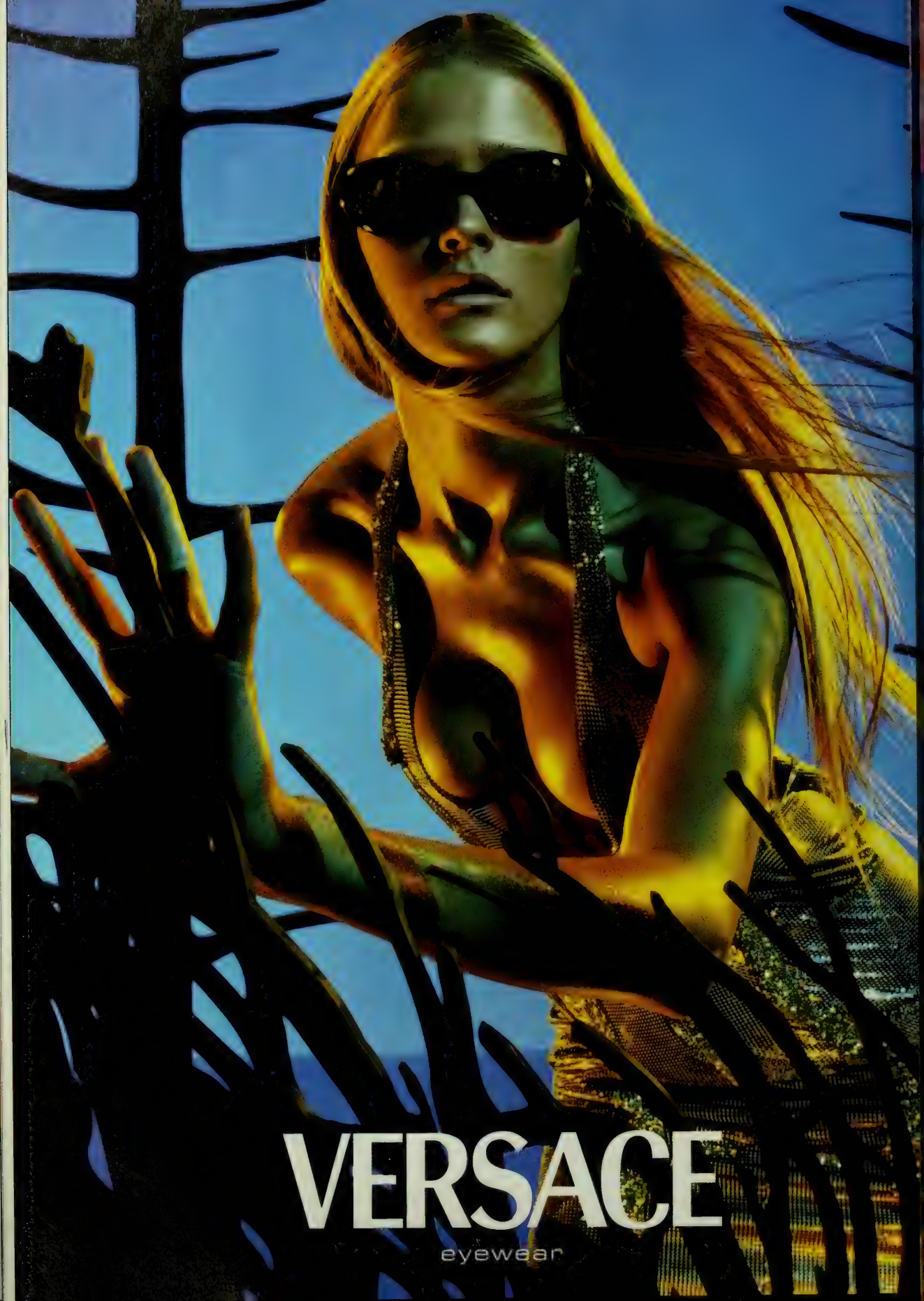
The original investors, Snyder hastens to add, will have their preferred stock wiped out, too. So Warburg, Pincus has lost perhaps $60 million of the original $65 million purchase price, Diller and Snyder the balance. But they, at least, get the remaining slices of the new pie: 5 percent equity for Snyder, Diller, and Warburg, Pincus, 2.5 percent in addition for Snyder himself. "He's being given 2.5 percent for having taken the company into bankruptcy—that's a hell of a reward," says Bernstein, who as the owner of 15 percent of Golden's common shares has lost $40 million and says he may sue to block the deal.

Snyder has surrendered the $5.5 million in stock options that Golden granted him. He's also lost the $2 million in "target bonus" stock options he got in September 1997, since that stock was unprotected and is now worthless. And at no point, he says, either before or during the tailspin, did he sell a single share of stock. "I'm committed to this company," he says. "I've lost money along with it; not until it prospers will I prosper, too." For good measure, he's agreed to a salary cut.

Other costs are more personal. Last fall, Barry Diller resigned from the board. In the margin of a letter requesting comment, he writes, "It's all a great disappointment to me, and I decided that I would sever my relationship to the investing partners that went into [Golden] and with it, hopefully, any involvement in their and D. Snyder's affairs now or in the future." Linda Janklow, too, has resigned. Snyder's senior hires continue to leave: the C.F.O. hired to replace Rowley last year left in January; Asahina has gone to be the editor in chief of Broadway Books; and now that the adult line is being sold to St. Martin's Press, Laura Yorke may follow it there, though that leave-taking would be merely professional.

But Snyder's eyes brighten at the suggestion that he is, in a sense, where he was when he and Korda took over a bereft Simon & Schuster and had to be scrappy to make it survive. "That's exactly right," he says. "Thirty years later, we're going to have to be scrappy. And nimble. And fleet. But we can do it."

Humbled at last, with nothing to lose, perhaps he can. □


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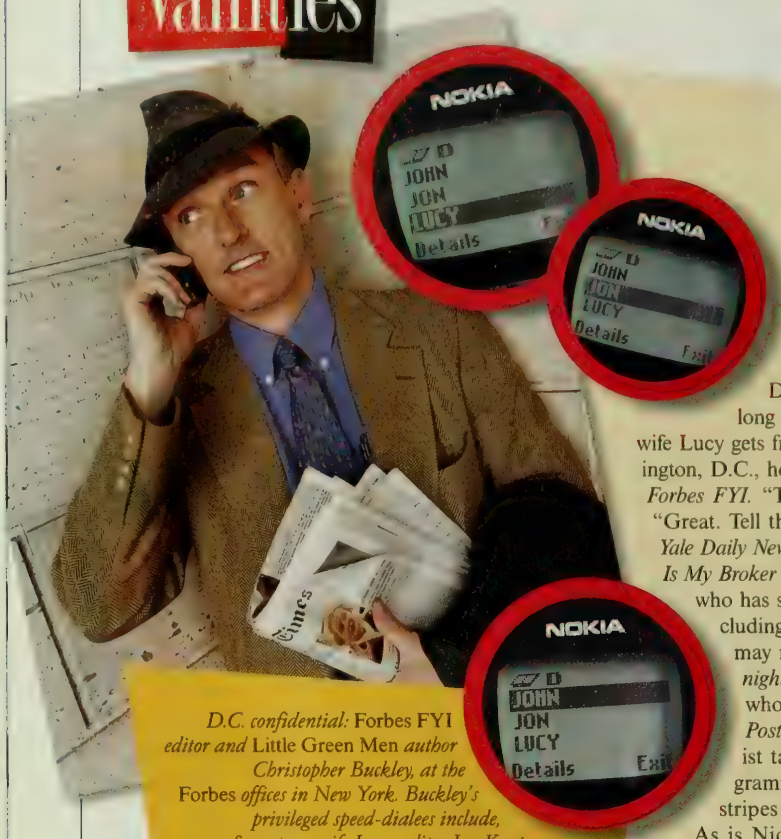


MIGHTY MENA

Name and occupation: Mena Suvari, actress. **Age:** 20. **Helped redefine the term "teenage wasteland" in:** *[illegible] the Girls*, starring Ashley Judd and Morgan Freeman; Gregg Araki's *[illegible]where*, and *The Rage: Carrie 2*. **Soon to be taking a Judy Garland–ish turn in:** *American Pie*, as a smitten choirgirl. . . . **And a Lana Turner–ish turn in:** *American Beauty* (co-starring Kevin Spacey and Annette Bening), as a coquettish high-schooler. **Why Suvari's next role could be in *I Know What You Did Last Summer: The Musical*:** "In *American Pie*, they [illegible] actual voice for the singing parts. I hadn't sung since I was younger, so it was good to bring it back." **In *American Beauty*, [illegible] Kevin Spacey's midlife-crisis fantasy girl. Quite an enviable role:** "Working with Kevin, I was just awestruck. He was great. And my character is very flamboyant and can be a total snot—it was really fun to do." **Why, if she's not careful, Suvari may become the next armed-forces pinup girl:** "I have three brothers who went to the Citadel and are in the army now. They love that I'm an actress—they are always bragging."

—JOHN GILLIES

PHOTOGRAPH BY ISABEL SNYDER



D.C. confidential: Forbes FYI *editor and* Little Green Men *author Christopher Buckley, at the* Forbes *offices in New York. Buckley's privileged speed-dialees include,* from top, *wife Lucy, editor Jon Karp, and longtime friend John Tierney.*

Speed Dial

It certainly makes sense that humorist Christopher Buckley wouldn't get too serious about his speed-dial habit. Presidential memoirs, drug dealers, the tobacco lobby, self-help books, and alien abductions have all been worthy fodder for the Buckley wit, so why shouldn't he stick a skewer through a request for his cell-phone pecking order? Dad William F. and mom Pat cut off the weekly allowance long ago, so they aren't in his alphabetically listed directory. But wife Lucy gets frequent calls when Buckley, 46, commutes from his Washington, D.C., home to New York as the editor of the quarterly magazine *Forbes FYI.* "The Eagle has landed" prompts Lucy's usual response: "Great. Tell the Eagle to take a cab." John Tierney, best friend since *Yale Daily News* days, gets buzzed as punishment for co-authoring *God Is My Broker* with Buckley. As does Random House editor Jon Karp, who has stuck with Buckley through four of his seven books, including the recent *Little Green Men.* But Karp's lofty perch may not last. "He refused my suggestion of titling it *Midnight in the Garden of Little Green Men,*" says Buckley, who also contributes to *The New Yorker, The Washington Post,* and *The New York Times.* Then Buckley the satirist takes over: Chief Justice William Rehnquist is programmed for chats "about the death penalty, how many stripes he should have on his robe—you know, guy stuff." As is Nicole Kidman. "But she hasn't actually ever returned my calls." One last chance to be straight: Do you have a digital pet peeve? "Cellular jerks sitting next to me on the Metroliner who start a conversation with 'Herb? Jerry. Let's run the numbers.'" —MELISSA DAVIS

Night-Table Reading



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owner, Rage supper club

Sophie's Choice, *by William Styron (Vintage).*
"Tragic destiny is very moving to me, and I love all the fantasy, drama, and poetry of this book. Not only is he one of my favorite authors, but it reminds me of my background."





Scott Dikkers
editor in chief, The Onion, *and author,* Our Dumb Century

I Am Jackie Chan: My Life in Action, *by Jackie Chan with Jeff Yang (Ballantine).*
"His life is mythic. He's my hero. I want to write a Jackie Chan screenplay."

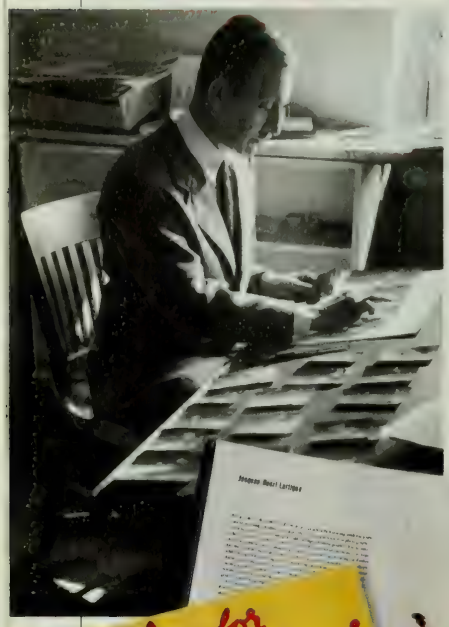
Siân Phillips
actress, Broadway's Marlene

Les Jardins du Consulat, *by Angelo Rinaldi (Gallimard).*
"It's a wonderful book and well worth the effort. Angelo Rinaldi is my new French pinup—brains and charm combined."




Elizabeth Arden
5th avenue
It takes you there
Elizabeth Arden
5th
avenue
Rich's Lazarus Goldsmith's Macy's

Vanities







War is like peanuts and tattoos—you can't have just one. Novelist **WARD JUST'S** *A Dangerous Friend* (Houghton Mifflin) is set in Vietnam at the beginning of the Bad War, and charts the devolution of an innocent American crusading for democracy. And in **PAT BARKER'S** *Another World* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a 101-year-old war veteran must exorcise the demons of his past before he can die.

Also this month: **A. M. HOMES** looses her deviant brilliance on the degenerate suburbs and the corrupted happiness of a married couple in *Music for Torching* (Rob Weisbach Books). *Beauty and the Beene* (Abrams) features drawings of Geoffrey Beene fashions by **SIRICHAI** interwoven with fanciful text by **LAURA JACOBS.** The late humorist **VERONICA GENG** lobs satirical hand grenades in *Love Trouble* (Mariner), an instantly classic collection of essays and fiction. Simon & Schuster editor in chief **MICHAEL KORDA** draws on 41 years in the book biz to wildly dish page-burners like Harold Robbins, Jackie Susann, and Tennessee Williams in *Another Life: A Memoir of Other People* (Random House). *Mary Pickford Rediscovered* (Abrams), by **KEVIN BROWNLOW,** presents rare pictures of "America's Sweetheart" of silent film. **LYNN JOHNSON** and **MICHAEL O'LEARY'S** *All Aboard!* (Chronicle) captures the glory days of railway travel. **STACY SCHIFF** plumbs the depths of the enigmatic soul mate of the author of *Lolita* in *Vera (Mrs. Vladimir Nabokov)* (Random House). Children's-book covers from 1880 to 1960 are collected by **HAROLD DARLING** in *From Mother Goose to Doctor Seuss* (Chronicle). **GABRIEL BAURET** pays homage to the Big Daddy of 20th-century magazine art direction in *Alexey Brodovitch* (Assouline). From Arbus to Weegee, **PETER STEPAN'S** *Icons of Photography* (Prestel) amasses the work of the century's pre-eminent shutterbugs. The inimitable gamine who launched a thousand cigarette holders is deconstructed once again, this time in **PAMELA CLARKE KEOGH'S** *Audrey Style* (HarperCollins). **MICHAEL ISIKOFF,** the *Newsweek* bulldog reporter who unleashed the Lewinsky mess, sinks his teeth back into the scandal that swallowed America in *Uncovering Clinton* (Crown). **CAROL FRIEDMAN'S** evocative portraits of swinging jazz musicians such as Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughan take center stage in *The Jazz Pictures* (Tondo). Have you got a road fever that only a diet of no-tell motels, truck stops, and bars with mechanical bulls can cure? Then toss **CAMERON TUTTLE'S** *The Bad Girl's Guide to the Open Road* (Chronicle) into your glove box, and put the pedal to the metal. I call shotgun.

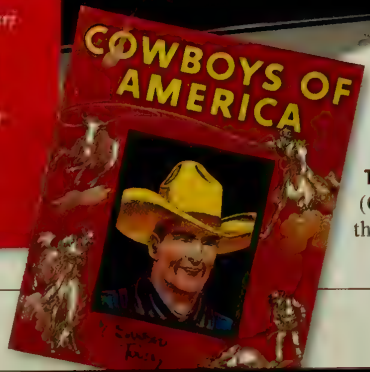
—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Hot Type









Counterclockwise from top right: *Sirichai's watercolor rendering of a 1998 Geoffrey Beene full-length dress; Audrey Hepburn as the irresistible Sabrina in the 1954 film of the same name; legendary art director Alexey Brodovitch in his Harper's Bazaar office, circa 1950; Jacques Henri Lartigue's* Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, *1912; an enticing promotional poster for Canadian Pacific Railway, 1937; a Carol Friedman shot of trumpeter Chet Baker at the Village Vanguard in New York, 1978; Sanford Tousey's illustrated cover of the 1937 children's book* Cowboys of America.


GUCCI
sunglasses

No More Mr. Nice Guy

The second coming of Donny Osmond

In the 70s, with the sibling variety program *The Donny and Marie Show* and more than 20 bubblegum hits, Donny Osmond became America's ultra-wholesome teen idol. In the 90s—with a stunning comeback run in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* and Donny and Marie recently reincarnated as a talk show—Osmania has struck again. This month, as Donny prepares to publish his autobiography, *Life Is Just What You Make It*, GEORGE WAYNE tracks down the clean-cut icon to discuss his relationships with Mormonism, show business . . . and milk.

George Wayne: *G.W. has a lot to ask Donny Osmond, so let's get right into it. How is this talk show doing?*

Donny Osmond: It's going great—we've been picked up for next year. The ratings are up.

G.W. *Is it true you still drink milk every morning?*

D.O. If I could, I would slap you right now!

G.W. *It's a simple question, Donny.*

D.O. I hate milk. Oh, we're going there with this interview, are we, George? We're gonna take it in that direction, huh?

G.W. *Not at all—well, maybe, if you want to go in the gutter. I meant the milk of human kindness—that milk.*

D.O. Oh, yeah—right!

G.W. *Well, even though you're 41, you're still the Colgate poster child. But how old do you feel?*

D.O. I feel 25. I feel 25 because of my boys. I got married quite young, at 20.

G.W. *Was it an arranged marriage?*

D.O. No. I met this wonderful woman when I was 16. We dated for three and a half years.

G.W. *Well, you certainly have that seed of plenty.*

D.O. So it seems.

G.W. *It's part of your religion—procreation.*

D.O. No, it's not part of the religion. I come from a big family—nine children. And I enjoy a large family.

G.W. *Why is it that G.W. has never seen or heard of a Negro Mormon?*

D.O. We do have a large membership of African-American individuals.

G.W. *So it's a myth that the Mormon church is racist?*

D.O. Oh, it's a total myth.

G.W. *As is polygamy?*

D.O. Exactly.

G.W. *Would Monica Lewinsky be welcome in the Mormon church?*

D.O. Sure. There are certain provisions for repentance, but anyone is welcome. The one thing we just can't stand is bigamy—and prejudices.

G.W. *A friend of mine refuses to believe that you were a virgin when you got married. I told him that I truly believed you.*

D.O. Did you read the part in the book about Howard Stern? When he said, "Get Steven Spielberg on the phone—he believes in E.T., but he's not going to believe this."

G.W. *Give G.W. some of your vital statistics. How tall are you?*

D.O. Five nine, on a good day.

G.W. *Weight?*

D.O. One sixty.

G.W. *Wow! You keep in shape.*

D.O. I have to—a film version of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* is coming up, and I gotta get back in that loincloth.

G.W. *Shoe size?*

D.O. Where are you going with this, George? Are you planning to buy me a gift? I'm a size 13. Actually, I'm a size 9.

G.W. *Sperm count?*

D.O. [*Laughs.*] Quite a bit.

G.W. *Obviously! You and Michael Jackson are virtually the same age. Do you ever talk with him about the golden years of the 70s?*

D.O. Once I was over at his house, and we stayed up until two A.M., and that's all we talked about—the good old days.

G.W. *Would you say Peter Gabriel saved your career?*

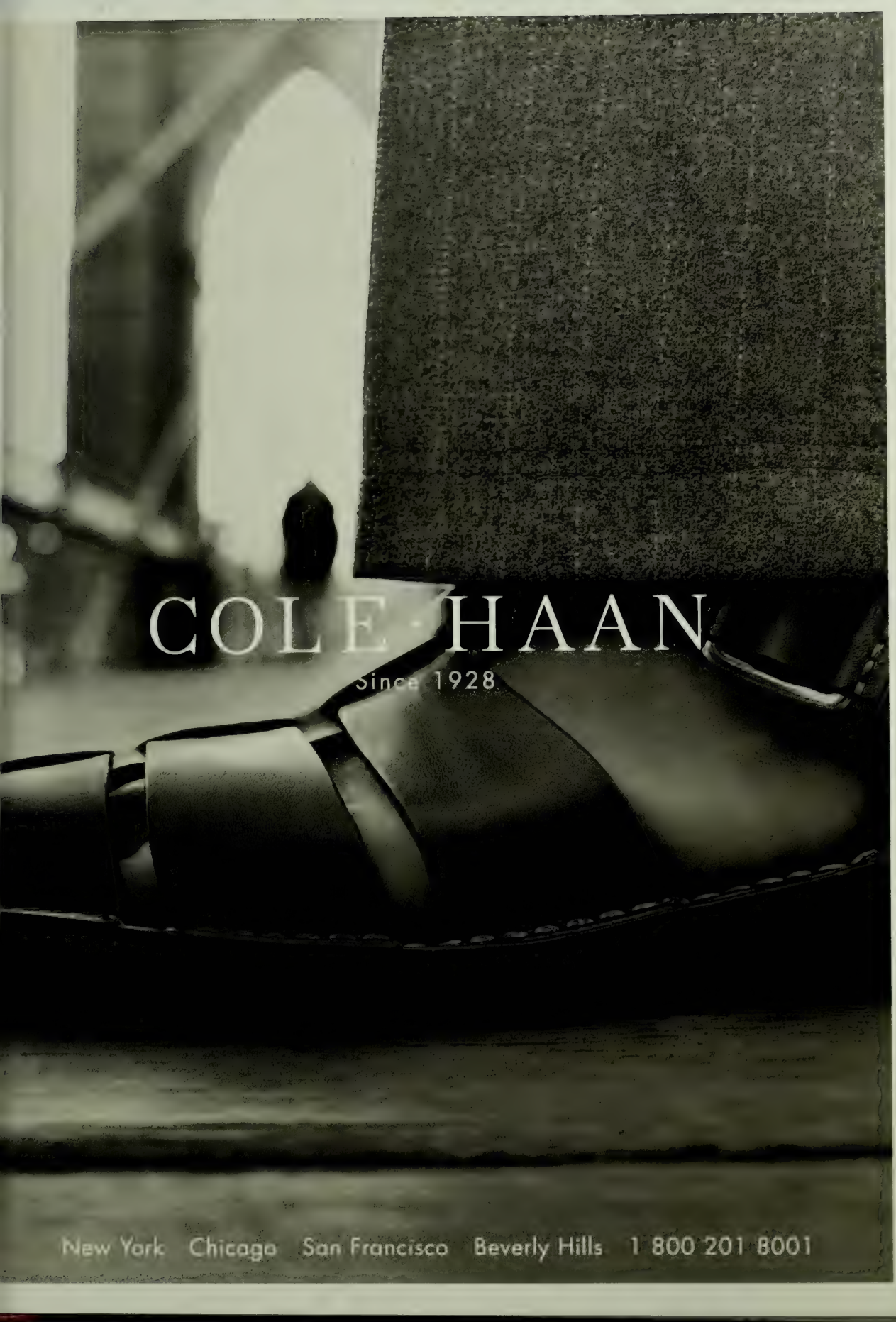
D.O. Yeah, that would be a good way to put it. He asked me what was going on with my music, and said, "You could have another hit record." I couldn't believe that someone believed in me. He gave people the reason to look at me again.

G.W. *Your book is certainly one of the most inspirational G.W. has ever read. But one more question: Are you as well endowed as Tom Jones?*

D.O. That's for me to know and no one to ever find out—but my wife!

G.W. *You hang on, Sloopy! Thanks, Donny Osmond!*




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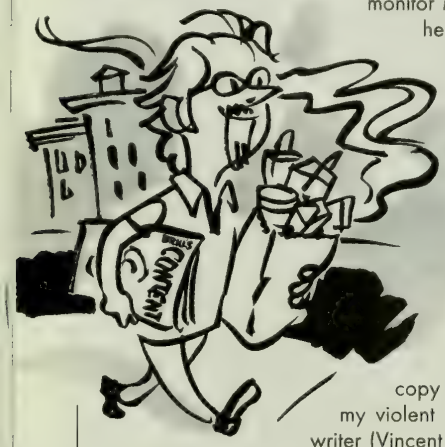


The Freelantzovitz Files

The Diary of Josh Freelantzovitz of Flushing, Queens

MONDAY Ugh—more brothy vapors wafting up from the Happy Pleasure Noodle Shop downstairs. Tough to adjust to Flushing after seven years in Park Slope. But what can you do when they've quadrupled your rent and your annual income's down to the $3,000 that *Time Out New York* pays for writing its cyber-café listings? Anyway, the Slope's been ruined by Hollywood types—you can't walk three feet down Seventh Avenue without bumping into Steve Buscemi. Here on 40th Road, it's totally different. The rents are amazing: Mrs. Ling, my landlady, charges $150 a month, and my room comes hot-wired with an ISDN line for fax and modem! Plus, there're plenty of cheap eats on my block, as I've learned from *The New York Times*—Eric Asimov reviews a place out here every week!

TUESDAY Drafted query letter: "Dear Mr. Brill: Let me just state at the outset what a big fan I am of *Brill's Content*. As an ethical journalist myself, I feel that I have much to offer you in terms of story ideas. Leafing through the pages of *Vogue*, for example, I have detected all manner of conflicts of interest. To name but one: *Vogue* accepts advertising from Helmut Lang—and then features Helmut Lang dresses in its editorial pages! This is *inexcusable*. But my real purpose in writing to you is to suggest that you hire me to act as ombudsman to your outside ombudsman, Bill Kovach. As I'm sure you know, an outside ombudsman without accountability is a corrupt ombudsman. In my capacity as ombudsman's ombudsman, I would monitor Mr. Kovach to ensure that he doesn't violate the social contract between himself and those he ombudses. I, too, would periodically submit to monitoring, by a third ombudsman. Perhaps in time this would lead to a spin-off publication, *Brill's Ombudsman,* in which I would of course demand equity. I look forward to discussing terms with you. Yours, Josh Freelantzovitz." Modemed letter over on new ISDN line. Wow, fast!



WEDNESDAY Up at 9:45. Checked E-mail. No response from Steve Brill yet. Headed out for breakfast: 52-cent pork bun at Shanghai Niceness Palace. Sad not to be able to afford $4 lattes anymore, but that'll change when I win my suit against Woody Allen. Clearly, he based the Kenneth Branagh character in *Celebrity* on me—Leo must have told him about my abbreviated tenure in his posse.

THURSDAY Up at 9:47. Checked E-mail. No response from Steve Brill yet. But a hot E-mail tip from my friend Tom Slushpilitz: Harvey Weinstein's people are putting out feelers for someone to ghost his autobiography. Tom says the deal is Harvey gets an advance of $750,000, of which $500 goes to the writer, who also gets .05 cents for every copy sold past the million mark. Sounds decent. Even better, it'd give me a foot in the door re my violent indie-road-movie screenplay, *Kolumbia Kounty,* about a handsome but moody freelance writer (Vincent Gallo?) whose parents stop sending him money, so he embarks on a crime spree up the Hudson River valley in a stolen VW bus with his girlfriend (Christina Ricci) before killing himself on his parents' doorstep in Brookline, Massachusetts. (Hmm, prequel possibility: *Crookline.*) Ordered up $2 lunch special from Malay Fun. Faxed hot proposal to Harvey, told him our provisional title is *MiraMan.* Damn! Curry squid on the iMac.

FRIDAY Finally got call from Steve Brill's office. His assistant said Steve had no positions available, but that in the interest of accountability I would receive a written, notarized rejection letter from Steve himself. In addition, the full text of both my letter and his response would be released to the press, and he and Bill Kovach would make themselves available to reporters for comment on the matter. Cool! Celebrated with $1.95 sate at Gorgeous Thai Wonderful Restaurant.



SATURDAY Stayed in. Watched *The Opposite of Sex* again on pay-per-view. Christina Ricci rules! (Could be a hot *Details* cover. Reminder: E-mail Joe Dolce.) I'm totally over Janeane Garofalo.

SUNDAY Ill. Bad reaction to $1.50 dumplings purchased from Bad Dumpling Express Shop. What the hell was Asimov thinking? Further bummage from my friend Caitlin, who called and told me her friend Erica at Miramax says Harvey hates me because of my *Celebrity* lawsuit. He'll get his, then! I've decided to become a citizen-journalist. Coming soon: my fearless gossip site, www.thejoshreport.com . . .

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Vanities



Aidan Quinn, Jo Buscemi, Elizabeth Quinn, and Steve Buscemi at Elaine's.

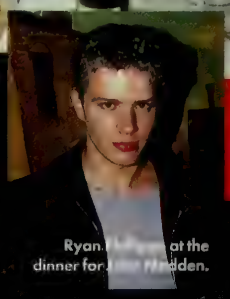


Harry and Gigi Benson



Charlotte Ronson, Tessa Benson, and Samantha Ronson at Magidson Fine Art.

Linda Allard, Herb Gallen, and Cindy Crawford celebrating 50 years of Ellen Tracy.

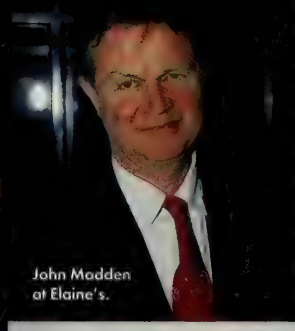


Ryan [illegible] at the dinner for [illegible]den.



Liz Smith and a similarly dressed partygoer at '21.'





John Madden at Elaine's.



Fran Lebowitz and Helen Marden at the 69th Regiment Armory.

The International Fair of New Art at the armory.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK McMULLAN



James Ellroy and Art Cooper at Joe's Pub.

V.F. Camera

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

February was none too soon for Harvey Weinstein to start toasting Joh Madden, director of *Shakespeare in Love*, which picked up seve Oscars, including best picture. At Elaine's, the British director share behind-the-scenes stories with Sidney Lumet, Griffin Dunne, Charlie Rose Art Buchwald, and Matt Dillon.

Meanwhile, at New York's other perennially swell restaurant, '21,' Li Smith, Arnold Scaasi, and Parker Ladd did their part for literature by hos ing the 25th anniversary Literacy Partners benefit. Among the 100 guest lending support to the adult-literacy program were Louise Grunwald, Jor Evans, and Ahmet Ertegun. The opening at Magidson Fine Art for Harr Benson's exhibition of Beatles photographs (in conjunction with his nev book, *The Beatles Now and Then*) provided a little nostalgia for Lesle Stahl, Howard Stringer, and Anthony Haden-Guest as well as for mem bers of the next generation's social set, including Stepha and Lulu de Kwiatkowski and Shoshonna Lonstein. Else where in the world of tastemakers, 75 art galleries fron around the globe took their stations at the first Internation al Fair of New Art, held at the 69th Regiment Armory which featured works by Ellsworth Kelly, Damien Hirst and Louise Bourgeois. Linda Allard, designer for Elle Tracy since 1964, celebrated 50 years of the fashion lin at Vanderbilt Hall in Grand Central Terminal with 60 revelers, including Cindy Crawford and Geraldine Fe raro. Finally, 200 well-wishers slipped into Joe's Pub a the Public Theater to join GQ editor in chief Art Cooper i raising a glass to writer-at-large James Ellroy on the publi cation of his new book, *Crime Wave*. —EVGENIA PERET

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macy's

Ode to Westminster

A tribute in rhyme to America's storied canine competition



A star poodle preens for the Westminster pup-arazzi, with some encouragement from a toy-toting handler. Below, *a nimble Afghan trots with its equally nimble walker.*

For top dogs everywhere, all roads lead to Madison Square Garden, site of the Westminster Kennel Club's imperious, enviable annual dog show—at 123 years old, it's the second-oldest continuous sporting event in America (the Kentucky Derby is 20 months older). Amid this year's convergence of canine crème de la crème, LAURA JACOBS reports on the dogs in doggerel.

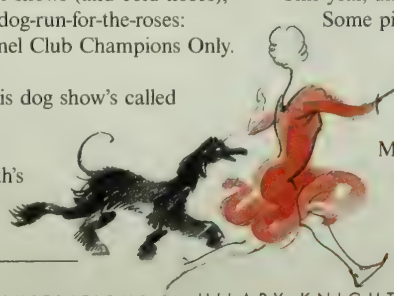


It's haute couture—with kibble.
The Academy Awards—with nibbles
of uncooked Oscar Mayer wieners
(can't eat gold statuettes!).
It's the canine show of shows (and cold noses),
Manhattan's annual dog-run-for-the-roses:
the Westminster Kennel Club Champions Only.
And yet,
for those in the know, this dog show's called
"The Garden."

It starts with Iris Love and Liz Smith's
kickoff bash,
"crown jewel" of Westminster's social scene,
uncrashable at Tavern on the Green.
Here silvered deans and pedigreed elite
share doggy erudition and all-you-
can-eat.



Indeed, Love's Tyche Tyche,
a dachshund and co-hostess,
commits a small "faux paw" and eats the mostess—
she hoovers *half the pâté* from its plate!
(And dachshunds really need to watch their weight.)
As for the dish on who'll win Best in Show:
"This year, unclear."
Some pick the poodle (white, he's bubbles in the snow).
The Gordon and the Doberman are great.
Still, the Steiff-like Lakeland could be
destiny's date.



Monday, nine A.M.
Bedlam at the benches and backstage.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HILARY KNIGHT



HE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ACC[illegible] BY JUDITH LEIBER.

POUR SOMETHING PRI[illegible]

Bombay [illegible] 47% alc/vol (94 Proof) 100% Neutral [illegible] Spirit Co[illegible]

Mrs. George John Wanner Sr. judges the whippersnappers (while they judge their handler's liver treat). Left, a pug-lover admires the real thing.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Think supermodels dressing to wage war
(then resting in a private cage).
We're talking 2,500 competitors
Ben-Hurs in furs!
Pomaded pugs and
pointers Porizkova'd,
Bedlingtons both trimmed
and Turlington'd.
Shining shepherds,
Schiffer'd schnauzers,
the Afghan's flower-power trousers.
And while Maltese must sport a baby bow,
the boxer's suavely Savile Row.
Alas poor Yorkie, breed of infinite wit
stand or sit he looks like Cousin It (Shih Tzu does, too).
All kowtow to the groomers' voodoo
and their eagle eye for doo-doo.

Now, who's who?
Martha Stewart's rooting for her Chow Chow,
Paw Paw—
he makes the first cut: *Hurrah* (it's a good thing), *Hurrah.*
Bill Cosby's Just in Thyme, a Welsh terrier,
takes Best of Breed with flare to spare
and then takes Best of Group.
Tyche Tyche stays home, pâté-poops;
her nephew Diomedes takes the "blue" (see Iris cry and coo).
Amid the corgi hive, it's Greg Louganis of the golden dive.
And eyeing borzois, "The Bride of Wildenstein"
alive
and in the pink, her kitty Karma camouflaged
in mink.

Now let's be candid about canids:
they're very nice.
It's *Homo sapiens* that make you look,
think, twice.
In these two days the only nasty nips
were gripes and growls unleashed from
human lips—
fellow fanciers shooting from their
hips up in the seats.
As for the handlers, a unique
species,
they seem to have a deal with the
dogs: Attention = Eats.
Watch out for flying liver treats!
The judges, on the other hand—
like orchestra conductors *sans*
batons—are mandarin.

A finalist Chihuahua stands at attention for judge William J. Dolan.

A nod, a look, a finger crook.
Did Rover win? Or did he get the hook?

Tuesday, 10:20 P.M.
You can cut the tension with a flea comb.
Four million people watch this round from home:
it's Best in Show—pooch heaven till 11.
Make way, here come this year's Magnificent
Seven!
Cute as a Cosby sweater, there's Just in Thyme.
The Gordon setter, a gleaming, auburn rhyme
with Gable's "Rhett," is grand romance.
The poodle's Mr. Darcy at
the dance.
Oh, the German shepherd's
Schwarzenegger grace.
The Bernese mountain dog's
sweet face.
And what about that ice-queen
blonde saluki,
dogdom's Garbo, Sharon Stone?
She seems to beam, "I vant to be
alone."
But look out for the littlest gun,
the pun, the papillon.
Loteki Supernatural Being takes in
the arena, seeing all—
and none. Six pounds, pure light,
a whimsy from the quill of
Hilary Knight—
Voilà! Done.
The Garden's tiny butterfly has won.

Best in Show: proud papillon Kirby (Loteki Supernatural Being) struts his stuff.

Women smoke our Cohibas. Drive our Harleys. Drink our Glenlivet. Perhaps women could keep their hands to themselves.

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VANITY FAIR
MAY 1999

Through the

Natalie Portman for president? The veteran actors and directors who have worked with Portman since her explosive screen debut at age 11 in *The Professional* say the sky's the limit for the fragile-looking, heartbreakingly talented 17-year-old. She will follow up her latest role, as Queen Amidala in this month's *Star Wars* prequ with the lead in the film version of Mona Simpson's *Anywhere but Here* this fall. But Portman's world is more than stardust glamour. LESLIE BENNETTS reports—it's also a matter of advanced-placement calculus, Harvard vs. Yale, and finding out what lies beyond Hollywood's enthusiastic embrace

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY NICOLETTA SANTORO

Stardust



BABE IN THE WOODS

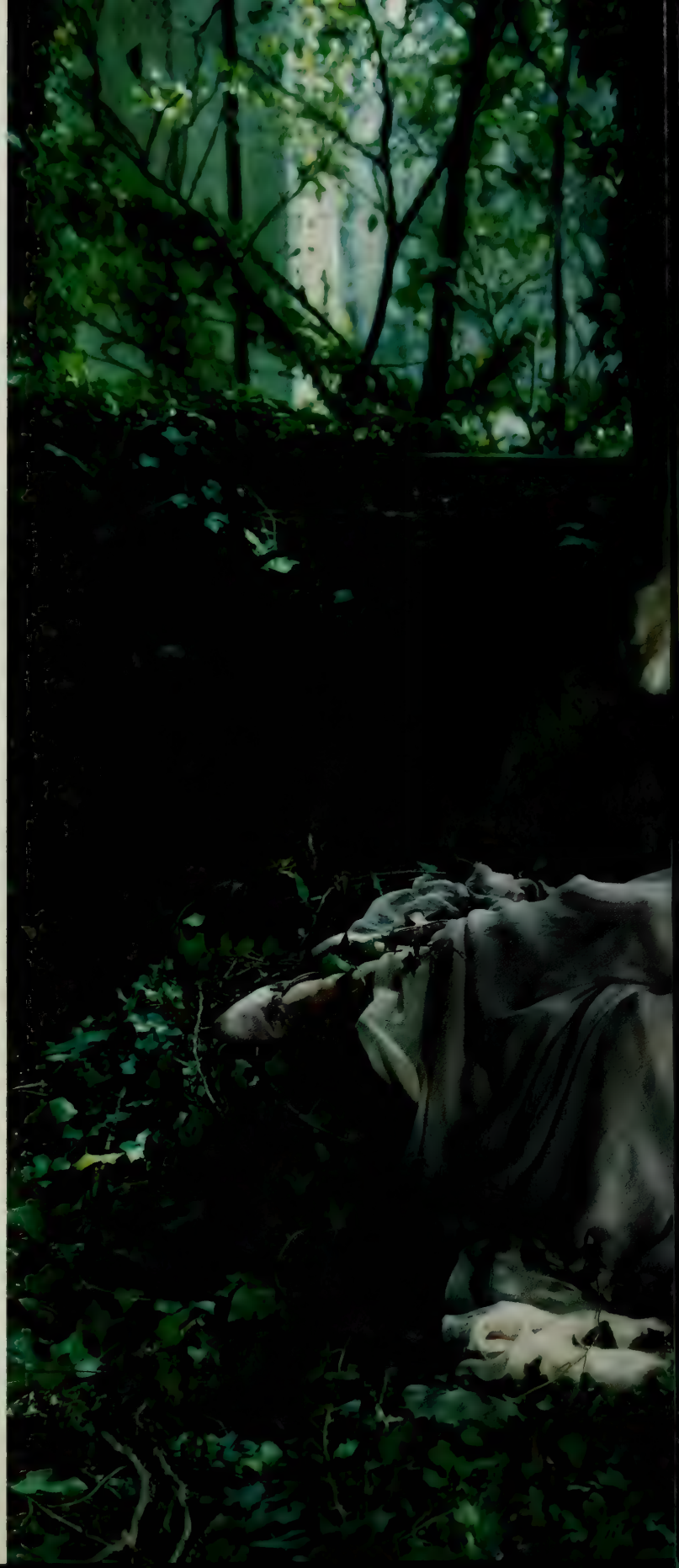
Natalie Portman photographed at Dicksonia Plantation in Lowndesboro, Alabama, on February 7, 1999. The actress has been compared to the young Audrey Hepburn.

When the buzzer sounds, the discussion of arterial blood flow in advanced-placement biology ends abruptly, and the room empties out fast. The corridors are teeming with noisy high-school students changing classes, including some busty suburban Lolitas in skintight sweaters and diamond studs, wearing full makeup and flinging their long hair around like weapons. If anyone challenged you to identify the movie star in their midst, you'd never pick out Natalie Portman.

As she heads for her Japanese class, she virtually disappears into the crowd: small and slight, hugging her books to her chest, skirting the oncoming hordes by sticking close to the shelter of the walls. She looks younger than many of her peers, and fragile as an orchid. While other kids zip into the parking lot in their own cars, Portman doesn't have a driver's license; her mother drives her to school and picks her up, making sure she has her vegetarian brown-bag lunch and enough healthy extras to survive the day. By 10 A.M., Portman is eating a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich in class, like a kindergartner who can't get through the morning without snacktime.

Who would imagine that this girl made her explosive screen debut at the age of 11 in *The Professional,* playing an orphan who apprentices herself to a hit man because her only goal in life is to learn to blow people away? Who would guess that Portman has gone head-to-head with the likes of Gary Oldman and Jean Reno in *The Professional,* Jack Nicholson and Glenn Close in *Mars Attacks!,* and Al Pacino in *Heat*—or that in *Beautiful Girls* she stole not only her scenes but virtually the whole movie from Tim Hutton, Uma Thurman, and Matt Dillon? In person, Portman has an indisputably lovely face, but she's not really a head-turner. Put her in front of a camera, however, and that face will break your heart. It's no wonder that Portman—whose very first movie had critics describing her as a "ravishing little gamine"—has already been hailed as a young Audrey Hepburn.

Even now, her skinny blue-jeaned legs still betraying an awkward coltishness and





PRINCESS CHARMING

Amid the ivy at Dicksonia, Natalie Portman poses with herself. "I feel like I'm having the best of both worlds," she says of her life as student and actress.

"Natalie was born to do this. She's formidable," says veteran Broadway star George Hearn.

her porcelain features devoid of makeup, she could pass as a pre-teen. It's hard to visualize her in the carnal embrace of Darth Vader, let alone as the mother of Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia.

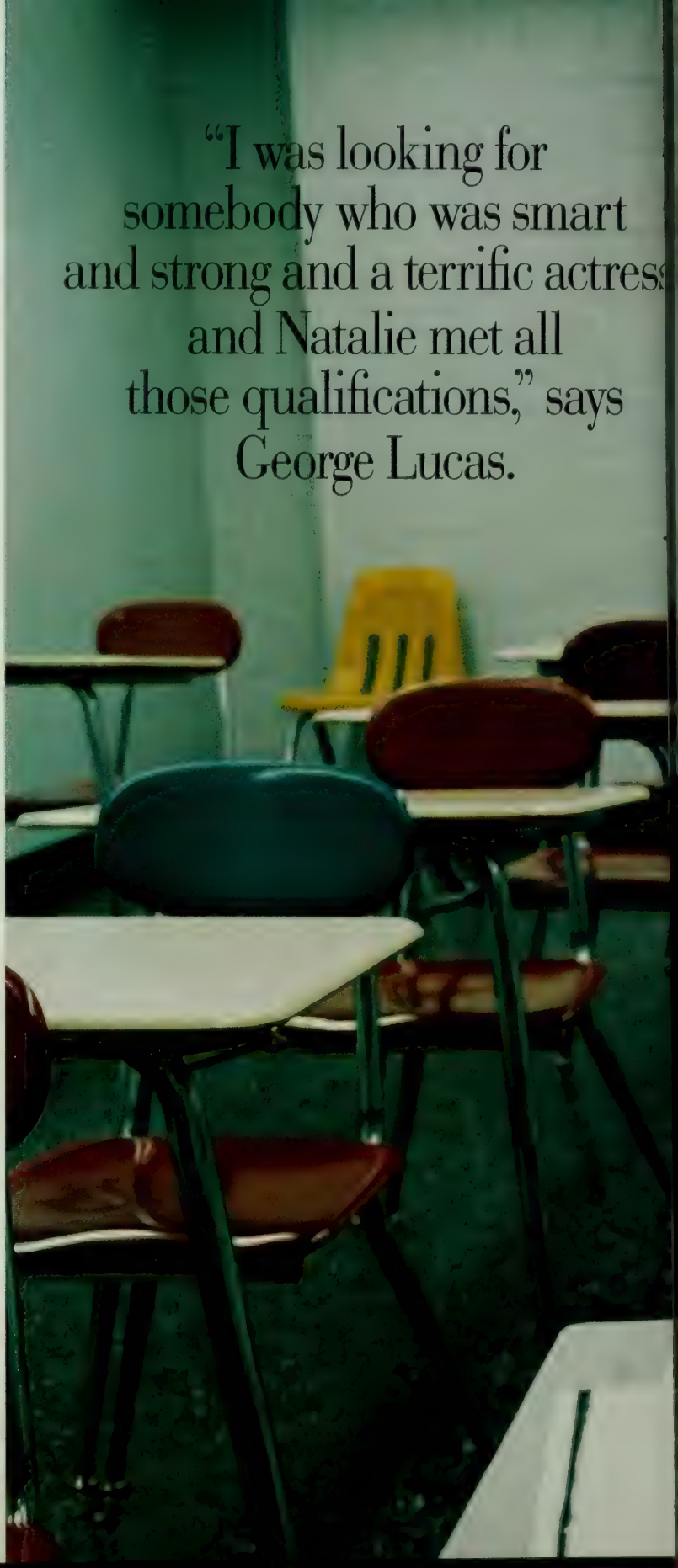
But soon, decked out in exotic makeup and the fantastical regalia of an elaborate royal headdress, Portman will be revealed as Amidala, the teen queen of the planet Naboo, in the *Star Wars* prequel *The Phantom Menace.* "The queen is strong and powerful, but she's still 14," says George Lucas, who's directed the film. "I wanted somebody who could be commanding, but who could still be young. I was looking for somebody who was smart and strong and a terrific actress, and Natalie met all those qualifications."

And after the inevitable frenzy of *Star Wars* madness this spring, Portman will encore with her starring role opposite Susan Sarandon in the film version of the acclaimed Mona Simpson novel *Anywhere but Here,* which will be released in the fall.

By then Portman will have turned 18 and headed off to college. But right now she's still 17, it's spring of senior year, and the conversation in the corridors of her high school tends toward the predictable: "Did you get into Brown?" "She didn't get into Yale!" While the other seniors sweat it out, Portman has no such worries; she's already been accepted early at Harvard and Yale, and is waiting to hear from several other schools which will no doubt clamor for the honor of enrolling her.

Most affluent suburban kids have a hard enough time getting their homework done, let alone making their beds or raking the lawn. But Portman, in addition to shooting a shelfful of movies, managed to spend the better part of a year starring in *The Diary of Anne Frank,* performing eight times a week on Broadway while still attending school out on Long Island—and keeping up her 99 grade-point average to boot. "When I'm really busy, I just get so much more done," she says calmly. "It was really stressful, but I'm not afraid of doing a lot of stuff now." Her solution to the brutal schedule dictated by *The Diary of Anne Frank* was simple: "I didn't really sleep."

The play represented her first Broadway outing; Portman has never had so much as an acting lesson. But even the old pros were impressed. "When we get vain about what we're doing, it's always interesting to see a child who knows everything," says the veteran Broadway star George Hearn, who played Anne's CONTINUED ON PAGE 196





HEAD OF THE CLASS

Natalie Portman takes a seat in the advanced-placement-science classroom of her Long Island high school, March 7, 1999.

MR. DUNNE GOES TO WASHINGTON

Washington was not a city DOMINICK DUNNE knew well, but in covering President Clinton's impeachment trial he stepped into a drama worthy of his own fiction. From the end of his friendship with Lucianne Goldberg—who in 1997 had told him the first stories about a White House intern—through a round of Georgetown dinner parties, to the gallery of the U.S. Senate, Dunne finds echoes of scandals past (Martha Moxley, William Kennedy Smith, O. J. Simpson) in the scandal that trumped them all, and finally loses his faith in the president he once idealized

Politics has never been my main topic of conversation, and Washington was a city I scarcely knew when I arrived there in early January to attend the impeachment trial of President William Jefferson Clinton. I was seated in the periodical gallery of the United States Senate, looking down on 100 senators as the House managers, led by Henry Hyde, presented their case against the president. Heady stuff, watching history. My feelings were passionate, at that point, and my devotion to Bill Clinton was absolute. Unlike Christopher Hitchens, another writer for this magazine, who publicly despises Clinton, I was an ardent admirer of both the president and the First Lady. I felt a personal dedication to them that I refused to allow anyone to tamper with.

I admit that a lot of my ardor had to do with star power, a subject that has always fascinated me. Although I have never had a conversation with the president, I have several times been up close at hotel-ballroom events where he was an electrifying presence, the greatest I've ever seen, and I have been in rooms where Jack Kennedy electrified. I started to like him on the *60 Minutes* segment where he denied that he had had an affair with Gennifer Flowers. I was impressed that he could withstand that kind of personal exposure on TV and not fall apart. I was at the Democratic convention in Madison Square Garden in 1992, waving a flag and cheering during his acceptance speech. I was in a hotel room in Berlin when I watched Clinton's oration at the funeral of Yitzhak Rabin in Israel, and I wept at the beauty of it. I was in a hotel room in St. Petersburg last June when he gave his first great speech in China, and he filled me with feelings of patriotism, which happens to

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO


Risko

be a great feeling that we don't get often enough. As for Mrs. Clinton, I've had two conversations with her. The first was in 1992, at a dinner party in the apartment of Alice Mason, a noted New York hostess, where Norman Mailer sat next to her for the first two courses and I got moved into the chair for dessert. We talked the whole time about Chelsea, who was then 12, and I could feel the love she had for her daughter. The other time was in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art in New York two years ago. I was stunned that she remembered me and the conversation we had had. She complimented me on the articles I had written about the O. J. Simpson trial. Let me tell you, getting a compliment from the First Lady also happens to be a great feeling. I have always looked on the Clintons as two larger-than-life characters in a novel that I would just love to write.

Over the past year, when people who had felt as I did about the president began to lose faith in him, I remained stalwart. I knew, but I didn't want to know. Moreover, my dislike of Linda Tripp and Ken Starr was so extreme that it increased my loyalty to him. I also came to dislike Henry Hyde and his dour, right-wing band of House managers, and the idea that any of them could bring him down filled me with loathing.

The sex scandal had held me captive from the beginning—even before the beginning, as a matter of fact, for I had had an insider's access all during the initial stages, when I was privy on a daily basis to the latest steps in the manipulation and betrayal of Monica Lewinsky by Linda Tripp, as stage-managed by Lucianne Goldberg, who used to be a friend of mine. But I'll get to that.

the Kennedy sisters, and the one with them in red is Teddy's wif Victoria . . . That's Senator Byrd's grandson . . . That pretty blond lady is Patricia Duff, who was recently divorced from Rona Perelman and is going out with Senator Torricelli of New Jersey.

After two days, Dee Dee went back to California, where sh lives, and I was on my own.

Being at the State of the Union speech was thrilling experience. The spectacle of the ju tices of the Supreme Court walking in, followe by the Cabinet, led by Madeleine Albright i turquoise and Janet Reno in purple, was Ame ican pageantry at its best. Usually, for the Sta of the Union speech, First Ladies wear brigh colors for the television cameras, but this year Mrs. Clinton ap peared in black, which I thought made a statement about he mood. All that day her husband's impeachment trial had bee going on in the Senate, and it would be going on again the nex day. As she acknowledged the thunderous standing ovation sh received when she entered the gallery, her demeanor was tha of a gracious lady whose husband was in big trouble. She sa with civil-rights legend Rosa Parks and baseball hero Samm Sosa, and before the speech started she chatted and laughe and appeared to be having a wonderful time, but I felt restrain rather than joy coming from her.

The president's entrance—greeting this one, reaching out laughing, giving a special hello to Democratic representativ Sheila Jackson Lee of Texas, who had been so loyal to him i

A large portion of the Democratic establishmen

For the first few days in Washington, until I got my bearings, I was steered around by Dee Dee Myers, a *Vanity Fair* associate, who had been a White House press secretary under Clinton. She left in 1994, torn between affection and disappointment regarding the man she had served, and she was currently a regular television commentator on the Lewinsky affair, primarily for *Larry King Live*. Dee Dee knew everyone and saw to it that I met the people I needed to get to know in the capital. "This is Gwen Ifill of NBC News," she'd say. Or "The blonde woman at that table is Senate minority leader Tom Daschle's wife. She's a lobbyist." Or "This is John Czwartacki. He's Trent Lott's press secretary, and he gives a briefing for the media nearly every day." Out of Czwartacki's hearing, she said, "The girls call him Dreamboat."

Dee Dee arranged for us to have lunch with California Democratic senator Dianne Feinstein in a Senate dining room. Feinstein felt strongly that the president should be punished but not removed from office. In the weeks to come, she would sponsor a resolution to censure the president, but it would be derailed by Republican senator Phil Gramm.

"Would you like to have dinner with Jamie Rubin of the State Department?" Dee Dee asked. "He's Madeleine Albright's assistant, and he's married to Christiane Amanpour of CNN." Sure, I said. We ordered ostrich, at Jamie's suggestion. Right from the start, I had a good time.

During the day, there was always someone to look at in the visitors' gallery, and I was pretty good at pointing them out: *There are Whoopi Goldberg and Frank Langella . . . There are*

the House hearings—was great theater. He was his usual electri fying self, as if he didn't have a care in the world, although he knew perfectly well that there were many in that chamber who hated his guts and wanted to remove him from office. The president's speech was great, and he delivered it wonderfully never mentioning his personal crisis. No one enjoyed the speech more than Representative Patrick Kennedy of Rhode Island, Senator Ted Kennedy's son, who was time and again the first person on his feet to lead the standing ovations, like an old-time politician.

It was commendable of the president to acknowledge Hillary's accomplishments, but he should have stopped his tribute there. Instead he went on and mouthed "I love you" to her for the camera, which, considering that his adultery had brought on his trial, came out as spin rather than homage or love. Nevertheless, that evening of January 19 was a triumphant one for the Clintons.

I was struck by the courtesy of the majority of Republican senators and House members, who had the manners to stand and applaud the presidency, even though they thoroughly disapproved of the president. There were exceptions, the prime one being Majority Whip Tom DeLay of Texas, who had steered the House away from voting on censure, as the Democrats wanted. Avoiding rising, looking like the C.E.O. of a small-time pest-control company, which he used to be, he smirked and appeared supercilious throughout the speech. One week later, *The New Republic* resurrected allegations that he had lied under oath concerning his role and responsibility when he was still at the pest-control company.

If you have a proclivity for going out every night, as I have, a cocktail party hosted by Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn to launch Erik Tarloff's entertaining book, *FaceTime,* about a presidential speechwriter who finds out that his girlfriend is having an affair with the president, was the ideal place to be the night after the State of the Union speech. Ben Bradlee is the retired executive editor of *The Washington Post,* and his wife is a writer, hostess, and social force in the city. I've known Sally Quinn since the 70s, before she married Bradlee. It's interesting to watch someone you knew early on become a person of consequence, and Sally was one of those people you could always tell were going to be somebody. Never leaving the center of the hallway, she greeted guests as they arrived, introduced those who didn't know one another, and said good-bye to people as they left, often with a knowing laugh or a confidential whisper or a proposal to get together, as only an expert hostess knows how to do. In November 1998, she had written a very controversial article in *The Washington Post* about the relationship between the Washington establishment and President Clinton, and she had taken a lot of heat for it. What I was to find out during the five weeks of the trial was that her article was very accurate. A large portion of the Democratic establishment had lost all respect for the president. Its members did not want to see Clinton removed from office. They wanted him to resign and turn the office over to Vice President Gore, who is part of the Washington establishment and always has been.

Luckily I was acquainted with a number of the players on the D.C. scene, and most nights there were interesting dinners in Georgetown houses and restaurants. The conversation never wandered far from the impeachment trial. I was reminded of Bel Air dinner parties during the O. J. Simpson trial, when people talked of nothing but that trial for the better part of two years. But there I had been a participant in the conversation, because I was familiar with the terrain, but in Georgetown I just listened, because it was all new to me. A couple of nights I found myself at the same party with one or two of the three witnesses whose depositions were about to be shown on videotape at the trial, both of whom I knew. "I can't talk about it," they would say, but then we'd talk around it. Sidney Blumenthal invited me to the White House for a peek at the Oval Office when the president wasn't going to be there. Vernon Jordan seemed unconcerned with the ordeal ahead of him, even though his appearance before the House managers was only a week away. "We're not going to talk about it," he said, setting the rules for the evening's conversation, and we didn't, but he joked about wearing a white suit and spats to the deposition.

From the beginning, there was virtually no chance that the president would be removed from office. People said that if there had been a secret ballot—as there used to be at the Doges' Palace in Venice—the outcome might have been different. Certainly there were Democratic senators who wanted the president to remove himself from office and make way for the vice president, but nothing in the House managers' arguments was ever likely to change a single Democrat's vote. Except for Asa Hutchinson, the Republican from Arkansas—who shares a Virginia apartment with his brother, Senator Tim Hutchinson of Arkansas—the managers turned out to be not a very effective team, and certainly no match for the superb team of lawyers representing the president. A reporter I know, who had turned against Clinton, whispered to me in the gallery one day, "The guy doesn't deserve such good lawyers as these."

The House managers kept trying to shock the Senate with the constant repetition of a story that had long since lost its shock value. The TV-talk-show hosts and comedians had seen to that. Most of the managers couldn't keep their self-righteous hatred of the president from showing, and hatred is never a good look. Henry Hyde tried to evoke the cheapest kind of patriotism by bringing up the dead soldiers beneath the white crosses in the American cemetery in Normandy, suggesting that the circumstances behind the impeachment trial were not what they had fought for. As a veteran of that war and a friend of a couple of the soldiers under those white crosses, I was offended by that reference and glad when White House counsel Charles Ruff said in reply that his father had fought in that war, but not for either side in this case. I couldn't stand Lindsey Graham's folksy, down-home, I'm-just-a-southern-boy speechifying. He said "ain't" a lot. I'd seen his mean streak show on his face on television during the House Judiciary hearings, when he spoke about the president's planting the stalker story, his voice dripping with disgust. Even a public outing of handholding on a cozy banquette at the Palm restaurant with Laura Ingraham, the right-wing blonde pundit of MSNBC, which was widely reported in the gossip columns, didn't change his image. Bob Barr was another one I had trouble with. It's probably unfair to say this, but I couldn't look at him without thinking of *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt's accusation concerning his second wife's abortion, which she says he paid for while wooing wife No. 3. In my notes of January 26, made during a speech by House manager Bill McCollum, I wrote, "Hardly any of the Democratic senators are really listening to him. Senators Kennedy and Biden, sitting next to each other, are carrying on a conversation. Some are reading, some writing. They've heard it all before, over and over."

Washington had lost all respect for the president.

You know you're at the A-list party in town whenever Katharine Graham, former publisher of *The Washington Post,* walks into someone's living room, exuding her special aura of class and power. "Hi, Kay," everyone says, "Hi, Kay," as she heads for a sofa or her place at the table. Seated next to her one night at a dinner in the home of Margaret Carlson, a columnist for *Time* magazine, who was also covering the impeachment trial, I got shy and could think of nothing interesting to say, but Mrs. Graham—I didn't dare call her Kay—immediately started raving about the cellist Yo-Yo Ma, whose concert she had attended that afternoon at the Kennedy Center. The guests were all so in that they seemed to know everything before it happened. Andrea Mitchell, the chief foreign-affairs correspondent for NBC News, was on my other side. She repeated a joke that Democratic senator John Breaux of Louisiana had told at the Alfalfa Club dinner, an annual Washington roast: *What did President Clinton and the Pope talk about in St. Louis? The Nine Com-*

mandments. Andrea is married to Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve, who was seated at the other end of the table, between Ann Jordan, Vernon Jordan's wife, and the hostess. Vernon was on the other side of Margaret Carlson. Elsewhere at the table were Jim Lehrer of PBS's *NewsHour* and his novelist wife, Kate, and my old friend George Stevens Jr., the son of the great film director George Stevens, who had left Hollywood in 1962 to work at the United States Information Agency under President Kennedy. He stayed on in Washington and married Elizabeth Guest, and he now runs the Kennedy Center Honors program, plays golf with Vernon Jordan, and is close to the First Family. The Stevenses had had the Clintons to early dinner at their house the previous night and then gone on to the Kennedy Center to see Bernadette Peters in *Annie Get Your Gun,* which was trying out in Washington before moving to Broadway. Ann Jordan had been in the party, as had Peter Stone, who had revised the book for the current revival of the musical, and his wife, Mary. Their arrival at the theater was unannounced, but George said that in all his years at the Kennedy Center he had never heard an ovation as loud or as long as the one the Clintons received when the audience became aware of their presence in the presidential box.

For some reason the name of the lawyer John Dean, long associated with the Nixon Watergate scandal, came up. It provided me with the chance to make my single contribution to the dinner-table conversation. Dean was currently back in the public eye as an expert witness on impeachment on MSNBC. I remembered that his wife's name was Maureen, or Mo. I asked Andrea Mitchell if she knew who had been the ghostwriter of Maureen Dean's trashy novel *Washington Wives.* "No," replied Andrea. "Lucianne Goldberg," I said. She promptly called for silence at the table. "Tell them what you just told me," she said. I repeated my nugget.

My long friendship with Lucianne Goldberg came to an end—not without regret—over Linda Tripp's surreptitious taping of Monica Lewinsky. I found it abhorrent that someone like Tripp—"that paragon of faithful friendship," as David Kendall, Bill Clinton's personal lawyer, called her—could destroy the president of the United States. Lucianne and I met in 1985, during the second Claus von Bülow trial for the attempted murder of his wife. Lucianne was the literary agent for a mysterious young man named David Marriott, who was variously described by the press as an undertaker, a male prostitute, and a drug dealer. He was also a sort of forerunner of Linda Tripp. In the August 1985 issue of this magazine, I wrote, "Marriott further revealed that he had secreted a tape recorder in his Jockey shorts and taped von Bülow, [von Bülow's mistress Andrea] Reynolds, [local priest] Father Magaldi, and [lawyer] Alan Dershowitz in compromising conversations." For nearly a week Marriott held sway in Providence—where the trial took place—granting interviews, riding around in limousines, being famous. There was going to be a book. I remember hearing the tapes, whose sound quality was what you would expect, given the location of the recorder. The voices were distinguishable, but the content of the conversation, while suspicious in nature, was not incriminating. There was never a book. Marriott dropped out of sight, but Lucianne and I hit it off and became friends. We enjoyed each other's company. In my 1997 novel, *Another City, Not My Own,* in which I based the character Gus Bailey on myself, I wrote on page 12:

> Gus had a friend named Lucianne Goldberg, whom he referred to as his "telephone friend." They saw each other only a couple of times a year, but they talked every day, usually after they had read all the morning papers, and hashed over the news. Like Gus, Lucianne was a newspaper junkie. Like Gus, she had contacts in high places. Like Gus, she was a font of daily information. . . . They saw things the same way, although she had considerably less tolerance for President Clinton than Gus did.

Lucianne's feelings about Bill Clinton didn't bother me since all my Republican friends disliked him, but I remained steadfast in my own convictions. On the day of his second election—a cause of rejoicing for me—Lucianne said, "You mark my words, he'll never finish out this term."

In May 1996, nearly three years after Vincent Foster's suicide, she told me about a government employee named Linda Tripp, who had come to her to suggest a book about Foster's death, as well as about goings-on in the Clinton White House. Tripp had served Vince Foster his last hamburger, and she is thought to be one of the last people to have seen him alive. Lucianne assigned a ghostwriter to prepare a book proposal, but then Tripp backed away from the project, fearful of losing her

The day of the election, Lucianne said, "You

job. More than a year later, Lucianne asked me, "Do you remember a woman I told you about called Linda Tripp?" I remembered only that she had served Vince Foster his last hamburger. She was back with a new story, concerning a very young intern in the White House who was having an affair with the president. Although I have subsequently heard Goldberg deny this on television, it was my understanding that Tripp's second visit was about another book. For some reason, I never reacted to the story as I probably should have, thinking that this was going to be just another book like Gary Aldrich's, about the president's sexual escapades, gossip with no proof, the kind of cheesy book that makes a splash and is quickly forgotten. I remember saying something totally inadequate, like "Wouldn't you think he'd be more careful, with Paula Jones breathing down his neck?" I never really believed the story. That it might lead to the impeachment of the president never occurred to me.

I began to get almost daily bulletins about the affair. I learned how brokenhearted the young woman was. I heard about the semen stain on the dress. It was such a tawdry story that it seemed too improbable to credit. Then I heard that Linda Tripp was taping her telephone calls with the young woman, without her knowledge. That was the first time I reacted. "Isn't that illegal?" I asked. I began to listen to Goldberg's retelling of Tripp's stories in a different way, but I did not keep records, still not picking up on the fact that a historic moment was happening in front of me. Lucianne had bought her son Jonah an apartment in Washington, and it was there, she would tell me, that she met with Linda Tripp and Mike Isikoff of *Newsweek* magazine.

In November 1997, I was having lunch at the Four Seasons staurant in New York. Across the room I saw Vernon Jordan, th whom I was acquainted. As he left the restaurant, he stopped my table. Knowing of his closeness with Clinton, I decided to arn him that an intern of the president's was being taped. I didn't el that I needed to go into sordid details; I would just tell him e basic facts. But the story suddenly seemed so utterly absurd at I choked. I thought that no one could be such a goddamned ol as to have an affair with a twentysomething intern in the Oval ffice and ejaculate on her dress while being investigated by Judge arr, so I simply mumbled, "Give my best to the president."

At one point Lucianne told me, "Ken Starr has put a wire on nda." By then I was deeply bothered by the story, but I didn't now what to do with the information. I knew of three other peo- e who were hearing these same things from Lucianne. Because of y friendship with her, this was not a story I could run with. How- er, since I move in media circles, I began to tell it at parties in the ope that someone would pick up on it. I was chastised by Ahmet rtegun for using the word "cum" instead of "semen" when I told e story at a dinner at Henry and Louise Grunwald's apartment in ew York, and I remember calling the next morning to apologize Louise for my trashy mouth—but that's the kind of story this is.

On January 21, 1998, the Monica Lewinsky story broke. I as in Paris working on an article, and I watched Lucianne on levision talking to reporters in front of her West Side apart- ient building, saying that she had told Tripp how to tape ewinsky's calls, and that the resulting tapes had been given Ken Starr. I kicked myself around the block. Lucianne be- ame a national celebrity. *The New York Times* reported that I as her friend, and I was asked to go on chat shows to discuss er, but I declined. Our phone conversations became stilted.

I had another connection with her: Mark Fuhrman, the contro- ersial detective from the O. J. Simpson trial, who had written a est-seller about that case called *Murder in Brentwood.* Lucianne Goldberg was his literary agent. She was looking for an unsolved nurder for Fuhrman to write about. I had received relevant infor- nation about the 1975 murder of Martha Moxley in Greenwich, Connecticut, in which Tommy and Michael Skakel, nephews of thel Skakel Kennedy's, would become the main suspects. Since I ad already written about that case in my novel *A Season in Purga- ory,* I gave the information to Lucianne, who gave it to Fuhrman, who developed it into a successful book, *Murder in Greenwich.*

In August 1998, I gave a lecture at the Hampton Library in Bridgehampton, Long Island, in which I tied the two stories—Monica Lewinsky and the Skakels—together, with Lucianne being he link to both. A few days later, an item about my lecture ap- eared in Neal Travis's column in the *New York Post,* saying how had almost told Vernon Jordan the story. Soon after that, I re- eived identical handwritten faxes at my New York apartment and ny Connecticut home, saying, "You are playing with fire, Nick. I m going to have to answer this very publically. Lucianne." I axed back that I hadn't dissed her in my Bridgehampton lecture. said that I had merely told about what was happening in my fe, and that Linda Tripp and the Moxley murder were both con- ected to her. We have not spoken since. I have watched her on elevision, with Larry King, Chris Matthews, or John Hockenber- ry, and I heard her tell the *Today* show's Matt Lauer that Linda Tripp was a patriot. She was unrecognizable to me as the friend I used to know. We used to laugh about Marv Albert's toupee and the lady in the hotel room who pulled it off. We used to do numbers on Johnnie Cochran and Bob Shapiro during the O. J. Simpson trial. But I didn't know her anymore.

You can't touch me. You don't know who the fuck I am.

—Ryan Michael Tripp, 23-year-old son of Linda Tripp, to a police officer outside the Santa Fe Cafe in College Park, Maryland, before being arrested and charged with disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, and obstructing and hindering justice.

"Oh, here comes your friend Eunice Shriver," said Maureen Orth, my fellow writer on this magazine, as we stood in the elegant drawing room of Smith and Elizabeth Bagley's house in Georgetown and watched the other guests arrive for dinner. *There's Senator Barbara Boxer of California . . . There's Congressman Dingell of Michigan . . . There's Congresswoman Loretta Sanchez, who just defeated Bob Dornan in California . . . You must see the indoor swimming pool—it's divine.* That night I was standing in for Maureen's husband, Tim Russert, who was on NBC talking about the impeachment and Monica, which is what we were all going to be talking about at dinner. Smith Bagley, an heir to the Reynolds tobacco fortune, is a major contributor to the Democratic Party. The occasion was a dinner for former ambassador to the United Nations Bill Richardson and his wife, Barbara. Richardson is now secretary of energy in Clinton's Cabinet, and is being talked of as a possible running mate with Al Gore in the 2000 presidential race.

ıark my words, he'll never finish out this term."

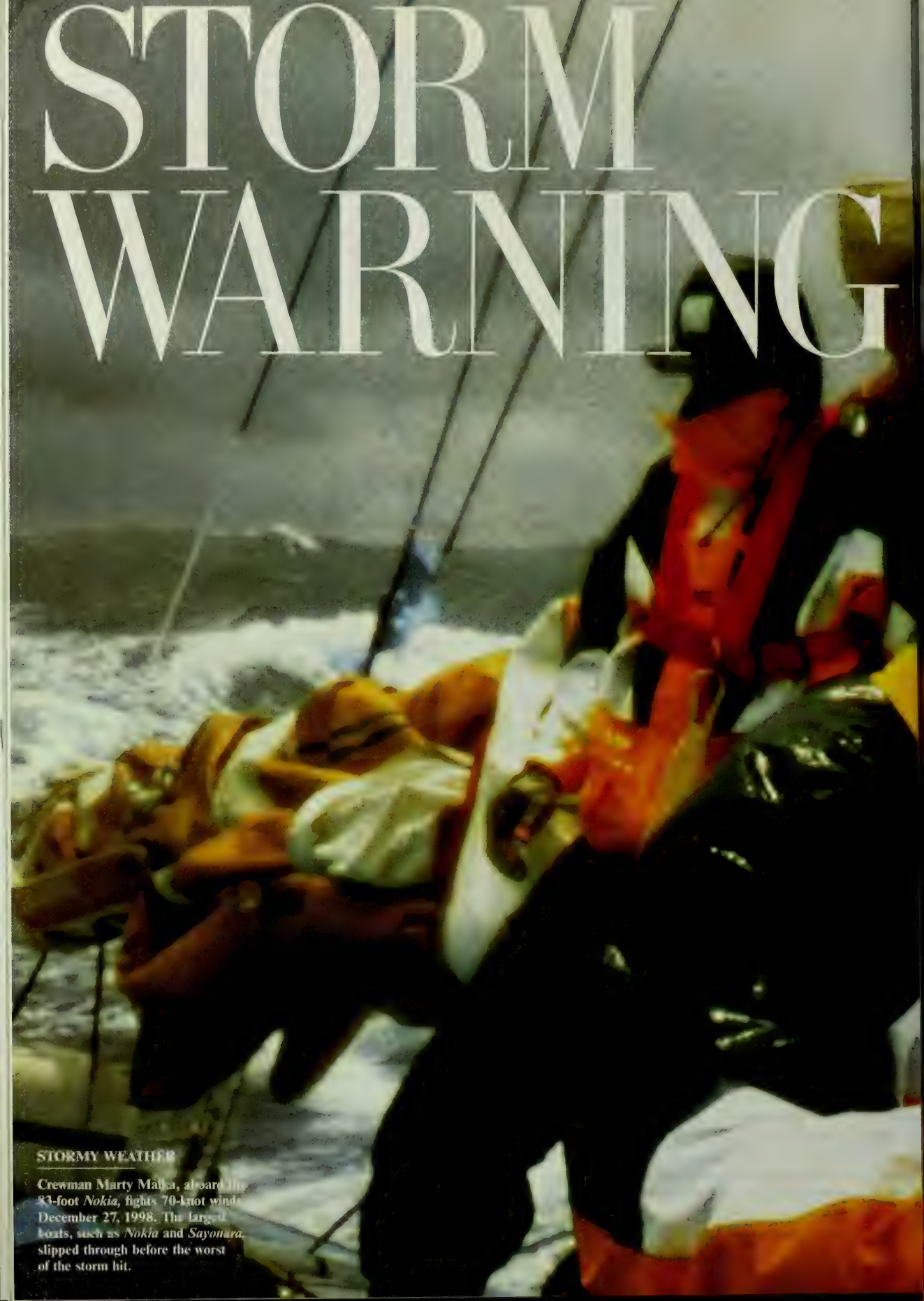
"Why? Is there a problem?" asked our hostess, the Honorable Elizabeth Bagley, President Clinton's ambassador to Portugal for three years. Maureen's tone had suggested that there might be.

The Kennedys always seem to bristle when I come within their sight lines, ever since I covered the William Kennedy Smith rape trial in West Palm Beach for *Vanity Fair* and then wrote *A Season in Purgatory,* based on the murder of Martha Moxley, a case that has been before a grand jury in Connecticut this year, owing in some measure to my efforts. The day before, Senator Kennedy had huffed by me in a hall in the Capitol. They do not hold me in high esteem, even Pat, with whom I used to be friends years ago, when she was married to Peter Lawford and we were neighbors on the beach in Santa Monica.

I had seen Pat with Eunice Shriver in the gallery of the Senate the day before. They were fascinating to observe as they watched and listened intently to House manager Lindsey Graham, sometimes leaning forward, sometimes whispering to each other, their faces etched with the sorrows they have borne. I was struck by the American history bound up in these two ladies—sisters of an assassinated president, sisters of an assassinated presidential candidate, sisters of a senator sitting below them as a participant in the impeachment. Awesome, really.

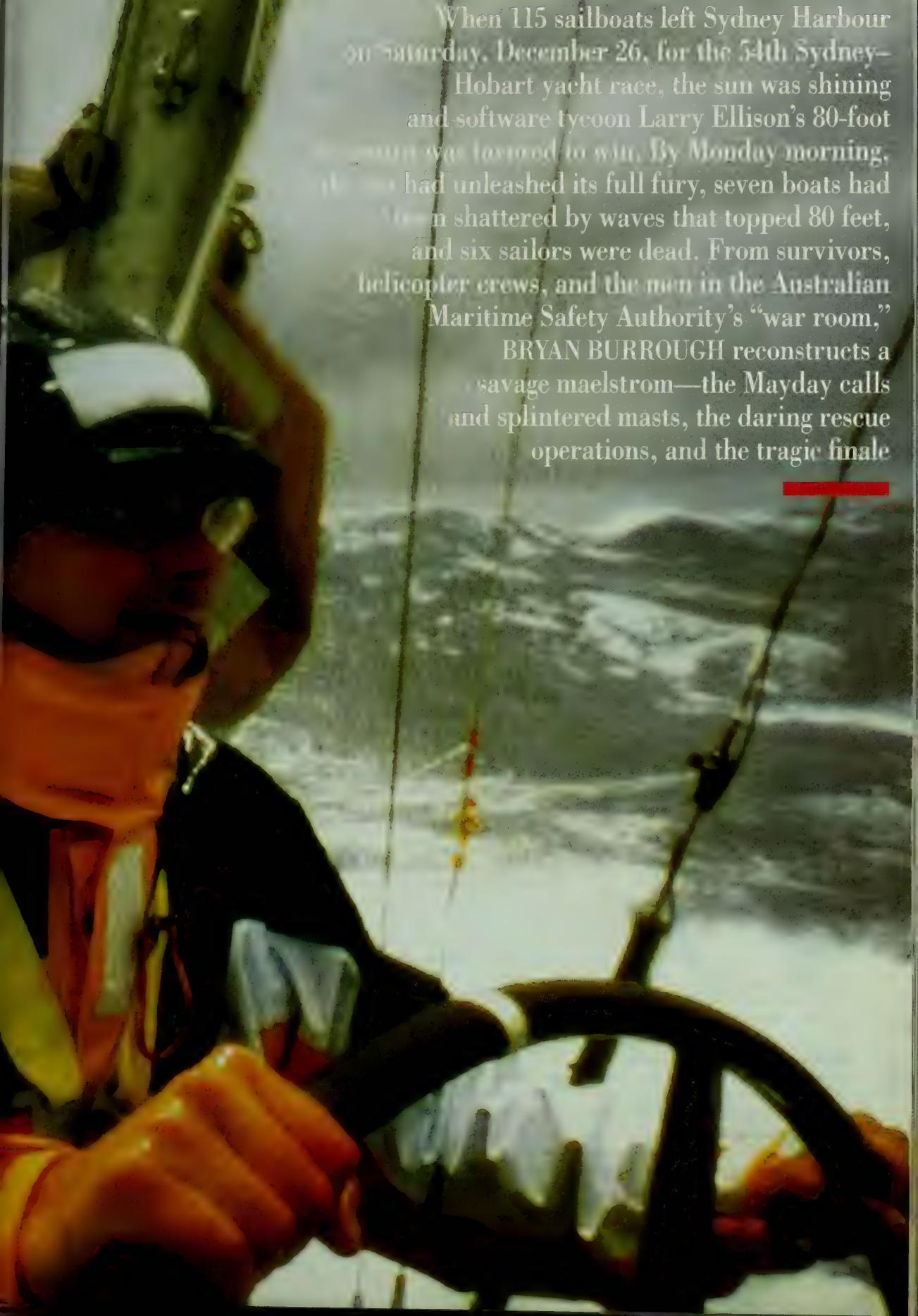
I've been to enough dinner parties in my day to recognize the flurry of covert activity involved in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

STORM WARNING



STORMY WEATHER

Crewman Marty Mabsa, aboard the 83-foot *Nokia*, fights 70-knot winds December 27, 1998. The largest boats, such as *Nokia* and *Sayonara*, slipped through before the worst of the storm hit.



When 115 sailboats left Sydney Harbour on Saturday, December 26, for the 54th Sydney–Hobart yacht race, the sun was shining and software tycoon Larry Ellison's 80-foot [illegible] was favored to win. By Monday morning, [illegible] had unleashed its full fury, seven boats had been shattered by waves that topped 80 feet, and six sailors were dead. From survivors, helicopter crews, and the men in the Australian Maritime Safety Authority's "war room," BRYAN BURROUGH reconstructs a savage maelstrom—the Mayday calls and splintered masts, the daring rescue operations, and the tragic finale



SAIL AWAY

Shortly after the one P.M. beginning of the Sydney–Hobart race, Sydney Harbour, December 26, 1998. It was a fair start on a glorious day. Few worried about the routine gale warning issued four hours earlier.

BOOOM!

The little black-powder cannon's powerful report, signaling five minutes till the start of the race, could barely be heard over the cacophonous chopping of helicopters hovering above the sailboats in Sydney Harbour. It was a glorious, sun-washed Saturday afternoon, the December 26 Boxing Day holiday in Australia, and all around the harbor—from the black-wire uprights of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, which locals call "the Coat Hanger," to the scalloped hood of the famed opera house, to the multimillion-dollar mansions blanketing the hillsides above Rushcutters Bay—more than 300,000 people had gathered to watch the start of this, the 54th Sydney-to-Hobart yacht race, one of the three jewels in the crown of international ocean sailing.

As they inched toward the starting line, out by Shark Island, the 115 boats appeared from the air to be a swarm of vibrating gypsy moths. Down on the water, chaos reigned. Officials of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia had elected to kick off the 630-mile run down the coast of New South Wales to Tasmania by starting all sizes of boats at once—which is not how it's done with many other ocean races. This irked Larry Ellison, who surveyed the scene from the cockpit of his gargantuan, 80-foot-long *Sayonara,* hands down the world's fastest and most advanced racing yacht; *Sayonara* was so vast that Ellison had hired the cream of New Zealand's national racing team to crew it for him. Ellison, who as the playboy chairman of the American software giant Oracle Corporation is worth more than $7 billion, was the odds-on favorite to win the multi-day race, barring a collision or other unforeseen disaster. And that was what bothered him. Looming over the 40- and 50-foot boats clogging the starting line, *Sayonara* was a great white shark hemmed in by dozens of pesky pilot fish.

Ellison had mixed feelings about the race. His arch-rival, the German software magnate Hasso Plattner, had kept his yacht, *Morning Glory,* out of the race, which took some of the fun out of things; now Ellison could only hope to beat *Morning Glory*'s race record (set in 1996), not the boat itself. His girlfriend, who had flown into Sydney with Ellison on his Gulfstream V jet the previous Thursday, had begged him not to go. Everyone knew the Sydney–Hobart was a rough race; Bass Strait, the shallow channel that separates Tasmania from the Australian mainland, is a notoriously treacherous swath of ocean, renowned for its steep waves and unpredictable storms. In his only other Hobart race, in 1995, Ellison had brought along News Corp. chairman Rupert Murdoch, who promptly lost a fingertip to a screaming rope in Sydney Harbour. This year Ellison had invited Murdoch's reserved 27-year-old son, Lachlan, a rising star in his father's media empire, to come along. "Lachlan came with us," Ellison said, "because his father ran out of fingertips."

Ellison ignored his girlfriend's warnings

"Those poor people are heading into a massacre," said forecaster Kenn Batt. After a moment he began to cry.

about the race, he said, because he wanted to see how good a sailor he had become. At 52, the lean, garrulous executive was popular with his crew, but like most rich yachtsmen, he was nowhere near their equal on the ocean. After 1995 he had frankly grown leery of the Hobart. "The Sydney–Hobart is a little like childbirth," Ellison liked to say. "It takes a while to suppress the pain, and then you're ready to do it again." Like Ellison, many of the other captains in the harbor that afternoon were wealthy men, some out to prove their manhood, others just hoping for a good time. Securely in the latter camp was Richard Winning, a bearded 48-year-old Sydney executive who ran his family's appliance company. Two years earlier Winning had bought a vintage wooden yacht named *Winston Churchill* and poured a quarter of a million dollars into updating it with the latest technology. Neither Winning nor any of the eight chums he invited aboard for the race, however, had any illusions about their intentions. "Gentlemen's ocean racing—that's our game," Winning told a Sydney reporter that winter.

Australians like to believe theirs is a classless society, and indeed, for a nation where more than half the population lives near the ocean, big-time yacht sailing has little of the snootiness that clings to the sport in America and the United Kingdom. The 1,000 or so sailors that day came from every walk of life, from the slim British Olympian Glyn Charles to schoolgirls who had won their way aboard boats in an essay contest. For every Ellison or Winning there was a bloke like 43-year-old Tony Mowbray. Mowbray was a stout, balding laborer from the coastal Australian coal-mining town of Newcastle, and he had mortgaged his modest house to buy and outfit a 43-foot sailboat he hoped to take around the world. He had spent much of his savings, about $50,000, on a sparkling aluminum mast, bright new sails, and shelves of electronic equipment for his boat, which he grandly named *Solo Globe Challenger.* For Mowbray, the Hobart race was a test run, a chance to see if his boat was ready for the big water. His crew was a collection of pals, several of whom worked in the mines.

Like golf, sailing is run on a handicap system, so while everyone knew Ellison's *Sayonara* would be first to Hobart, the harbor was full of Australian captains who thought they might win the handicapped race. Groups of friends from yacht clubs all across the country, from Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, even as far as Perth, had pooled their money to prepare their boats and buy bus tickets to Sydney. The nine Tasmanian sailors aboard the 40-foot *Business Post Naiad* were typical. The boat's skipper, a meticulous 51-year-old plant manager named Bruce Guy, had won a regatta in Bass Strait earlier in the year and thought he might have the stuff to win a big race. He had gathered pals from across the island's northern coast—Steve Walker, a sailmaker, Rob Matthews, a public-housing inspector, even his back-fence neighbor, a gentle locksmith named Phil Skeggs—who had pitched in $500 apiece to get the boat ready.

As the final seconds ticked away before the one-o'clock starting time, Ellison gripped *Sayonara*'s wheel and mentally went through the race's first minutes. It would be a difficult upwind start, forcing him to tack back and forth several times within the narrow confines of the harbor. With luck no one would hit them.

BOOOM!

The little cannon rang out again, and across the water hundreds of men, and a scattering of women, lunged forward on their boats. There were screams and curses as some of the lesser boats banged hulls, but for the most part it was a clean start beneath a brilliant blue sky. As they furiously cranked their winches and raced to and fro, no one had any idea that several of their number would not live to see Monday morning.

Just after eight o'clock on Saturday morning, Peter Dunda, a 33-year-old forecaster in the Australian Bureau of Meteorology's New South Wales regional office, sat at his low-slung, L-shaped desk overlooking the busy tracks of Sydney's Central Railway Station, 16 floors below. Before him, on the wide screen of his IBM workstation, were the latest satellite photos, taken the previous night, and a computerized model of the weekend's weather generated by an NEC supercomputer at the bureau's headquarters in Melbourne. One photo showed a giant cold-air mass, a fluffy pancake of bright-white speckled clouds, moving northeast along the western shore of Tasmania toward Bass Strait. It was a classic "southerly buster," the kind that had buffeted the last several Sydney–Hobart races, a whirring system of winds and waves that regularly shot up the coast of New South Wales. It would make for rough sailing, but nothing most skippers in the fleet hadn't encountered many times before.

What interested Dunda wasn't the front itself—forecasters had seen it coming all week—but a development in the computerized model on his screen, called the Meso Limited Area Prediction System (LAPS), which generated weather maps at three-hour intervals over the course of 36 hours. In the corner of his computer screen the model indicated a strong low-pressure system, a swirling knot of gray-white cumulus, forming by Sunday afternoon about 400 miles east of Tasmania. While it looked as if the low would be safely out of the Sydney–Hobart fleet's path, it would mean higher winds along the system's western edges.

At 9:04, Dunda issued what the bureau called a "priority gale warning" to race organizers, posted it on a special Web site for race participants, and made it available to the bureau's weather-by-fax system. In the warning he predicted winds of 30 to 40 knots off Australia's southeast coast by Sunday night. (A knot is about 1.15 miles an hour; a 40-knot wind blows about 46 miles an hour.) Down at the yacht club's modern brick building on the harbor, where the bureau had set up a booth to hand out packets of meteorological charts and predictions, a forecaster named Kenn Batt, who had given the fleet's weather briefing on Christmas Eve wearing a jaun-

ty Santa's cap, quickly photocopied Dunda's alert and jammed it into his packets.

Three hours later, as the boats spent their final hour in Sydney Harbour, Dunda received his next set of satellite photos and LAPS models. What he saw took his breath away. In the year or so since the bureau had begun working with the new, detailed computer models, he had never encountered anything like the picture that now appeared on his screen. It showed an unusually strong low-pressure system forming not safely east of Tasmania but at the eastern mouth of Bass Strait, directly in the fleet's path. The system looked like a boxer's left hook, a forearm of white clouds jutting from the vast empty spaces of the Southern Ocean northeast into the strait, its northern end a curled fist of thunderheads. The model predicted winds of 30 to 40 knots in the area by nightfall, rising to 55 knots by Sunday afternoon, with gusts as high as 70 knots—more than 80 miles an hour.

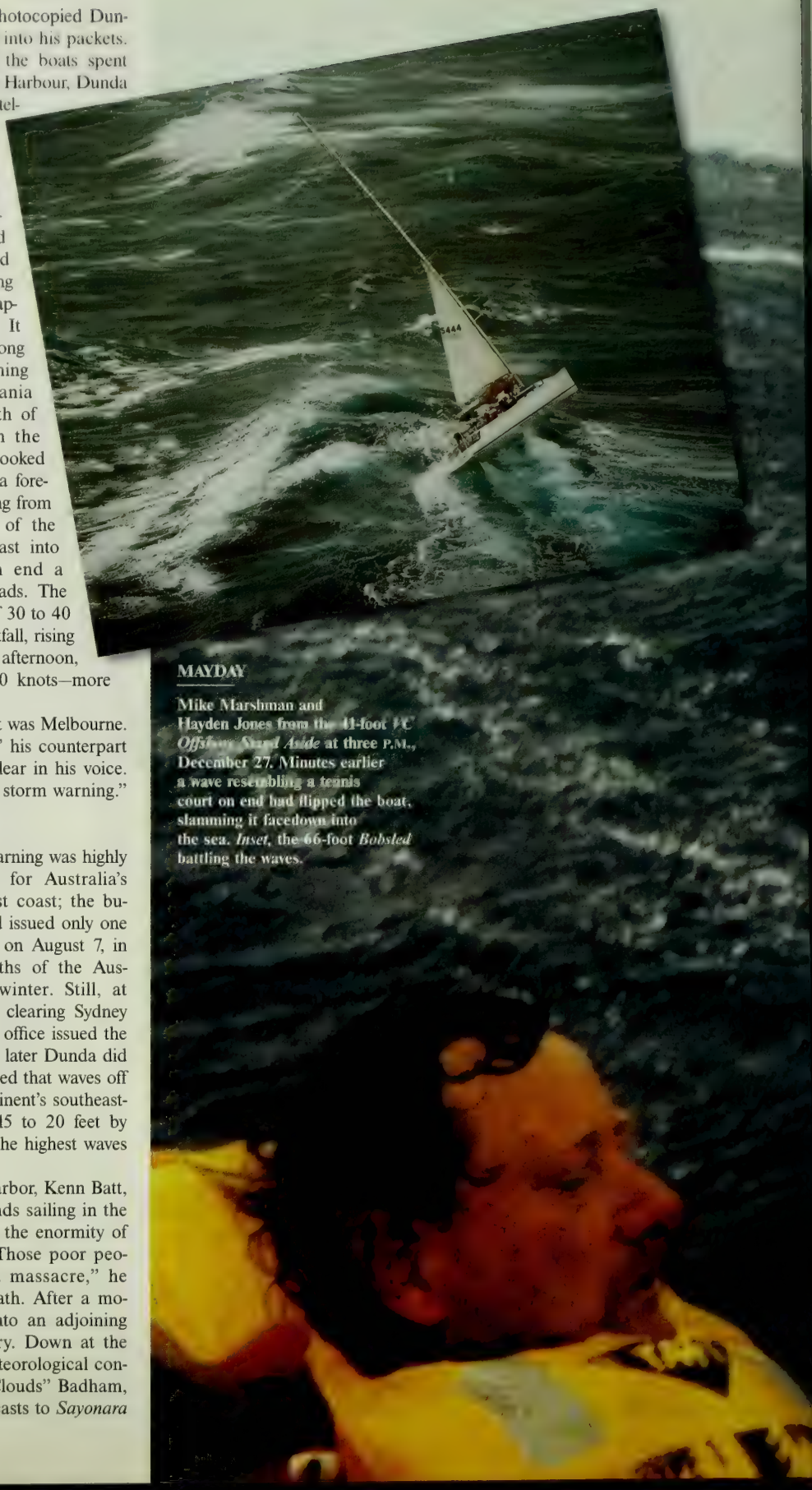
Dunda's phone rang. It was Melbourne.

"Have you seen this?" his counterpart there asked, the alarm clear in his voice. "It certainly looks like a storm warning."

"Yes."

A storm warning was highly unusual for Australia's southeast coast; the bureau had issued only one all year, on August 7, in the depths of the Australian winter. Still, at 1:58, with the fleet just clearing Sydney Harbour, the Melbourne office issued the warning. Sixteen minutes later Dunda did the same. In it he predicted that waves off Gabo Island, at the continent's southeastern tip, would average 15 to 20 feet by Sunday afternoon, with the highest waves reaching perhaps 40 feet.

Returning from the harbor, Kenn Batt, who had dozens of friends sailing in the race, grew emotional as the enormity of the situation sank in. "Those poor people are heading into a massacre," he said, taking a deep breath. After a moment he walked out onto an adjoining terrace and began to cry. Down at the yacht club, a private meteorological consultant named Roger "Clouds" Badham, who was supplying forecasts to *Sayonara*



MAYDAY

Mike Marshman and Hayden Jones from the 41-foot *PC Offshore Stand Aside* at three P.M., December 27. Minutes earlier a wave resembling a tennis court on end had flipped the boat, slamming it facedown into the sea. *Inset*, the 66-foot *Bobsled* battling the waves.

Pulling himself back on board, Simon Clark was stunned to see a seven-foot gash in the cabin; the mast lay draped over the side.





"It was an incredible moment of clarity," recalls Larry Ellison. "That said, if I live to be a thousand years old, I'll never do it again. Never."

and more than a dozen other big boats, looked over his own new set of computer models in amazement.

"Oh, shit," he said to no one in particular. "This is Armageddon."

The entrance to Sydney Harbour is barely 1,500 yards wide, flanked by high basalt cliffs. Shaking free its lesser brethren, *Sayonara* was the first to burst through the gap, followed immediately by George Snow's streaking *Brindabella.* As the yachts wheeled to the south, surfing by the crowds baking on Sydney's famed Bondi Beach, a strong northeasterly wind billowed their sails. Aboard *Sayonara,* Ellison ordered the spinnaker hoisted, and set a course due south. A spreading host of smaller boats helmed by well-known Aussie captains soon followed, led by Martin James's *Team Jaguar,* Rob Kothe's *Sword of Orion,* the mammoth 70-footer *Wild Thing,* and the Queensland yacht *B-52.* Thanks to the strong winds, by midafternoon much of the fleet was on a record pace—with the gentlemen's boats, such as Richard Winning's striking *Winston Churchill* and Tony Mowbray's beloved *Solo Globe Challenger,* in the rear.

Few in the fleet were alarmed by Peter Dunda's storm warning, which was broadcast at three P.M. by the *Young Endeavour,* an Australian Navy brigantine whose radio was staffed by race volunteers. Sailing off Australia means an occasional blow of 50 knots or more, especially in Bass Strait, and few in the race expected to finish without encountering such winds. "The warning on Saturday didn't CONTINUED ON PAGE 203



FULL FATHOM FIVE

Nokia survives the growing storm, December 27. *Inset, Sayonara* sails down the Tasmanian coast, December 28, on its way to a first-place finish.

SPORT OF QUEENS

Women will never be able to play chess as well as men. They are biologically programmed to be distracted by the sound of a baby crying. They do not have the necessary powers of concentration. Thus confided Mikhail Botvinnik, world chess champion of 40 years ago, to a colleague. To be fair to that dogmatic old Soviet hero, he could not have anticipated the Polgar sisters, Zsuzsa, Sofia, and Judit. Zsuzsa, 30, holds the women's world title but has beaten countless male grand masters. Sofia, 24, once won a grand-master tournament with an astonishing score of eight wins, one draw, no losses. And Judit—well, Judit, 22, is already ranked higher than all but 17 of the male grand-master elite, has beaten chess legend Anatoly Karpov in an eight-game match, and is so much stronger than all other women that she rarely competes against a member of her own sex. Zsuzsa, who is less of a purist, will be putting Botvinnik's strictures to the test this spring; she is scheduled to defend her title (against Xie Jun of China), having given birth to her first child, Tom, in March. To the consternation of the chess world, or at least the male end of it, Zsuzsa plans to breast-feed during the match. And, yes, she admits, "I could be distracted."

The Amazing Polgars may seem to give great support to those who argue that intelligence is fundamentally a genetic phenomenon. But think again. At an early age, growing up in Hungary, all three were taught chess intensively and exclusively by their father, Laszlo Polgar, an educational psychologist who believed that genius was an acquired rather than inherited trait, and who premeditatedly set out to demonstrate his thesis through his own children. This has led the current chess king, Gary Kasparov, to describe the Polgars as "trained dogs." Very bitchy. But do the children—now well-balanced adults—have regrets about having been guinea pigs? "Yes," Sofia has remarked, with characteristic good humor. "If my parents had chosen tennis, I would have been really rich now."

—DOMINIC LAWSON

PHOTOMONTAGE BY HUGH HALES-TOOKE





GRAND MISTRESSES

The far-flung Polgar sisters (from left): Judit (the world's top female chess player, who lives in her native Hungary), Israel-based Sofia (ranked No. 6), and Zsuzsa (the defending women's world-title holder), of Rego Park, New York.



Brice Ma
photographed outsid
entrance to his st
on the Lower East
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1998. *Opposite:* d
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1993–96 (oil on ca
61 in. by 108

Brice Marden's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER



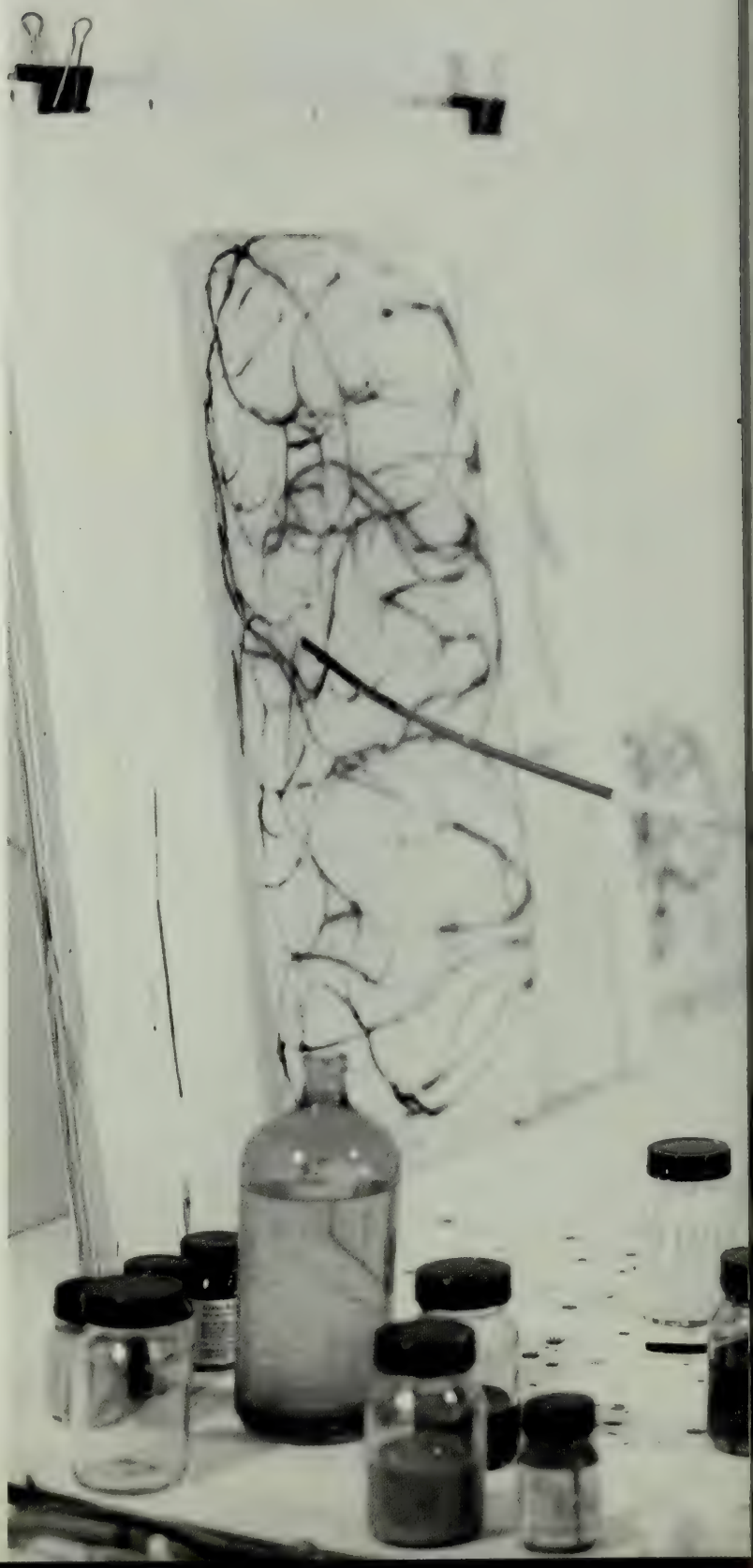
With a new exhibition touring the country, Brice Marden is confirmed once again as the premier abstract painter of his generation–a man who has been inspired by the stones of Paris, the olive trees of Greece, and the shells of Thailand to ceaselessly reinvent his art. From Marden's 60s stint with Robert Rauschenberg in the druggy, ultra-hip New York of Max's Kansas City, to the dramatic ups and downs of his marriage to the strong-willed painter Helen Harrington Marden, to his recent ecstatic preoccupation with Chinese calligraphy and cave paintings, JOHN RICHARDSON traces the life beneath the paint

Abstract Heart

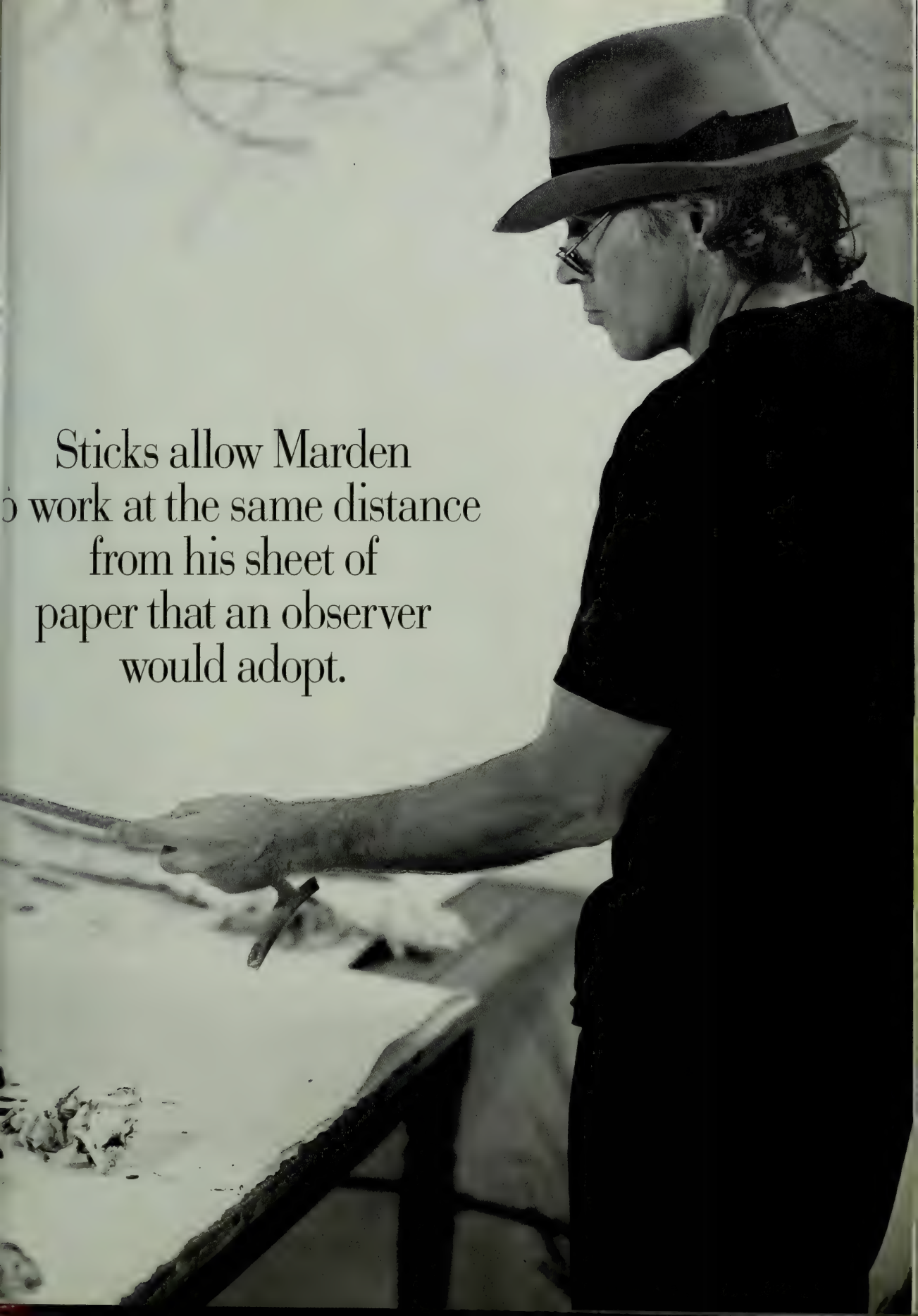
The exhibition of Brice Marden's work of the 1990s—on view at the Dallas Museum of Art until April 25, then at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., the Miami Art Museum, and the Carnegie Museum of Art in Pittsburgh—establishes once again that this artist is arguably the finest abstract painter of his generation.

At a time when pundits were claiming that painting was dead—killed off by cameras, computers, laser beams, bulldozers, and other technological devices—along came Brice Marden to reinvent this supposedly obsolete medium. He has done so with such dexterity and authority that the paint surface—its color, texture, tonality, and size, and the way it absorbs or reflects light—can constitute the actual subject of a work. In the course of reinventing painting, Marden has been at pains to keep beauty, a modernist bugbear, at bay. If he sometimes fails to do so, it is because beauty, or what he calls "refinement," is a by-product of his painstaking perfectionism. His concerns go much, much deeper than mere surface attraction. As his friend the writer and curator Klaus Kertess has said, Marden "has pushed his paint . . . to that edge where matter meets myth and spirit."

Marden would never have been able to get where he is and stay where he is had he not been driven by an adamant belief in abstraction, an addiction to very hard work, a fiercely competitive ego, and a compulsion to stay ahead of the game. This is not the side of his character that Marden presents to the world. He has such charm, such lucid and quirky intelligence, such ironic humor, and such ageless, movie-star looks—it is hard to believe he is 60—that one is apt to overlook his inherent toughness. Marden comes across as something of a paragon. The elegant austerity of his style is mirrored in the elegant austerity of his studio on the Bowery in New York. There are no mountains of old paint rags, no state-of-the-art technology to be seen. Everything has its place. His two-



Instead of drawing with a conventional pen or pencil, Marden uses sticks up to three feet long which he has picked up on the street, and dips them in ink or paint.



Sticks allow Marden
o work at the same distance
from his sheet of
paper that an observer
would adopt.

and three-foot-long brushes, which are essential to the gestural bravura of his work (Marden says he paints with "his whole body rather than just the wrist and the arm"), are aligned in meticulous rows. It comes as no surprise that his seemingly simple worktable is Ming.

The Mardens' handsome Federal house in Greenwich Village reflects the more protean taste of the artist's fascinating, forthright wife, Helen. From her many trips to India and eastern Asia she has brought back all manner of treasures, not least a small marble temple, which dominates the garden. The focal point of the living room is an imposing, marble Mogul bed. Helen uses it to show off her collection of antique lingams and other phallic artifacts of all shapes and sizes and cultures. Walls are hung with works by Brice and Helen and their painter friends as well as with photographs of the family by Robert Mapplethorpe and some wonderful Tantric miniatures. Animals abound: a shar-pei that looks like W. H. Auden, and various felines, among them an exotic pair of rex cats, which Fran Lebowitz, a close friend, has christened Sloan and Kettering. Helen's life-enhancing touch is evident in the mass of flowers she regularly brings back from the flower market—lilies, jonquils, paper-whites, the more sweetly scented the better—which are jammed into scores of vases all over the house, but mostly in her huge kitchen. Sitting by the fire and talking about her own, more abstract-expressionistic work and her children, she epitomizes the freedom of spirit of the 60s. Friends recall how, all those years ago at Woodstock, she danced like a maenad as long as the music lasted.

Brice Marden was born into the very heart of East Coast Waspdom—Briarcliff Manor in New York's Westchester County—to a likable Irish mother and a conventionally distant father, a Princetonian banker who, according to his son, enjoyed planting trees and building "beautiful dry stone walls." (In an attempt to explain his work to his father, Marden cited these walls: "Everything has to fit together in order for it to stand.") Marden had briefly contemplated a career in hotel management or—in wilder moments—the rodeo. However, by the time he was 20 he had decided to be an artist and enrolled at Boston University's School for the Arts. He proved to be so paint-obsessed that he would take the gray sludge cleaned from the students' brushes and see what he could





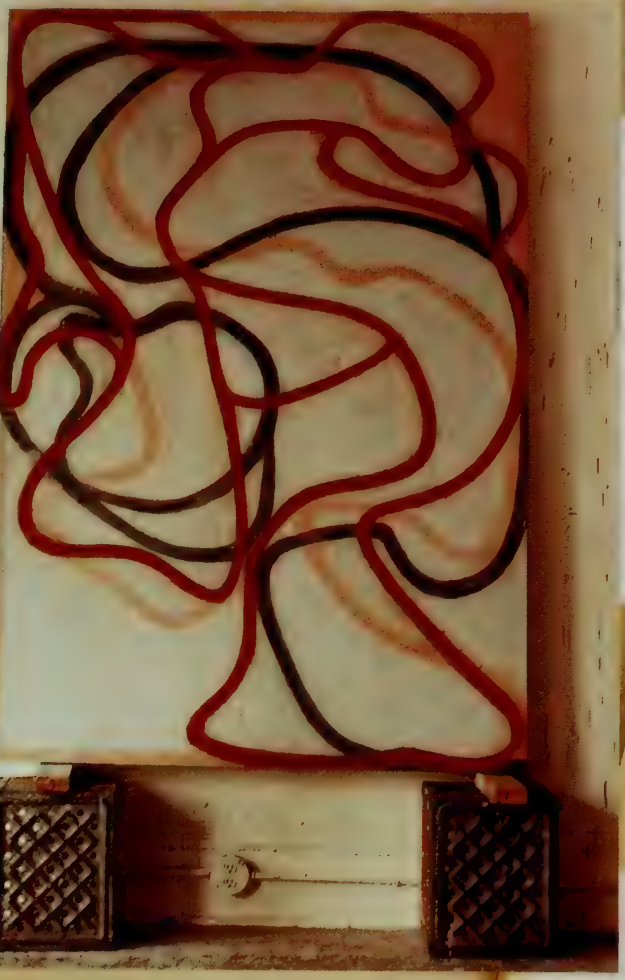
***Above: For Helen*, 1967 (oil and wax on canvas, 69 in. by 36 in.), is a tribute to Marden's wife, made the year of their marriage. The canvas is her exact height, painted in a wonderful orificial pink. *Left*, Marden's studio on the Bowery is elegantly austere, free of any of the usual mess and clutter associated with painters' surroundings.**

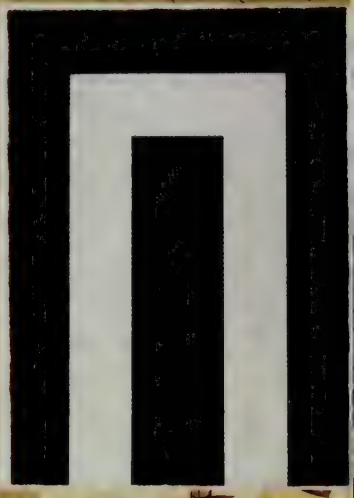














ckwise from above:
ce Marden in his Bond
eet studio in New York,
3; *Cold Mountain 2,*
9–91 (oil on linen, 108 in.
44 in.); Helen and Brice
rden in Paris, 1969;
ks for drawing in Marden's
lio; *Hydra Study,* 1975
phite and beeswax on paper,
in. by 22¼ in.);
wing utensils; Marden today
is work hat; assorted
wing materials; Marden in
7; untitled work in progress
Marden's studio.









"In *The Muses,* I was working with a group of figures d



The Muses, 1991–93 (oil on linen, 108 in. by 180 in.). The artist conveys in the tangle of lines an impression of the nine Muses dancing.

ng, the Peloponnesian landscape, Dionysian madness."



do with it. In 1961 he moved on to the School of Art and Architecture at Yale, where many of today's finest artists would be his fellow students, among them Richard Serra, Robert Mangold, Chuck Close, Nancy Graves, and Janet Fish. These future stars are said to have learned almost as much from one another as they did from their teachers, one of whom worried, presciently, that Marden might be painting himself into a corner. He was, but he made a virtue of it.

While still at Yale, Marden married his girlfriend, a sister of Joan Baez, and fathered a son named Nicholas. After earning a master-of-fine-arts degree in 1963, he settled in New York. He rented a walk-up apartment in the East Village and lived mostly on yogurt. In due course he got a job as a guard at the Jewish Museum, and devoted the rest of his time to painting. The boredom of his museum job was mitigated by the excitement of the exhibitions that the progressive director, Allan Solomon, organized. For Marden, the 1964 Jasper Johns show was a revelation. Johns would confirm him in his allegiance to an infinite gamut of grays.

In the summer of 1964, Marden quit his job and took off for Paris. Courbet and Manet had as much to teach him as Picasso or Matisse. He seems to have been struck by Manet's revolutionary use of gray as an active color and by Courbet's use of a palette knife to build up the lowering grayness of rain clouds or the soggy greenness of the Jura's wetlands—climatic effects made palpable in paint, comparable to what goes on in Marden's own work. The visit to Paris coincided with André Malraux's well-intentioned but ill-advised campaign to scrub the face of Paris clean (ill-advised because the high-pressure cleaning left some of the older buildings susceptible to erosion). Never had Parisian limestone taken the light so gloriously. "The flat density of stucco, stone, and tile constantly drew Marden's attention," according to Klaus Kertess. "He sought to assimilate this wallness in his drawings.... He made frottage rubbings in his notebooks, as well as scratching tracks with his comb."



Brice Marden with his wife, Helen, and their daughters, Mirabelle and Melia, outside their Federal house in Greenwich Village, December 1998. *Inset*, a corner of the Mardens' living room with an assortment of Asian art, which Helen collects.

Back in New York, Marden and his wife divorced, and he went to work as an assistant to Robert Rauschenberg—"the most naturally intelligent person I've ever met," he says, "and he's very generous with his thinking." The job entailed little in the way of duties. Rauschenberg was not so much working as living it up—or should one say down? This was Rauschenberg's "dude period." He had taken to wearing a porcupine-quill jacket; his shoulder-length hair was elaborately coiffed, and he did little but drink too much bourbon, watch too much television, and gallivant around Europe. "It was really a weird job," Marden told the writer Calvin Tomkins. "Technically you're his assistant, but also you're being paid to sit around and drink with him. [Bob] was very lonely then, and sort of shaky." Marden was already so committed to a set of rules he had formulated for himself that he had no need of a mentor. What he gleaned above all from Rauschenberg was reassurance. He realized what it required to be a successful practicing artist. For years the Mardens had a turtle called Rauschenberg.

Like Rauschenberg, Marden spent a great deal of time at Max's Kansas City, the ultra-hip watering hole, which opened on lower Park Avenue in 1965 and lasted, in its original form, until 1974. As William Burroughs said, "Max's was at the intersection of everything." But Andy Warhol's claim that the place was "the exact spot where Pop Art and Pop Life came together" is not strictly true. To most of the abstractionists who congregated there, Pop art seemed like pretty thin stuff, just another form of representationalism. Marden gravitated to the "heavy hitters"—Serra and John Chamberlain and Carl André—who hung out in the front part of Max's. Warhol and his CONTINUED ON PAGE 201

MARK OF TRIUMPH

As an adolescent, Alber Elbaz—the newly anointed ready-to-wear designer at Yves Saint Laurent—was a soldier in the Israeli Army, but not even military service prepared him for the ferocity of French fashion. "I don't sleep," complains the Moroccan-born, Tel Aviv–reared Elbaz, whom the Parisian press has already labeled the "Woody Allen of Fashion." "I'm always so nervous—each season I have to reinvent the wheel!" Elbaz's mandate of the moment is to reinvent Rive Gauche, the pioneering prêt-à-porter label launched by Saint Laurent and his prescient business partner, Pierre Bergé, in 1966. And, as Elbaz proved with his electrifying debut show in March, he is fully up to the challenge. Even Yves Saint Laurent's mother, Lucienne, dispatched an appreciative letter to the 37-year-old former Geoffrey Beene assistant. "Thank you," she wrote, "for making my son's logo glow again."

Elbaz's inaugural YSL collection sprang directly from an oracular pronouncement of Bergé's. "He said to me, 'Chanel gave women freedom, and then Saint Laurent gave them power,'" Elbaz recounts. Transfixed by this sweeping historical assessment, Elbaz at once envisioned "pants, pants, and pants. And high heels." The pantsuit, especially worn with heels, is, of course, a signature Saint Laurent look—a provocative gender-bending statement when introduced in the late 60s. "The collection is very Saint Laurent," Elbaz respectfully concedes, "but still a little bit me. My aim is to bring real elegance, style, and chic back to the younger crowd"—which is already flocking to Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche as the coveted new cult label. But even as Elbaz is being hailed as the thinking woman's designer guru, he is dreaming of escaping fashion. "I'd like to design clothes for 10 more years and then go. I would love a job with no worries and no pressures—it would be fantastic to open a little store selling sandwiches and flowers." But until that blissful day arrives, Elbaz vows to concentrate on "making women beautiful again." —AMY FINE COLLINS

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORENZO AGIUS





DAMSEL IN THIS DRESS

Rive Gauche designer Alber Elbaz at his Paris atelier with model Ann-Catherine, in his Hitchcock-inspired "Bird Dress," March 10, 1999.



With her prodigious talent—manifest in 13 books and almost every literary prize except the Nobel—Eudora Welty could have reigned as the grande dame of American letters. But her sense of the ridiculous, her thirst for experience, and her deep attachment to her childhood home in Jackson, Mississippi, have made her something much more precious. For Welty's 90th birthday, her friend of many years WILLIE MORRIS pays tribute to the woman whom many consider the United States' greatest living writer

Mississippi

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER



The legendary writer Eudora Welty, photographed in her native Mississippi in January 1997. Welty is often called the American Jane Austen.

Queen

The night sky over my childhood Jackson was velvety black. I could see the full constellations in it and call their names; when I could read, I knew their myths. Though I was always waked for eclipses, and indeed carried to the window as an infant in arms and shown Halley's Comet in my sleep, and though I'd been taught at our dining room table about the solar system and knew the earth revolved around the sun, and our moon around us, I never found out the moon didn't come up in the west until I was a writer and Herschel Brickell, the literary critic, told me after I misplaced it in a story. He said valuable words to me about my new profession: "Always be sure you get your moon in the right part of the sky."

—Eudora Welty, *One Writer's Beginnings.*

One recent Sunday I drove Eudora Welty along the spooky, kudzu-enveloped dirt and gravel back roads of Yazoo County, Mississippi, some 40 miles north of Jackson. Dwarfed like a child by the stark bluffs outside the car window, she rode shotgun through the sunlight and misty shadows. "I haven't even seen another car yet," she noted at one point. "When *was* the last time we saw a human being?" Her voice, according to her friend the novelist Reynolds Price, remains "shy, but reliable as any iron beam."

She was game for anything, always peering around the next bend. At the crest of a bosky hill, a narrower and darker byway intersected with the one on which we were traveling. "Eudora, I'm going to make a left and drive down Paradise Road," I said. "We'd be fools if we didn't," she replied.

One of Eudora Welty's fictional characters had occasion to remark that against old mortality life "is nothing but the continuity of its love." Welty, often called the Jane Austen of American letters, has charted this continuity in 13 books, including: three novels (*The Optimist's Daughter,* published in 1972, won the Pulitzer Prize); five collections of short stories; two novellas; a volume of essays; an acclaimed memoir, *One Writer's Beginnings;* and a children's book. (She has also published two volumes of her photographs, taken in Mississippi and elsewhere.)

Her work, marked by what the critic Jonathan Yardley calls an "abiding tolerance ... a refusal to pass judgment on the actors in the human comedy," has won every literary prize except the Nobel, for which she has frequently been mentioned. Says Price, "In all of American fiction, she stands for me with only her peers—Melville, James, Hemingway, and Faulkner—and among them she is, in some crucial respects, the most life-giving." She once wrote, "My wish, indeed my continuing passion, would be not to point the finger in judgment, but to part a curtain, that invisible shadow that falls between people; the veil of indifference to each other's presence, each other's wo der, each other's human plight."

Eudora Welty, whom many consider America's greatest li ing writer, was born in Jackson 90 years ago. On April 13 sh enters her 91st year. She is abidingly revered in her hom town, where her birthdays are cause for celebration. In 199 when Eudora and friends gathered at her favorite restaurar Bill's Tavern (which she helped get started by supplyi quotes of praise for the newspaper), a Greek belly danc performed. Above her navel were written the words "Eudo Welty I love you." During another celebration, at Lemur Bookstore, letters were read from comrades and admire around the world, including President Clinton. John Ferron her Harcourt Brace editor, wrote:

> Hail Eudora
> Staunch perennial
> I'm looking forward
> to your centennial

Eudora, who is quite simply the funniest person I have ev known, could easily have become the grande dame of America letters, but clearly would have found herself tittering at such a sel important posture. She is wryly self-effacing with a gentle iron Our connections go back considerably, for I was born in a hous two blocks from hers in the Belhaven neighborhood of Jackso and christened in the church of her childhood, Galloway Mem rial Methodist, where as a girl she took nickels to Sunday scho in her glove. I met her when I was eight or nine and can pinpoi exactly where: Eudora always shopped for groceries at an ers while establishment called the Jitney Jungle, which had woode floors and flypaper dangling from the ceiling. One afternoon du ing World War II, on one of my many sojourns into Jackson fro my home in Yazoo City, I accompanied my great-aunt Maggi who was wearing a flowing black dress, to fetch a head of lettuc or a muskmelon perhaps. Eudora was at the vegetable counte when my great-aunt introduced us. I remember her as tall an slender, her eyes luminous blue. As we were leaving, my grea aunt whispered, "She writes those stories *her own self.*"

Through the years I have learned to expect certain kind of reactions from Eudora. For example, when one tele phones her for a meeting, she does not say, "Let's hav lunch," but rather, "We *must* meet." Her conversatio is laced with phrases such as "That smote me," an with solicitous interrogations, including "Don't you think?" o "Can't you imagine?" Josephine Haxton of Jackson, who write under the nom de plume Ellen Douglas, first met her many year ago when Eudora went to Greenville, Mississippi, to sign copie of a book called *Music from Spain.* "Many years later, when m children were long since grown and had children of their own," Josephine tells me, "Eudora said to me, 'Oh, I remember so wel that day I came to Greenville to sign books. Your children—thos *beautiful* children.'" Others recall such instances of her magnani mous spirit. One of them, the historian and novelist Shelby Foote tells me, "In Eudora's case, familiarity breeds affection."

Stories about her have always abounded in Jackson. In the 1930 there was not much to do in town and she and her comrades had t look hard for entertainment. They were especially intrigued whe one Jackson lady announced in the paper that her night-blooming cereus was about to blossom. According to Eudora's friend Suzanne Marrs, "Eudora and her group would often gather to attend the



Welty (left) accompanied by some of her hometown friends, poet Hubert Creekmore, Margaret Harmon, and Nash K. Burger, who later became editor of *The New York Times Book Review,* in Brandon, Mississippi, in the 1930s.

oomings, and they eventually formed the ight-Blooming Cereus Club, of which Eudo- was elected president. Their motto was:)on't take it cereus; life's too mysterious.'"

Patti Carr Black, recently retired as director the Mississippi State Historical Museum, is ne of the best sources of Welty anecdotes. My favorite hours," she says, "are spent with udora in the late afternoon sipping Powers ish Whiskey and going back in her incredi- e memory to high times in our favorite spot, ew York City. She quotes entire Bea Lillie lyrics, especially 'It's etter with Your Shoes Off'; delivers Bert Lahr punch lines; and escribes the moves of the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields, in- uding Fields's wiggle of his little finger. She also does a great ren- ition of Mae West inspecting the troops up and down."

But it isn't just the locals who savor their memories of Eudora. Villiam Maxwell, who was her editor at *The New Yorker* begin- ing in 1951, loves to recall her visits to New York, particularly ne specific night. "When I first got to know her she was staying the apartment of her friend and editor at *Harper's Bazaar* Mary Louise Aswell, and what I remember of the evening is Eu- ora's acting out of her mother telling her niece the story of Little led Riding Hood while simultaneously reading *Time* magazine. t could have been transferred to the stage without a single hange of any kind, and I didn't know anybody could be so hi- arious. Some years later, when we were living on the fifth floor of walk-up in Murray Hill, she came with the manuscript of a ovella, *The Ponder Heart,* and after coffee we settled down to ear her read it. In no time I was wiping my eyes. Nothing has ver seemed so funny since. What the world must be like for a erson with so exquisite a sense of humor, I don't dare think."

At dinners these days Eudora's stories move here and there like gentle breeze that emanates from Greenwich Village in the Pro- ibition years, past the names of friends long dead, and on to her ravels through Mississippi with her Kodak during the Depres- ion, when she worked as a photographer. Questions provoke eregrinations. "Eudora," I asked during a recent gathering, 'would you like a little kitten? I have one named Bubba." "Well," Eudora began, "mine has been a dog house all my life. My moth- er can't stand the thought of a cat. Of course, she's been dead a number of years. I like little kittens, but I don't think I can take one. I remember [novelist] Caroline Gordon. The first time I ever saw her, I was living in the Village, and I was going to meet her. I was walking along Eighth Avenue and she was carrying around a bunch of newborn kittens with her, and she'd go up to people on the street and say, 'You look like a cat person. Wouldn't you like a kitten?' It didn't work very well. She had a good many left. Whatever became of those kittens, I've wondered."

No one else answers questions in quite this way now, not even n Jackson.

Eudora has never married, and she lives alone in the house her father built in 1925 when she was 16 and the nearby streets were gravel and there were whis- pery pine forests all around. On the front lawn is a majestic oak tree. ("Never cut an oak," her mother advised her.) The kitchen of the old house looks out on a deep- green garden with its formal bench beneath another towering oak tree. Eudora loves what she still calls "my mother's garden" and says she was "my mother's yard boy."

"My wish would be not to point the finger in judgment," Welty has said, "but to part a curtain—that invisible shadow that falls between people."

Her Tudor-style house has a sturdy vestibule, a brown gabled roof on the second story, and a screened-in side porch long unused. Excluding the time she has spent traveling, she has lived and worked here for 74 years. "I like being in the house where nobody else has ever lived but my own family," she says, "even though it's lonely being the only person left."

She calls it "my unruly home." Books of all kinds are everywhere, stacked in corners, on tables and chairs. There are mountains of books, and on every flat surface one finds unanswered mail. Her correspondence is so voluminous, she says, that she is unable to handle it. In a box on a table is the Richard Wright Medal for Literary Excellence she received in 1994. "I'm proud to have it," she says.

These days Eudora does not dress up for visitors. On the morning of one of my calls she was wearing a blue sweat suit and white sneakers. Her short hair curls around the top of her ears. Her eyes are large, very blue, a little sad, yet still, at times, vibrant with mischief. She sits near a front window in an electric lift chair that makes it easy for her to stand up. She calls it her "ejection seat." If it is late afternoon and she feels up to it, she will press the button to raise herself to an upright position and suggest you join her in the pantry while she pours a couple of Maker's Marks. "This is what Katherine Anne Porter called 'swish likka,'" she says, quoting "swich licour" from Chaucer. "This is powerful stuff." Then, faithfully at six P.M., she turns on the television for her favorite program, *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer.*

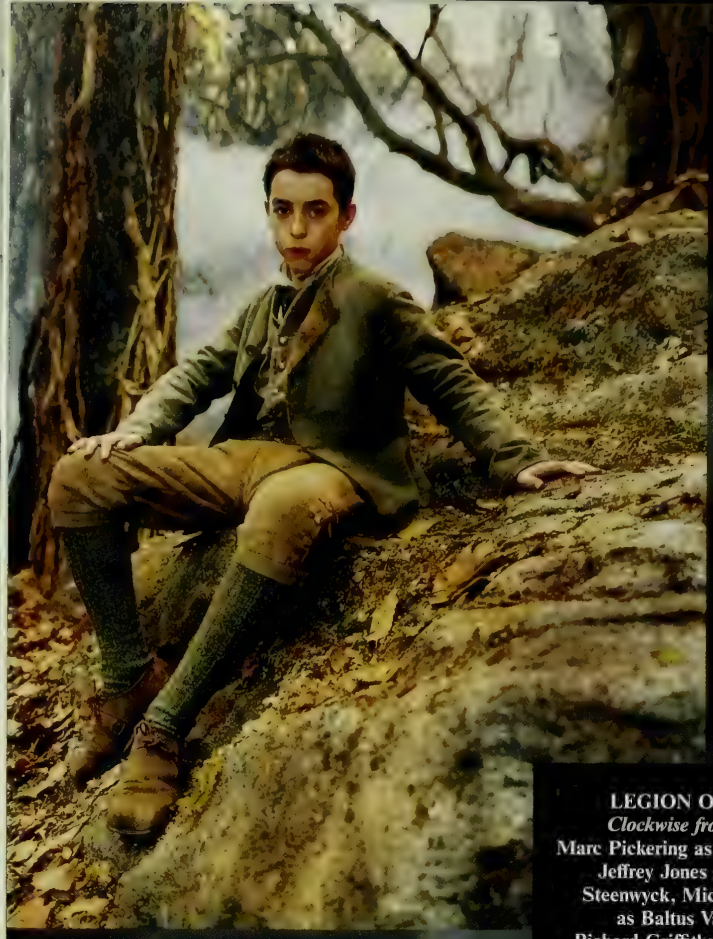
Every conversation is a procession of CONTINUED ON PAGE 198



Who better to film Washington Irvin famous tale of Ichabod Crane and t Headless Horseman than Tim Burton, who *Beetlejuice*, *Edward Scissorhands*, a *Mars Attacks!* marked him as a master gothic dark comedy? Wrapping *Sleepy Hollow*, Burton and his cast- Johnny Depp, Christina Ricci, Mirand Richardson, Michael Gambon, a Casper Van Dien—give photograph MARY ELLEN MARK an otherworldly tal on "the first American horror story

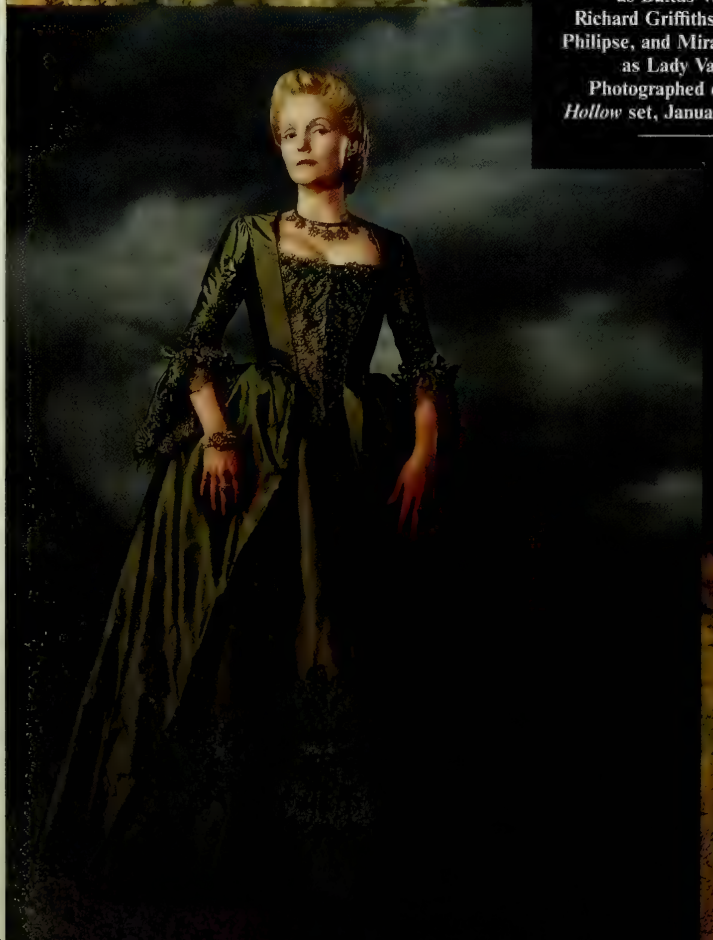
LOVE HURTS
Co-stars Johnny Depp and Christina Ricci as Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel, the lovers in Tim Burton's dark thriller, *Sleepy Hollow*. *Opposite*, Burton holds the Horseman's head on the film's set at the Leavesden Studio in Hertfordshire, England, January 14, 1999.


A Head for
Horror





LEGION OF DOOM
Clockwise from top left:
Marc Pickering as Young Masbeth, Jeffrey Jones as Reverend Steenwyck, Michael Gambon as Baltus Van Tassel, Richard Griffiths as Magistrate Philipse, and Miranda Richardson as Lady Van Tassel. Photographed on the *Sleepy Hollow* set, January 14–18, 1999.







Tim Burton's mind is a spidery attic, cluttered with 50s-creepshow influences, gothic organ music, and howling-wind sound effects. So it seems plausible that his forthcoming film adaptation of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," due later this year, was a long-aborning pet project. Washington Irving's famous short story about Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman, published in 1820, was, Burton says, "the first American horror story"—and, in its prevailing lightheartedness, an antecedent to just about everything Burton has done, from the terrifying-but-uproarious "Large Marge" vignette in *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* to the more fully realized horror-comedies *Beetlejuice*, *Edward Scissorhands*, and *Mars Attacks!*

For the Ichabod Crane part, Burton cast Johnny Depp, who is fast shaping up to be the De Niro to Burton's Scorsese, having already played the title roles of the director's *Edward Scissorhands* and *Ed Wood*. Katrina, the farmer's daughter and object of Ichabod's affections, is played by Christina Ricci, the porcelain-complexioned Goth Girl of contemporary filmdom, who only seems to have been in Tim Burton movies before. "She's got a good silent-movie quality," Burton says. "She looks right in winter in England."

Though Burton considered shooting *Sleepy Hollow* in its real-life setting of North Tarrytown, New York, he ultimately found damp, chilly England more conducive to what he had in mind. The same rationale was applied to the assembly of his supporting cast, which includes a wonderful assortment of misshapen British character actors—Michael Gambon (*The Singing Detective*), Richard Griffiths (*Withnail and I*), and Ian McDiarmid (the *Star Wars* movies)—the English beauty Miranda Richardson, and Christopher Walken as a mysterious soldier.

—DAVID KAMP

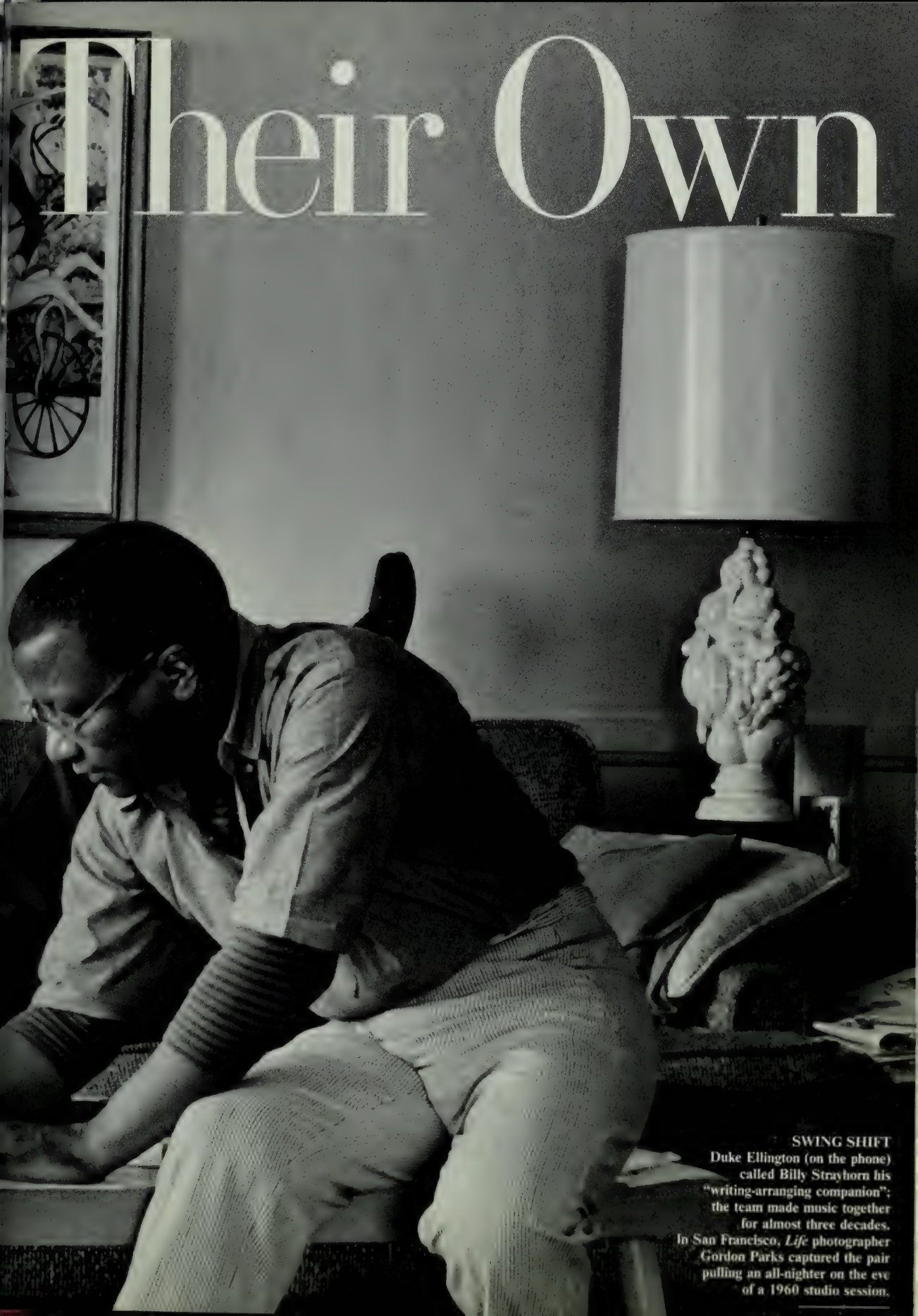
A Jazz of

As the 100th anniversary of Duke Ellington's birth spawns tributes in more than three dozen cities, the jazz king's life still holds a central mystery: the indefinable bond between Ellington, a notorious Lothario, and composer Billy Strayhorn, whose open homosexuality was rare in its day. DAVID HAJDU, president of the Duke Ellington Society and Strayhorn's biographer, examines a collaboration that began in 1938 with an instantaneous meeting of musical minds and led to such classics as "Take the 'A' Train" and "Satin Doll."

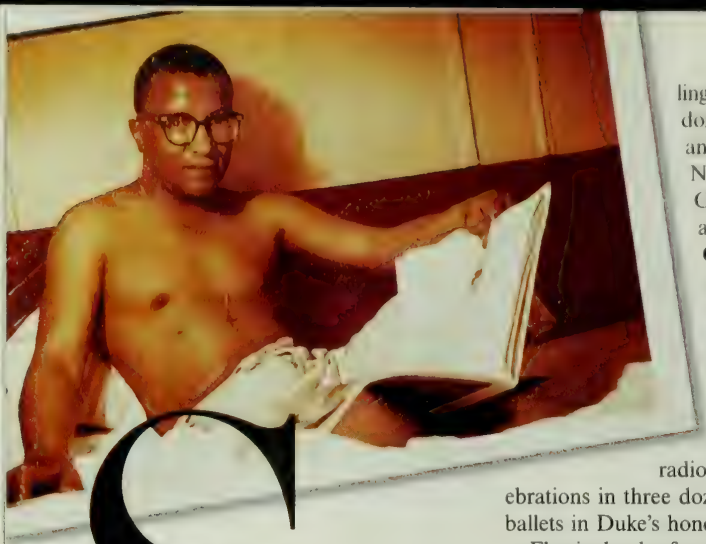
Photographs by GORDON PARKS



Their Own



SWING SHIFT
Duke Ellington (on the phone) called Billy Strayhorn his "writing-arranging companion"; the team made music together for almost three decades. In San Francisco, *Life* photographer Gordon Parks captured the pair pulling an all-nighter on the eve of a 1960 studio session.



Secretly dying of the cancer that would claim him within months, Duke Ellington, sallow and thin, stood before the assembled in Westminster Abbey on October 24, 1973, for the premiere of his third and final *Sacred Concert,* and a chorus sang the 74-year-old composer's words: "Every man prays in his own language." Publicly, Ellington spent much of his last decade communing with the divine in grand, if unorthodox, devotional performances. Privately, retiring in the hotel rooms that were his home for more than half a century, he used a prayer book. His son, Mercer, later donated one of Ellington's volumes, a 1966 edition of *The Catholic Hymnal,* to the Smithsonian Institution. When an archivist unpacked it recently, she called me. She had found some photographs tucked between the pages, and she thought I should see one of them before it was filed away, erasing any record of its origin. It's a snapshot of a sweet-faced, bespectacled African-American man, Billy Strayhorn, half dressed, reading a book in bed.

What was Duke Ellington saying, in his own language? Why would one man, reading in solitude, care to look at a picture of another man doing the same? And what might that have to do with the music that is Ellington's legacy?

This April 29 marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of Edward Kennedy Ellington, one of the true pioneers of jazz. Duke reigns omnipotently over the cultural landscape, or at least its high ground: Concerts and conferences devoted to Ellington are scheduled at dozens of arts centers and institutions, from New York's Lincoln Center to Ohio's Cuyahoga Community College. A torrent of new Ellington CD collections and reissues will land atop the more than 150 titles in circulation. There will be a nationally syndicated radio series, musical celebrations in three dozen cities, even new ballets in Duke's honor.

Fleetingly, the face in that photograph from Ellington's prayer book shifts in and out of view. In panel discussions, as experts ponder Ellington the Legend, Billy Strayhorn is mentioned with reverence. In out-of-the-way cabarets in Manhattan and Istanbul, vocalist Allan Harris has been performing all-Strayhorn tributes. Filmmaker Irwin Winkler is now casting a screen version of Strayhorn's life. And the credits on virtually every new Ellington CD list William Thomas Strayhorn as composer or co-creator of some of the best-known pieces associated with Duke, including "Take the 'A' Train," "Satin Doll," "Chelsea Bridge," and suites such as "Such Sweet Thunder."

Yet Strayhorn, Ellington's chief collaborator and perhaps the most influential figure in his creative life, is still, somehow, but an ethereal presence. Though their careers are elementally inseparable, the true nature of their collaboration remains virtually unknown—or unspoken. As Strayhorn's biographer, I have explored their three-decade partnership extensively; indeed, some of the interviews quoted herein were gathered for my 1996 book, *Lush Life.* And the question remains: How to explain a relationship between men of such contrasts? Ellington, tall and commanding, a master jazz innovator who managed his orchestra and his expansive songbook like a small industry, a brilliant scholar of the streets whose regal air and grandiloquence, vaguely ironic, had the charm of an irresistible con game; Strayhorn, tiny, attentive, demure, a consummate composer and arranger, content to remain in Duke's massive shadow, a culture buff who relished New York (as well as Paris, eventually) and developed a taste—and oversize appetite—for high style in food, fashion, and nightlife.

In the section on Strayhorn in his 1973 memoir, *Music Is My Mistress,* Ellington was, as always, poetically obtuse on the subject: "He was not, as he was often referred to by many, my alter ego. Billy Strayhorn was my right arm, my left arm, all the eyes in the back of my head, my brainwaves in his head, and his in mine."

Many fellow musicians have called theirs a unique case of artistic intimacy. "Ellington's relationship with Strayhorn was one the likes of which I will never see and maybe the world will never see again," says Luther Henderson, the composer and arranger with whom Ellington and Strayhorn crafted many of their most ambitious projects, including several long-form works for symphony orchestra. "There was obviously a special relationship. Duke had an enormous love for Billy apart from his work," explains George Avakian, Ellington's longtime producer at Columbia Records. "It was a love affair between the two, as artists," remarked the late trombonist and arranger Billy Byers.

That's the essence of the story, I am convinced: they loved each other. But what *kind* of love? As Ellington frequently noted, he and Strayhorn abhorred all categories, whether aesthetic, social, racial, or emotional. Moreover, it seems that Duke Ellington, a notorious Lothario, loved Billy Strayhorn more fully and deeply than he loved any woman in his life—excepting his mother and his sister Ruth. No matter how many scholarly panels we convene, the complexity of their love remains elusive, even in our ostensibly enlightened age.

With a conjurer's regard for the allure of the unknown, Ellington always kept the details of his collaboration with Strayhorn a mystery. "Edward always used to say, 'Don't peek your hole card,'" explained the late Marian Logan, wife of Ellington's friend and doctor, Arthur Logan.

"[Edward] would never answer the question 'Who wrote this? Who did this?'" recalls Teo Macero, the arranger and producer who made several Ellington albums for Columbia. "He'd say, 'Sweetie

CALIFORNIA SUITE

Ellington (*far right*) compares notes with Strayhorn on their terrace at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont in 1960. The five-foot-two-inch Strayhorn (nicknamed "Swee' Pea," "Strays," and "Billums") was usually comfortable letting the outsize Duke receive the lion's share of the acclaim. In later years, Ellington kept this snapshot of his composing partner (*top*) wedged in his ever present prayer book.

"They were like one mind. They were like Clark Kent and Superman."



. . . you know, I don't know. Maybe Billy, you know, me . . . ' And it would go round and round and round."

Ironically enough, when he first met Strayhorn, in 1938, Ellington was hardly in need of a muse. Not even 40 and a bandleader for nearly 20 years, Ellington had proved to be not merely a skillful writer of distinctive popular songs ("Mood Indigo," "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady") but also a serious composer of more intricate works ("Creole Rhapsody," "Reminiscing in Tempo") which had begun to redefine jazz as a music for the ears as well as the feet, earning due praise from highbrow critics and composers such as Aaron Copland. Ellington, however, recognized Strayhorn's talents as a pianist, composer, lyricist, and arranger when the prodigy, then 23, attended one of Duke's concerts in Pittsburgh. (The pair were introduced backstage by William Augustus "Gus" Greenlee, the charismatic sports impresario, nightclub owner, and presumed racketeer.) Ellington was so taken with Strayhorn's skills that he immediately implored him to write songs for the band, swiftly jotting down directions to his Harlem apartment, subway line and all—scrawls which Strayhorn ingeniously fashioned, within a week or two, into the swing classic "Take the 'A' Train."

Strayhorn had gone as far as Pittsburgh could take him. Conservatory-trained, he had already composed several sophisticated pieces merging jazz and the classical tradition; played bar piano all around town; led his own jazz trio; arranged for half a dozen local bands (black, white, and mixed); and written songs that would later become jazz standards, including "Something to Live For," "Your Love Has Faded," and his signature piece, "Lush Life." Highly regarded by the few who knew him, Strayhorn lost ground, nonetheless, as a result of two provincial pressures: his trio and his main big-band affiliation, both mixed-race groups, had been forced to dissolve after incidents of prejudice against Strayhorn, because he was African-American; and he was dropped from the best black band in town, because he was gay.

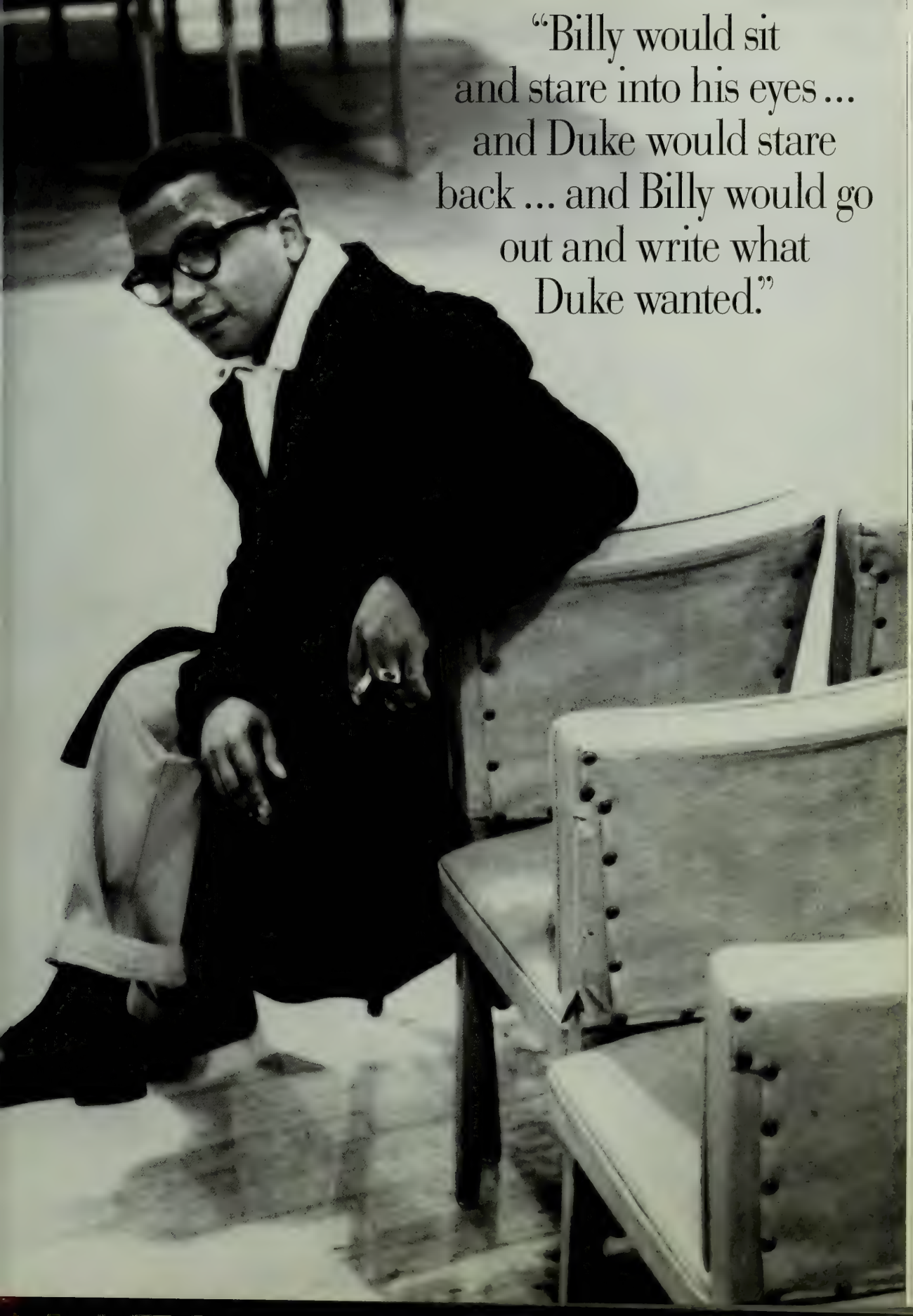
In a drumbeat after they met, Ellington had him move into his apartment on Edgecombe Avenue in Harlem's tony Sugar Hill district, where Strayhorn lived like one of the family with Ellington's girlfriend Mildred Dixon, Duke's only sibling, Ruth, and his son, Mercer. (Ellington was estranged, though never legally separated, from his wife, Edna.) The benefits of their collaboration proved exquisitely mutual: Ellington gained a second set of gifts to help expand his musical palette and take him beyond the big-band idiom into the worlds of the concert stage and the theater; Strayhorn, in turn, now had a world-class vehicle for his music and the freedom to compose without bearing public scrutiny and the risk of rejection for his homosexuality. That Strayhorn would toil largely behind the scenes, often contributing anonymously to the ever broadening Ellington canon, worked to the advantage of both.

And that Ellington might not have really required the young man's assistance would quickly become moot; they grew reliant upon each other. "His approval was like going out with your armor on, instead of going out naked," Ellington said of Strayhorn in a 1968 interview. "We had a relationship that nobody else in the world would understand." The composers worked together from 1938 to 1967—often closely, occasionally as a sort of musical tag team, trading portions of pieces in mid-creation. Wherever in the world his performances took him, Ellington called Strayhorn religiously, writing songs by phone, virtually every night. Their collaborative output includes dozens of jazz masterworks, from songs such as "Day Dream" and "The Star-Crossed Lovers" to extended jazz-orchestra pieces, from the Broadway musical *Beggar's Holiday* to film scores.

"Our rapport was the closest," wrote Ellington. Indeed, according to photographer Gordon Parks, who spent several days observing Ellington and Strayhorn in 1960 on assignment for *Life* magazine, "they were like one mind." Preparing for a Los Angeles recording session, the pair shared a small suite at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood, Parks remembers. Ellington would start writing late in the evening while Strayhorn slept; around two A.M., Strayhorn would awaken



GRACE NOTES
Stylish and always a step ahead of convention, Strayhorn, photographed in a Las Vegas rehearsal hall in 1955 by William Claxton, helped chart Duke's forays beyond the boundaries of jazz, contributing to orchestral pieces (*top*), a ballet, even movie scores such as those for *Anatomy of a Murder* (1959) and *Paris Blues* (1961).

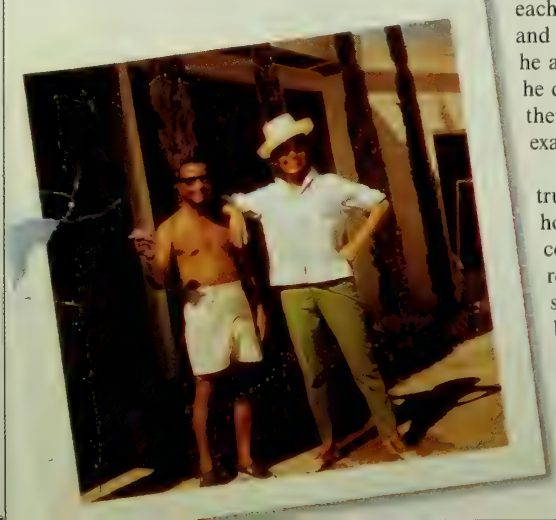


"Billy would sit
and stare into his eyes ...
and Duke would stare
back ... and Billy would go
out and write what
Duke wanted."





ROAD PICTURES
Ellington and Strayhorn relished the staccato odyssey of the musical life. In the early 60s, they sometimes doubled up in hotel rooms when collaborating (*top*), then savored the results, evident in their reaction (*opposite*) to a screening of *Anatomy of a Murder,* with its driving Ellington-Strayhorn score. Lena Horne often joined them. Having had a brief fling with Ellington, Horne was Strayhorn's closest confidante, hosting him at her Palm Springs home (*below*). At San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel (*above*), Horne joked with Duke, Billy, and jazz historian Patricia Willard.



and resume composing where Ellington had left off, while Ellington would take Strayhorn's place in bed. "One person would work until he got sleepy," recalls Parks. "They never seemed to be in the room at the same time. They were like Clark Kent and Superman. You wondered if they were really the same person, changing disguises in the bedroom." What's more, Parks says, "they didn't talk about the music. One would just leave it for the other one, and he would pick up as if he had been writing the whole thing himself."

Ruth Ellington described the communication between her brother and Strayhorn as virtually psychic. "I've seen [Strayhorn] walk into Duke's dressing room," she recalled, "and Duke would say, 'Oh, Billy, I want you to finish this thing for me.' Just like that. And Billy would sit and stare into his eyes ... and Duke would stare back, and then Billy would say, 'O.K.' They wouldn't even exchange a word. They'd just look into each other's eyes, and Billy would go out and write what Duke wanted. That's why he and Duke got along so well—because he could look at people and see through them. If he looked at you, he could tell exactly what you were."

Ellington couldn't abide such an intrusion—from anyone other than Strayhorn. "He didn't like anybody who could read his mind," his son, Mercer, remarked. "That's what gave him his strength over people. Pop knew everybody's weakness, but he would never, never—oh, man, *never*—he'd never let anybody know his. Strayhorn was the only one. He let Strayhorn in the door. That door was *locked* for everybody else, and I do mean everybody family, his women ... me, too, before t old man was dying, and I was the on one sitting there."

If Ellington granted his collaborat unique emotional access, the key to was their music. "Let me tell you t one thing that will explain everythi there is to know about Duke Ellin ton, including that magic betwe Duke Ellington and Billy Stra horn," said a friend of both co posers. "Music. That's it. Duk Ellington lived, breathed, ate, a drank music. That's all that real mattered to him—nothing els That's what he loved. And h loved Billy Strayhorn becaus they made music together."

Marian Logan, perhaps because sh was the wife of a physician, had a mo diagnostic view. "Everybody knows Ed ward had eight million women," she sai "You have that many—and you're neve home for any longer than a day ever year—and you don't have to get overl close to none of them, and you don't hav to worry none about them getting to close to you. The only real partner tha man ever had was Billums [Strayhorn]. H called him his 'musical companion,' yo know. Strayhorn adored that. [Edward kept everybody else very far away, built wall around himself—a big, gold, shin wall. The only person inside with him i there was Billy Strayhorn. He wouldn't le his own doctor in, believe me.

"Edward had a kind of intimatenes with Strayhorn that he never gave hi girlfriends, none of them," Logan contin ued. "He trusted him [because] of th one thing that cut way down deep int him, and that means the music. It's hard to explain what it was. He had a very very, very deep love for Strayhorn, an Strayhorn obviously loved Duke, too, t work with him like that for all those years. You can call it whatever you want It had all to do with his music, and think it was the only kind of love Elling ton was truly capable of."

Though artistically plausible Logan's assessment overlooks paternal love. From the onset of their association, Ellington included Strayhorn in his familial circle—and inserted himself in Strayhorn's; Duke would wire Billy's mother, Lillian, back home in Pittsburgh, on her birthday and Mother's Day. A generation older and far more prominent than his junior partner, Ellington


"Duke was young forever—
young and sexual. Listen to his music.
He never aged a day,
till Billy died."

would seem an obvious father figure. Then again, he avoided the obvious in most matters of business, art, and family. "That's the way it probably looks, a father-and-son thing, but it wasn't that simple at all," recalls Lena Horne, Strayhorn's dearest friend and confidante. Horne, who still keeps Strayhorn's portrait on her nightstand, also worked with Ellington and had something of a fling with him once. "Duke didn't want to be anybody's father—hell, no! Not even his own son's, and certainly not Billy's. He wasn't old enough to be a father!" she says with a big laugh. "Duke was young forever he thought he was, anyway—young and sexual. Listen to his music. He never aged a day, till Billy died."

When Billy Strayhorn, then 51, succumbed to esophageal cancer on May 31, 1967, Ellington, then 68, fought to come to terms with it, while those around him struggled to understand Ellington's reaction. Mercer, who served as road manager for the orchestra at the time, recalled his father as angry and distraught. "He said, 'Why me? Why did this have to happen to me?' Only time I remember him ever saying, 'Fuck it,' he didn't want to play." Shortly after Strayhorn's death, pianist Donald Shirley, a friend of both Ellington's and Strayhorn's, went backstage to see Duke at the end of a performance and found him alone at the piano, head bowed, playing Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom" over and over.

Ellington's grief was so deep that his publicist, Joe Morgen, circulated what has been considered a fabricated interview with the deceased, reportedly to deflect rumors about the musicians' close relationship. In it, an uncharacteristically tough-talking Strayhorn justifies his bachelorhood by claiming, loopily, that his apartment was too sloppy for any gal to stomach.

The degree to which the mercurial love between the pair may or may not have seeped past the chalk lines of heterosexual friendship is unknowable, though it proved to be anything but imponderable. As Strayhorn's biographer, and the president of the Duke Ellington Society, I've been asked literally scores of times if their relationship had a homosexual component. In the muted Ellingtonian tradition, I've tried to dodge the question gracefully.

Yes, Strayhorn was gay, and he undoubtedly had a love for Ellington; however, Strayhorn was known as monogamous and appeared wholly devoted to each of his four main companions in turn. Might he have longed for a more amorous involvement with Ellington? Perhaps, some have said. "I think that if Strayhorn could have constructed a relationship with Ellington, then he would have," Mercer told me. (Mercer died at 76 in 1996.) "He loved him that much."

As for Duke, Mercer said—with no hint of spin—he had always simply assumed that his father's bond with Strayhorn, his legendary sexual appetite, and his seemingly boundless sense of adventure likely led to some experimentation with Strayhorn. "I don't know for a fact—I didn't watch them," he said. "I just presumed as much. So did the cats [in the band]. One told me he walked in on them one time. I never pressed the issue. It seemed like a given."

A few of those close to Duke Ellington discussed homosexuality with him directly. According to Sam Shaw, producer of the 1961 film *Paris Blues,* scored by Ellington and Strayhorn, "Duke talked to me about Billy and the whole subject of homosexuality. In certain [African] tribes, the priests wore blue robes, which were the symbol of their status. They were considered holy, and they were bisexual—part of the African culture. Duke accepted that as part of nature."

Some of Ellington's personal beliefs, feelings, and preferences—including, for instance, his habit of wearing blue clothing—are more than just subjects of gossip because they had a significant effect on what he brought to the public. This year, as innumerable celebrations acknowledge his contributions to 20th-century culture, one accomplishment may go little noted: Duke Ellington accepted, nurtured, supported, and empowered a small, shy gay man whom he loved as a soul mate, and he gave voice to that man's mus through his own. There's a sound with the sound we think of as Ellingtonia, an much of it is a world apart from the a sertive drive of big-band swing. "Passio Flower," "Lotus Blossom," "A Flower Is Lovesome Thing," "Minuet in Blues." I dozens of Billy Strayhorn compositions tha Ellington performed and recorded with h orchestra, the listener encounters expre sions of humanity's subtler shades—a gentl ness, a sensitivity, sometimes a sadness, a guably a gay sensibility, there on the jukebo from the same band that played "It Don Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got That Swing. Though Billy Strayhorn could swing whe he wanted (having written Ellington's them song, "Take the 'A' Train," the leitmotif o the whole swing era), other things meant thing to him, too. Billy Strayhorn com posed eight songs about flowers.

"The music of Duke Ellington is regard ed as so great and so important now," note Kevin McGruder, executive director of th organization Gay Men of African Descent "To think that some of it is the voice of gay man making distinctive statements o his own is quite something. It's a real testa ment to Duke that he embraced Billy Stray horn the way he did and gave him that out let. I can't imagine any other bandleader o his time doing that."

During the seven years between Stray horn's death and Ellington's, of cancer on May 24, 1974, the aging composer turned his attention to God. He created three major works of sacred music and performed them in churches and temples, accompanied by singers, dancers, and a full orchestra. "He started channeling his music and his deep capacity for love toward God," explains the Reverend Janna Steed, a United Methodist theologian now writing a book about Elling ton's religious music. "His theology was quite simple. All Duke was saying, basically, is 'God is love, and love is the answer to everything.'"

For reference, he always had his prayer book. □

Portman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150 father. "She was born to do this. She's formidable."

Portman acknowledges she has a lot to learn about stage technique, but on film her subtlety really shines. "She knew exactly what to do," says Tim Hutton, who played a 29-year-old man who becomes infatuated with Natalie's 13-year-old character in *Beautiful Girls.* "The scenes with her were the scenes I looked forward to the most, because I knew there would be real clarity coming from her. She knew what she wanted, but she was also extremely free in the choices she made. Every take was different. Some people do the same thing over and over again, but Natalie really listens, so if I did something different in take two, she made these beautiful adjustments. To do that at the age of 44 is extraordinary, but at 13 . . . "

Although critics have sometimes noted Portman's inexperience, she has generally dazzled them as well. What she lacks in technique, she makes up for in magic: "She gives off a pure rosebud freshness that can't be faked," gushed *The New York Times*'s Ben Brantley in his review of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Brantley also rhapsodized over Portman's "radiance," found "an ineffable grace in her awkwardness," and added that "her very skin seems to glow with the promise of miraculous transformations."

Pretty heady stuff for a teenager. And in some ways Portman does seem to be a typical schoolgirl. "See what she's really like?" a friend of hers says jokingly, showing me his notebook—where Natalie has written "Big Dork." But the real Natalie is a prototypical Good Girl. Today her government

acher lectures the class about cheating, mplaining that it has gotten "so outra- ous" no one even bothers to conceal it ymore. Portman sits there quietly with her ngthy paper, which is painstakingly hand- ritten in tiny, meticulous writing; her obvi- is care is rewarded with a grade of 100 rawled at the top. "I'm a little obsessive- mpulsive," she concedes sheepishly.

Portman is about as likely to cheat on a per as she is to become a Hell's Angels' ker chick. For lunch, we go to a neighbor- od pizza parlor with her best friend (who rks in a cancer-research lab in her spare ne). But service is slow, and Portman be- ns to fret about getting back on time for r next class. Although the morning gossip d focused on the fact that many seniors e cutting virtually every class, God forbid at Portman should miss two minutes of vanced-placement calculus.

During a free period, she and her friends ng out in the cafeteria, where the talk re- lves around the senior prom. Portman, o doesn't have a boyfriend, has a lot of y friends but isn't expecting any of them escort her. "Boys want to go to the prom th someone they can fool around with," e explains. And she has already made it ear that that someone isn't her.

Portman tries hard to stay true to her ideals. Unlike her parents, she has been vegetarian since she was 8, and she's grown icter over the years, eliminating fish when e was 11 and cheeses when she was 15, cause so many contain rennet. "It's taken m animals' stomachs," she says earnestly. Cutting out gelatin was hard for me—giving gummy worms and Jell-O."

That's Natalie: while other teen idols rry about giving up hard drugs and stay- g out of rehab, Portman allows herself ly a moment of wistfulness for having to y off gummy worms.

So is she a goody-goody? "I would nev- say someone else is bad because they something, but for myself, I'm kind of nservative," she admits. "I've never tried noking, I don't drink, I've never tried y drugs. I don't condemn people who ; I've just never wanted to. I don't really e high-school parties. My closest friends e very straight, compared with a lot of her kids. It's definitely odd; I've proba- y had the most adult experiences—I've en working since I was 11, getting paid— t on the other hand there's a lot of ings I haven't experienced that a lot of her kids have."

Of course, all this leaves any adult won- ring how Portman's parents managed to eate this paragon of wholesome values and ceptional accomplishment. "They're not ally strict; they just don't have anything worry about," she muses. "I'm an only child. All my vacations are with my parents. You really learn to function as an adult."

In fact, she is a curious mixture. In some ways Portman has seemed like a miniature adult for years. "She's a really smart girl who has had a very rarefied upbringing, who has been raised with a lot of confidence and self-esteem, so she seems older than she is in many ways," says Susan Sarandon. "I felt at all times that I was working with an equal. She has a natural grace that doesn't make her seem as if she's of her generation."

And yet there remains something oddly childlike about Portman. One night she and I have dinner at an Italian restaurant near her home, where the only person to recognize her is a relative who happens to be dining there. When Portman's father comes to pick her up, he joins us for coffee, and he and Natalie hold hands at the table. An Israeli-born doctor, he works as a fertility specialist while his wife occupies herself as a full-time mother.

Portman isn't their real name; Natalie took her grandmother's maiden name as a professional pseudonym to protect her privacy. Her parents are very insistent about that—I'm not allowed to mention their name, the town they live in, or the school Natalie goes to—and they are even hoping to keep her choice of college a secret, for "security reasons" (although Jodie Foster was quite open about going to Yale and Brooke Shields never hid the fact that she went to Princeton).

Portman's parents also work hard to make sure that their adored daughter doesn't simulate anything on-screen that she hasn't already experienced in her own life. Portman, who was born in Israel, was first discovered in a Long Island pizza parlor, where she was approached by a Revlon scout who wanted to know if she was interested in modeling. She wasn't, but the encounter led to her acquiring an agent, and she soon landed the daunting role of the tough, damaged would-be assassin in *The Professional.*

Her parents were "very worried" when she went into show business, she says, and they are still extremely protective. "They talk to the director for hours before every project I do, to make sure I'm not going to be doing anything that's going to hurt me in my personal life," Portman says. "Just being up there on-screen and larger than life, you get people who have weird thoughts about you. It's hard enough being in the public eye at my age."

When Wayne Wang chose Portman to play the daughter in *Anywhere but Here,* her parents objected to a scene in which the girl has her first sexual experience with a boy. "At one point her parents even turned down the movie because of that scene," says Wang. "Everything was at a standstill; I was very upset. I really wanted her. So we eventually went back and rewrote the scene. It's not explicit now; they don't have sex on-screen. Sometimes I think Natalie's parents were overprotective, but if I look at it from their point of view, in this industry you almost need to overcompensate, and maybe that's good. If I had a daughter like Natalie, I would probably do exactly what her parents are doing."

The story line of *Anywhere but Here* provides an ironic counterpoint to the changes Natalie is facing in her personal life. "The movie is about letting go, about letting your daughter live her life at some point," Wang explains. "Natalie is a disciplined kid, but there are moments in this movie when she really has to dig deep and be very angry. That's the hardest part for her. She's very controlled, very cerebral, and it's harder for her to access the anger and rebellion and say, 'Let me go.' There's one scene in the movie where she had to do that—it's the final dramatic moment between mother and daughter—and we did a lot of takes. I had to keep pushing; we shot it two separate times. We just had to keep working on it."

The unusual closeness between Natalie and her parents makes it difficult to imagine this hothouse flower striking out on her own. She has enjoyed an extraordinary level of support in everything she does; her mother has always accompanied her on location, while her father thinks nothing of getting up at three A.M. to help her study for an exam.

"My parents have always stressed education over success, over money, over everything," Portman explains. "I grew up reading over my father's shoulder, watching him study for his exams. I have a strong work ethic, and my parents have also passed down a love of learning to me. I really enjoy it; that's why I do well."

The family's standards are high: "If I brought home a 94, it would be 'Where are the other six points?'" Portman says. "My father expected the best from me."

In return, she thinks the world of her mother and father. "My parents are very sane," she says. "They practice what they preach. My parents can say, 'Don't drink,' or 'Don't do drugs,' because they don't. There's an honesty I have with my parents that a lot of kids can't have. I'll hang out with my parents on a Friday night when my friends are going to a party I don't want to go to."

Not surprisingly, the family dynamic has generated talk in the entertainment industry, but those who know Portman best feel that her parents get a bum rap. "Someone in the business had tried to warn me about her parents being invasive, but they gave her space when she needed it," says

Portman

James Lapine, the director of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. "They're very down-to-earth people. I found them to be concerned parents, not stage parents."

The designer Isaac Mizrahi, who used Portman as the muse for his "Isaac" ad campaign, had a similar experience. "I heard her parents were very overprotective, that they watch every single step of what she does, but when I met them I realized they were just concerned with their darling daughter," he says. "They value her, and they weren't going to let her go down the scary path so many actresses go down. I think that's why Natalie feels lighthearted; she feels cared for. I think her parents are doing everything right. She's sort of a miracle, that she hasn't become this egomaniacal little bitch like the kid stars you hear about. She was an absolute dream to work with."

Most of Portman's colleagues end up being amazed at how sensible she is. "She's so centered, so together," says Lapine. "She's somebody you can speak your mind to, because she won't have a meltdown. She has a kind of maturity many adult actors don't have."

And unlike most actors, who claim (usually falsely) never to read their own reviews and who delight in trashing the critics, Portman is even philosophical about bad notices. "When it's a good review, it's a great feeling, because you feel like people understood what you're doing," she says. "Obviously it doesn't feel good to see something negative, but when it's bad, sometimes it's helpful, because I do respect those people's opinions. I never get too offended by it."

Indeed, Portman thinks that what's noteworthy is not how mature she is, but how immature many of her peers are. "I think a lot of people my age are behind," she says, sounding as matter-of-fact and detached as if she were discussing the weather. "They're less mature than they should be. A lot of kids I know have kind of been handed everything. I didn't come from a hard-knock life, but I've worked hard. Most of the people where I live get their car on their 16th birthday. Most of them don't really care about school. I see a lot of people who seem to have no interests. There's a lack of individualism. They're born into a world where you don't have to prove anything to anybody. A lot of families have inherited their businesses; others have worked so hard they want their families to be comfortable, so they're not pushing their kids. I've gravitated toward friends that are more rounded—toward people with ambitions."

Even the entertainment business has failed to undermine Portman's values. "People think the film industry is going to corrupt me, but I feel like it's kept me more innocent, in a way," she says. "I wasn't really home when my friends were trying pot for the first time. I was always around adults who wouldn't smoke or curse or do anything like that around me. I don't do things that are dangerous to myself. I don't want to hurt myself."

The combination of Portman's intelligence, looks, talent, and maturity has awed most of the adults who have worked with her. "That little pip-squeak Natalie—the one who's going to be my boss in five years?" says Ted Demme, the director of *Beautiful Girls*. "She's going to be running a studio and acting and producing and doing whatever she wants. I don't see any limits for her—and you can't say that about many people. If she told me, 'I'm quitting acting and I'm going to be president,' I believe her. If she told me, 'I'm going to be a brain surgeon,' or 'I'm going to be an Israeli paratrooper'—I would believe anything she told me."

"She's getting ready to be a huge star," says Michael Rapaport, who was Tim Hutton's "alcoholic high-school buddy shit-for-brains," as Natalie's character describes him, in *Beautiful Girls*. "I've already told her to remember the little people she used to know when it comes to giving out parts."

When George Lucas cast her as Queen Amidala, he exacted a three-picture commitment from her, so Natalie already knows she'll be filming new *Star Wars* movies during the summer of 2000 and the summer of 2002. Other than that, however, the future is an open question. "Huge star" may be on the job opening, but there are lots of others; so far her career aspirations have included doctor, astronaut, and Broadway dancer.

"I'm taking it day by day," Natalie says. "Right now I like acting, but if something else sparks my interest in college, I'll do that. It's so limiting to say, 'This is it for the rest of my life.' There are so many things that interest me—I love math, science, literature, languages."

And so far acting hasn't cost her anything. "I've had really good experiences," she says. "I haven't had any bad experiences with anyone I've worked with, actors or directors. I can't think of anything I've missed out on. So I missed some TV watching hours?" She rolls her eyes. "I feel like I'm having the best of both worlds."

She grins, and as she looks up at me through those long dark eyelashes, it's impossible to tell whether her wide, doelike gaze betrays a hint of guile or is purely innocent. "It's nice to be able to use the business rather than have it use you," she says demurely. □

Welty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183 supple images. One day after a winter storm in Jackson—the first real one here in years—she recalled for her friend Hunter Cole the first time she saw snow, from her elementary-school windows on North Congress Street. It was not cold enough for it to stick, she recalled, so the teacher raised a window, took off her cape, and extended it outside. Then the woman walked hurriedly about the classroom with the garment, showing the young writer and her contemporaries the glistening snowflakes.

She is not, by birth, what is called here "Old Jackson." Her father, a northerner originally from Ohio, was the top man in a fledgling insurance company. Her southern mother had been born in West Virginia. "I was always aware," Eudora has written, "that there were two sides to most questions." Before they built the house in Belhaven the Weltys lived on North Congress Street, right down from her elementary school. (The writer Richard Ford later grew up directly across from the old Welty house.) The family was by no means rich but lived comfortably, and Eudora's parents were particularly attentive to her. In *One Writer's Beginnings*, Eudora wrote of mornings in the household of her childhood. "When I was young enough to still spend a long time buttoning my shoes in the morning," she began, "I'd listen toward the hall: Daddy upstairs was shaving in the bathroom and Mother downstairs was frying the bacon. They would begin whistling back and forth to each other up and down the stairwell. My father would whistle his phrase, my mother would try to whistle then hum hers back. It was their duet. I drew my buttonhook in and out and listened to it—I knew it was 'The Merry Widow.' The difference was, their song almost floated with laughter: how different from the record, which growled from the beginning, as if the Victrola were only slowly being wound up."

Her father, Christian Webb Welty, had "an almost childlike love of the ingenious." Eudora believes he owned the first Dictaphone in town and he put the earphones over her ears to let her discover what she could hear. He also owned one of the early automobiles, in which the family made long journeys on perilous gravel roads to Ohio and West Virginia. Her father told Eudora and her two younger brothers, Walter and Edward, that if

ey were ever lost in a strange land to look r where the sky is brightest along the hori- on. "That reflects the nearest river. Strike it for a river and you will find habitation." his helped provide her with what she terms strong meteorological sensibility." As for r mother, Chestina Welty, "valiance was in r very fibre."

The Weltys loved literature. They had an encyclopedia in the dining room, and someone had a question at the table, meone else was always jumping up to ove the other right or wrong. As a girl, udora's mother had been given a com- ete set of Charles Dickens's novels as a ward for having her hair cut, and when e Welty home caught fire one night be- re Eudora was born, Mrs. Welty—on utches at the time—returned to the house d threw all 24 volumes one by one out e window for Mr. Welty to catch.

It was a disappointment to the young udora to discover that storybooks had en written by people, "that books were t natural wonders, coming up of them- lves like grass." She was in love with oks, their words, their smell, their covers d bindings. The public library was on the her side of the state capitol from her me, and on her trips to get books she uld glide along the marble floors of the pitol on roller skates. This produced ery desirable echoes."

At the library itself, Mrs. Calloway, a tchlike lady with a dragon eye, intimidat- the children. But she could not inhibit udora's reading, for her mother had told e librarian: "Eudora is nine years old and s my permission to read any book she nts from the shelves, children or adult, th the exception of *Elsie Dinsmore*."

She was absorbed by the stories all ound her, the eternal and ubiquitous Mis- ssippi storytelling she heard from family, ighbors, maids. Preparing for a Sunday- ternoon ride, she would settle onto the ckseat between her mother and a friend d command, "Now talk!"

At the time, Jackson girls took piano ssons as a matter of course. Eudora's own acher, "Old Jackson" to the core, dipped r pen in ink and wrote "Practice!" on her eet music with a *P* that resembled a cat's ce with a long tail, and slapped her fingers th a flyswatter when she made a mistake.

Even as a child she was drawn to the bizarre, the grotesque, the phantasma- ric. "This being the state capital, we had the state institutions in Jackson—blind, af and dumb, insane," she once observed me. "Made for good characters." There s also the occasional society murder, hich Eudora found singularly fascinating. e recalls the Mississippi matron whom I myself had heard about who was convicted for the murder of her mother; part of the corpse was found, but not all of it. She was sent to Whitfield, the asylum. Eudora and all of us heard the stories of the bridge games the murderess played with other proper ladies confined there for alcoholism. One afternoon one of the ladies abruptly tossed down her bridge hand and said, "Not another card will I play until you tell me what you did with the rest of your mother."

In Eudora's childhood years, the two Jackson newspapers published the honor rolls and individual grades of all the honor students. Also, the city fathers gave the honor children free season tickets to the baseball games of the noble Jackson Senators of the Class B Cotton States League. Eudora adored Red McDermott, the Senators' third-baseman, and offered him her documents attesting to her 100s in all her subjects, even attendance and deportment. At age 12 she won the Jackie Mackie Jingle contest, sponsored by the Mackie Pine Oil Company of Covington, Louisiana; the company president sent her a $25 check and said he hoped she would "improve American poetry to such an extent as to win fame."

Eudora spent two years in the little town of Columbus, Mississippi—Tennessee Williams's birthplace—at the Mississippi State College for Women. Although "the W," as it is called, was impoverished, neglected, and overcrowded, Eudora remembers it as a place of great intellectual stimulation, with a dedicated cadre of female teachers who taught without pay for months during the Depression when the state could not pay their salaries. The college brought together 1,200 girls from every corner of Mississippi. They all wore identical uniforms, but Eudora learned to tell where a girl had grown up from the way she talked, ate, or entered a classroom. She once told me that she could distinguish a girl from the Delta by the way she walked.

Eudora became a cartoonist for the school paper and was chosen fire chief of Hastings Hall. At night she frequently sneaked out of the dorm to go downtown, where the action was, and, on one such evening, won a Charleston contest at the Princess Theater. Elizabeth Spencer first met Eudora some years after this when the former was a college student. "I was in great awe of her talent," Elizabeth remembers, "but I was not aware of her high-flying sense of humor." Then one afternoon the two of them were at a post office and noticed a tacked-up poster proclaiming: NO LOITERING OR SOLICITING. "Eudora saw it," Elizabeth recalls, "and said, 'Let's loiter and solicit.'" When Elizabeth said O.K., Eudora declared, "Then you solicit while I loiter."

Eudora's father, the northerner, wanted his daughter to spend her last two college years at some distinguished university up North, and in 1927 she enrolled at the University of Wisconsin. Her mother was already encouraging her aspirations to become a writer, and Mr. Welty gave his daughter her first typewriter, a little red Royal Portable, which she took with her to Madison. To get her through the harsh winters he also bought her a possum coat at Marshall Field in Chicago. Many of the students, she recalls, had raccoon coats, but her family could not afford such luxury.

At first, the Midwest frightened her. Years later she wrote her longtime agent, Diarmuid Russell, about her first months above the Mason-Dixon line: "I was very timid and shy, younger than the rest and those people up there seemed to me like sticks of flint that live in the icy world. I am afraid of flintiness—I had to penetrate that.... I used to be in a kind of wandering daze, I would wander down to Chicago and through the stores, I could feel such a heavy heart inside me. It was more than the pangs of growing up, much more. It was some kind of desire to be shown that the human spirit was not like that shivery winter in Wisconsin, that the opposite to all this existed in full."

Her father, concerned about his daughter's future, persuaded her to go to graduate school in business. She immediately chose Columbia University because she wanted to live in New York for a year. She studied typing for a while, "so I could be a secretary and make a living." When she had to pick a major subject she selected advertising, "which wasn't awfully good, because all at once, when the Depression hit, nobody had any money to advertise with. For that matter, nobody had any money to do anything with." During the Manhattan winter her mother sent her boxes of camellias to remind her of home.

In 1931, shortly after Eudora returned to Jackson from New York City, her father died of leukemia. Her mother was left with two sons in high school and college, so Eudora worked at whatever she could do. Her first job, at age 22, was at a local radio station headquartered in the clock tower of Jackson's first skyscraper: the Lamar Life building, which had been built by her father's company.

As part of her job she wrote the radio schedule to mail out to listeners and also sent fake letters to the station which were to be read on the air: "Dear WJDX, I love the opera on Saturday. Don't ever take it away!" She remembered the office as being "as big as a chicken coop," with just enough room for Mr. Wiley Harris, the announcer and manager, and herself. He would go up into the clock tower to clean

out the canary's cage, and she would yell "Mr. Harris! Mr. Harris!" because it was time for him to announce the call letters of the station. The absentminded Mr. Harris would come down and say, "This is Station . . . uh, this . . . This is Station . . . " Eudora would write the call letters—WJDX—on a sheet of cardboard and hold it up for him.

Later, still during the Depression, she was hired as a publicity agent, junior grade, with the Works Progress Administration. She visited the farm-to-market roads in Mississippi and interviewed people living along them. She rode around on bookmobile routes and helped put up booths at county fairs. She visited landing fields being hacked out of cow pastures, juvenile courts, the scene of the devastating Tupelo tornado, and even a project teaching Braille to the blind. She went mostly by bus and stayed in the old small-town hotels. At night, under a squeaky electric fan, she wrote up the projects for the county weeklies. The Depression, she would remember, "was not a noticeable phenomenon in the poorest state in the Union."

For her own gratification, she began taking photographs, using an old-fashioned Kodak. The Standard Photo Company of Jackson developed her film, and she printed it at night in her kitchen at home. She says that her years of "snapshooting," as she calls it, helped her arrive at the perception that she must go beyond silent images to the slower voice of words.

"Mostly I remember things vividly," she says of the years she spent taking pictures. "I remember how people looked, just people standing against the sky sometimes, at the end of a day's work. Something like that is indelible to me. In taking all these pictures, I was attended, I know now, by an angel—a presence of trust. . . . It is a trust that dates the pictures, more than the vanished years."

Soon her stories started to come to her. Her very first, in 1936, was "Death of a Traveling Salesman," published in an obscure Ohio quarterly called *Manuscript*. When she was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in 1942, she told a friend's aunt in Jackson her news. The aunt responded, "A Guggenheim what?" "I think she thought it was a hat," Eudora said.

By 1944 she had published *A Curtain of Green* and *The Robber Bridegroom,* and for six months of that year she lived again in New York City. Robert Van Gelder of *The New York Times Book Review* had interviewed her in 1942 and later offered her a job. "Can you imagine?" she remembers. "Of course, I immediately accepted and then phoned my mother in Mississippi. She was glad I'd found a job, because they weren't easy to come by during the war." But she was not entirely comfortable. "I didn't want to give a book a bad review. No matter what it is, it's a year out of somebody's life." She used the pseudonym of Michael Ravenna when reviewing war books, and when readers wrote to Michael Ravenna, she replied that he was away at the front line.

Always unabashedly stagestruck, Eudora could look outside her office window and see the performers she most admired arriving at rehearsals and performances. Mae West was rehearsing *Catherine Was Great* just next door and Eudora often slipped in the back to watch. "I'd watch during my lunch hour. Nobody seemed to mind. And I was in heaven."

In 1949, with a $5,000 advance on a new book and a second Guggenheim, she made her first trip to Europe and fell in love with Ireland, as southerners often do. She walked alone on its country roads and hid under hedges when it rained. One of her writing idols was Elizabeth Bowen, whom she visited in County Cork. Later, at Cambridge, she lunched with one of her own admirers, E. M. Forster, and became one of the few women to enter the hall of Peterhouse College. Eudora recalls, "They were so dear the way they told me: they said, 'Miss Welty, you are invited to come to this, but we must tell you that we debated for a long time about whether or not we should ask you.'"

Years later Eudora—with 29 other women, including Helen Hayes, Lauren Bacall, and Toni Morrison—was invited to become a member of the Players Club on Gramercy Park, the prestigious establishment for theater people. They were the first female members. "Let's invade them, girls," Eudora announced to the assembled companions at cocktail hour.

By 1955 she had published four short-story collections, a novel, and two novellas. For the next 15 years, with the exception of three short stories in 1963, 1966, and 1969, until the novel *Losing Battles,* there was silence. She was virtually unpublished. These were difficult years personally. Her mother had serious eye surgery, and as her complaints multiplied, her condition gradually deteriorated. Eudora had to take care of her; there were no others to do this except salaried outsiders. Eudora's brother Walter, six years younger than she, also became very ill at the age of 40 with heart problems compounded by arthritis. "I'm so ashamed of not producing anything," Eudora wrote Diarmuid Russell. "I should think all of my friends would have given me up."

Walter died in 1959. Eventually, Eudora was forced to put her mother in a nursing home in Yazoo City, nearly 50 miles away. Eudora drove there and back every day of the week for more than a year to read to her and help look after her. On the long drives she sometimes made notes for *Losing Battles* in a notebook propped on the steering wheel. Her mother and her other brother, Edward, died four days apart in 1966.

To help pay for the nursing home, Eudora had to take a job teaching a writing workshop at Millsaps College in Jackson. She had 16 talented students screened by the English Department. When the notfamous writer called the roll for the first time, the students realized she was more nervous than they were. "We hadn't expected that," says John Little, who was one of the students and later became director of the writing program at the University of North Dakota. "We didn't know this was the first college class she ever taught. We didn't know she was intensely shy." After the roll call, she read Dylan Thomas's "A Child's Christmas in Wales." After the story the students sat in stone silence. Eudora looked at her watch; they looked at theirs. Finally, Tom Royals—now a lawyer in Jackson—rescued the day. "Miss Welty," he said, "since this is the first class, we don't have to stay the whole two hours." Her sigh of relief was audible.

After a few classes they tried a more casual setting—a Sunday-night social at someone's house. John Little got there late; he was carrying a case of cold Budweiser on his shoulder. The hostess frowned at the beer and sent the young man to the kitchen with it. The stifling silence from the living room matched that of the classroom. "Anybody want a Bud?," Little shouted. "Please," came one small voice from the silence. It was Eudora's. "The sight of Miss Welty drinking that beer had the sound of ice breaking," Little says.

Eudora's closest friend, in almost every way a sister, was Charlotte Capers, who died two years ago at age 83. Charlotte, author of an essay collection entitled *The Capers Papers,* and a friend of my own family's, was a descendant of Episcopal bishops and Sewanee College presidents, and one of the brightest, wackiest women on earth. To each other they were "Cha-Cha," pronounced with a soft *ch,* and "Dodo," like the note. Once not long before her death when she and another companion were helping Eudora into a four-door sedan, Capers said, "Let's get Dodo . . . into the fo'do'."

Up until fairly recently, Eudora drove an ancient Oldsmobile Cutlass, and the sight of her, barely able to see over the steering

Welty

heel, making her way to Parkin's Pharacy to buy *The New York Times,* was as miliar as another picture we all have in ır memories, Eudora's profile through e open windows of her second floor, as ıe sat at her writing desk. She always eclared that her work made her happy ıd fulfilled. With short stories she always ied to get down a first draft spontaously, often in a single day's work. "Afr that," she says, "I revised with scissors ıd pins. Pasting is too slow and you can't ıdo it, but with pins you can move ings from anywhere to anywhere, and at's what I really love doing—putting ings in their best and proper place, realing things at the time when they matr most. Often I shift things from the very ginning to the very end. Small things—ıe fact, one word—but things important to me. It's possible I have a reverse mind, and do things backwards, being a broken left-hander."

Because of her health, Eudora has a hard time writing now. "My body doesn't help me anymore," she tells me, quoting a friend.

Eudora was a tall woman in her prime, but osteoporosis and a compression fracture in her back eight years ago have left their mark. She has arthritis in her hands and can no longer use a typewriter. Some years ago, the New Stage, a community theater group in Jackson, had a rummage sale. Eudora drove over in her old car and took a half-dozen handblown Czechoslovak Easter eggs and an old Royal typewriter in its original travel case. It was the typewriter her father had given her years before, the typewriter on which she had written her novels and stories since the 1930s. Jack Stevens, an actor, bought it for $10. Later he donated it to the State Archives.

She laments not having direct access to the written page as she once did, in the days when we all watched her working as we walked or drove past the house. Directly across the street from the Welty home was the music building of Belhaven College, and from the practice rooms the sounds of piano music would drift across Pinehurst Street, keeping her company through the long and solitary hours at the old Royal. "Though I was as constant in my work as the students were," she has written, "subconsciously I must have been listening to them, following them.... I realized that each practice session reached me as an outpouring. And those longings, so expressed, so insistent, called up my longings unexpressed. I began to hear, in what kept coming across the street into the room where I typed, the recurring dreams of youth, inescapable, never to be renounced, naming themselves over and over again." □

Marden

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 177 superstars—ltra Violet, Sylvia Miles, and drag queens ch as Holly Woodlawn—hung out in the ck. The heavy hitters were apt to refer to arhol as "Wendy Airhole," and to his asciate, Bob Colacello, then editor of *Interw,* as "Kooky Jello."

The heady 60s combination of sex, ugs, and rock 'n' roll is what fueled the eativity at Max's. At first it was primarily artists' hangout. Later, musicians perrmed in the upstairs room. Bruce ringsteen, Iggy Pop, Billy Joel, Alice ooper, the Velvet Underground, and nky Friedman and his Texas Jewboys ere just a few of those who appeared ere. The rock 'n' rollers and the artists t along marvelously together. Max's was e only place in New York where it was ssible to hear great music, get infinite edit, score drugs, and make out there d then with the gorgeous groupies who ronged the place. The waitresses in their le black miniskirts and black tops were major part of the attraction—"more aptizing than the food," Dennis Hopper d. According to Yvonne Sewall-Ruskin, ıo lived with the proprietor, Mickey ıskin, the waitresses "were treated like lebrities instead of indentured sernts." They made so much money that me of them went to Europe when they d a few days off. The life and soul of ese beauties was an adventurous girl med Helen Harrington, an aspiring inter who had swept in from Morocco. arden was very taken with her. They were married in 1967. Despite sporadic separations (then as now Helen was also a character to be reckoned with), they are still very much together. Now that their two daughters are away at college, Helen has more time to devote to her own work and to travel.

Helen figures repeatedly in Marden's imagery. The year of their marriage, he paid tribute to her in a work entitled *For Helen,* which consists of two panels that are both five feet nine inches in height, as is Helen (Marden is five feet eight and a half), and painted a wonderful orificial pink. (Helen claims that the pink was inspired by a color Marden had never seen—the color of the wet sand at low tide in Cornwall—which she had described to him.) Less than a year later, after Helen temporarily deserted him, Marden dedicated seven more of these five-foot-nine paintings to her, this time single-panel ones, which are as obdurate as a slammed door. These are known as the *Back Series,* to signify that she had turned her back on him. (A photograph of Helen's naked back figured on the poster for the exhibition of this series.)

Before Marden married Helen, he had found inspiration in another of Max's girls: Nico, Andy Warhol's superstar (*Chelsea Girls*), who also sang with the Velvet Underground. Amazingly, this big blonde German sexpot, who had spent most of her life on heroin, died falling off a bicycle on Ibiza. *Nico Painting* is done in the pale corn color of Germanic hair; it is so physical that you want to touch it—kiss it. During one of his separations from Helen, Marden commemorated his love for two other fascinating singers, the raw-voiced superstar Janis Joplin and the poet and songwriter Patti Smith. Both of these "portraits"—titled, respectively, *For Pearl* and *Star*—consist of three monochrome panels that are tightly jammed together, without the vertical gap that endows *For Helen* with a more overtly human presence.

Among the other works in which Marden memorialized heroes and kindred spirits around this time, pride of place must go to the great horizontal painting—a darkish, purplish gray the French would call *taupe*—in which Marden adulates Bob Dylan. (This was recently acquired by San Francisco's Museum of Modern Art for about $2 million.) No less powerful is a pair of dark-gray vertical "portraits": the self-referential *For Me,* which belongs to Rauschenberg, and *For Otis,* a painting Marden was working on when he heard that Otis Redding had died. Another memento mori done about the same time, entitled *T.K.B.,* after one of Marden's closest friends, who had OD'd, is terrifying in its intensity: darkness, maybe death made tangible. Like several of Marden's major works of the period, *T.K.B.* has a strip along the bottom which is free of the impasto covering the rest of the canvas. This device (borrowed from Jasper Johns) permits the artist, as it were, to take up one edge of the skin of paint and show us the Jackson Pollock-y splotches and dribbles underneath. These aleatory marks hint at the secrets—memories, false starts, aspirations, loves, and griefs—that are buried, like so many bees in amber, under the lay-

Marden

ers of oil paint and heated beeswax (hence the beautiful matte sheen) and months and months of obsessive work.

During the summer of 1971, Helen steered Marden to the Aegean island of Hydra—a much wilder, more hippieish place then than it is today—and they have spent most summers there ever since. Their first house was so tiny Marden had to work outdoors at a rickety table under a grape arbor. Over the years, they have increased their Hydriot holdings: a clump of whitewashed cottages on the hill above the town, known as the Up House, and, more recently, an imposing 18th-century sea captain's residence just above the port, known as the Down House. Helen has her studio above; Marden his spectacular studio below. For the first 20 summers on Hydra, Marden did no paintings, only drawings, but the light and color, the sea and sky, and the halcyon aura of the Aegean inspired a number of works, which he produced back in his New York studio—notably his celebrated *Grove Group* series, in which he dissolves Hydra's *genius loci* in layer after mysterious layer of pigment.

These five *Grove Group* paintings (1973–80) are executed in a name-defying color, a kind of celadon, which varies from silver to pewter to lead and evokes the recto and verso of the olive leaf. Sea and sky contribute to this color; so possibly do the prevailing wind (the *meltemi*) and the prevailing thistles. These seemingly blank, monochromatic paintings can be seen as a kind of distillation. They put me in mind of a ritual which took place every autumn in the vineyards of Provence where I used to live. After the grapes had been pressed, the residue—grape skins, pips, leaves, twigs—would be fed into a steam engine. Out would come marc or some other spirit, which I liked to think of as a distillation not just of the grapes but also of all the other elements—sun, soil, rain—that go into the making of it.

Hydra, or rather the boat trip to and from the island, inspired several of the works in the *Sea Painting* series, which play the blues on the port side off the ever so slightly different blues to starboard. While exploring the mainland, Marden had become engrossed in the study of ancient Greek architecture. Little by little he saw how its simple, sacrosanct proportions could give his seemingly blank surfaces a semblance of structure. By adding a horizontal panel to the top of a two-panel composition, he could evoke the post-and-lintel portal of a temple and confer an air of monumentality and mythic antiquity on his basic rectangles.

In 1975 the Guggenheim gave the 36-year-old Marden a retrospective, which established him as a romantic visionary in the American tradition of the sublime. His stock rose even higher when the Pace Gallery showed his *Annunciation* series (1978–80) five large compositions, each consisting of four vertical panels of varying width and color which celebrates the conception of his elder daughter, Mirabelle. These panels, in which the sacred joins forces with the profane, were inspired by a 15th-century sermon describing the five successive stages of the Virgin Mary's reaction to the Annunciation: *Conturbatio* (disquiet), *Cogitatio* (reflection), *Interrogatio* (inquiry), *Humilitatio* (submission), and *Meritatio* (merit). Marden has no specific religious beliefs; however, as a child he was an altar boy and was "very much involved in the ceremonial aspect of the [Episcopal] church." Later, at college, he discovered that "so much of Western architecture and art is based on [Catholicism]. It's all about what's supposed to happen mystically. I've always been very intrigued by that." John Russell, the *New York Times* critic, claimed that the *Annunciation* series is "one of the richest, clearest, and most fulfilled of our century's grand designs. It is a misfortune for us all that it was not bought for an American museum and is now widely dispersed."

While working on the *Annunciation* series, Marden accepted a commission to design 15 stained-glass windows for the cathedral in Basel. After slaving away for seven years (1978–85), he shelved the project in the face of Swiss stinginess and opposition from reactionary city fathers. However, the experience was valuable in that it obliged Marden to move on from his opaque monochrome rectangles and experiment for a change with planar transparency and the juxtaposition of symbolic colors (reds, yellows, blues, greens, which stand for fire, air, water, earth). Hence the series of incandescent *Window* studies, which allow for a play of light and a breath of air and—a new departure—a variety of shorthand symbolic signs. Nonfigurative purists denounced this foray into figuration as counterrevolutionary, but Marden forged on. "I wanted to find something . . . melodious," he said.

Marden's preoccupation with paint does not rule out a preoccupation with drawing. "They are not very far apart, but they *are* very far apart," he says. Now that he had drifted away from austerity, it was above all drawing that enabled him to find fresh solutions to the problems of minimal (as opposed to Minimalist) imagery. He took his lead from Jackson Pollock. Besides a baster, Pollock had used sticks to apply paint in a sensational new way. Marden followed suit, and came up with an even more idiosyncratic technique. Instead of making marks on paper with a conventional pen or penc he uses sticks he has picked up on th street—sticks up to three feet long from th weedlike ailanthus trees, which have inva ed New York's vacant lots—and dips the in ink or paint. These sticks allow Marde to work at the same sort of distance fro his sheet of paper that an observer woul adopt. He says that they oblige him to lea to draw all over again. It has been w worth it. Marden has been able to ada drawing to his own special needs and intr duce a romantic hint of ghostly figuratic into his hitherto totally abstract work. F all their seeming spontaneity, these drawin have often been worked on for two or thr years—like the paintings—which explains th smallness of Marden's output. Even after h has handed over a painting to his dealer, h has been known to insist on its return an spend months reworking it.

In the early 1980s, Marden suffered wha he called a midlife crisis. It was as if h had turned the clock back to the wild da of Max's Kansas City. He took a lot c drugs. He broke up with Helen, who ha recently given birth to a second daughte and embarked on an affair with Heath Watts, the vivid star of George Balanchine New York City Ballet. And although h work was attracting enormous attentio and enormous prices, he took a dislike t his gallery: "I would work on a sing painting for a year [his 18-panel *Thira*], jus as a fuck-you to my gallery. . . . It got bo ing." And then he lost his appetite fc Sturm und Drang and went back to Hele and the kids and the house in Greenwic Village and the summers on Hydra. H also switched dealers, ultimately joinin the more sympathetic and understandin Matthew Marks in New York and Thoma Ammann in Zurich. Marks asks anythin from $500,000 to $1 million for one c Marden's current paintings. The recor price for an earlier work is $2.7 million.

To put their lives back together again the Mardens took their children on a yea long trip around the world. This coincide with Marden's newfound passion for Ch nese calligraphy, an abstract blend of im agery and script that has had a decisiv influence on the figuration in his recen work. The trip reinforced Marden's taste fo Asian art; it also had a very therapeuti effect on his and Helen's spirits. Marde was particularly excited by a visit to a "shel museum"—more of a shell bazaar—in Kra bi, on the southwestern coast of Thailand where he was able to study the speckle surfaces and structures of the shells. Th markings have engendered some of hi finest drawings. So that he can continu working on these drawings, Marden take them with him from New York to Greece

d also to Pennsylvania, where he has a 0-acre estate, Rainbow Farms, near a ice called Eagles Mere.

Marden's preoccupation with Chinese ligraphy inspired what are arguably his eatest, certainly his most ecstatic paint-gs: the *Cold Mountain* series (1988–91). ese commemorate the so-called Cold ountain poet, a seventh-century Chinese rmit named after the holy mountain ere he had his hermitage. In these six ge paintings (not to speak of numerous ated drawings and a suite of etchings), arden animates the calligraphic charac-s in the poet's formulaic couplets and nsforms them into a layered tangle of ncing, proliferating strands. In their intri-cy and density, the *Cold Mountain* paint-gs recall Jackson Pollock, one of whose ied-up pots of silver paint Marden keeps as a sacred relic in his New York studio; for better or worse, however, Marden's work is less tortured, more lyrical than Pollock's.

In 1995, Marden harnessed his work to yet another Asian art form. On a trip to China he visited the Garden for Lingering in Suzhou, with its celebrated centerpiece, the Cloud-Capped Peak, a natural rock formation like a column of petrified smoke. The "flow of energy" from the Cloud-Capped Peak has fueled much of Marden's recent work. He was also very taken with the cave paintings at Dunhuang—especially those depicting the "Ribbon Dance," which inspired the joyous *Chinese Dancing* in the Dallas show. That kind of movement, Marden says, is figural. "You're painting it with a long brush, so you're moving. In a sense it becomes a transference of your own dance to the canvas." Marden's concept of dance was reinforced by reading Robert Graves's *Greek Myths:* "I like it when [Graves] talks about the Muses as maenads, these Bacchanalian women wildly dancing in the mountains. That's what I was working with in *The Muses.* Just a group of figures dancing, the Peloponnesian landscape, Dionysian madness." Look hard into this painting and you will be able to distinguish in the tangle of lines the nine Muses, who stand for music, poetry, history, science, and the arts. (Too bad there are no Muses of painting or sculpture.) This work also envisions something more personal: the artist's beautiful, maenadic daughters cavorting on the slopes of Hydra much as the Muses supposedly did on Mount Olympus. As for the "Dionysian madness," I suspect this is what Marden kept hidden away underneath all those volcanic deposits of paint. □

ıussie Race

NTINUED FROM PAGE 165 say anything ore than what you could expect in any obart," recalls Rod Hunter, navigator on e Adelaide yacht *VC Offshore Stand Aside.* t was for the 40s and 50s, a southerly ister. We sail in 40s and 50s all the time. s normal. It's just a fact of life." Recalls lison, "There was a sense of 'Storm? ece of cake!' Of course, no one said any-ing about a hurricane."

Back in the pack, the nine veteran Tas-anian sailors aboard *Business Post Naiad* eeted news of the storm warning with arty laughter. Almost all had been sailing ass Strait since they were boys, and they ere accustomed to fighting the strait's eep, choppy waves and 50- and 60-knot nds. The skipper, Bruce Guy, speculated at the coming blow might actually give em an advantage the next day. "The guys om behind, who haven't been in Bass rait before, they're going to get a bit of a stup," observed Rob Matthews, the hous-g inspector.

The powerful wind at their backs, Ellison would later say, should have been a rning. It was "explosive, gusty," he notes, d it quickly began to take a toll on *Sayo-ra.* By late afternoon, as *Sayonara* and *indabella* left the rest of the fleet miles be-nd, the gusts had blown out three differ-t spinnaker sails aboard Ellison's boat d had snapped the brass fitting of one of e spinnaker poles, damage Ellison had ver seen before. But the boat was simply ing too fast for this to worry anyone. That ternoon *Sayonara* hit a boat record, 26.1 ots, and was already on pace to break *orning Glory*'s 1996 record time.

As darkness fell around nine, the wind swung around, as predicted, and began blowing hard out of the south. Raindrops pelted *Sayonara* as the boat crossed the incoming front, and the crew of 23 slipped into their bright-red heavy-weather gear. By 11, *Sayonara* was plowing into a 40-knot head wind. Waves grew to 15, then 20 feet, and almost everyone on board began to experience seasickness. "Anyone that said he didn't get sick out there is lying," recalls Ellison. "We had guys who've sailed the Whitbread [round-the-world race] puking their guts out, like five times in the first 12 hours. We were on the Jenny Craig plan—a great weight-loss experience."

By the time *Sayonara* entered Bass Strait after midnight, Ellison was having difficulty driving the boat. Heavy, dark clouds hung down, obscuring the horizon, and the flying spume and rain stung his face. A small rip developed in the mainsail, and when crewmen went to fix it they found the giant sail was tearing out the metal track that fastened it to the mast. Around three Ellison realized he couldn't take it anymore.

"You take over," he yelled to Brad Butterworth, a veteran New Zealand sailor standing to his side in the cockpit. "Get me outta here!"

Ellison went belowdecks to check the weather forecasts with his navigator, Mark Rudiger. Just as he walked up to the nav station, Ellison saw a new satellite photo downloading onto one of Rudiger's laptops. Stunned, both men looked for several seconds at the ominous doughnut of white clouds forming above Bass Strait.

"Mark," Ellison finally said, "have you ever seen anything like that before?"

Rudiger slowly shook his head. "Well, I have," Ellison said. "It was on the Weather Channel. And it was called a hurricane. What the fuck is that thing doing out here?"

Will Oxley, a strapping 33-year-old marine biologist, crouched on the deck of *B-52* and watched the front move in. Lightning zigzagged across the horizon to the south, and as the first raindrops wet his face, Oxley felt satisfied. He glanced at his watch. It was 12:15. As the boat's navigator, Oxley had worked with "Clouds" Badham to predict that the front would hit them at midnight.

For *B-52,* like many of the 114 boats trailing *Sayonara,* the night passed uneventfully. At 8:30 the next morning, as winds continued gusting up toward 50 miles an hour, Oxley stepped down the companionway to check the latest weather reports. He faxed the weather bureau in Melbourne for a coastal update and was surprised to see that winds off Wilson's Promontory, the southernmost point in Australia, had registered 71 knots—over 80 m.p.h.—two hours earlier. While the peninsula was well west of the racecourse, it served as an early indicator of the winds Oxley expected to blow through the strait. He guessed they might hit a 60-knot blow, which worried him. He listened to an oil-rig weather forecast and heard the same. Oxley caucused with skipper Wayne Millar, and the two men agreed that by later that day they would be in "survival mode" for several hours but should be able to begin racing again by the evening. "Looks like it's going to be a bit bouncy, mates," Oxley told the crew.

All that morning as the fleet moved briskly south, the winds picked up to 30, 40, then 50 knots. By noon some boats were already retiring from the race. At 10:30 the race's first major casualty oc-

curred when the mast broke aboard *Team Jaguar,* a sleek 65-footer owned by the prominent Sydney attorney Martin James, forcing the boat to wait nearly 18 hours for rescue by a fishing trawler.

2:30 P.M.

Simon Clark sat on the starboard bow of *Stand Aside* and dangled his legs into the booming waves. Clark, a 28-year-old who had sailed since he was a boy, and three friends had joined up with Adelaide businessman James Hallion's eight-man crew, and Clark thought Hallion had driven a bit conservatively early in the race. Nevertheless, they had busted down the coast at an average speed of 15 knots, even hitting 18 and 19 at times.

Around noon, as winds continued to pick up, they had taken down the mainsail and put up a storm jib, expecting heavy weather. Clark wasn't too worried, nor was anyone on board. By two, winds were hitting just 35 or 40 knots, while Clark had seen only one "green wave"—that was what he called it—a rogue wall of water that looked as if it had risen straight from the mossy bottom of Bass Strait.

Suddenly he saw another. As the wave rose up before him, Clark thought it looked like a tennis court standing on end.

"Bear away!" he shouted.

Hallion was unable to steer down the wave. The boat rode high on the wave and slithered to the left. Just then the wave crested and crashed onto the deck, rolling the boat hard to port. As *Stand Aside* fell down the face of the wave, its roll continued. For a fleeting second it felt as if they were airborne. Then they landed, upside down.

Slammed facedown into the roiling ocean, Clark felt a terrific pain in his left knee; his anterior cruciate ligament had snapped like a rubber band. Underwater, he unhooked his safety harness and floated to the surface just as the boat righted itself. Pulling himself back on board, Clark was stunned to see a seven-foot gash in the cabin; the mast lay draped over the side, broken. His crewmates were no better off. His friend Mike Marshman had somehow lost a chunk of his finger. Another man had broken ribs, still another a nasty cut across his forehead. Within minutes *Stand Aside* began sending out the first of what would be many Maydays that afternoon.

3:00 P.M.

As the storm system intensified, the first to encounter the full force of its lashing winds was a group of a half-dozen yachts led by *Sword of Orion,* which was running seventh overall as the afternoon began. Like so many others, Rob Kothe, the boat's 52-year-old skipper, had shrugged off the storm warnings, but as he staggered down the companionway to call in *Sword's* position at the 2:05 radio check, he realized conditions were growing far worse than anything they had been warned of. Now about 100 miles south of the sleepy port of Eden, Kothe's boat began to experience winds above 90 miles an hour. The sharp, spiking green waves towered 40 and 50 feet over the boat, crashing into the cockpit, churning his crew's bodies like laundry and stretching their safety lines to the breaking point.

In a race, weather data is a jealously guarded secret, something boats rarely share. As Kothe sat at his radio console belowdecks wiping seawater from his face, he tuned his HF dial to the race frequency and listened as boat after boat, going in alphabetical order, radioed in its position and nothing more. When it came to the *S*'s, Kothe listened to *Sayonara*'s position report, then made a decision that probably saved many lives: he gave a weather report. "The forecast is for 40 to 55 knots [of wind]," Kothe announced to the fleet. "We are experiencing between 65 and 82. The weather is much stronger than forecast."

Kothe listened as the radio operator aboard *Young Endeavour,* obviously struck by news of winds approaching 100 miles an hour, repeated the warning to the fleet. Back in the pack, about two dozen boats, including the Queensland yacht *Midnight Special,* decided to quit the race and head for the port of Eden.

3:15 P.M.

Tucked away on an inland plateau two hours from the sea, the drowsy Australian city of Canberra is one of those kit-designed capitals where office workers and diplomats brown-bag their lunches around concrete fountains and sterile, man-made lakes. Downtown, the airy, third-floor war room of the Australian Maritime Safety Authority, lined with purring Compaq desktops and sprawling maps of the continent, could pass for the office of almost any government bureaucracy, a geological survey maybe, or a census bureau. But the tiny red target symbols that began popping up on Rupert Lamming's screen that afternoon weren't minerals or voters. They were distress calls.

When Lamming, a sober 41-year-old with 15 years in the merchant marine behind him, arrived for his shift at three, there was just a single target in Bass Strait, and it appeared to be a false alarm. A Thai-registered freighter, *Thor Sky,* had radioed in that it had accidentally activated its forearm-size emergency beacon, known as an Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB). Every hour, one of seven satellites in polar orbit—three Russian, four American—tracks across Bass Strait; the EPIRB's signal bounces off these satellites, then ricochets down through ground stations in Queensland, Western Australia, and New Zealand to the computers on Lamming's pristine white countertop.

Trouble was, *Thor Sky*'s beacon broadcast at 406 megahertz; clicking his mouse on the red target on his computer screen, Lamming saw that the beacon emanated from an older, smaller model, broadcasting at 121.5 megahertz. Aware that the Hobart fleet was sailing into treacherous weather, Lamming decided to take no chances. He had a colleague dial a charter air service in Mallacoota, a tiny beach town near the continent's southeastern tip. A half-hour later the plane radioed back: it had a Mayday from a yacht named *Stand Aside.*

3:35 P.M.

After finishing his impromptu weather report, Rob Kothe emerged onto the deck of *Sword of Orion* to find that the winds had suddenly fallen to 50 knots—"a walk in the park," as he later put it. Had the storm passed? Or were they merely in its eye? At 3:35—he looked at his watch—Kothe got his answer. As if a door had swung open, the winds slammed back hard, spiking up above 80 miles an hour. Kothe gave orders for everyone but two crewmen, a young bowman named Darren Senogles and the 33-year-old Olympic yacht racer Glyn Charles, to remain below. Kothe ran down the companionway, then radioed the *Young Endeavour* that *Sword of Orion* was quitting the race and heading back north, toward Eden.

Sword's decision to turn north, however, sent it back into the strongest winds wrapped around the eye of the storm. "The storm," Kothe later observed, "didn't give a rat's ass whether we were still racing or heading to port." After 15 minutes, as Kothe hunched over the radio, he felt the boat rising up an especially steep wave. Suddenly *Sword* rolled upside down and they were airborne, falling down the face of the wave for a full two seconds, until Kothe felt his boat hit the ocean with a sickening crack. Seconds later the boat rolled back over, righting itself, and he found himself facedown on the floor of the cabin, bound up with ropes and shattered equipment as if he were a broken marionette. As Kothe struggled to regain his footing, he heard Darren Senogles' waterlogged screams from above deck: "Man overboard! Man overboard! Man overboard!"

It was Glyn Charles. When the wave hit, Charles had been at the helm, attempting to muscle the seven-foot-wide wheel through oncoming waves. The force of the wave apparently swung the boom around

e a baseball bat into a fastball; it struck
harles in the midsection, driving him
ainst the spokes of the wheel and snap-
ng his safety harness. As everyone else
rambled up onto the broken deck,
harles could be seen in the water, about
) yards away.

"Swim! Swim!" people began shouting
Senogles frantically wrapped himself in
long rope and prepared to dive in after
s friend. Charles, obviously stunned, raised
single arm, as if the other was injured.
meone threw a life ring toward him, but
harles was upwind, and the ring sailed
plessly back onto the deck.

Just then another huge wave broke and
iled onto the deck, knocking people and
uipment about. By the time Kothe re-
ined his feet, Charles was 150 yards off.
e roll had actually torn the deck loose
m the cabin below, and the men on
ck, crouching unsteadily, were powerless
retrieve the struggling Brit. In the roiling
as Charles could be seen only when he
ested a wave. Everyone watched in agony
r a seemingly endless five minutes as he
ated farther and farther from the boat.
nd then he was gone.

Kothe had already raced to the radio
id began sending out an urgent Mayday.
ut the boat's mainmast lay broken in five
aces and had lost its aerial. Kothe broad-
st Maydays for a solid two hours, but no
e in a position to help Glyn Charles
ard a word Kothe said.

4:00 P.M.

The storm system's hurricane-force winds and steep black waves had begun to engulf the rest of the fleet. Aboard *Solo Globe Challenger,* Tony Mowbray thought he was handling the mountainous seas well. In 32 years of sailing, he had never seen such conditions. The waves weren't normal waves. He thought of them as cliffs—cliffs of water—that rose to impossible heights and suddenly fell onto his boat, one after another, with a stultifyingly rhythmic Bang! ... BANG! ... Bang! When a large wave ended atop you, all you could do was hold on to something and twist your body away as the boat shuddered with the impact; if it struck you square in the ribs, it felt like a Mike Tyson body shot. Mowbray had pulled down all his sails a bit early, at noon, just to be safe. He had heard *Sword of Orion*'s weather warning, but thought he could still make it across the strait.

But *Solo* couldn't survive the marine equivalent of a one-two punch. Mowbray was below when the first wave socked it in the bow, swinging it around for the enormous 65-foot wave that suddenly reared up behind the boat and fell on top of it. The foaming white yacht lurched to port and fell sideways. Then it rolled to 145 degrees and seemed to dig in as the mighty wave shoved it through the ocean, not quite facedown in the water, for what Mowbray later estimated was a full 20 seconds. The force of the "shove" shattered the interior cabin's seven-foot skylight. Seawater poured in.

When the boat finally righted itself, Mowbray charged up on deck to see what fate had befallen the four crewmen there. Glen Picasso, a 40-year-old coal miner, was in the water clinging to the stern; he had been pulled behind the boat by his safety line and had sustained broken ribs. Tony Purkiss lay on the floor of the cockpit, his head drenched in blood from a deep cut. But it was 45-year-old Keir Enderby who was in the worst shape. The mast and rigging, broken into pieces by the force of the wave, had fallen across his legs. He was screaming, "Get it off me!" Hurriedly Mowbray and others shoved the mast into the sea, then took Enderby below and tucked him into a bunk. Picasso soon followed, overcome by shock. The emergency beacon was activated.

Those uninjured bailed out the cabin, stuffed sleeping bags into the gaping hole where the skylight had been, and prayed. Mowbray spent the next few hours staring at the waves and hoping his crippled boat wouldn't founder. "I'll never look at waves the same again," he says. "Those waves were out to kill you. That was our attitude. You could see death working in that water."

5:00 P.M.

As her medevac helicopter struggled to maintain its position in the shrieking winds 50 feet above *Stand Aside,* Kristy McAlister leaned far out its right-hand door and gulped. McAlister, a trim, girlish 30-year-old paramedic with Canberra's SouthCare helicopter-ambulance service, had been working on choppers for only two months, and this was her first ocean rescue. Below was a scene unlike any she had dreamed of: evil black waves, as blocky and stout as apartment buildings, crashing this way and that. The helicopter's altimeter swung wildly, registering 60 feet one moment, 10 feet the next, as a dark wave swept up beneath its underbelly. The winds hit McAlister's face with a force she knew only from sticking her head out the window of a car speeding down the highway at 80 miles an hour. One thought crossed her mind: Oh, God ...

Another helicopter had already winched eight sailors out of a life raft beside the boat and then, running low on fuel, had wheeled about and headed back toward land. Below, a man was in the water, floating briskly away from the raft. McAlister, wearing a black wet suit, a navy-blue life vest, and a lightweight helmet, had no time to waste. Grabbing an oval rescue strop, she held her breath—and jumped.

The water felt like concrete as she hit it, and a wave immediately drove her under, down, down, forcing seawater into her mouth and down her throat. She fought her way to the surface, coughing and hacking, and found herself barely 10 feet from the man loose in the ocean.

"I'm going to put this over your head and under your armpits!" she shouted, indicating the strop. "You must keep your arms down or you will fall out!"

The man nodded just as a wave drove both of them underwater for several seconds. When they returned to the surface, the helicopter winched them both skyward.

Within minutes McAlister had returned to the roiling ocean, this time landing beside the life raft, where two shivering sailors awaited rescue. When the last man was safely aboard, McAlister rolled to one side and began vomiting seawater. Ten minutes later she was still retching.

5:15 P.M.

As the winds swirled and howled around them, the nine Tasmanian sailors aboard *Business Post Naiad* remained in high spirits. Roughly 10 miles east of *Sword of Orion,* they had listened to Rob Kothe's weather report, but had decided to press on. Rob Matthews, like almost everyone else on board, had survived winds of more than 70 knots in Bass Strait, and had been forced down to "bare poles," with all sails lowered. A few minutes past five, Matthews was behind the wheel, attempting to drive the boat's bow through the incoming waves, when he heard Tony Guy, Bruce's nephew, pipe up behind him. "I've lit a fag, Robbie," said Guy, proudly displaying a cigarette.

"Tony reckons he's going to have a smoke in 70-knot winds," Matthews yelled to Steve Walker, the boat's helmsman. Walker grinned.

Moments later, as Matthews attempted to maneuver the boat up the face of a 50-foot wave, the boat slid sideways just as the wave crested. To the dismay of Matthews and the four other sailors on deck, *Business Post Naiad* rolled to its left and plummeted down the wave's face, then rolled still further as it fell. It landed upside down in the trough of the wave with a thunderous crack. All five men were plunged facedown into the raging sea. Then, almost before anyone had a chance to realize what had happened, the boat righted itself. The five men, thrown over the starboard side to the end of their safety lines, popped to the surface to find the deck suddenly awash.

"Fuck, the mast is over the side!" someone yelled.

It was true. The mast had broken in half and was lying across the starboard side, its top buried in the waves. "That wasn't in the bloody brochure," Phil Skeggs said, try-

ing to make a joke. But as the full crew of nine men struggled to pull the broken mast back on deck, their mood turned somber. For *Business Post Naiad,* the race was over. Grudgingly the crew agreed to rev up the motor and set a course toward Eden.

5:30 P.M.

"Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Here is *Winston Churchill, Winston Churchill.* We are taking water rapidly! We can't get the motor started to start the pumps! We are getting the life rafts on deck!"

His mast and long-range aerials still intact, Richard Winning broadcast a furious Mayday even as seawater lapped onto the deck and the rest of the crew dropped the boat's life rafts over the side. Winning had been at the helm a half-hour before when a sneering green wave had slapped the old wooden yacht, knocking it flat on its side. Below, John Stanley, a taciturn 51-year-old Sydney marina manager, had been thrown into a wall as the three starboard windows imploded and foamy saltwater sprayed across the cabin. When the boat righted itself, Stanley noted with horror that a full six feet of *Churchill's* inner bulwarks was gone. "Must've sprung a plank!," Stanley yelled to Winning.

They were going down fast. As seawater began sloshing across the deck, Winning and his eight crewmates, ranging from a Sydney merchant banker to a friend's 19-year-old son, scrambled into the life rafts—Winning, the boy, and two others in one, Stanley and four friends in the other. The inflatable black rubber rafts were both topped with bright-orange canopies, which could be tied shut, though seawater still poured in, forcing the men to bail constantly. As *Churchill* sank, Winning managed to tie the two life rafts together, but the waves tore them apart barely 10 minutes later. The two boats, climbing, then falling down the faces of 50-foot waves, lost sight of each other soon after. Winning could only hope his Mayday would be answered.

6:15 P.M.

On the deck of *B-52,* Mark Vickers, a 32-year-old ceramic-tile layer, was standing at the giant, seven-foot wheel when he caught a glimpse of a mammoth wave rising up behind the boat. A wall of bluish-green water that towered over the boat's mast—Vickers later estimated its height at 60 feet or more—the wave began to crest and fall forward just as he called out to his friend Russell Kingston, who was crouched forward.

"Oh, shit, Russell!," Vickers called out. "This one's gonna hurt!"

With that the massive wave came crashing down directly onto the boat. *B-52* half rolled, half pitchpoled—an end-over-end flip—and landed upside down. The wave had hit with such force that Vickers was driven through the wheel's spokes, breaking them and badly denting the wheel. For several seconds he felt as if he were inside a blender as the sea furiously tossed him about. Coming to his senses, he opened his eyes and at first saw only blackness. Disoriented, he glanced upward and saw light flashing through portals in the ship's hull. Only then did he realize the boat was upside down and he was beneath it.

He couldn't swim free. The rope to his safety harness was wrapped twice around the wheel. He unhooked the harness but still couldn't find a way clear of the lines and equipment swirling around him. Eventually, with his breath running out, he kicked down and swam out, coming to the surface about 10 feet from the boat's stern. He saw Kingston clinging to ropes at the overturned boat's edge.

The boat was drifting away from Vickers, and quickly. Exhausted, he began dog-paddling faster and faster, but the boat seemed only to be pulling away, eventually reaching a distance of about 100 feet. Somehow, with a helpful wave or two and the last of his energy, he reached a rope leading to the boat just as it righted itself.

The rest of the crew scrambled up the companionway to find the mast broken and deep cracks zigzagging through the deck. They activated an emergency beacon, began bailing, and prayed they could make it through what promised to be a long night.

7:00 P.M.

Peter Joubert, a wry 74-year-old engineering professor at the University of Melbourne, had quickly grown tired of fighting the waves in this, his 27th Hobart. The spume blasting his 43-foot *Kingurra* felt like a pitchfork jabbing into his face; the only way he could steer was to wear goggles. Around six he curled up in a bunk and fell into a deep sleep, leaving the driving to the group of younger men who had the energy to fight the waves.

At seven Joubert woke with a start to the sound of a "horrific crash like none I'd ever heard before." The boat pitched hard to port, and he felt a massive pain spread across his chest; a slumbering crewman in another bunk had flown across the cabin, slamming into his ribs, breaking several and rupturing his spleen, Joubert later learned. As seawater gushed into the cabin, he lurched out of the bunk and crawled to the nav station, where his 22-year-old grandson helped him flip on the pumps. Glancing up the companionway, he saw three crewmen, including his friend Peter Meikle, lifting an American named John Campbell, 32, back on deck.

Just then Joubert heard someone cry "Man overboard!" It was Campbell. Half way back onto the boat, he had slipped out of his jacket and safety harness and slid back into the ocean, wearing nothing but long underwear.

Joubert grabbed the radio. "Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! We have a man overboard!" he shouted.

As Joubert began to go into shock, Campbell floated swiftly away from the boat. *Kingurra's* motor wouldn't start; the storm jib was shredded. There was no way to retrieve him.

"Mayday! Mayday!," Joubert repeated. "We need a helicopter!"

About 7:20 P.M.

Barry Barclay, the 37-year-old winch operator on a Dauphin SA 365 helicopter operated by the Victoria Police air wing, had just finished refueling at his base in Melbourne when the call came in that racers were in trouble. Scrambling east over the mountains known as the Great Dividing Range, Barclay and his two crewmates stopped to refuel once again, at the dirt airstrip in Mallacoota, before heading out into the howling winds in Bass Strait. First ordered by the Maritime Safety Authority war room to rescue sailors off *Stand Aside,* Barclay's crew detoured en route when word came of a man overboard off *Kingurra.* Cutting through the swirling clouds at speeds topping 200 miles an hour, the helicopter reached *Kingurra's* last reported position in 10 minutes—only to find nothing there. "I think we've overshot them!" pilot Daryl Jones shouted. "I'm heading back!"

Just then Barclay spotted a red flare arcing into the sky. Jones made for it. It was from *Kingurra.* Barclay hailed the boat on his radio. In a shaky voice Joubert told him Campbell had last been seen about 30 yards off the port bow. Jones wheeled the copter around as Barclay scanned the sea below. It was almost impossible to see. Even at an altitude of 300 feet, the waves seemed to be reaching for them, trying to suck them into the sea.

"Got something!" yelled Dave Key, another crew member. Barclay hung out of the copter's left-hand door and saw a white life ring winking among the waves; he thought he saw someone waving from inside it. But as they neared its position, the ring shot high in the air and flew off, tumbling crazily over the wave tops. There was no one inside.

Just then, out of the corner of his eye, Barclay caught a flash of movement. Peering down through the spume, he could just make out a man in the water, clad in blue long johns, waving. It was Campbell.

"I've got him! I've got him!," Barclay shouted.

Hovering above him, Barclay played out
nundred feet of wire cable and slowly low-
ed Key into the ocean. Three times he
ised and lowered Key, like a tea bag, as
e waves engulfed him and drove him un-
r. When Key finally reached Campbell
was limp, at the edge of consciousness,
d unable to help as the paramedic tried
slip the strop over his head. Eventually
y got him into the strop, and Barclay be-
n winching them toward the helicopter.

Just as the two men were about to reach
e open doorway, the winch froze. Barclay
rriedly cycled through a series of switches,
ving to unlock it. It was no use. Campbell
d Key hung two feet below the doorway,
ampbell too exhausted to pull himself into
e copter. Finally, giving up on the winch,
arclay reached down, grabbed Campbell
his underwear, and yanked him into the
rcraft. Key soon followed. Campbell lay on
s back, saying over and over, "Thank you
ank you thank you thank you."

8:00 P.M.

By late Sunday afternoon *Sayonara* had been pushed well east of the cyclonic inds that were smashing the rest of the eet. Eighty miles northeast of Tasmania, owever, Ellison's boat suddenly began to counter conditions worse than anything it d seen so far. A high-pressure system had eveloped east of Hobart, and where it ushed against the raging low the seas had ken on the character of an industrial clothes asher. *Sayonara* would surge to the top of wave, then free-fall three, four, sometimes ve seconds before landing in the trough be-nd it. On deck, this sent men flying up to-ard the rigging, then slammed them down rd each time the boat landed.

When Phil Kiely, the 44-year-old head Oracle's Australian operation, shattered s ankle and had to be tucked into a bunk rithing in pain, Ellison began to grow orried. It wasn't just bones breaking that oncerned Ellison; it was the boat. At least ne of the titanium rope connectors on ck had exploded. The port-side jib winch, ade of carbon fiber and titanium, had mply levitated from the deck.

Ellison had just gone belowdecks and imbed into a bunk when he noticed lark Turner, whom everyone called Tug-oat, tapping the carbon-fiber hull inside e bow.

"Tuggsy, whaddya doing?," Ellison asked.

"Trying to make sure the boat's O.K."

Ellison pulled himself out of the bunk nd lurched over to where Turner stood. he constant crash of the waves, Turner scovered, had caused a section of the hull begin delaminating, or wearing through; was the worst thing that could happen on carbon-hulled vessel. Turner took out a lagic Marker and drew a circle around the weakened area. There was no telling how long they had before it gave way.

"This is wacko!," Ellison shouted at Mark Rudiger, the serene navigator. "I'm not sure how much more of this the boat can take." Maybe, Ellison suggested, it was time to tack upwind, toward the shelter of the Tasmanian coastline.

"I'm not sure that's the right race decision," Rudiger averred. The move would give *Brindabella* a chance to catch them.

"Well, we can't win the race if the boat sinks," Ellison shot back. The two men talked it over with skipper Chris Dickson, who like Rudiger was reluctant to give *Brindabella* an opening. But in the end it was Ellison's boat—and Ellison's life. "Tack the fucking boat!" he ordered.

11:00 P.M.

By the time Brian Willey began his shift in the Canberra war room at 11, chaos reigned. Fifteen blinking EPIRB beacons pleaded for help on his computer screen, but there was no way to tell who was who, or who needed rescue the most. Almost every yacht in distress had lost its mast, and with it its radio aerials, leaving Willey and his dozen co-workers fumbling in the dark, confused and depressed. At nightfall four Australian Navy Sea King and Seahawk helicopters had flown toward the racecourse, but while the navy helicopters had night-auto-hover capabilities, they had no night-vision equipment. Willey was reduced to gathering scattershot and unreliable reports from the helicopters. The crews were so busy battling hurricane-force winds, normal conversation was all but impossible.

At one point Steve Francis, the 56-year-old former air-traffic controller in overall charge of rescue efforts that Sunday night, was in contact with one of the helicopters when he heard the pilot shout, "Look out for that wave!"

Francis thought the helicopter had gone down. Then the pilot came back on for a moment before shouting again, "Look out for that fucking wave!"

A burst of static came through the phone. Again Francis feared the worst. But the pilot came back on again. "Sorry, mate, had a bit of a problem there," he reported. "Trying to stay between the waves and the clouds, you know."

Precious hours were wasted looking for boats that no longer needed rescue. At one point Francis discovered that several yachts on his search list had been sighted, safely at anchor in the harbor at Eden. "They musta run outta beer," he grimly cracked.

When Rob Matthews emerged from belowdecks to take his turn behind the wheel of *Business Post Naiad,* the Tasmanian boat was a wreck. The splintered mast lay roped to the deck. Below, the contents of the refrigerator had spilled out and were sloshing about in eight inches of water along with shattered plates and cups; the stove had broken free of its mounting and was careening about with every wave. Bruce Guy, the boat's owner, flipped on the pumps, but they jammed with debris within minutes and failed. Reluctantly, the crew had activated an EPIRB and, after rigging a new aerial, had radioed in a request for a helicopter evacuation.

As Matthews took the helm, flying spume sandblasted his face. Phil Skeggs, the easygoing locksmith and the boat's least-experienced sailor, stood beside him in the cockpit, shouting out compass readings, as Matthews attempted to ram the boat through waves he could barely see. At one point the moon broke through the clouds, giving Matthews a view of the enormous waves just as they crashed onto the deck. He decided he liked it better in the dark.

Just past 11, after the moon disappeared, leaving them once more wrapped in darkness, Matthews felt the familiar sensation as they began to creep up the face of what seemed like an especially large wave. Then, suddenly, the boat was on its port side and they were airborne once again, falling down the face of the wave. In midair the boat overturned, landing upside down in the trough. Plunged underwater, tangled in a morass of ropes and broken equipment, Matthews held his breath. He tried to remain calm as he waited for the boat to stabilize, as it had before. When it didn't, he attempted to shed his safety harness so he could swim out from beneath the boat. But he couldn't unfasten the hook. Just as he was running out of breath, a wave tossed the boat to one side, allowing a shaft of air into the cockpit, then slammed the boat down on his head yet again.

Coughing and sputtering, Matthews was driven underwater once more. The cockpit walls jackhammered his head and shoulders. Now convinced that the boat would not right itself, he struggled again to get out of the safety harness. Finally managing to undo it, he kicked free of the boat and surfaced at the stern, where he grabbed a mass of floating ropes, "hanging on like grim death," as he later put it. There was no sign of Skeggs. "Phil! Phil!" he began shouting.

The scene belowdecks was bedlam. Water began gushing into the cabin from the companionway as the six men, trapped upside down, struggled to find their footing on the ceiling. The only light came from headlamps two of the crew had thought to grab, which now, as they lurched about, filled the cabin with a crazy, strobe-like effect. Bruce Guy and Steve Walker, fearful that the boat was sinking, rushed to clear the companionway of debris, then

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Aussie Race

kicked out two boards that blocked their exit to the sea below. In a minute the water level stabilized as the trapped air prevented more seawater from entering, leaving the men up to their waists in water. Guy began trying to muscle one of the black life rafts out the companionway.

"Bruce, wait," Walker said. "We're not taking on any more water. You're going to get another wave shortly. I reckon it'll flip us back over." Just then, the sound of a waterfall, the next giant wave, filled their ears. "We're goin' over!" someone shouted.

The boat flipped once more, sending everyone in the cabin toppling. As the boat righted itself, seawater began cascading over the cockpit into the cabin. Now Walker was certain they were about to sink. As others leapt by him to wade up on deck, Guy suddenly slumped into the water. Walker grabbed him before he went under. He held his friend's head and watched as his eyes rolled back, then shut. Guy, Walker realized, was having a massive heart attack; before he could do anything, Bruce Guy died in his arms. Walker dragged him to a bunk, where he cradled his head and attempted to clear his mouth, but it was too late.

Meanwhile, in the moments before *Business Post Naiad* righted itself, Rob Matthews had clung to the side of the boat, sitting on the broken mast in neck-deep water. As the waves tore at him, he saw he would need to raise himself onto the keel or risk being sucked into the sea. Exhausted, he was just about to set his feet on the submerged mast when the boat began to right itself. To his dismay, the mast beneath him shot upward, flipping him into the air like a flapjack. Matthews landed with a crunch in the cockpit just as the boat finished rolling over. He looked down and saw Phil Skeggs's motionless body, wrapped in a spaghetti of ropes on the floor of the cockpit. As his crewmates hustled up the companionway and administered CPR, Matthews was too exhausted to do anything but watch. Their efforts were in vain. Skeggs, the gentle locksmith, had drowned.

About 4:00 A.M.

The orange-canopied life raft holding John Stanley and his four friends from *Winston Churchill* began to disintegrate sometime after three that morning. By then everyone aboard was fighting hypothermia and injuries. An outgoing Sydney attorney, John Gibson—"Gibbo" to his mates—had cut two of his fingers down to the bone trying to manhandle a rope during their rushed exit from *Churchill* 12 hours before. Stanley had broken his ankle and torn a net of ligaments in his hip when a wave ha tumbled the raft, wildly throwing the fiv men together. There was no first-aid ki nor, aside from the biscuit Stanley ha stashed in his jacket, any food.

The real problems had arisen after mid night. An unusually large wave—Stanle could often identify the big ones becaus they sounded like freight trains—had tosse the raft upside down, leaving all five me up to their necks in the water, their fee resting on the submerged canopy, the bo tom of the raft inches above their heads. It was impossible to right the raft from inside Someone would have to swim out throug the submerged canopy opening, with n lifeline, and try to pull them upright. Jimm Lawler, the Australian representative fo the American Bureau of Shipping, said it wasn't possible. He couldn't get throug the opening wearing a life vest, and wasn willing to shed his vest.

In 20 minutes they began to run out o air. Stanley found himself gasping for breath To get air, they agreed Lawler would us his knife to cut a four-inch hole in the bo tom of the raft. He did so, and for a tim they were actually comfortable. But then happened: another wave flipped the raf upright again. Suddenly the five men foun themselves sitting in a life raft with a con stantly growing tear in its bottom. Th weight of their bodies gradually rippe apart the underpinnings of the raft. In half-hour they were forced back into th water, this time clinging to the insides o their now doughnut-shaped raft. They trie to maintain their spirits, but it was difficult Other than Gibson, who kept up a stead patter of jokes, the men were too tired t talk much.

In the darkness before dawn no on heard the black wave that finally got them One moment they were inside the raft shoulder to shoulder, breathing hard. Th next they were airborne, hurtling down th face of the gigantic unseen wave. Stanle was driven deep beneath the raft, but some how managed to keep his hold on it. Fight ing to the surface, he looked all around an saw nothing but blackness. "Is everyon here?" he shouted.

"Yeah!" he heard a sputtering voice an swer to one side. It was Gibson, the onl one of the five who had worn a safety har ness he had clipped to the raft.

Stanley craned his head, looking for th others. His heart sank: about 300 yard back he could see two of the three men He was never sure whom he missed Lawler, John Dean, a Sydney attorney, o Mike Bannister. All three men were gone.

"We can't do anything for them," Stan ley said. "It's impossible."

"Just hang on," Gibson said. "For our selves."

Dawn, Monday

As the eastern horizon reddened around 4:30, the scene at the small airport in e resort town of Merimbula resembled mething out of China Beach. At first ht 17 aircraft were sent searching for *inston Churchill.* The second priority, cu-usly, was finding Glyn Charles, who, in e unlikely event he was still alive, would ve been in the water more than 12 hours.

Around six, David Dutton, a paramedic oard one of the SouthCare helicopters fly-g out of Canberra, spotted a dismasted cht southeast of Eden. Below him, *Mid-ght Special,* a 40-foot Queensland boat, as rolling violently. The boat had taken on e solemn air of a floating hospital. The ew, nine longtime friends who sailed out of e Mooloolaba Yacht Club, near the resort y of Brisbane, were older men, most in eir 50s, with a variety of occupations and even wider range of injuries. Ian Griffiths, lawyer, had a broken leg and crushed carti-ge in his back. Neil Dickson, a veteran ean sailor who at 49 was the youngest ew member, had hit his head against the bin ceiling during a rollover, which had ocked him momentarily unconscious and ft him with a concussion. Peter Carter had ushed vertebrae in his lower back. The oth-s had collected an assortment of cracked os and gashed foreheads.

On Sunday the crew had surprised them-lves by surfing into Bass Strait in 18th place. ad they not ranked so high, Roger Barnett, e yacht club's commodore, felt, they might ve headed back earlier. As it was, *Midnight ecial* had plunged south through the moun-inous waves until injuries incapacitated uch of the crew. Around three P.M. the five en who jointly owned the boat had gath-ed belowdecks and engaged in a lively de-te about whether to forge on. Dickson re-lls that in the middle of this discussion, a gantic wave struck the boat, flinging Grif-hs across the cabin, breaking his leg and a rge part of the ship's cupboard. That ended e debate. *Sword of Orion*'s three-o'clock re-ort of 75-knot winds ahead of them in Bass rait silenced any doubters.

A little after three the crew started the en-ne and began plowing back the 40 miles orthwest toward Gabo Island. Conditions orsened as the boat fought heavy seas. vice *Midnight Special* was slammed on its de, tossing the crew belowdecks, breaking oses and cracking ribs. Then, later that ght, a giant wave crashed out of the dark-ss directly into the cockpit, rolling the ree-year-old boat through a 360-degree arc. indows smashed everywhere, and as water gan pouring into the crushed cabin below, rge cracks began to appear in the deck. rantically, Neil Dickson began stuffing sleep-g bags into the widening cracks in a vain at-mpt to maintain the integrity of the hull. When waves tore the sleeping bags out, the crew resorted to cramming spinnaker sails into the openings. The sails did the trick, but their trailing ropes fouled the boat's propeller, leaving *Midnight Special* dead in the water. The radios were destroyed, and an EPIRB was activated. As red flares from other boats lit the sky all around them, those who could spent the rest of the night bailing.

At dawn the crew spotted a P3C Orion flying overhead; it wagged its wings, buoying their spirits. Not long after, Dutton's chopper arrived, and he motioned for crew members to jump into the waves and begin swimming toward the dangling rescue strop. It was decided that David Leslie should go first. He was their doctor—well, a dermatologist—and could brief the rescuers on their injuries. Leslie plunged into the sea, swam toward Dutton, and slipped his upper body into the strop. Trevor McDonough, a 60-year-old bricklayer, and Bill Butler, a nursery owner, stood on deck and watched as Leslie was slowly lifted up toward the helicopter. The other six crew members stood safely belowdecks, at the bottom of the companionway, swapping smiles. "We're outta here!" someone said joyfully.

No one saw the wave. It hit without warning and, as Dutton and the helicopter crew looked on helplessly, rolled the boat upside down. The first thing Dickson knew, he was on his hands and knees in the pitch-dark cabin, with water inching up his thighs. This time Dickson wanted no part of any of his partners' debate; he just wanted out. Without a word he plunged head-first into the flooded companionway. The exit was blocked by boards and debris, but he found an opening about two feet in diameter and managed to get his shoulders, then his waist through and into the swirling ocean outside. But then, as he fought to get his thighs through the hole, he became stuck. A rope had looped around his mid-section and was holding him tight against the boat. Dickson frantically kicked his legs, trying to get loose.

Trapped beneath the boat, both McDonough and Butler fought to free themselves from entangling ropes; neither was able to do so. In fact, all three men—Dickson, McDonough, and Butler—were as good as dead. And then, with a vicious jerk, the boat swung around and righted itself. After several moments spent gasping for breath Dickson ripped himself free and charged up onto the deck, where he was met by this seriocomic image: Butler standing perfectly upright, mummylike, still trapped in ropes. McDonough lay in the cockpit, seawater streaming from his nose.

As the three men recovered, they were met by a sight that left no one laughing: Dutton's helicopter, low on fuel, was forced to head for land. As the helicopter flew off, Dickson and his crewmates could do nothing but watch, dumbfounded. The boat beneath was sinking slowly by the stern, and every wave threatened to roll it over once more. It took another unnerving half-hour before a second helicopter finally rescued the men on *Midnight Special.*

All down the east coast of New South Wales and out past Gabo Island, the rescues continued in the first hours after dawn. The remaining sailors aboard *Sword of Orion* scrambled aboard a hovering Seahawk, while a medevac out of Canberra winched the seven survivors off *Business Post Naiad,* leaving the bodies of Phil Skeggs and Bruce Guy to be picked up later. *B-52* struggled under its own power into Eden harbor just after lunchtime. In the hour before dawn the yacht's port-side windows had imploded, sending gushers of seawater below; the crew had somehow managed to nail wooden planks over the windows and had spent the rest of the morning bailing with buckets. Tony Mowbray's *Solo Globe Challenge* would be one of the last to reach port, limping into Eden on Wednesday morning.

Late Monday afternoon the lifeboat carrying Richard Winning and three other survivors from *Winston Churchill* was spotted, and everyone was winched aboard a waiting helicopter. Like those aboard *Churchill*'s other raft, Winning's group had capsized twice during the night. Unlike the occupants of the other raft, however, Winning had bravely swum outside and forcibly righted the rubber inflatable, which had then survived the night intact.

9:00 P.M.

Night began to fall with no sign of *Churchill*'s second life raft. At the rescue center in Canberra, hope was dwindling that the men would be found. At Merimbula the civilian aircraft—those without any night-rescue capabilities—began landing, one by one. None had seen anything that looked remotely like a life raft. Then, just after nine, a P3C Orion on its way back to Merimbula saw a light flashing in the darkening ocean below. Descending to 500 feet, the pilot spied two men clinging to a shredded orange life raft. It was John Stanley and "Gibbo" Gibson, still alive after 28 hours in the water.

"Gibbo!," Stanley rasped, swinging a handheld strobe. "I think they've seen us!"

Within minutes, during which the sun set, Lieutenant Commander Rick Neville had his navy Seahawk hovering 70 feet above Stanley and Gibson. Petty Officer Shane Pashley winched down a wire into the waves below and, as Neville fought to maintain position in the gusting winds, managed to get a rescue strop around

Aussie Race

Gibson. As the two men were lifted skyward, a terrific gust blew the Seahawk sideways, dumping the pair back into the waves. Neville swung the chopper around once more, and this time the two waterlogged men were successfully winched aboard.

It was too much for Neville. His Radalt auto-hover system was being overtaxed by the winds, and he was unwilling to send Pashley back into the ocean. Stanley, he decided, would have to make it into the rescue strop on his own. As Neville maneuvered the Seahawk back over the raft, Pashley dangled the strop down into the sea, and Stanley somehow grabbed it and hoisted his upper body into it. The winch lifted him into the air, but when he was 20 feet above the waves, Stanley felt a weight around his ankles and realized, to his dismay, that he was still hooked to his life raft, which was sagging in midair below him. Reluctantly he shrugged himself out of the strop and dropped like a stone back into the sea, where he managed to unhook the raft. Once again the strop was dangled to him, and once again he got into it. This time everything worked. After more than a day in the ocean, Stanley and Gibson were on their way home.

8:00 A.M., Tuesday

As *Sayonara* tacked the last mile up the Derwent River toward the Hobart docks, a small launch with a bagpiper aboard swung alongside. It was the most stunning sunrise Ellison had ever seen, splashes of rose and pink and five different hues of blue, and as the pipes played a mournful tune, the enormity of what the fleet had endured hit all 23 men aboard the winning yacht. *Sayonara*'s sideband radio had shorted out, and it hadn't been until late Monday afternoon that the crew learned of the tragedies in their wake. As they reached the dock and piled out to hug their loved ones, Ellison was overwhelmed. "It was an incredible moment of clarity, the beauty and fragility of life, the preciousness of it all; that's when people appreciated what we had been through," he recalls. "Having said that, if I live to be a thousand years old, I'll never do it again. Never."

Amid all-too-predictable recriminations, Hugo van Kretschmar, commodore of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia, stoutly defended the club's decision to continue the race despite warnings of bad weather. Even as he announced an internal investigation, van Kretschmar pointed out, correctly, that the decision whether to race is traditionally left up to the skipper of each boat. Yacht-club officials, after all, had the same forecasts that every skipper had. As a result, few of the sailors who survived the race were wi ing to attack the organizers. One exceptic was Peter Joubert of *Kingurra,* who emerge from several weeks in the hospital sharp critical of race management. "The race o ganizers weren't properly in touch with wh was going on out there—they just didn know enough," Joubert says. "It's only yacht race. It's not a race to the death Outside Australia, the judgment was just harsh. "They should have waited; there ample precedent for waiting," notes Ga Jobson, the ESPN sailing analyst. "But rac officials were under a lot of pressure. Li TV, all these people, a major holiday."

Three days after *Sayonara* crossed th finish line more than 5,000 people gathere on Hobart's Constitution Dock for a m morial service for the six men who died i the race. The funerals of Bruce Guy, Ph Skeggs, James Lawler, and Mike Bannist were to follow shortly; the bodies of Joh Dean and Glyn Charles have never bee found. "We will miss you always; we wi remember you always; we will learn fro the tragic circumstances of your passing, van Kretschmar said as the muted bells St. David's Cathedral rang out. "May th everlasting voyage you have now embarke on be blessed with calm seas and gent breezes. May you never have to reef change a headsail in the night. May yo bunk always be warm and dry." □

Dominick Dunne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 157 switching of place cards at the last minute, and I was quite aware of it that evening. "Thank God I didn't ask Ethel," I heard the hostess say in passing as she re-entered the living room to greet Sarge and Eunice Shriver.

Hi, Max. It's a little heavy going, isn't it? I had to have two cups of coffee.

—Senator Ted Kennedy, overheard talking to Georgia Democratic senator Max Cleland after one lengthy session of speeches.

It was interesting to watch it all from above. During breaks, you could hear senatorial conversations wafting up. Democratic senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska took the most copious notes. He had an 8-by-10-inch notebook, and he wrote on both sides of the paper in complete sentences. After observing him for weeks, I began to wonder if maybe he was using the time to write a book. Republican senator Bill Roth of Delaware has the worst toupee. House manager Steve Chabot of Ohio has the worst comb-over; it comes from two directions. The most attentive individual was 96-year-old Strom Thurmond, Republican from South Carolina, who sat up rigidly listening to every word and never once nodded off. He went over to presidential counsel Cheryl Mills after she delivered her speech and gallantly congratulated her on it, even though he was going to vote to remove the president from office. Jesse Helms did nod off, fairly often in fact, with his head down on his chest. Colorado senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell, who used to be a Democrat and changed to a Republican, wears the only ponytail in the Senate. Without any sort of fanfare, he would pay for coffee for the tourists waiting in line outside the Capitol to get in to watch the trial. During breaks, Judge Rehnquist had tea and Edy's ice cream served to him by Senate doorkeepers.

I went to a Super Bowl Sunday party at the Georgetown home of Lloyd Cutler, former White House counsel for President Clinton, and his wife, the artist Polly Kraft. Polly's another one of the social forces in Washington. That was where I got to meet presidential special counsel Gregory Craig, one of the very classy members of the president's legal team, who had given a great speech early in the trial. He couldn't talk about the trial, being part of it, but h talked about his regular Sunday-mornin football games with Stuart Taylor of *Th National Journal* and Evan Thomas of *New week,* two of President Clinton's severes critics. That's Washington, people sai Evan Thomas asked me if I knew Warre Beatty's phone number. He's writing book about Bobby Kennedy and neede some information. Three of the couples knew at the party had just come bac from a large and very successful hous party at Camp David, given by Bill an Hillary, as they all called the First Couple They didn't want to be identified, but found out from one of the group that Ha vey Weinstein, the co-chairman of Mira max, and his wife had been there. Wein stein took along a print of *Shakespeare i Love,* but Hillary had already seen it at th premiere in New York. Carly Simon an her husband, James Hart, were also a Camp David, and a couple of Wall Stree billionaires. Everyone spoke about the ter derness that had existed between Bill an Hillary throughout the weekend. "Ther was enormous affection," one said. "W took wonderful walks," said another. "Th president was fascinating." All their memo ries were of a tranquil nature. I had to re

ınd myself that that tranquillity existed in e midst of an impeachment trial, which ıs to pick up again the following morn-g. People said that the president thrives chaos.

inda Tripp told the grand jury that one of her jobs at the Pentagon was to sort ıt photographs of the president. In her fice she had jumbo shots of Clinton th members of different branches of the ilitary and the government, which are ounted on pressboard and hung in the hite House in a constantly changing ex-bition to depict the president's activities. hen Monica Lewinsky met Tripp in her fice she saw the jumbo shots, asked for ıe, and received it, and so the unlikely and teful friendship be-een the two women gan. That such a rela-ınship should have en brought about by a ıance encounter over a ıoto blowup of Bill Clin-n—whom one woman athed and the other ɔman loved—is better an any novelist could ake up. It's just too r-fetched. If I were to rite the story as a ɔvel, I'd play into the ght-wing conspiracy eory and have the mbo shots of Clinton Tripp's office be a tup to lure the love-ck former intern into e older woman's lair r the nefarious business of bringing down e president.

I wonder what kind of life Linda Tripp ill have ahead of her. Friendless, I would ink, although her Pentagon job is proba-y secure for life. In March of this year I eard her on television with Cokie Roberts ıd Sam Donaldson, calling Roberts Cok- and Donaldson Sam—like the star she as become with her new look—and telling ıem that if she were to write a book, Ionica Lewinsky would be only a chapter. he majority of the book, she said, would eal with what she knows about the Clin-n White House, including Hillary Clinton, ıd the implication was that she knows lenty. It's not a book I would ever read, ıt at least she has a famous agent.

n the novel, I'd probably have to have a murder too, or it wouldn't seem like one f my books. There was obviously no mur-er in the impeachment story, or so I ıought, but then the darndest thing hap-ened: one fell right into my lap. Diffi-ulties with a new computer led me to an expert who not only solved my technical problems but also flashed a badge and revealed to me that he was a Washington, D.C., cop. He asked if I had ever heard of a girl named Mary Caitrin Mahoney, a former White House intern. I hadn't. Known as Caity, she had worked on Bill Clinton's campaign in 1992. Following his victory, she obtained a job as a White House intern, giving tours. She left the White House to get a degree in women's studies at Towson State University, near Baltimore. Then she returned to Washington and took a job as the night manager of a Starbucks coffee shop on the edge of Georgetown. There she and two fellow employees were murdered gangland-style on July 6, 1997, as they were cleaning up after closing time.



LONG-LOST FRIENDS
Dominick Dunne and Lucianne Goldberg at a book party at the Monkey Bar in New York, January 1998, nearly two years after she first mentioned Linda Tripp to him and shortly before they stopped speaking.

Ten shots from two different guns were fired, at least three of them into Caity Mahoney. The fact that the gunfire was not heard by neighbors on a quiet Sunday night led some to speculate that silencers had been used. Nearly unrecognizable, Caity Mahoney had been shot first in the chest, police believed. She must have raised her hands to shield herself, because one bullet had pierced her hands and hit her face. Then she was shot in the back of the head. Although there were no signs of forced entry, and nothing was taken from the cash register, and the safe, which had more than $10,000 in it, was not opened, the police categorized the triple murder as an attempted robbery. On March 6 of this year, Carl Cooper, a 29-year-old man with a criminal record, was charged with the murders.

During this period of humiliation for the First Couple, former senator Bob Dole, whom Clinton had defeated in 1996 for the highest office in the land, was a constant presence in television commercials, discussing erectile dysfunction for Viagra, while his wife, Elizabeth, looking fit and satisfied, flirted with throwing her hat into the ring for the presidency.

Elsewhere in the city, in certain posh houses where ambassadors come to dinner instead of politicians, the impeachment and the president were tut-tutted over in short order, and conversation quickly moved on to other things, such as the funeral in Upperville, Virginia, of the nonagenarian billionaire Paul Mellon, who died on February 1, leaving much of his fortune to the National Gallery in Washington. Bunny Mellon, his widow, who had been such a great friend of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's, was to receive $110 million outright. Hubert de Givenchy, the retired couturier who had dressed Bunny Mellon for years, arrived from Paris with the hat she was to wear at the funeral. There was consternation over whether the woman well known for many years as Mellon's mistress, old now and ill, would attend. She didn't, but there was a place for her. Nothing trashy about that.

One night Jeffrey Toobin and I went to the Palm for dinner. Jeffrey is writing a book about the impeachment. That day in the gallery he had passed me a note about Cheryl Mills during her brilliant speech: "Don't you love her?" I did. The Palm, which is the most fun place in town, was jumping with the media crowd. *There's Roger Cossack of* Burden of Proof *... There's Georgette Mosbacher. She's here for the Republican National Committee annual meeting.* Jeffrey and I had been together at the O. J. Simpson trial. We saw things the same way. He referred to one of the House managers as "the Pervert" because of his obsessive interest in the particulars of the sexual behavior of Monica and Bill, as detailed in the Starr report. Later, we joined P. J. O'Rourke's table for coffee. P.J. hates the president, but his diatribe was hilarious. An attractive lady who had worked at one of the networks told a story of being sent out to a golf course to tell the presi-

Fashion

Cover: Natalie Portman's Prada shirt from Prada boutiques nationwide.
Page 48: Bottom right Prada ties, from Prada boutiques nationwide.
Page 56: Michael Shnayerson styled by Nicole LeFoge. Krista Smith styled by Siobhan McDiarmid.
Page 131: Mena Suvari's Dolce & Gabbana dress from Barneys New York. A. Deborah Wakim for Celestine.
Page 147: Natalie Portman's John Galliano dress by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.
Pages 148–49: John Galliano dress from Neiman Marcus, L.A. Hermès pants from Hermès, NYC.
Page 151: Linda Allard for Ellen Tracy shirt from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.
Pages 166–67: Judit Polgar's, Sofia Polgar's, and **Zsuzsa Polgar's** Jennifer Tyler sweaters from Jennifer Tyler, NYC. For Young Cheol Yoon items, call 917/767-9519. Prada shoes from Prada, N.Y.C.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Natalie Portman's hair styled with Ready to Wear by John Frieda. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Sculpting Brow Pencil in Smoky Brown; on her lips, Crème Lipstick in Coco Burgundy. Sally Hershberger for Sheer Blonde; Jeanine Lobell for Stila Cosmetics.
Page 52: John Richardson's grooming by Laura de Leon for Susan Price, Inc.
Page 56: Michael Shnayerson's grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.; Krista Smith's hair and makeup by Eric Barnard for Cloutier.
Page 108: Virginia Carde for Jean Owen.
Page 110: Dick Snyder's grooming by Tatijana Shoan.
Page 131: Mena Suvari's makeup from Clarins. On her face, Matte Powder Compact Foundation S.P.F. 15 in Petal Beige; on her lips, Lipstick in Sheer Boysenberry. Robert Steinken and Ulli Schober for Célestine.
Page 132: Christopher Buckley's grooming by Tatijana Shoan; **Basil Walter's** grooming by Katrina Borgstrom for Susan Price, Inc.
Page 151: Mark Anthony for the Wall Group; Susan Sterling for Marek & Associates.
Pages 166–67: Stacey Ross for Bradley Curry Management; Regina Harris for L'Atelier; Gina Crozier for Art Department.
Pages 178–79: Marc Lopez and Chanchan for Brigitte Hebant; Attracta Courtney for Debbie Walters.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Rick Floyd for Smashbox NYC.
Page 74: From Associated Press/APTN
Page 80: Courtesy of Cable News Network.
Page 112: Top, from Corbis/Bettmann
Page 116: Bottom, from Archive Photos
Page 132: Bottom, second from left, by Michel Benhamou and Serge Dufour/Corbis; right, by Xavier Martin/Jet Set Denis Taranto.
Pages 158–59: From PPL/Sipa Press.
Pages 160–61: From PPL.
Pages 162–63: Large photograph from Herald Sun/Sipa Press
Pages 164–65: Large photograph from PPL/Sipa Press; inset from Reuters/MAXPPP
Pages 169–75: All paintings courtesy of the Matthew Marks Gallery.
Page 169: From the collection of PaineWebber Group, Inc.
Page 172: Painting from the collection of Helen Harrington Marden.
Page 173: *Cold Mountain 2* from the collection of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution, the Holenia Purchase Fund, in memory of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; *Hydra Study* from the collection of the University of Michigan Museum of Art, Ann Arbor.
Pages 174–75: From a private collection.
Page 183: From the Eudora Welty Collection/Mississippi Department of Archives and History.
Page 190: From the Duke Ellington Collection, N.M.A.H. Archive Center, Smithsonian Institution.
Page 192: From the Archive of Contemporary Music.
Page 194: Bottom, courtesy of David Hajdu.

Dominick Dunne

dent that his interview with an important newsperson would begin in the clubhouse in 20 minutes. She said the president turned to his companion in the golf cart and said about her, "Nice ass." Although she was a Democrat, she said, her admiration for him evaporated on the spot.

"Yeah, but what are we gonna do when I'm seventy-five and I have to pee thirty times a day?"

—President Clinton to Monica Lewinsky, discussing their possible togetherness after his term in office, from *Monica's Story,* by Andrew Morton.

"I'm beginning to change my feelings about the president," I said on the telephone to a friend in New York.

"You're just being influenced by Sally Quinn," she replied, for she had shared my admiration for Clinton.

"No, no. I got there myself," I protested.

After two weeks in town, I had stopped saying, "It's only about a blow job." It didn't sound convincing anymore. The Willard hotel, where I was staying, was separated from the White House by only the Treasury building. On my walks, I always went by the White House and stopped to stare in. One night, during my fourth week in Washington, I was looking in at the Oval Office from behind the fence when a really cheap thought popped into my head. I wondered if any of the president's semen had missed Monica's dress and splattered onto the carpet. It was that thought that did it for me. Recriminations, long harbored, erupted. He had trashed that office the way some rock stars trash hotel rooms. However you look at it, there was never any beauty or dignity in the Clinton-Lewinsky romance. This was no Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson. From the beginning it was a lurid arrangement, about getting off, or getting to the point of getting off and then holding it back—as if that were not violating the sanctity of the marriage upstairs—except for that one time when he stained her dress and launched the words "semen" and "blow job" into everyday conversations all across America.

At a Lincoln's-birthday party given by *Washington Post* writer Walter Pincus and his wife, Ann, the star of the night was presidential aide Sidney Blumenthal, who was very much in the news after his former friend Christopher Hitchens signed an affidavit casting doubt on the truth of his statement—made under oath in his videotaped deposition shown in the Senate—that he had not spread the word that Monica Lewinsky was a stalker. It was the talk of the town for several days and much written about in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times.* It had been the lead story that week on Tim Russert's *Meet the Press.* I was speaking to Jackie Blumenthal, Sidney's wife, whom I had never met. We were talking about her position as head of the White House fellows program. Suddenly she said, "Oh, dear." I said, "What?" She said, "Someone just came in who I assured Sidney wouldn't be here." I turned and saw Vernon and Ann Jordan coming into the room. Vernon was making his usual massive entrance, wonderfully dressed as always, and people were greeting him. I saw that Sidney saw Vernon coming toward us. Vernon spoke to Jackie. To me he said, "What's the first line of your article going to be?" Then he turned and stood face-to-face with Sidney. Vernon said, "I kept the chair warm for you." He was referring to the red leather chair on which they had both sat during the videotaping of their depositions. Then both of them smiled, and they shook hands. I don't know what that moment meant, but if I ever use that scene in a novel, I expect to find out.

There was a bomb scare in the Senate within a half-hour of the president's being acquitted. Police and sniffing dogs were everywhere. People poured down the stairways to evacuate the building. Merri Baker from the Senate Press Gallery, introduced me to Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia, who was ahead of me on the stairs leaving the building with his staff. The senator, still dapper at 81, wears bow ties and colorful vests. I had heard him give an interview to Lisa Myers of NBC in which he said that he was troubled by the arrogance of the president when he had his victory rally with House Democrats right after being impeached. Nevertheless, Byrd had voted to acquit. "I wrote my speech 11 times," he told me, "and I was only halfway through when the chief justice told me that I'd spoken for 22 minutes." His retinue continued to hurry him along. Just then Eunice Shriver and Patricia Lawford rushed past in another direction, behind Senator Kennedy, who was being pursued by a television crew.

"Hi, Dominick," Pat said. "Hi, Pat," I replied. It was the first time we had spoken in years.

Both Barbara Walters and Sally Quinn had told me in advance that I'd be surprised by Monica Lewinsky. She's not at all the Valley Girl you think she's going to be, each of them said in a different way. Barbara was preparing to interview her, and she was having trouble with Ken Starr over Monica's release. Sally had met her the year before at a book party for Larry King

Washington, and they had talked for 15 nutes. "She's very smart, dresses well," d Sally. "She had on a black Chanel suit th the white gardenia on the shoulder, d she's very funny."

I was quite taken with Monica Lewinsky video when sections of her deposition re played in the Senate one Saturday rning. Watching a hundred senators tch her on the monitors was quite a ht. There had been times in the preced- weeks when some senators had been enly bored with the proceedings, but onica brought them all back to full atten- n. She was different from what I had ex- cted. One of the Republican senators d described her as "heartbreakingly ung." She wasn't heartbreakingly young all. She was poised, smart, funny, and, emingly at least, assured. I liked her, al- ough I hadn't wanted to like her, and I joyed watching her outmaneuver House anager Ed Bryant. The House managers dn't change one senator's vote for im- achment with Monica's testimony. She id become a pro at testifying, and was ay ahead of them. I wrote her a letter. I id that she had emerged as the class act the trial, though no one would have ought that a year ago. I asked her if she ould talk with me after her interview with arbara and her interview for Britain's hannel 4, for which she was getting paid reported $650,000. I heard back from hn Scanlon, who was handling her pub- relations, and whom I happen to know, at it was not impossible. He even set a ntative lunch date for two days after ewinsky's interview with Barbara Walters.

watched that interview in Barbara Wal- ters's apartment in New York, along ith a small group of people who had orked on the program and some close ends of Barbara's, including David Frost, nother of the great interviewers. Outside Fifth Avenue, there was no traffic. Sev- nty million people were home watching onica and Barbara. I was mesmerized the interview. I kept thinking, This is merican history we're watching. Actresses ill play this scene in movies and plays d mini-series in the new century ahead us. Barbara moved about, sitting on the m of one person's chair, then moving on another, never taking her eyes off the reen. During the commercials, everyone talked about Monica. Her hair. Her lipstick. Her laughter. Her tears. "I don't think the president is coming off too well," I whispered to my friend Casey Ribicoff, widow of the late senator Abraham Ribicoff, and then the commercial was over. Midway or so in the interview, the local ABC feed began flashing a storm warning across the bottom of the screen below their faces, which was very distracting. David Westin, the president of ABC News, was present. He made a call to the station, and the distraction stopped. It's called Hanging Out with the Brass.

At times Monica reminded me of the obsessed women in François Truffaut's *The Story of Adèle H.* and Stephen Sondheim's *Passion.* I can't remember exactly when it happened—and I think maybe it wouldn't have happened if the show hadn't lasted two hours—but after about an hour and a half I began to lose patience with her. Perhaps it was her saying, "I don't think that my relationship hurt the job he was doing. It didn't hurt the job I was doing"—as if you could equate their careers. Perhaps it was the newly revealed abortion, resulting from her affair with the other guy, Thomas Longstreth, whom she had taken up with after her affair with the president ended and before it started up again. The next day I bought Andrew Morton's book *Monica's Story* and read straight through it. Having lived in Beverly Hills for many years, I have known my share of Monica Lewinskys, and she was true to form. I found her exasperating, self-indulgent, spoiled, unrealistic, and nice. I felt sorry for her that she was the only girl in her class who didn't get invited to Tori Spelling's birthday party when they were kids, but the story also made me roar with laughter, so Beverly Hills was it. The book is incredibly revealing about the president. The affair was so utterly tacky, and his behavior was so low-rent. The episode in Room 1012 of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where Ken Starr's thugs terrify Monica as the hideous Linda Tripp watches, was chilling, but I admired Monica for not caving in.

As for our lunch date, it was canceled that morning. She had just flown in from Los Angeles the night before, and she was leaving for London the next day, and she wasn't feeling well. It was not a great disappointment. By that time, I knew everything I needed to know about Monica Lewinsky.

Yes, the president was acquitted, as he should have been. There was none of the drama the O. J. Simpson acquittal had. There was no surprise element. Everyone but the House managers knew from the beginning that it was going to end up as it did. Senator Dianne Feinstein's censure proposal was dismissed, and consequently a lot of people felt that the president got off easy, considering what he had put the country through. I don't think he got off easy. The president's close friend former senator Dale Bumpers laid it out pretty well when he said on the floor of the Senate that the Clintons had been "about as decimated as a family can get. The relationship between husband and wife, father and child, has been incredibly strained, if not destroyed." I often wonder what it must feel like to have one of your lies—which the whole country knows is a lie—played over and over and over again on television, as it will be played for the rest of Bill Clinton's life: "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky," he says each time, with a forceful hand gesture to emphasize his conviction in the lie. Any father who has ever let down one of his children knows what a terrible feeling that is, and the president has let his daughter down in the most painful and public way. How he must suffer for that. How shaming it must be for him to have raised Monica Lewinsky to a historical status nearly equal to the historical status of his distinguished wife. No matter what good he may do in recompense in the months of his presidency left to him, the names Monica Lewinsky, Paula Jones, Gennifer Flowers, Kathleen Willey, and Juanita Broaddrick will always be hurled in his face by someone in the crowd, as Sam Donaldson demonstrated at the president's first press conference in nearly a year, when he was talking about Kosovo and Donaldson asked him about Juanita Broaddrick and used the word "rape." Those are moments that must hurt, especially with everyone staring at him. "Well, he brought it on himself," people say to me, which is true. But I have to admit something: I want to see the guy get up again. I want him to do something wonderful in the months ahead, before he walks across the White House lawn for the last time and waves good-bye as he gets into the helicopter. □

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Tauruses it's time to get tough

TAURUS ♉ APRIL 20–MAY 20

Yes, you're more withholding these days, but what of it? If anybody asks why, you can tell them it's a matter of your own survival, and if they don't like it, tough. When people who are supposed to be your closest allies continue to annoy you by being passive-aggressive and beating around the bush, how can you ever uncover what it is they hope to get out of you? Maybe, during this Mars-Saturn opposition, the smart thing would be to concern yourself not with what others want from you but rather with how much they are willing to give to get it.

GEMINI ♊ MAY 21–JUNE 21

For all your internal struggles—and, God knows, you have plenty of them right now—you still possess an inimitable capacity to laugh through your tears and kid about even the most serious subjects. Although some people might find your detachment utterly chilling, they would have a much fuller sense of you if they understood that, while the Mars-Saturn opposition is cutting you deeply, the sextile of Jupiter and Uranus is working as a healthy anesthetic. The result is that you do all your hand-wringing and teeth-gnashing in private. In public, it's *Pagliacci* City.

CANCER ♋ JUNE 22–JULY 22

Are you feeling anxious about your financial or emotional future? No big deal. Do your oppressors fail to realize how hard it is for you to cater selflessly to the people in charge without any thought for your own well-being and security? Not to worry. Cool and unusual opportunities have replaced the cruel and unusual punishment you've had to endure from a cold, unsympathetic world. Now things have picked up, but if you're not really flying before long, call your mother and verify your birth date. Because you're probably not even a Cancer.

LEO ♌ JULY 23–AUG. 22

Just because you're getting hit from all sides doesn't mean you have to go on the defensive and act crazy. When the populace is pressing on you from the north, south, east, and west, try not to think of those awful scenes from *Night of the Living Dead.* Think instead about what turns coal into diamonds. Although you might well perceive the current scene as a political conspiracy, it's actually just a T-square of Mars, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Besides, with Jupiter in your 9th house this year, you can laugh it all off, even if people call you callous. And they will.

VIRGO ♍ AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Astrologers speak of the finger of God, and this month you're the focus of one, formed by Jupiter and Uranus. Creatively, you're hot, and with Mercury going direct you should be fretting a lot less about minor irritations. However, a certain degree of mental stress is emanating from your 3rd and 9th houses. It could be related to travel or publishing, and it will certainly involve money. Everything does these days. You must retreat for spiritual reasons, whatever the cost. Though it may bug you to hear this, you have a soul that needs to be nurtured.

LIBRA ♎ SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

As Jupiter moves through your solar 7th house, all your relationships should be improving, no matter how sour you've become in regard to others. Try not to let anything spoil the flow of positive emotions now that Jupiter and Uranus are closely aligned. There are bound to be sexual hitches and financial glitches to contend with, because when people are trying to put their lives together, everything has to be negotiated. But please note that negotiating does not mean seething with rage on the inside while you're forcing a smile that could fell a charging rhino.

SCORPIO ♏ OCT. 24–NOV. 21

You really should not start invading somebody's private space just because you've suddenly decided that he or she has something you absolutely need right this minute. While Mars is in retrograde motion, it's simply not a good idea to be overly grabby or pushy. You've got to learn to play the game, take it easy, be sly, vague, and indirect. The trick is to figure out how to get exactly what you want while at the same time letting other people think that it was their idea. But that is the God-given talent of every living Scorpio, isn't it?

SAGITTARIUS ♐ NOV. 22–DEC. 21

The split you're experiencing in your psyche right now is easy to define. The sextile of Jupiter and Uranus has you bubbling and cheerful, simply brimming with newfangled ways to express yourself. Meanwhile, retrograde Mars in opposition to Saturn is affecting another region of your brain and has you dragging your butt across the floor like an old dog with hip dysplasia. In addition to causing you physical aches and emotional pains, this convinces you that other people think you're all washed up. Isn't it odd to feel so young and so old at the same time?

CAPRICORN ♑ DEC. 22–JAN. 19

It can be very draining, having to put up with the problems of children and friends, or to schmooze with the "right" people, when all you really want is to go find enlightenment in Tibet or climb into bed with a really good book. Escape would be nice, but when Saturn is involved in a 5th-and-11th-house opposition, whatever enlightenment you may enjoy will probably include kids and friends—provided you have any. The good news is, there's a possible windfall in your future. And no matter what else is happening, that should be enough to cheer up any Capricorn.

AQUARIUS ♒ JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Although you can't resist torturing yourself and putting yourself down every other minute because you think you're a total fraud, the truth is that you're still very much a key player these days. With two outer planets in Aquarius playing an integral part in this month's fixed T-square, it's not just that your input is still needed; in some ways you're actually the one who has the final say. That is really a riot, considering that you are teetering on the edge of extinction and feeling utterly vulnerable. But nobody else has to know that you're hanging by a thread.

PISCES ♓ FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Instead of allowing your mind to pull you in a hundred different directions, you would be much wiser just to settle down and do your job. While that is the last thing most Pisceans want to hear, work is probably the only way at this time to release your tensions and express your creative impulses. Money would also help, naturally. Since Mars, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus all send their force zinging through your 3rd, 9th, and 12th houses, you're likely to experience some nerve-sizzling energy, and it won't be the kind associated with recreational drugs. Let's hope.

ARIES ♈ MARCH 21–APRIL 19

You ought to be sailing along like a Thunderbird on the freeway, positively drooling with contentment, now that the transit of Jupiter is bringing in some decent luck at last. Fresh opportunities abound, and, with the burden of Saturn lifted from your shoulders and the specter of ruin gone, you should be basking in your new sense of freedom. You're probably still bitching about something, though, because if you don't have flak coming at you from some direction, or anything to scream about or fight for, you're miserable. Now it's money.

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What do you consider your greatest achievement?
To still be alive.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Art and/or artists.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Having achieved something important.

What are your favorite names?
Barbara, Jasper, Roy, Bruce.

What is your greatest fear?
Lack of order.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Lack of generosity.

What is your favorite journey?
Moon.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Chastity.

On what occasion do you lie?
When it seems useful.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Let's wait."

What is your greatest regret?
Not having worked harder.

When and where were you happiest?
Now, in New York City.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Good writing.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My size.

What is your most treasured possession?
My cat.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
To lose interest in life.

What is your favorite occupation?
Sleeping.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Friendliness.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
James Bond.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Tennis champions.

How would you like to die?
Painlessly.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A painting.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
An improved version of myself.

What is your motto?
"Let things take care of themselves."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD BURBRIDGE

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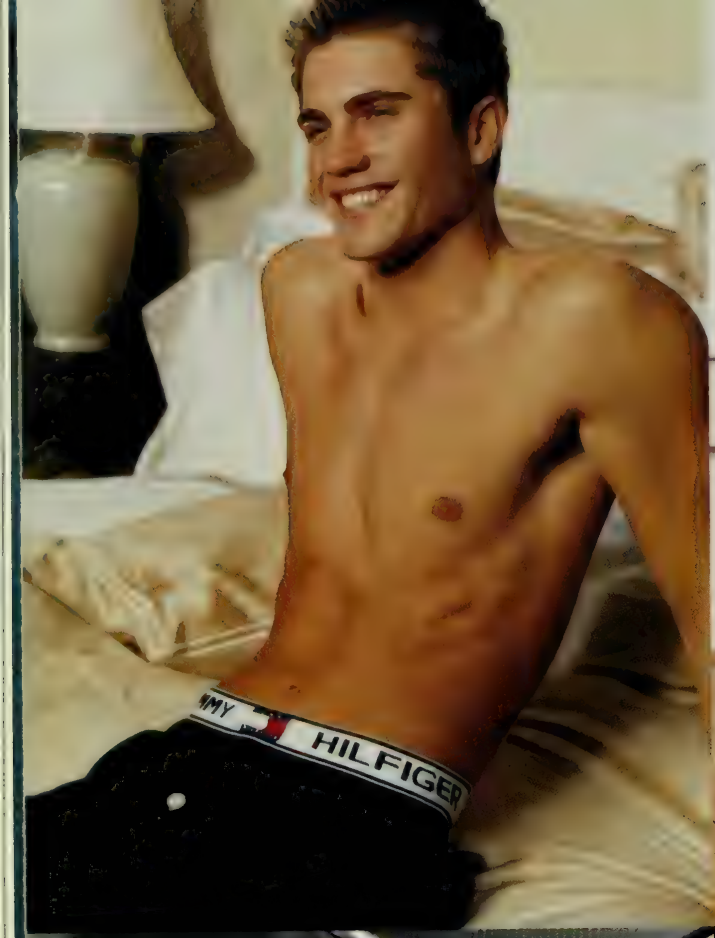
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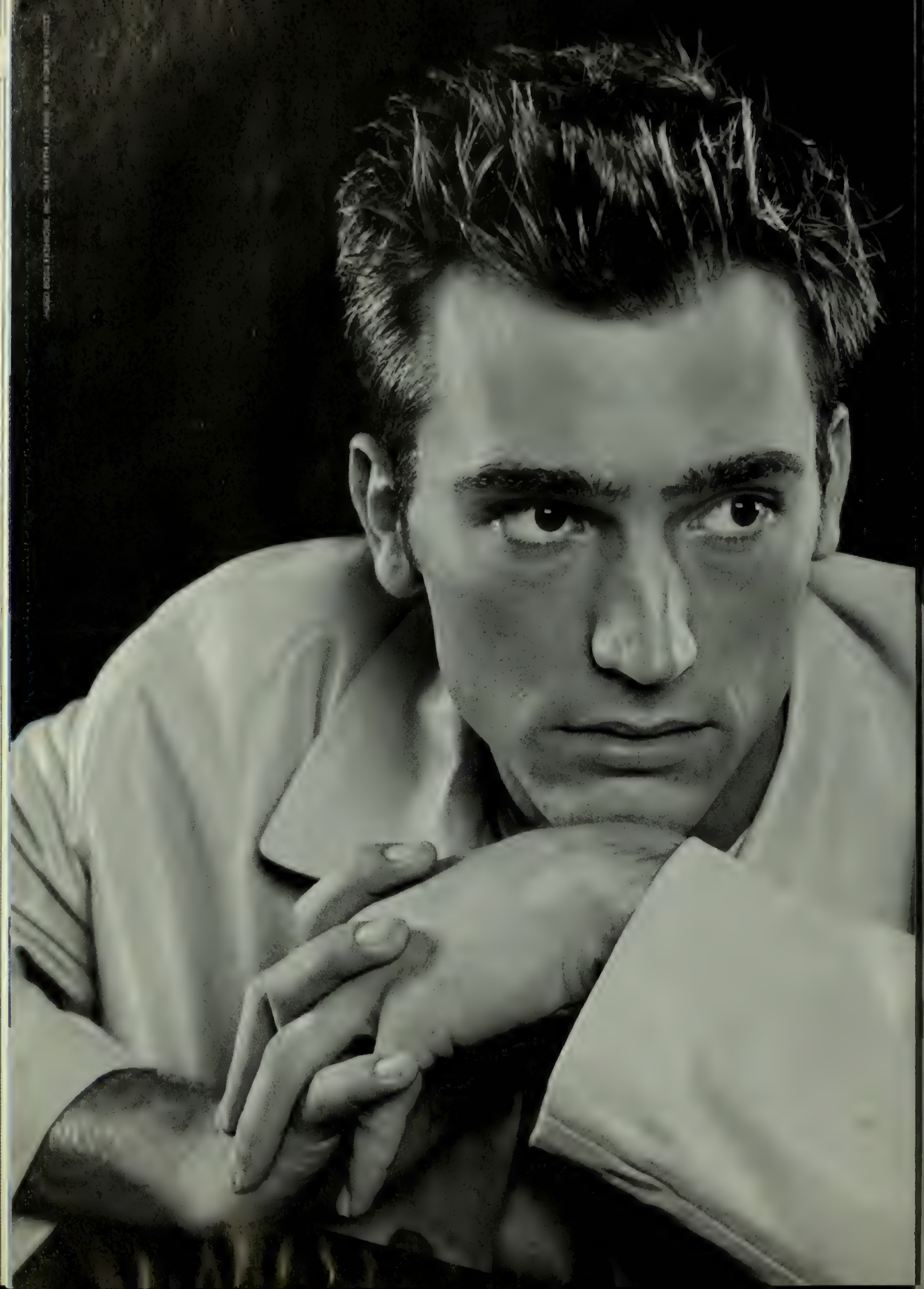
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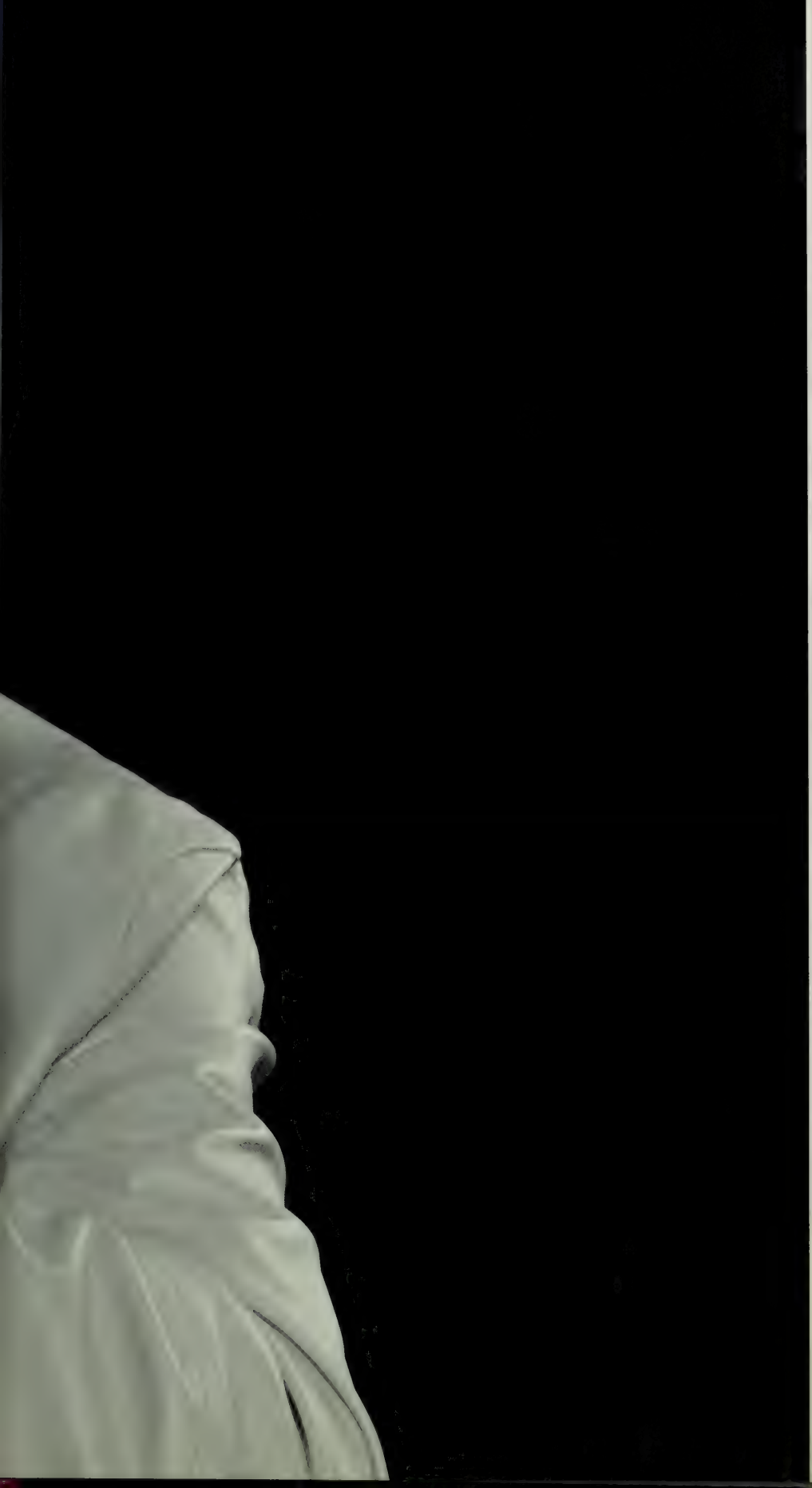
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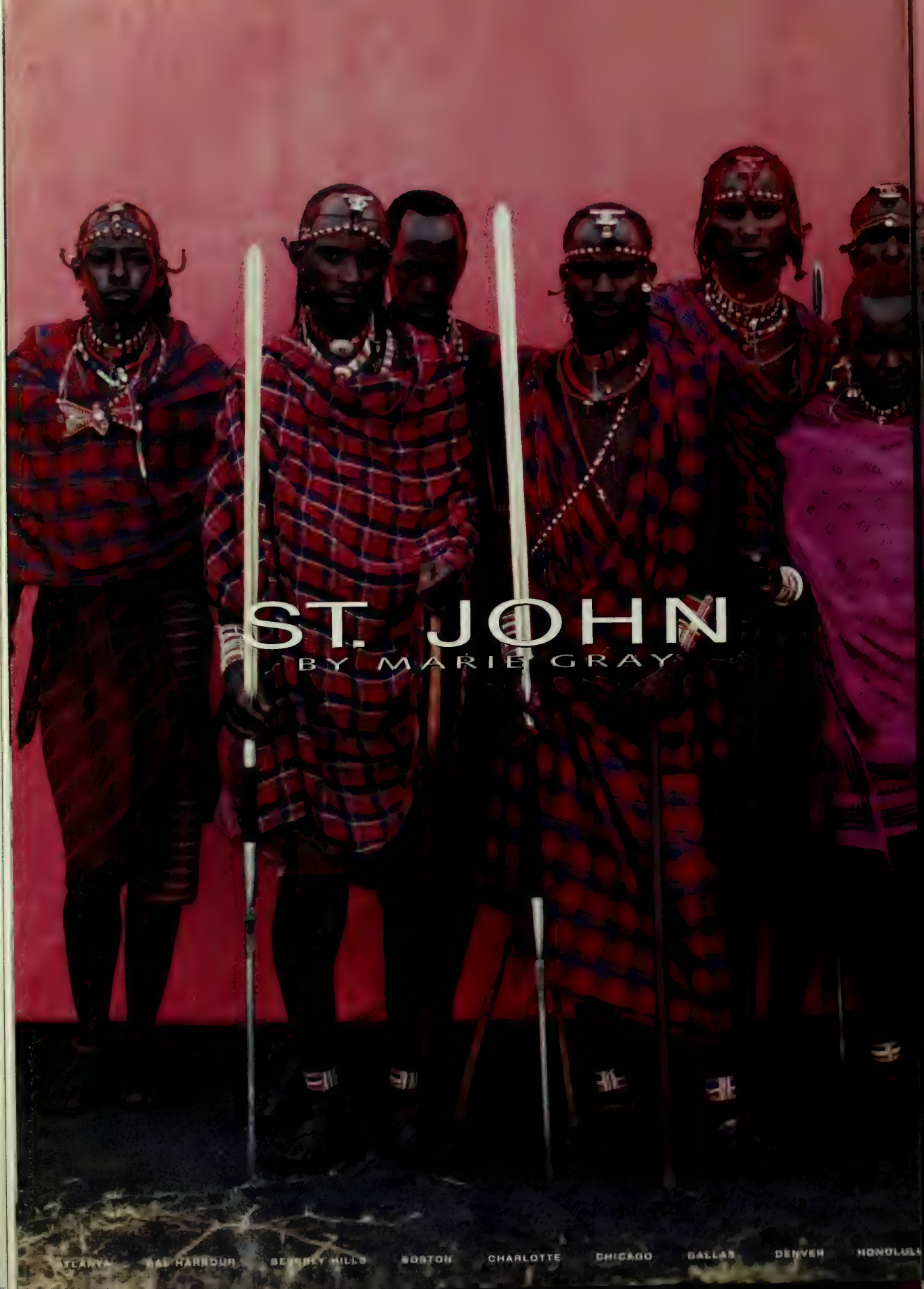
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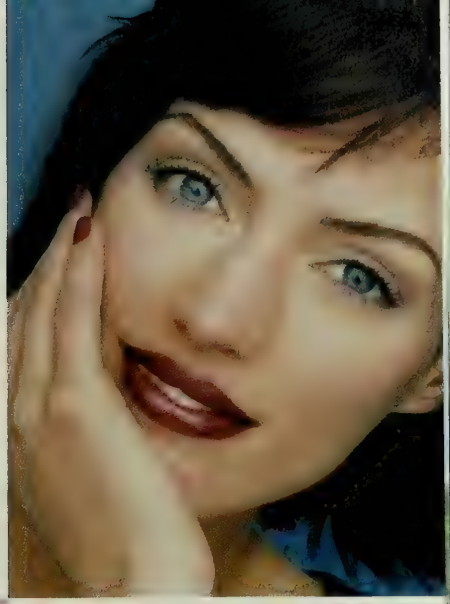
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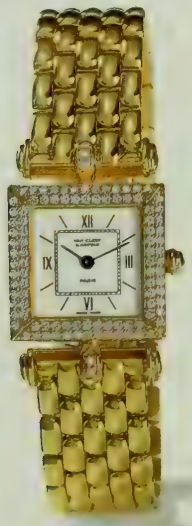



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SOLE MAN | 178

VANITY FAIR

JUNE 1999 Nº 466

Features

CANOODLING WITH JULIA | 164

From her tumultuous romances to her bra size, every detail of Julia Roberts's life has been picked over by the tabloids for nearly a decade. As she stars in the romantic comedy *Notting Hill*—playing an equally besieged actress—Roberts gives Ned Zeman a lesson in surreal celebrity. Photographs by Mario Testino.

LOSING HER KING | 172

Following the death of King Hussein, Leslie Bennetts enters the guarded world of Jordan's Queen Noor, the American-born beauty who has been carrying a nation's grief even as she copes with the greatest personal loss of her life. Photographs by Herb Ritts.

THE DEAD PARROT SOCIETY | 178

In 1969 six young men turned comedy into Something Completely Different. Thirty years later, in David Morgan's oral history, the surviving members of Monty Python recall the best sketches, the worst fights, and the importance of being silly.

BOOGIE KNIGHT | 182

Herb Ritts and Peter Devine spotlight Latin-pop star Ricky Martin, who, with a Grammy triumph and a first English-language album out this month, has had a sensational U.S. landing.

ARTIE SHAW'S SOLO BEAT | 184

At the height of his career, bandleader Artie Shaw put down his clarinet, amid his disdain for his audiences and the Hollywood beauties who loved him. On the eve of a Shaw revival, Cliff Rothman profiles the onetime king of swing. Portrait by Bruce Weber.

DUEL IDENTITY | 190

Julian Broad and Evgenia Peretz spotlight Ralph Fiennes, who hides the truth—in three different roles—in *Taste of Sunshine,* Istvan Szabo's family saga of Hungarian Jews.

PALM SPRINGS WEEKENDS | 192

Long a desert playground for Hollywood royalty and Republican ex-presidents, Palm Springs has been derided as "God's waiting room" even by its own mayor. But with everyone from Donatella Versace to Tom Ford flocking to its surreal landscape and modernist architecture, Bob Colacello finds, the resort is so cool it's hot. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

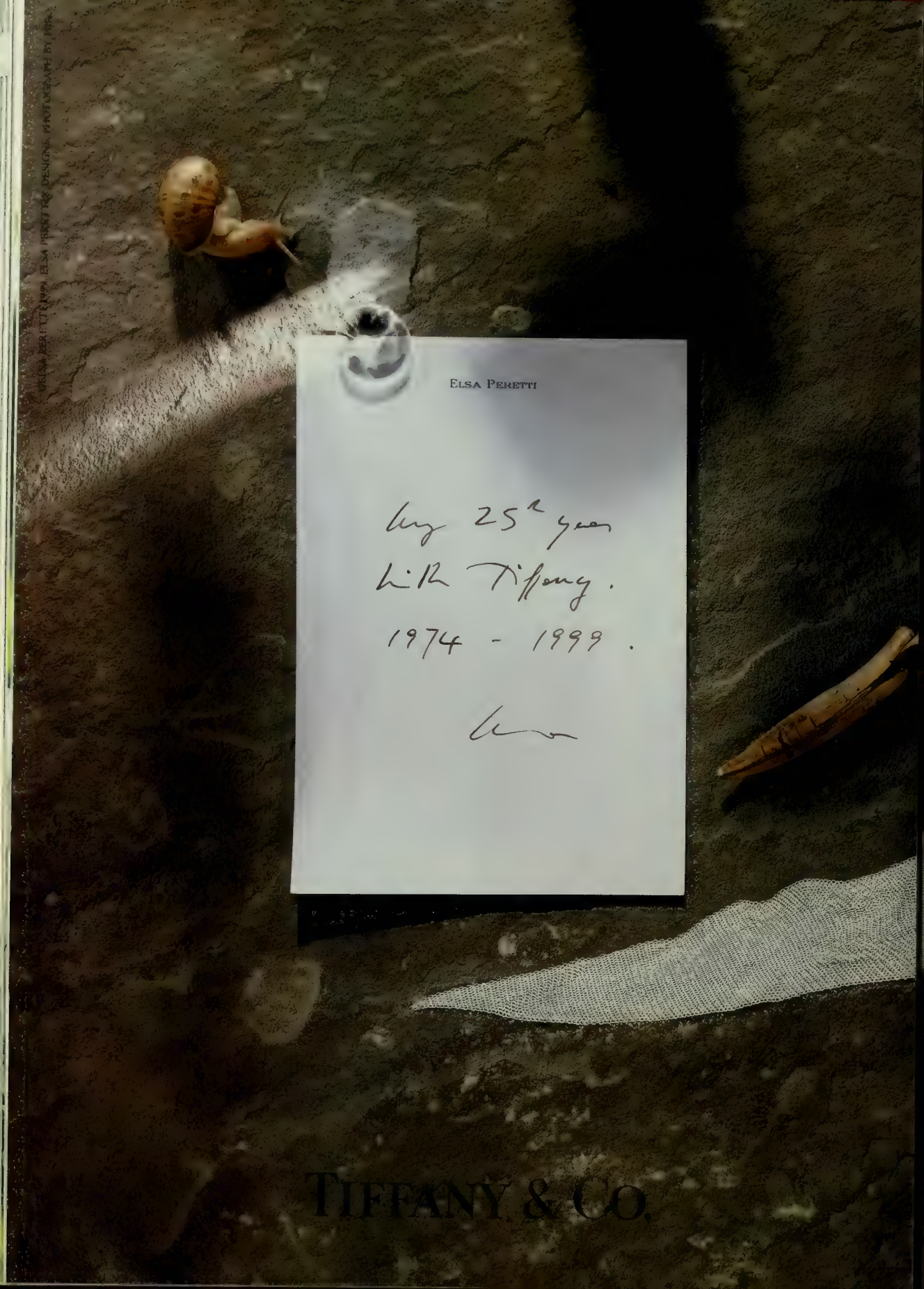
Columns

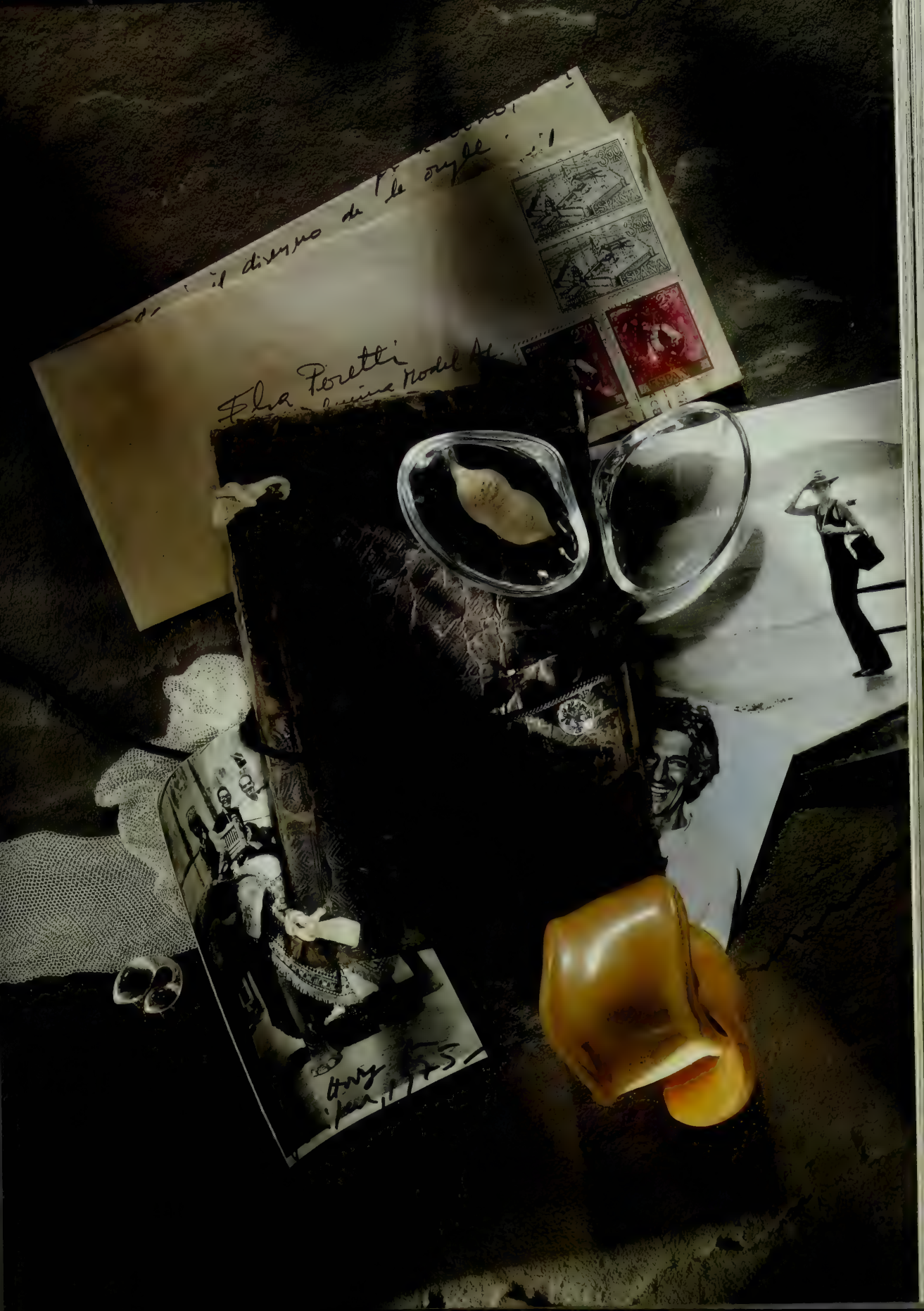
OLD ENOUGH TO DIE | 76

In America, minors are protected from tobacco and alcohol, but not from a lethal injection or the electric chair. Christopher Hitchens wonders what kind of village it takes to kill a child.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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VANITY FAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

JUNE 1999

WILD ON THESTREET.COM | 86

James Cramer became a Wall Street guru by writing for a media network of powerful Harvard grads. But, Suzanna Andrews reports, as Cramer takes public his financial Web site while feuding nastily with partner Marty Peretz, that visibility is a double-edged sword.

HOTEL CALIFORNIA | 102

Matt Tyrnauer checks into the Standard—André Balazs's new West Hollywood mecca for thrifty, style-conscious Gen-Xers—and deems the hotel anything but ordinary. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

OSCAR INVASION | 112

From Madonna to Gwyneth to Monica, they all swanned and shimmied to the sound of Havana's hottest band at *V.F.*'s sixth annual Oscar bash. A photomontage from Mortons.

HALL OF FAME | 124

Lisa Robinson nominates Eric Clapton for another brilliant use of his guitars—an auction to benefit his substance-abuse clinic. Portrait by Norman Watson.

THE DICTATOR AND THE DEAD | 126

After General Augusto Pinochet was arrested in London last October, he became the first former head of state to be charged with genocide, torture, and terrorism. As Chile's notorious ex-dictator awaits extradition to stand trial, Judy Bachrach charts his blood-soaked path to an unprecedented day of reckoning.

MRS. ASTOR REGRETS | 142

Brooke Astor critiques a rude new world of men without hats and meandering pedestrians. Illustrations by Hilary Knight.

Vanities

MURPHY'S LAW | 151

Miami heat—speed-dialing the night away with Ingrid Casares; Golden Boys—Hollywood Brat Packs through the decades.

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: Gods and monsters | 40

CONTRIBUTORS | 44

LETTERS: High on Sunset | 52

CREDITS | 229

PLANETARIUM: Lose your marbles, Gemini | 230

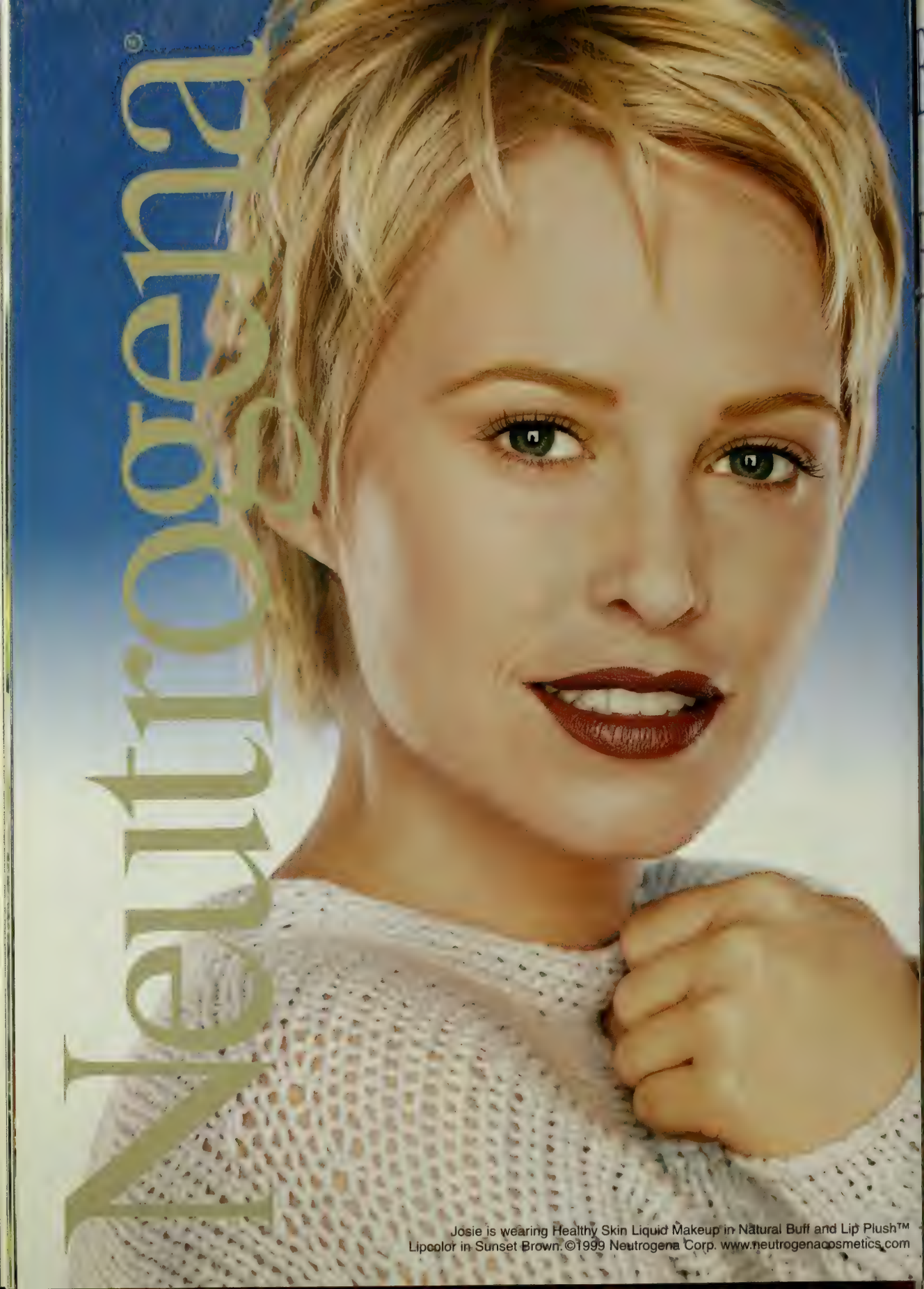
PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Jackie Collins | 232

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LEAVING LOS ANGELES | 192


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Gods and Monsters



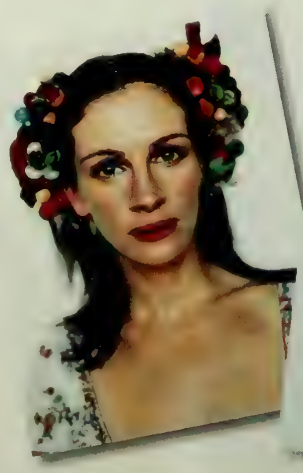
What started last October as one of General Augusto Pinochet's frequent jaunts to London—the former Chilean dictator shopped for a new Burberry, visited his old chum Margaret Thatcher, had tea at the Savoy—has ended in a controversy that continues to rage around the world. As I write, the 83-year-old general is under house arrest, in the Surrey countryside, awaiting extradition to Spain, where he has been charged with genocide, torture, and terrorism. This exercise in justice across borders is virtually without precedent in modern history: a former head of state facing trial in another country for crimes committed while he was in office. As Judy Bachrach reports in her compelling dispatch on page 126, "The Dictator and the Dead," it seems clear from available evidence that Pinochet must have at the very least known about the thousands of bloody crimes that were carried out in his name in the 1970s by his feared secret police. Perhaps best remembered here in the U.S. is the 1976 car bombing that killed the general's political opponent, Orlando Letelier, and left a young American, Ronni Moffitt, dead. But Pinochet's arrest by the British and impending prosecution by a Spanish court raise the prospect of similar scenarios. Human-rights violations are often in the eyes of the beholder. Could George Bush, for instance, be grabbed in another country and turned over to a third for the murder of innocents during U.S. bombings of Iraq in 1991? Or could Bill Clinton be held accountable for civilian deaths in the air strikes against Serbia?

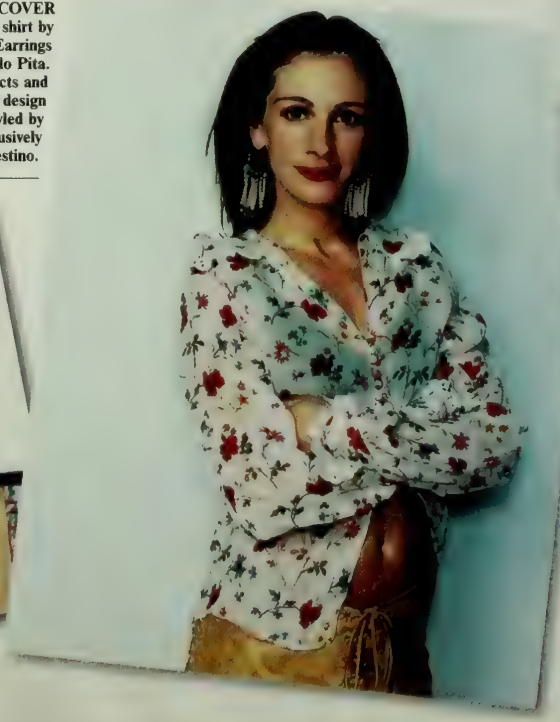
Until the ramifications of Pinochet's arres unfold, former heads of state might be we advised to stick close to home. In the case o American ex-presidents—Republican ones, any way—the obvious choice for God's waiting roon is Palm Springs, California, the Big Room o Hollywood's biggest stars in the 30s, 40s, an 50s. Great weather, dry air, vault-of-heaver skies; it doesn't get much better. Dwight Eisen hower loved its emerald-green golf courses Gerald and Betty Ford are back-nine regular there (not least because Mrs. Ford's legendary rehabilitation center is nearby in the Coachella Valley), and the Bushes have been frequent visi tors to Sunnylands, the sleek, historic compound of Lee and Wal ter Annenberg. Palm Springs, that time capsule of mid-century high modernism, is buzzing again, drawing a new generation o hipsters to its perfect climate and dazzling glass boxes. As Bob Co lacello writes in his *tour d'horizon* on page 192, "What Art Deco did for Miami Beach in the 1980s, modernism is doing for Palm Springs today."

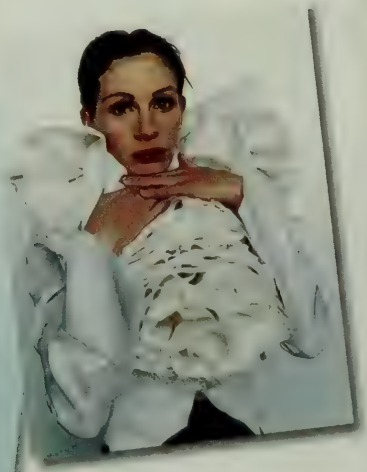
In a desert kingdom many time zones away, the recent death of a reigning head of state, Jordan's King Hussein, is the poignant back drop for Leslie Bennetts's profile of his beautiful, American-born wife, Queen Noor, on page 172. Perhaps grief led the former Lisa Halaby to drop her public mask a little and give Bennetts a hint of the struggles she has faced over two decades as queen of an Islamic country in which she was often at social and political odds with her native land. Her courage and dignity as mourner in chief for her adopted nation are impressive indeed. —GRAYDON CARTER

Flower Girl

ON THE COVER
Julia Roberts wears a shirt by John Galliano. Pants by Lost Art. Earrings by Fred Leighton. Hair by Orlando Pita. Makeup by Tom Pecheux. Hair products and makeup from Neutrogena. Set design and props by Jack Flanagan. Styled by Lori Goldstein. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mario Testino.







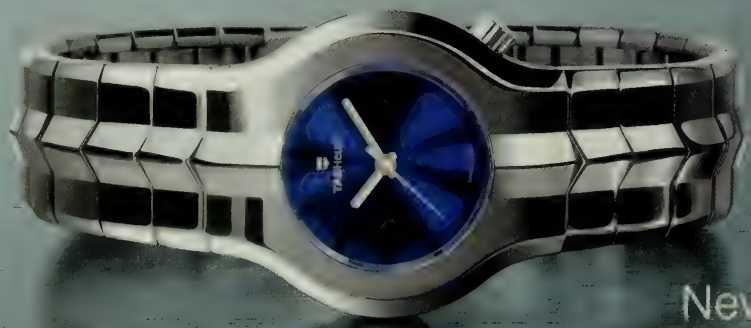
Julia Roberts, who plays an American actress hounded by paparazzi in the upcoming *Notting Hill,* is photographed here in a more sedate setting, at Tribeca Studios in New York, February 16, 1999. *Far left,* headpiece by Patricia Underwood. *Above,* shirt and pants by Viktor & Rolf Haute Couture; manicure by Nails by Emma.

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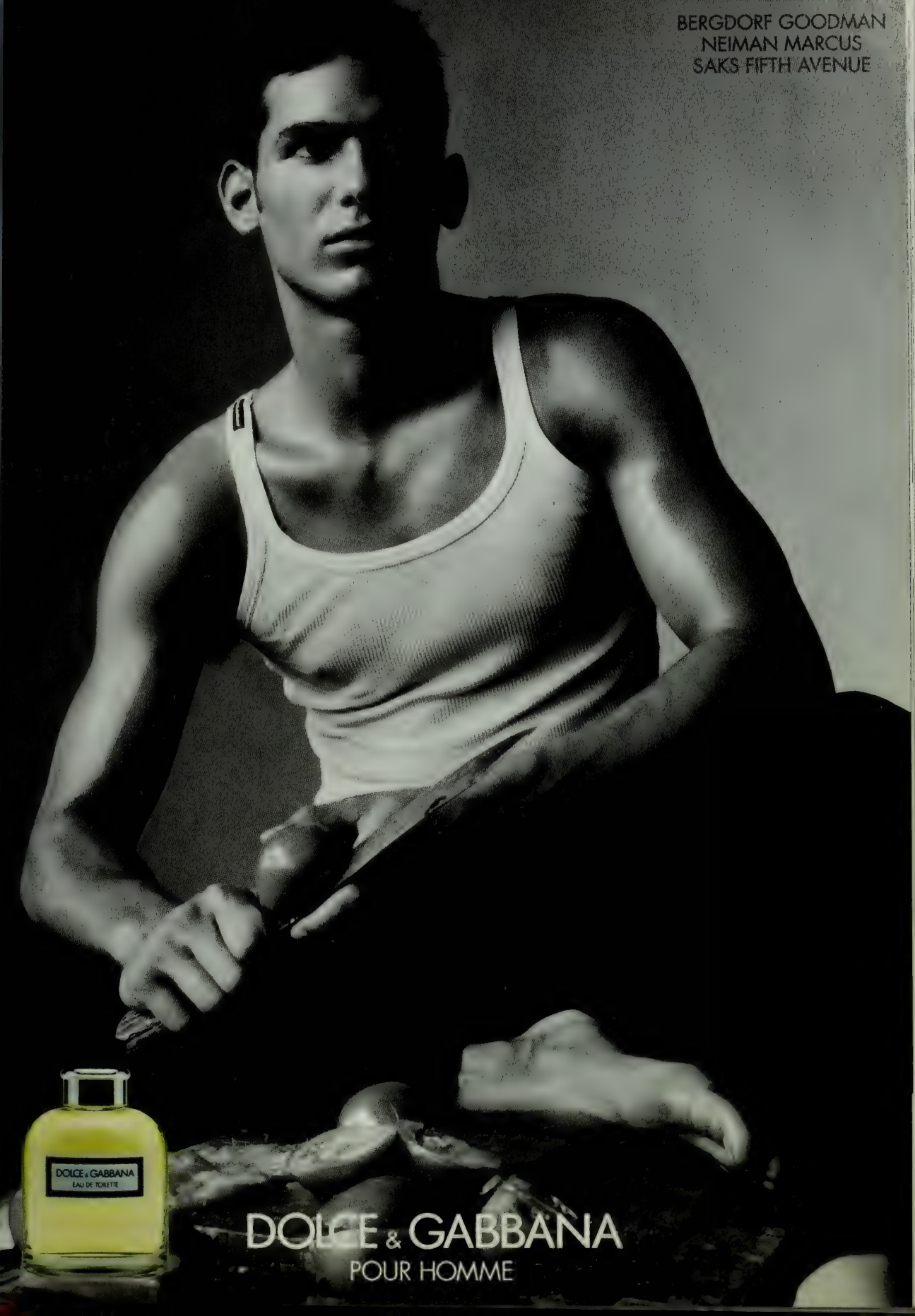
Although he was born and raised in Brooklyn, special correspondent **Bob Colacello** (shown here with contributing photographer **Jonathan Becker**) has always been attracted to the desert. "When I was a kid," he says, "I wanted to be Lawrence of Arabia." The research Colacello did for last year's two-part *V.F.* story about the Reagans took him to Palm Springs, which he celebrates in this issue. The area's allure, he says, lies in its "combination of movie stars, modernism, and presidential politics—all the things that interest me."



GISELE MARNE

Mario Testino's cover shoots for *V.F.* have offered unique glimpses of the softer sides of famous women, from Madonna to Princess Diana. His secret is simple: "When I photograph women, I try to find what I like most about them. I try to draw out what makes them smile, laugh, and behave like themselves." The same principles guided him while photographing Julia Roberts for this month's cover. "I wanted to bring out her more natural side and not depend on the image to which we were already accustomed." Testino's book of fashion-show photographs, *Front Row/Backstage,* will be published this fall.

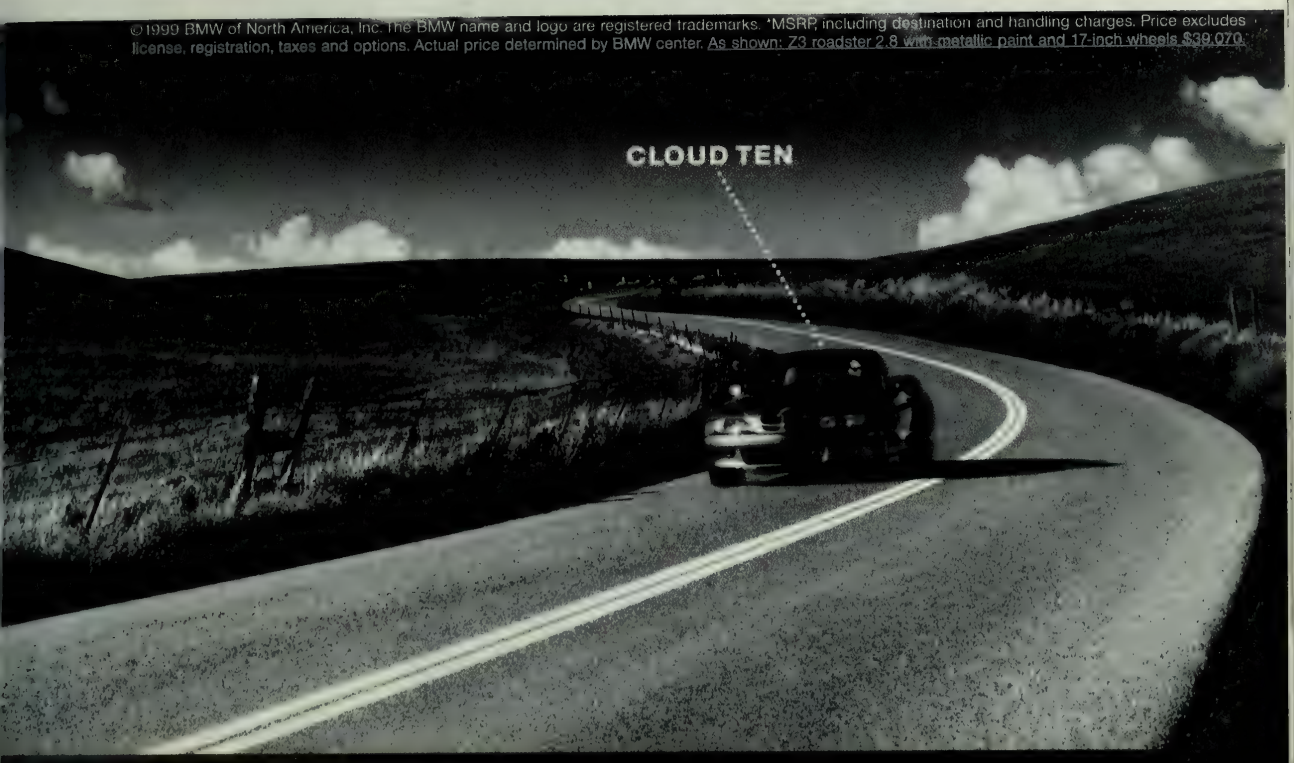
CONTINUED ON PAGE 48


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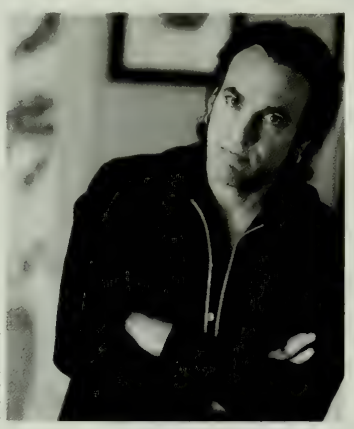
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44



Not only did Jordan's Queen Noor get "off her throne" for **Herb Ritts,** who photographed her for the profile that appears on page 172; she lay across the floor. More surprises were in store when her husband, King Hussein, walked in after a meeting with President Clinton. "He just introduced himself—not in a royal manner, but just as a guy," Ritts says of the king. Then, for what would be the last formal portraits taken of him before his death, the king posed with his wife. Together, says Ritts (shown here at *V.F.*'s Oscar party with Mariah Carey), "they were very loving and caring—making jokes and cracking up. It was quite a little afternoon."



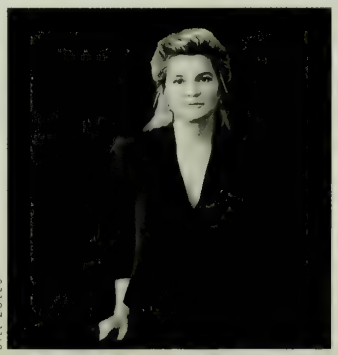
STEVE BANKS

Cliff Rothman is overwhelmed by the sheer energy of legendary musician Artie Shaw, whom he profiles on page 184. "To be in his presence," says Rothman, "is to be in the presence of a vital force." Rothman, a cultural reporter for *The Nation* and the *Los Angeles Times,* became a lifelong Shaw fan when he was 15. "I was at camp and this cool kid in my bunk started playing Artie Shaw, and I remember lying in the dark and hearing 'Moonglow' and just being carried away. His music has been with me ever since."

When *Monty Python's Flying Circus* first aired in the United States, in 1974, **David Morgan** was instantly hooked. "There was no warming-up period for me," he says. Last year he spent five months interviewing members of the revolutionary British comedy troupe for his oral history *Monty Python Speaks!,* which will be published this month by Avon Books. "It's the book I've always wanted to read," says Morgan. "I'm just glad I had the opportunity to do it." An excerpt begins on page 178.



TESSA WAREHAM



BILL ZUKES

"I've interviewed a lot of men on Wall Street, but interviewing Jim Cramer was one of the most unusual experiences of my career," says **Suzanna Andrews,** who profiles the mercurial investor and columnist in this issue. Andrews, who has also written for *New York, The New York Times,* and *Rolling Stone,* found Cramer to be so animated that she describes the interview as a kind of performance art. "He's sort of a character," she says, "like a character that Balzac could have written."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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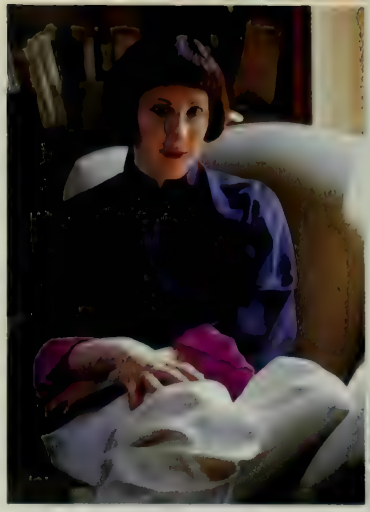
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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48



NINA BRAMHALL

Contributing editor **Elissa Schappell** considers the creation of her monthly "Hot Type" column an enviable task. "You get paid to read books and be opinionated," she says. One drawback: "My apartment is a disaster—piles of books everywhere." Her Brooklyn home may get messier now that Schappell and her writer husband, Rob Spillman, have launched a literary magazine, *Tin House,* which debuts this month. The plan is to spotlight underappreciated authors. "There's all this great work out there that doesn't have a home," Schappell says, "so we created one."



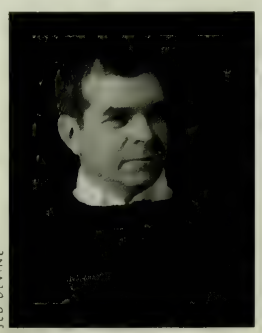
ANDERS OVERGAARD

When it comes to manners, **Brooke Astor** has relied on her mother's advice: "She always said to me, 'Brooke, don't ever get beyond yourself.' I think that has helped me more than anything else—that I not force myself on people, ever." Astor gets along with virtually everyone, which makes sense, because she's been one of New York's top socialites and philanthropists since the 1930s. "I've gone everywhere in New York—from Harlem down to SoHo and everywhere in between—and I've never had a disagreeable thing happen to me, because I love people." For more of Astor's thoughts on polite behavior, kindly turn to page 142.



FRANCINE FLEISCHER

For contributing editor **Judy Bachrach,** few stories have had the historic weight of this month's investigation of former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet. "This is a story about what happens to evil after you think it has gone away," says Bachrach. "If evil is not dealt with, it comes back to haunt you." The article also gave Bachrach the chance to witness an event for the ages: a former head of state being held legally accountable for his actions. "It's very rare," she says of Pinochet's likely trial, "that you see history being effected with no one else noticing."



JED DEVINE

After 15 years as *V.F.*'s copy editor, **Peter Devine** finally found a subject which captivated him enough that he wanted to write about it: the rise of Latin singer Ricky Martin. But don't expect Devine to abandon copy editing, which he lovingly compares to architecture. "To get a building to stay up," he says, "all the pieces have to be the right size and in the right position. If you choose the right words, a story will stand the test of time." Admitting that even the experts need help, Devine adds, "It's not that we know everything—it's that we know what needs to be looked up."

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Now [illegible] on the block: The fifth annual Vanity Fair *Hollywood billboard on Sunset Boulevard, which was unveiled on March 1[illegible] with a publicity "teaser" [illegible] featuring Drew Barrymore. Photographed on March 24, 1999.*

HIGH ON SUNSET

I love it! The stories in your April issue were absolutely fabulous: Todd S. Purdum's article on Roxbury Drive, "The Street Where They Lived," was wonderfully done, as were Sam Kashner's story on Sammy Davis Jr. and Kim Novak, "The Color of Love," and Patricia Bosworth's investigation into the murder of Lana Turner's boyfriend. I especially loved Dominick Dunne's article on Mike Romanoff, "The Little Prince."

My mother adored Hollywood and all the hoopla. Consequently, while most children were growing up on Mother Goose, I was being raised on *Motion Picture* magazine and *Photoplay*! I remember those days so vividly, and today you have taken me on a very much wanted trip down memory lane. Thank you, *Vanity Fair.* You outdid yourself this month and I love it!

BEVERLY TALIAFERRO
Concord, California

I JUST RECEIVED the 1999 Hollywood issue of *Vanity Fair.* After scanning the cover, I was looking forward to the "400 Spectacular Pages of Movies, Glamour and Raw, Naked Power!"

But let's be truthful here. What we have is 185 Spectacular Pages of Movies, Glamour and Raw, Naked Power, and 229 pages of advertising. Don't get me wrong; I love *Vanity Fair,* but you have to admit, the cover may be just a tad bit misleading.

DAVID MOSER
Clifton Park, New York

On Neutra Ground

I COMMEND MITCH GLAZER for his imaginative and flamboyant vision of what life may have been like in the West Hollywood of the 20s ["Genius and Jealousy," April]. While I was born into that scene, I can't say I have memories that correspond with his cinematic view of the free love and nude dancing he imputes to the Schindlers. But, hey, I was only two!

There are, however, a couple of points worth addressing. First, a caption to one of the photographs reads, "Neutra in his house on Silverlake Boulevard, Los Angeles, 1963." In fact, the picture is of my master bedroom on Neutra Place one block away. (It may have been incorrectly labeled because other publications had it wrong.) My parents occupied this Neutra-designed house for a couple of years while I rebuilt the fire-ravaged Research House on Silverlake Boulevard from 1963 to 1966.

Second, while there is no doubt that Philip Lovell's decision to hire Neutra instead of Schindler for the Lovell Health house would have caused ill feelings in Schindler, there *was* an adequate reason for his choice. In addition to what Glazer says about Lovell's various problems with Schindler, the Schindler-designed vacation cabin in the mountains apparently *also* failed, so Lovell had even more reason to switch architects. Why suggest, then, that Neutra may have been chosen as a result of his "unethical subterfuge of lobbying for the job"? Where does that notion come from?

Finally, Glazer states early on that both Neutra's and Schindler's best work was done between 1920 and 1960, and that "neither ever realized a grand commission." I would say the U.S. Embassy in Karachi, the Cyclorama Center at Gettysburg National Military Park (threatened with demolition as we speak), the high-rise L.A. County Hall of Records, the Orange County Courthouse of Santa Ana, and the 22-story Graduate Towers at the University of Pennsylvania—all but one of which

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Winning Streep: Meryl Streep, who won Academy Awards for Kramer vs. Kramer *(1979) and* Sophie's Choice *(1982), photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on January 24, 1999.*

BRAVO! ON A TERRIFIC ISSUE devoted to a favorite American pastime—going to the movies. Looking back at the rising stars you've photographed for the magazine's cover since 1995, I was amazed to see how many have become so well known, and how many have earned Oscar nominations. This year, I was especially happy to see three of my favorite new performers featured on the cover—Adrien Brody, Reese Witherspoon, and, most of all, Giovanni Ribisi.

The portfolio of stars and legends was sensational, and I was particularly delighted with the inclusion of three of France's best—Catherine Deneuve, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean Reno.

Thanks, too, for featuring Meryl Streep, the "All-Star." I sometimes think people forget the powerful role she has played in film over the past couple of decades, especially in light of her astounding 11 Oscar nominations, and her enormous appeal with audiences around the world. In my book, there isn't an actor around who can touch her extraordinary talent or versatility. She is an enduring legend and quite possibly the greatest actress of the 20th century.

HARVEY ECCLESTON
Denver, Colorado

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were completed after 1960—would qualif as grand commissions for Neutra, ou firm, and our associates. I was project a chitect on most of these, and continue t conduct the affairs of the firm and the in stitute formed by my dad—also after 196

Otherwise, it was most entertainin to view such an imaginative and colo ful rerun of this early period of my life

DION NEUTR
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Los Angeles, Californi

MITCH GLAZER REPLIES: As I'm sure Dio Neutra knows, the means by which Richard Neutr ended up with the Lovell Health–house commissio remains a controversy. Among the numerous source that question Neutra's actions is a 1958 intervie with historian Esther McCoy in which Philip Lovell's wife, Leah, recalled, "When Richard [Neutra] showed us the first plans for the town hous he let me believe that RMS [Schindler] was workin with him. It was quite a while before Richard let u know RMS wasn't in it with him." The rumors o misconduct affected Richard Neutra his whole life. I a letter dated January 28, 1969, 40 years after th fact, Richard Neutra wrote to Philip Lovell, "It i terrible to me, that in America and even here i Vienna it is whispered—it was me, who stole you sympathy and confidence away from my best friend.

My description of a "grand commission—a AT&T skyscraper or a Guggenheim Museum"— referred to an architect's monumental-scale, personal *statement, such as Gehry's Bilbao museum. I am aware that the Neutra* firm *landed some big jobs. The post-1960 buildings Dion Neutra mention were all designed by his father with at least one other architect; they have included Robert Alexander Thaddeus Longstreth, Herman Charles Light and James R. Friend, and Dion Neutra. I still respectfully believe that Neutra's finest work came between 1920 and 1960 and that he never realized his defining, large-scale masterpiece.*

Romanoff Holiday

CONGRATULATIONS. Your April issue is another triumph for your magazine. Is it nostalgia or merely a sign of the times that people my age find your articles about old Hollywood so full of colorful characters, especially in comparison with contemporary "showbiz folk"?

As a young man I had the pleasure to meet Mike Romanoff ["The Little Prince," by Dominick Dunne] while working for George Raft at the Colony Club in Berkeley Square, London, in the mid-60s. Anybody who was anybody in Hollywood and visiting London came to the club to see George Raft. Unfortunately, the dream lasted only a short time, and


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because of my young age I did not fully appreciate it. But my experiences from that time will stay in my memory forever.

DAVID CORNWELL
Buckhurst Hill, Essex, England

Wheels of Fortune

AS A TEENAGER in the 1960s, I was fascinated by George Barris's "Kustoms" and bought every copy of *Car Craft* I could find ["Kandy Man," by Bruce Handy, April]. Later in life, I managed to acquire two of George Barris's creations—one of the dual Ghias he lightly modified for Rat Pack members, and a wild 1958 Corvette he styled after General Motors' XP Dream Car that made its Motorama circuit. It is said that art, to be significant, must evoke an emotion. I can guarantee that on the rare occasions when I take one of these cars out for a drive every head turns—some out of shock, some out of appreciation. But the onlookers all agree that no one is building 'em like they used to!

CHARLES MARSHALL
Atherton, California

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Celeste's Seasonings

IN "EVERYTHING ABOUT EVE" [by Sar Staggs, April], Celeste Holm referred t the rude treatment she received fro Bette Davis while making *All About Ev* It so upset her, she claimed, that sh "never spoke to her again—ever."

Not long ago, I watched the videc tape of the American Film Institute 1977 tribute to Bette Davis, at whic she received a Life Achievement Award Many of her friends and colleagues pai her homage, including Celeste Holm who praised Davis's acting and calle her a "heroine." Is it just me, or do he comments in your article make he appearance at the A.F.I. tribute seer hypocritical?

ALICE CONNORTO New York, New Yor

VIVA *VANITY FAIR* for your Hollywoo issue. It was a real pleasure readin about the reel stars who really glittered Miss Loretta Young truly lives up t her name. The "Proust Questionnaire with Miss Hedy Lamarr was a real hoot And, of course, Bette Davis. Thank you Mr. Staggs, for your article "Everythin About Eve." To my knowledge it wa factually correct, and I appreciate that was quoted properly.

VIK GREENFIELI
Bette Davis's "longtime secretary
Wilton, Connecticu

It's a Wonderful Place

I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED reading abou the past and present residents of Rox bury Drive ["The Street Where They Lived"], but was aghast at the proclama tion made by Steven Wallace, the busi nessman who bought Jimmy Stewart's house from his children, that it was "just a dump." I have walked Roxbury Drive many times in the past 15 years and Mr Stewart's residence was one that I always admired for its architectural style and beauty. With its meticulously landscaped yard and an immaculate façade, it is in conceivable that the inside of his house would have been anything but impecca ble. One can only wonder what possessed Mr. Wallace to make such a disparaging remark. Envy? A desire to defame? Mr Stewart's house exuded a charm and ele gance that the new, larger stuccoed man sions lack. Walking Roxbury Drive just isn't the same without Jimmy's house.

JENNIFER BARTOLUCCI
Laguna Hills, California

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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LOUIS VUITTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

TODD S. PURDUM'S article on Beverly Hills' fabled Roxbury Drive was quite interesting, but the information about 30s crooner Russ Columbo was incorrect, due, perhaps, to consistently erroneous reports that have been published elsewhere. I have been researching Mr. Columbo's life and death for the past eight years, and am the editor-author of a Russ Columbo biographical Web site.

While Columbo did indeed rent 1019 Roxbury for most of 1934, he vacated that property in July and moved to 1940 Outpost Circle in Hollywood. The accidental shooting actually occurred in September at 584 Lillian Way, also in Hollywood, at the small bungalow of Columbo's best friend, portrait photographer Lansing Brown. This information is documented through Columbo's death certificate, the Coroner's Register, and 1934 newspaper accounts of the tragedy.

MAX PIERCE
Hollywood, California



Fun house: Jack Benny at the front door of his Georgian house on Roxbury Drive. It had a mosaic octopus in the swimming pool. Photographed in August 1952.

All the Raj

Parodying Hollywood's latest craze—spiritual immersion—Mike Myers posed for photographer David LaChapelle in our April portfolio as an Eastern demigod who is never far from his agent or his PalmPilot. But as a steady stream of incensed letters made clear, the Hindu community (to whom LaChapelle has apologized on the South Asian Journalists Association's Web site) did not find the image particularly uplifting. Anil Sivakumaran of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, pointed out that while "many of the popular deities are the butt of many jocular references even in pious Hindu families, a sense of piety is always maintained." A sense we clearly missed, thought Prashansa Sai of Austin, Texas. "What the hell are you people thinking?" she asked. "Would you dress Mahatma Gandhi up as Jesus Christ and put him on the cover?" The double standard was noted by many, as was Vanity Fair*'s perceived ignorance of the religious symbols pictured, such as the flower garlands, a stuck-out tongue, and the blue-painted skin. As Hiren Patel of Forest Hills, New York, put it, "Just because we have a monkey god doesn't mean you have to exploit it."*

According to Sandhya G. Ganti of New York, however, "The brouhaha over Mike Myers seems reflective of only a minority of Hindu fanatics." As a child, she wrote, "my early lessons in Hindu folklore didn't teach me reverence and devotion. Instead, the images of Lord Krishna surrounded by half-naked gopikas *taught me my first lessons in sexuality." A thought echoed by Gotham Chopra, son of Deepak Chopra: "The principal problem with any faith is when the followers begin to take themselves too seriously."*

CORRECTION: The photograph of Matthew Shepard on page 211 of the March 1999 issue ("The Crucifixion of Matthew Shepard") was not correctly credited. In fact, the photograph was taken by Gina van Hoof. Ms. van Hoof took the photograph in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1996. We regret the error.

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: *Vanity Fair,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*

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the nantucket film festival

WHERE SCREENWRITERS INHERIT THE EARTH

The Nantucket Film Festival has distinguished itself as a top-tier event among those who travel the festival circuit, and is most notably recognized for its celebration of the screenwriter. Since its inception in 1996, the Festival has remained loyal to the notion that the writer's contribution is at the core of all good filmmaking. From screenings to panel discussions to staged readings to tributes, every aspect of the festival champions the screenplay as the heart and soul of the motion picture.







Clockwise from top:
Welcome to Nantucket;
Bjorn Sundquist and Petronella Barker in *Thrane's Method*;
Ben Stiller; Brooke Shields.

THE NANTUCKET FILM FESTIVAL SPONSORS THIS YEAR INCLUDE
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Clockwise from top: Annette Roque and Matt Lauer; L to R: Jace Alexander, Renée Shafransky, and Frank Military; L to R: Callie Thorne, Brad Anderson, and Lori Haims; Jill Goode and Jonathan Burkhart.

FESTIVAL FAVORITES

Nantucket boasts a variety of fine restaurants, as well as casual eateries—perfect for a quick bite between screenings or for late-night dining after a full day of Festival activities. Be sure to check out some of these Festival favorites:

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The Festival Hospitality/Registration Centre is located at the Point Breeze Hotel, 71 Easton Street, 508.228.0313.

For pass and ticket information, call 212.642.6339 or visit the Festival Web site at www.nantucketfilmfestival.org.

THE NANTUCKET EXPERIENCE

According to Festival attendee Joseph F. Derrico Jr., vice president of development and production for Patriot Entertainment, "Today, more than ever, the Nantucket Film Festival is a lighthouse that guides filmmakers toward the critical importance of the written word. It is my hope and belief that these 'storytellers' will embrace the Festival's light as they move on in their screenwriting journeys."

The Nantucket Film Festival has indeed grown by leaps and bounds. According to Festival Producer Lauren Mansfield, over 5,000 people attended last year's Festival, and she anticipates even more participants this June. The programming directors have received approximately 500 films submissions for 45 slots and over 600 scripts for the screenplay competition. Festival-goers can expect to see a diverse and quality mix of films from every genre and from all corners of the world.

With an event that attracts so many talented screenwriters and scripts, it's inevitable that buyers and distributors will be in attendance. Nantucket has labored to keep its emphasis on the artistic side of things and to minimize the market mentality that pervades some of the bigger festivals. However, there are subtle moments whe deals are struck and careers are made According to Executive Director Jonatha Burkhart, "People have been known to sell the screenplays at the local bar."

The intimate and informal atmosphere o the festival has proved to be a major draw When asked why he attended the Festiva writer/director Brad Anderson (*Next Sto Wonderland*) replied emphatically, "N hype!" For Anderson, the most importan conversations take place while sharing a authentic island meal. He fondly remember "eating lobster with David Newman as h described how they got that famous running through-the-field shot in *Bonnie & Clyde*."

For one anonymous (and amorous) film maker, Nantucket will always invoke th memory of "standing mere inches behin Brooke Shields at the Ring Lardner Jr. Tribute afraid to tell her I used to cut her photos ou of *Tiger Beat* when I was twelve."

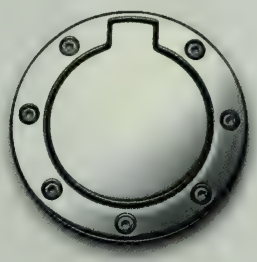
At every turn, there are opportunities t learn from the pros and to test the water without restrictions. Writers use the positiv energy of the festival—and the spirit of th island itself—to inspire creativity, cultivat new friendships, and indulge their passio for cinema.


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screenings

Nantucket's screening program encompasses a vibrant mix of films across a wide spectrum of genres. There are no restrictions on where a film comes from or when it was made.

Says Film Programming Director Mystelle Brabbée, "We prefer not to limit our selection of films to a predetermined theme. Rather, we wait to see what each year's crop of films presents us and let the theme grow organically." And Artistic Director Jill Goode adds, "By focusing on screenwriting, we transcend being categorized."

The foremost standard Goode and Brabbée apply is excellence. Ultimately, what they hope to find are high-quality, writer-driven films which expand the viewer's appreciation of a well-written story. "Whether a work comes from an independent filmmaker, a studio screenwriter, or an amateur writer, foreign or not, what matters is substance," says Goode.

This year's program features a diverse and provocative line up of international films, regional films, short films, and films from first-time writers/directors. There is also a fine selection of documentaries, as well as archival films which honor the work of the Festival's tributee—who, this year, is Jay Presson Allen.



INTERNATIONAL FILMS

The Nantucket Film Festival welcomes the work of inte national filmmakers, for the fresh perspectives their st ries provide and for the authenticity they lend their sub jects. Given the diversity of today's moviegoers, film have become important ambassadors between culture and religions. "To see a film from Sweden or Canada India, we feel as though we're being transported to anoth er place, another reality," explains Brabbée. "Yet, at th same time, these films inform our collective sensibilit and reveal similarities among cultures."

Almost half of the screenings slated for the 199 Festival are international films with widespread appeal. I the Norwegian film *Thrane's Metode* (*Thrane's Method* writer/director Unni Straume tackles the universal them of love, as well as the fear of and desire for success. I *Bure Baruta* (*The Powder Keg*), a Yugoslavian-inspire drama, veteran director Goran Pakalijevic portrays th everyday horrors of life in post-war Belgrade—and st manages to elicit unanimous approval. From French direc tor Radu Mihaileanu comes another gripping war story– this one set during World War II. *Train de Vie* (*Train of Life* is a tragicomedy based on the real-life struggle of a grou of Jews who used a train to escape Nazi persecution.

SHORT FILMS

Short films are submitted from every corner of the glob and span every genre, from noir thriller to comedic wes ern to stop-motion animation. Through the short film program, aspiring auteurs have an opportunity to exercis their creative license and elevate themselves in the publi eye.

Some of this year's shorts include: *Baby Steps; Culture Desserts; Devil Doll, Ring Pull; Dirt; Fuzzy Logic; Herb Herd; Human Remains; I Remember; Ladies Room; Ma and Dog; More; Searching for Carrie Fisher; Script Docto Stalker Guilt Syndrome;* and *Zoltar from Zoran.*

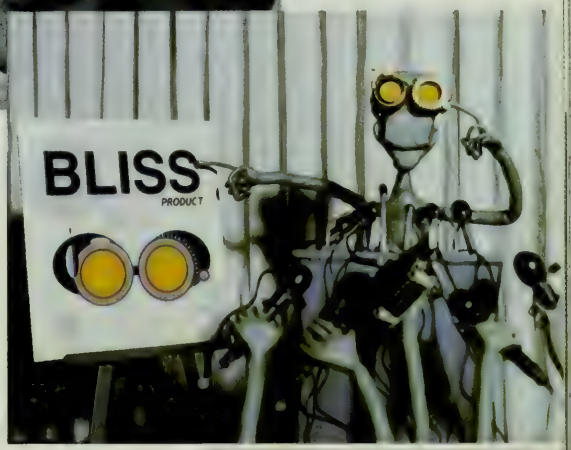






Clockwise from top: Adrian Grenier and Clark Gregg in *The Adventures of Sebastian Cole*; Michael Imperioli in *On the Run*; Franka Potente in *Run Lola Run*; Lionel Abelanski in *Train of Life.*





Clockwise from top: Ally Sheedy and Courtney Collier in *The Autumn Heart*; a scene from *More*; Kathy Bates in *Baby Steps*; Stephanie Berry and Joseph Sirvao in *A Day in Black and White*.

REGIONAL FILMS

The regional films screened during Nantucket's first three years demonstrated an original and creative flair in their exploration of cinema. "This year," says Brabbée, "the Festival will call special attention to the outstanding filmmaking taking place in our own backyard by making regional films an official category." Regional gems from previous years include: *Southie, Home Before Dark, Man with a Plan*, and *Next Stop Wonderland*.

This June, New England native Davidlee Willson will make his feature film debut with *The Autumn Heart*, a bittersweet tale about a family torn apart by divorce and the forces of nature that reunite them. The film stars Emmy- and Tony Award-winner Tyne Daly, critically acclaimed actress Ally Sheedy, and Willson himself.

FIRST-TIME WRITERS/DIRECTORS

First-time writers/directors face the daunting and difficult task of getting their work seen. It is fortunate, then, that film festivals have taken on the important role of discovering—and showcasing—emerging talent. The Nantucket Film Festival is proud to introduce the work of some very talented new filmmakers.

On the Run is the first feature-length film from director Bruno de Almeida, whose previous work includes commercials, music videos, documentaries, and short films. The screenplay, by Joseph Minion (who wrote *After Hours* and *Mirror, Mirror* for Martin Scorsese), traces a night of reckoning for two friends, as they both get caught up in a strange and reckless flurry of events that will change their lives forever.

From first-time feature writer/director Desmond Hall comes *A Day in Black and White*—a film which explores various angles of the race question and, in so doing, prompts viewers to confront their own beliefs about race relations in America. Says Hall, "If *A Day in Black and White* acts as a catalyst for honesty...I will be very satisfied. The problems of race division will not be resolved until we talk."



A Nantucket selection which has already begun to generate conversation is *The Adventures of Sebastian Cole*—the feature debut of writer/director Tod Williams. One enthusiastic reviewer asserted, "Even though it is his first film, Tod Williams has already proven himself a master storyteller, with an uncanny eye for the details that make us human." Laden with unpredictable characters and rich, tight dialogue, *Adventures* takes a poignant and vital look at the path to finding oneself.

The Festival is also excited to host the world premiere of *American Detective*, a dark comedy from first-time writer/director Dan Brown. Inspired by the advertisements in a True Crime magazine, this character-driven film exposes the voyeuristic obsessions of a mail-order detective.





So, how often do you get burned by your grill?

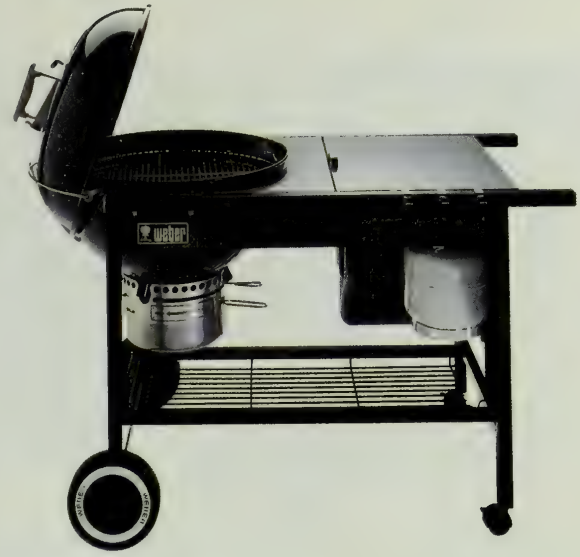
With chicken that's singed beyond recognition? Roasts that are pink on one end and overdone on the other? And well-done steaks when you wanted medium-rare?

Well, your trial by fire is over.

Presenting the Performer® Charcoal Grill – a revolutionary combination of barbecuing philosophies. You see, we took the convenience of our gas grills and combined them with the best features of our charcoal grills.

To spectacular results.

It's nothing less than the first charcoal grill to offer the ease of a gas start. No matches. No lighter fluid. No mess. Just a single touch of the button and our patented Touch-N-Go™ Gas Ignition System lights your coals evenly and efficiently. The first time. Every time.



HIS SUMMER, MEN WILL SPEND OVER TWO BILLION HOURS GRILLING. AND APPROXIMATELY ONE ILLION HOURS MAKING EXCUSES FOR THE RESULTS.

The Performer gives you control, too. With our charcoal baskets, or Char-Baskets™ as we call them, you'll be able to guarantee friends and family perfect steaks, hamburgers and chops every time. Simply move the Char-Baskets to the middle of the grill and cook over them for what is known as Direct Cooking. For juicy prime rib, whole chicken and turkey (yes, you can grill a turkey), use the Indirect Method of Cooking by sliding the Char-Baskets apart and placing the meat over a drip pan in the middle.



Other features that make the Performer the charcoal grill to beat? A hinged cooking grate that makes it easy to add charcoal. Large, crackproof wheels designed to roll over grass, gravel and other uneven surfaces. Locking casters that prevent rolling. And stainless steel hooks for barbecue tools.

What's more, we created our stainless steel work surface not only to clean up easily, but to allow you to keep everything you need exactly where you need it. Close at hand. The ingenious design doesn't stop there, though. Underneath the work surface you'll find a storage bin large enough to keep 20 pounds of charcoal dry.

Then there's the patented Performer thermometer. It not only monitors the internal temperature of the grill, but also doubles as a meat probe to check the doneness of your food. Our One-Touch™ Cleaning System features three aluminized steel blades that scrape and sift ashes out of the kettle grill into the ash catcher. The ash catcher then releases for easy disposal.

Now when it comes to durability, we make a guarantee that's strong as steel. Literally. That's because we use heavy-walled steel tubing and robot-weld it together for extra strength and stability in the cart. Our signature kettle is made from the finest-grade steel and coated with a porcelain enamel that'll never rust, peel or fade. This isn't a grill for one season; it's a grill for a lifetime.

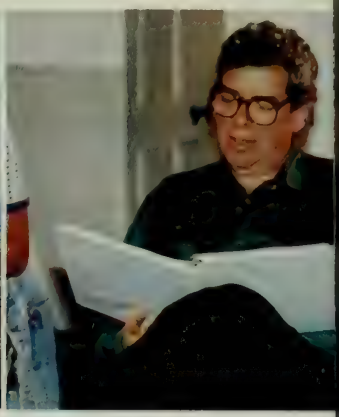
When it comes to your satisfaction, you'll find no excuses here, either. The Performer comes with a 45-day money-back guarantee. As well as a five-year limited warranty.

Just imagine. No more excuses, apologies or regrets. Just delicious food every time. To learn more about the Performer Grill, also available without the Touch-N-Go Ignition System, call 1-800-99-WEBER (1-800-999-3237) in the U.S. or Canada for a complimentary copy of the Performer video and brochure. Or visit our World Wide Web site at www.weberbbq.com.

weber







Left: Ring Lardner, Jr. and Brian Williams; *Center,* L to R: John Hamburg, Jeremy Leven, and Steve Klein; *Right:* David Newman

FESTIVAL TRIBUTES & AWARDS

THE 2ND ANNUAL WRITER'S TRIBUTE SPONSORED BY NBC

In 1998, the Festival introduced the **Writer's Tribute** to honor the work of a distinguished screenwriter—an individual whose unique perspective on and contribution to the world of cinema serves as an inspiration to future writers of film. This year's tribute recognizes the exceptional career of Jay Presson Allen—screenwriter, novelist, playwright, and producer.

Her list of film credits is extensive in length, scope, and medium, and includes such classics as *Cabaret, Just Tell Me What You Want, Marnie, Prince of the City,* and *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie.* Says Allen, "I may not be the best writer in Hollywood, but I think I have the greatest stretch. I can write about more different things than anyone I can think of." She's written thrillers, dramas, and comedies for the stage, television, and screen. What her scripts have in common are their quality character studies; and, in general, her characters turn out like herself—smart, tough, and funny.

TONY COX AWARD FOR SCREENWRITING SPONSORED BY SHOWTIME

The **Tony Cox Award for Screenwriting** was named for the former chairman and CEO of Showtime Networks. Cox was a longtime resident of Nantucket, a devoted fan of and contributor to the Festival, and a firm believer in mentoring talent. The award which bears his name encourages submissions from emerging screenwriters, in hopes of casting a spotlight on the writer's craft.

A jury of noted writers, directors, and producers selects the winning screenplay after several rounds of readings. This year's jury includes Nancy Savoca, Peter Newman, Allison Anders, Bingham Ray, and Kelly Reichart. Winners receive $2,000, a first-look option from Showtime Networks, and meetings with agents and producers.

AUDIENCE AWARDS

The Nantucket Film Festival is noncompetitive, with the exception of the **Audience Awards**. Throughout the week, Festival guests cast their ballots for the best feature and the best short. Votes are tallied, and the Festival favorite for each category is announced at the Closing Night Party. Last year's winners were Frank Military for *Blind Faith* and Tim Loane for *Dance, Lexie, Dance.*

FESTIVAL PROGRAMS

Before the camera rolls, a director will assemble the cast of film and hold a read-through of the script. **Staged Reading** are a window into the very beginning of the filmmakin process. The fun of attending the staged readings is in watc ing a story come alive before your eyes. With their casts entertaining actors, the readings are spontaneous, casua and always full of surprises.

For the writer, readings afford a great opportunity to hea how words on paper play to an audience (where the laugh are, or aren't). In June, the Festival will hold a special readin of *Mayberly's Kill,* a screenplay by this year's Writer's Tribut honoree, Jay Presson Allen.

Mornings at the Festival kick off at the Cambridge Stree Restaurant, where film professionals and film lovers ease int the day with a cup of coffee and casual conversation abou any and all aspects of moviemaking. **Morning Coffee wit the Writer** has become a favorite Festival ritual. For vetera writers, directors, and producers, Morning Coffee provides a intimate setting in which to share stories, swap ideas, an pass the cream cheese. For filmmakers just getting started the business, it's a unique opportunity to learn from the pros ask questions, get feedback on works in progress, and drin the coffee rather than dispense it.

Panel Discussions are scheduled throughout the wee and offer the chance to learn about experiences artists ha while making their projects. Composed of an impressiv group of writers and writers' advocates, the panels explor the personal and political issues that drive the writing proces and influence writers' creative choices.



See you in Nantucket


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Christopher Hitchens

OLD ENOUGH TO DIE

While the U.S. lectures other nations on human rights, it remains one of only four countries—including Yemen and Nigeria—that execute their troublesome youth. And if politicians in some states get their way, we could have even eighth-graders sitting on death row



BRUTAL JUSTICE
Fourteen-year-old George Stinney, after his arrest for the murder of an 11-year-old girl in Clarendon County, South Carolina, March 1944. Less than three months later, he was executed by electric chair.

The United States of America executes its own children. What is wrong with that sentence? Well, nothing factual. We may differ about whether the formative years are an age of innocence or experience, but a whole body of law establishes and defends certain age limits, below which one is considered a child. And 73 such children have been growing old under sentence of death in American prisons as I write. William Blake, who perhaps excelled all other authors in his rage against cruelty to the young, put his "Little Boy Lost" in the "Experience" section of his *Songs of Innocence and of Experience:*

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They strip'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain.

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore.

Albion's shore—an antique name for England—was, in the 18th and 19th centuries, famous for two things: intense sentimentality about images of innocent children, and extreme ruthlessness in the sexual and commercial and penal treatment of the very young. We shake our heads, now, at the obviousness of this hypocrisy. But here's what happened to George Stinney, in Clarendon County, South Carolina, on June 16, 1944. At the age of 14, weighing 95 pounds and standing five feet and one inch, he was lashed into an electric chair and a mask was put over his face. He was then given a hit of 2,400 volts. The mask, which was perhaps too big for him, thereupon slipped off. The witnesses saw his wide-open and weeping eyes, and his dribbling mouth, before an-


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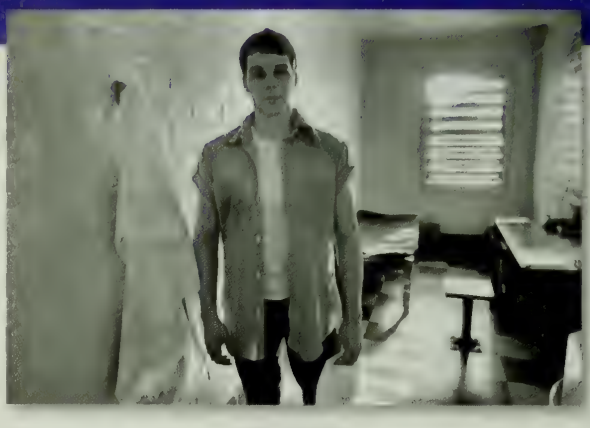
"Sean Sellers was put down like a diseased animal."

other two jolts ended the business and fried him for good. They may not have "burn'd him in a holy place," but it was a reverent state occasion and you can bet there was a minister on hand to see fair play done.

But, you say, this kind of thing doesn't go on anymore. That's true up to a point. On Albion's shore, it certainly doesn't. Nor are juveniles sentenced to death in any other European nation. Since 1990, indeed, only six countries have executed juvenile offenders: Iran, Yemen, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Nigeria, and the United States of America. The United States has, you may be interested to hear, left the silver and bronze medals to be divided among these other fine contenders, keeping the gold for itself both by conducting the most executions and by having the largest number of juveniles awaiting extinction on death row.

Now, exactly what kind of village does this take? I can scarcely scan the press without learning that "our kids" are in need of more protection. In their name, I am supposed to have my Internet access and my cable TV more closely supervised. It will be years until I can send my teenage son out to buy my whiskey and my tobacco supplies, and years until he can buy his own. You can't vote or be impaneled on a jury or sign up to be all you can be in Kosovo until you are at least 18. But if you step far enough out of line, the protections that safeguard the minor are abruptly withdrawn, and the state will snuff you like an old sow that eats her farrow. On the whole, and in most states of the union that rely on the death penalty, you need to be at least 16 to hear a judge instruct the proper authorities to take your life. But Governor Gary Johnson of New Mexico and former governor Pete Wilson of California are impatient with this "kid-glove" leniency. They have toyed with the idea that eighth-graders be brought within the tough-love embrace of the gas chamber and the lethal injection, Johnson by calling for the execution of 13-year-olds, and Wilson (influenced no doubt by California's laid-back style) by suggesting that the authorities wait only until the perp is 14.

Let's try not to be sentimental, or, rather, let us see what happens if we are not. Teenagers can be hell, and they have attained the age of reason if not responsibility. Most adults, reviewing the molten years of their own puberty, can think of at least one occasion where they really, really needed a break or a second chance, and where their lives and careers might have been literally as well as figuratively over if they hadn't had one. ("Get me out of this and I swear . . . ") But then, most people manage to get by without turning a .44 on their folks and without—as young Master George Stinney was said to have done—murdering an 11-year-old girl. Sean Sellers, the condemned American youth most recently executed, for crimes committed when he was 16, was a bad poster boy for any cause. The state of Oklahoma killed him last February 4, for the casual murder of a store clerk and the deliberate slaying of his mother and stepfather. He never seriously pretended to be innocent; indeed, he was engaged at the time in a supposedly satanic effort to violate all of the Ten Commandments. While on death row, he additionally failed to get my personal vote by professing ostentatious reborn Christian evangelism, and by featuring on a Web site devoted to redemption through fundamentalist writings and a comic book. However, you do not lose any, let alone all, of your civil rights by opting for either yucky cults or sickly religiosity. (Where would we be if you did?) And the question for me became, as I went into the case: Was this boy gravely sick or not? There is, after all, a legal and moral presumption against executing even adults who are insane.



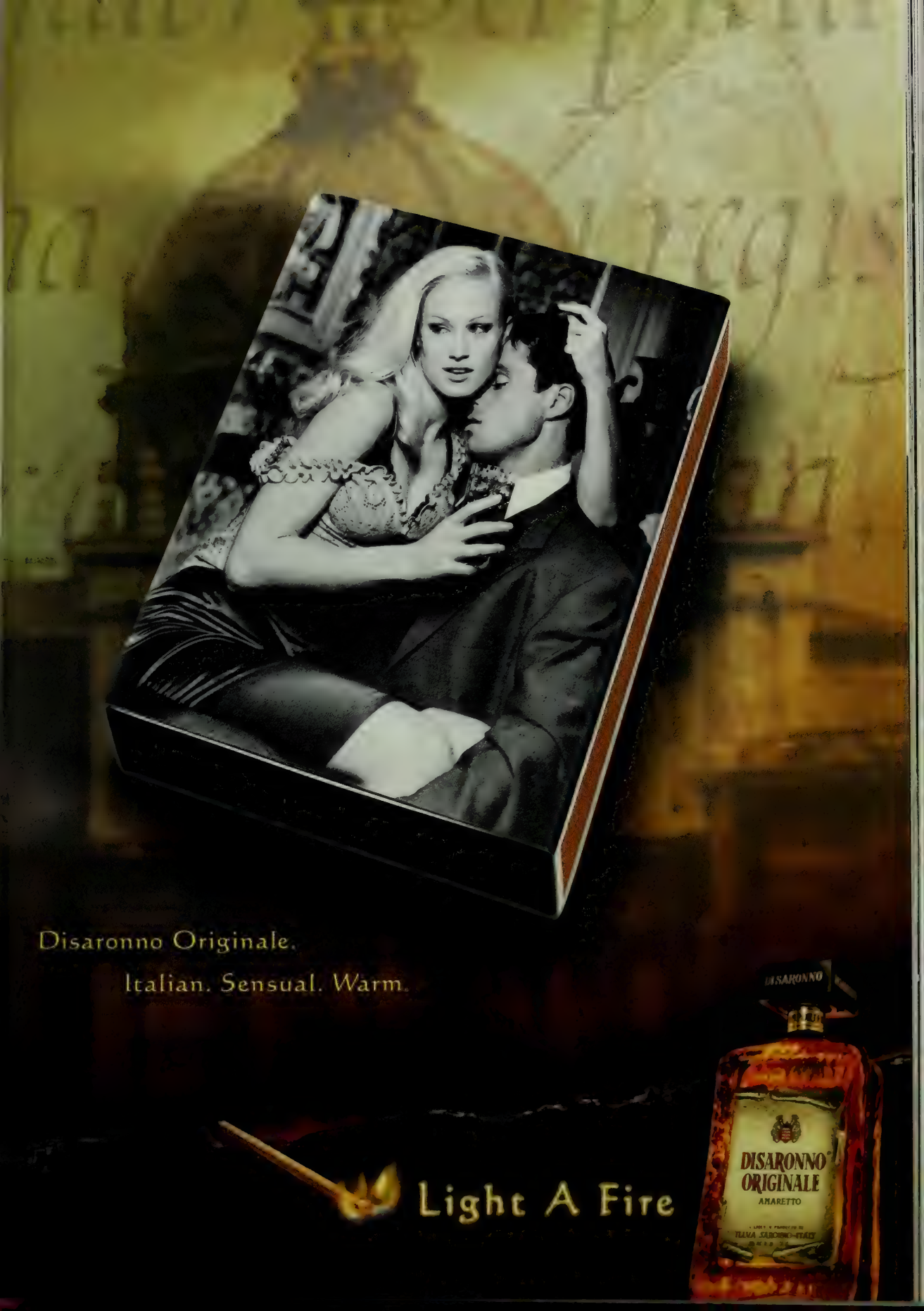
THE LOST BOY
Seventeen-year-old Sean Sellers on death row in Oklahoma in 1986. A U.S. Court of Appeals found evidence of "factual innocence," yet Sellers was executed in February.

Anyone who has been involved with a death-row prisoner knows the piercing yet dull sense of pity and shame that descends. It's always the same: the family background that makes you want to weep; the home usually festooned (as in the Sellers case) with deadly weapons; the educational and cultural level that would raise eyebrows in Calcutta or Bogotá; the overworked public defender who had two dimes and two days to make his case; the absence of any useful teacher or priest or shrink or "counselor" until it was too damned late; the occasional thoughtful relative who puts up some dough; the endless hearings and rehearings and then the long, dreary wait for a "stay" of execution that becomes a torture if it comes at all. Sometimes, at the last minute, an intercession from a celebrity or a certified moral authority. And then the tawdry ritual with the needles or the gas or the electric current, and then on to the next.

Often abandoned as an infant by his truck-driving mother and stepfather (his maternal grandfather took his side at trial) and introduced to Satanism by one of his many baby-sitters, Sean Sellers seems to have suffered from a childhood brain lesion and from multiple-personality disorder. Bob Ravitz, the public defender who represented him, was allowed by the state $750 to pay for an expert witness but, on this princely scale, wasn't able to afford a proper psychiatric evaluation. The extent of the boy's disorder—several different styles of handwriting, several different names for himself, various delusions, even the ability to switch from left- to right-handedness—was not discovered until he had been on death row for an awfully long time. But the whole point of the appeals procedure, and the whole justification for the grisly business of warehousing condemned people, is to avoid a miscarriage of justice.

In 1992, six years after his trial, a panel of three physicians administered a quantitative electroencephalograph test to the boy, who had become a legal adult while in prison. They discovered the traces of the childhood brain injury, the presence of several "alter" personalities, and the strong likelihood, therefore, that Sean Sellers had not in any sense attained a condition of criminal responsibility when he was tried and convicted.

Here comes the part that causes me


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"You can't vote if you are under 18, but the state can snuff you."

to make a low and growling noise, even as I reread it for the dozenth time. In February 1998 the United States Court of Appeals Tenth Circuit finally heard the medical and psychiatric evidence that had gone undiscovered at the initial arraignment. The three judges wrote the following opinion:

Although troubled by the extent of uncontroverted clinical evidence proving Petitioner suffers from Multiple Personality Disorder, now and at the time of the offenses of conviction, and that the offenses were committed by an "alter" personality, we are constrained to hold Petitioner has failed to establish grounds for federal habeas corpus relief. *Even though his illness is such that he may be able to prove his factual innocence of those crimes, we believe that he must be left to the avenue of executive clemency to pursue that claim.* [My italics.]

So a sober panel of robed figures, calmly reviewing the life-and-death case of a disturbed child, determines in writing that said child may be "factually" or technically innocent, but further determines that this is not really any of its business. A federal district court in Oklahoma had briefly considered Sean Sellers's case in light of Clinton's newly minted Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act (A.E.D.P.A.). This brave new law says that if you don't present your exculpatory evidence by a given date, then you are too late, mate. However, it wasn't this provision that doomed the appeal or its successor pleas in higher courts. The "controlling legal authority" here is the decision of the Rehnquist Supreme Court in 1993, known as *Herrera* v. *Collins,* where it was baldly stated that the execution of an innocent person is not necessarily a violation of federal constitutional protections. This February, Sellers was led out of his cell and put down like a diseased animal.

Article 6(5) of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights states that the "sentence of death shall not be imposed for crimes committed by persons below eighteen years of age." The United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child makes the same stipulation. So does the American Convention on Human Rights. The United States has signed the first and third of these treaties, while reserving the right to execute any person except a pregnant woman (presumably out of deference to the natural right of children rather than mothers). It is one of only two nations that have yet to ratify the U.N. Convention on the Rights of the Child. The other nonsignatory is Somalia, for reasons you probably don't want to think about. Even Iran and Saudi Arabia have ratified the U.N. Convention. So astoundingly at variance with the international community is the position of the American state that in 1997 the U.N. Commission on Human Rights asked its special rapporteur to visit this country, to seek meetings with high officials, and to report back. At once, there was a titanic outcry from Senator Jesse Helms and others. What is this? We monitor other people's violations. How dare you ask to inspect *ours?*



LONE STAR HATE
Joseph John Cannon, a brain-damaged drug addict, was arrested for murder in 1977 at the age of 17. Last April he was executed by lethal injection in Huntsville, Texas.

Adults sentenced to death in this country are almost always vicious creeps, pitiable failures, or innocent losers. (Recall the instance of Anthony Porter, freed from 17 years on death row this February after a Northwestern University journalism class did a project on his case by pure chance and discovered what the prosecutors and the judges had not: that he could not possibly have committed the double murder. For one thing, the more plausible suspect confessed to the crime, the sort of fact a good prosecutor is trained never to overlook. Mr. Porter has an I.Q. of 51 and is, in his way, a child also.) But the children condemned to death are losers in a category all their own. A decade ago, *The American Journal of Psychiatry* published an investigation, using a sample of four states, that covered juveniles on hold for execution. There were 14 of them. Only two of these had I.Q. scores higher than 90. Every one of them had suffered severe head trauma during childhood. All had deep psychiatric problems; only two had managed to grow up without extreme physical or sexual abuse, and five of them had undergone this at the hands of family members. Only five of them had been evaluated by psychiatrists before standing trial. (In case you wonder, yes, a disproportionate number of them were African-American. I don't think that Master George Stinney—see above—would have been roasted by the state of South Carolina even in 1944 if the same hadn't been as true of him as it was untrue of his victim.)

Very often, in fact, these minors are in trouble—real bad trouble—because they were the ones too slow or too panicked to flee the scene, or because they were used by cynical older criminals as patsies or decoys. Joseph John Cannon, executed in Texas in April of last year, was illiterate, brain-damaged, sexually scarred, and heavily addicted when they caught him, at the age of 17. He had attempted suicide at age 15, and told his interviewers that he could not remember anything good that had ever happened to him. Well, it was apparently the job of the state of Texas to make sure that this unbroken record was maintained. (During his execution by lethal injection, which took place over the objections of His Holiness the Pope, who was overruled by Governor George W. Bush, the needle "blew out" of Cannon's arm and the witnesses had to wait while a drape was brought in and a "new" vein was found.)

And the irony was not at Joseph John Cannon's expense. It may seem odd, to some people reading this column, that the United States joins Yemen and Pakistan in putting down its troublesome young, and that it reads lectures on human rights to other countries while refusing to ratify treaties which most civilized societies regard as the ABCs of law. But I doubt Joseph John Cannon would have seen the joke. He probably never realized that he was living in the land of the free and the home of the brave to begin with. And soon he wasn't. And a country with a positive glut of lawyers and grief counselors and spiritual-awareness artists and fancy shrinks will continue to wonder what is wrong with kids these days. □


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Writing (and investing) for a media A-list of fellow Harvard alumni, fund manager James Cramer has become one of Wall Street's hottest gurus. Now, poised to make up to $50 million in a public offering of his Web site, TheStreet.com, he has been warring fiercely with his partner and mentor, *New Republic* owner Martin Peretz

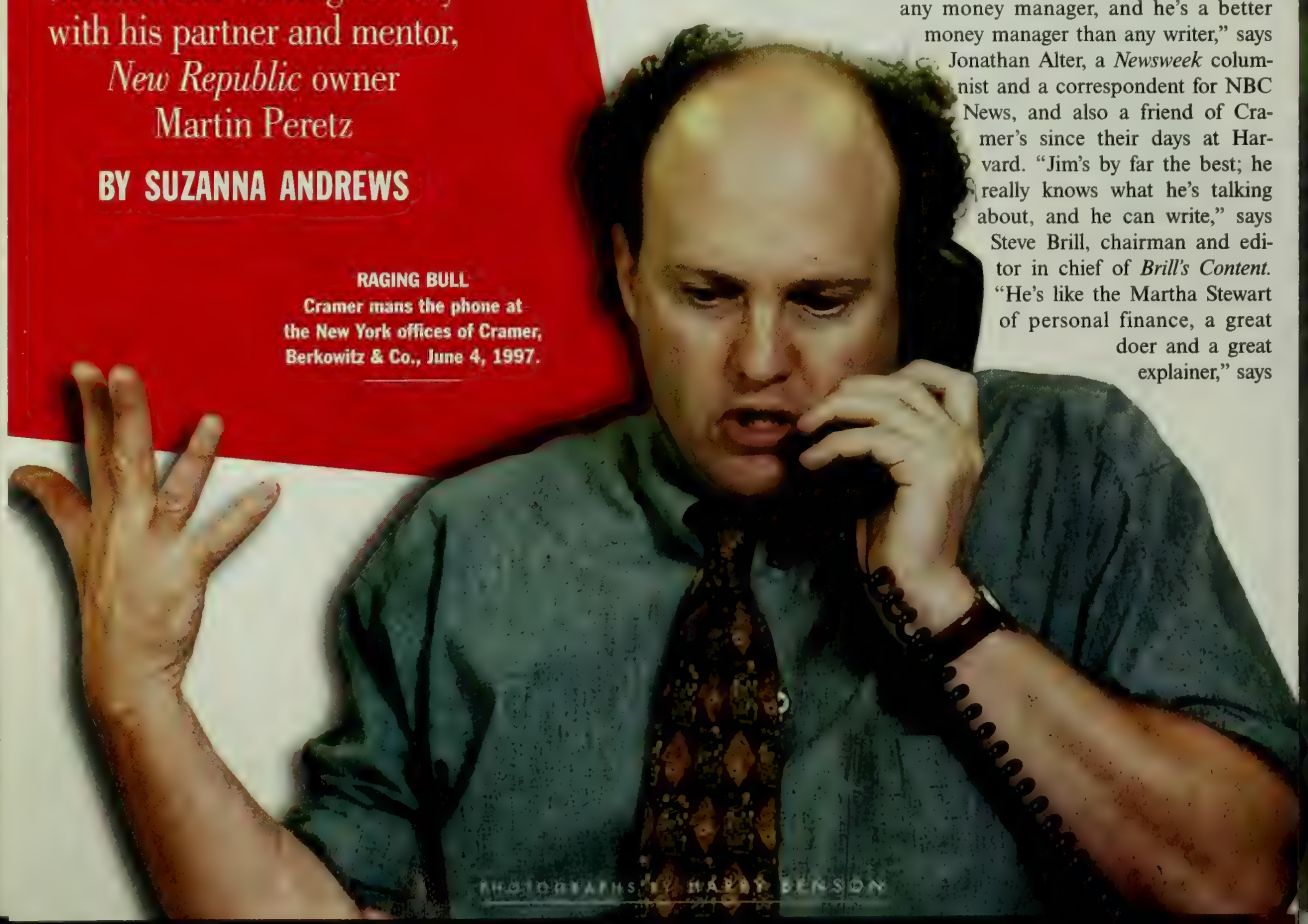
BY SUZANNA ANDREWS

On March 16, James Cramer posted a long and rambling piece on *Slate*, the popular Internet magazine, which offered the first public hint at the immensity of his anger. In the article, entitled "A Message to My Enemies," Cramer did not actually name his "enemies," but he lashed out at members of the media who, he wrote, "sincerely want to see me fail." He complained about "the distorted attacks" against him and wrote cryptically about unnamed people who "want to drive a wedge between my partners and me."

That Cramer would be angry at how he was being treated by the media is a stunning thing. The reason anyone with even a passing interest in the stock market has heard of Cramer is that the man is a master at making the media work *for* him. A regular guest on CNBC's hugely successful morning stock-market talk show, *Squawk Box*, Cramer has also appeared frequently on *Good Morning America*. He has been interviewed on *Charlie Rose* and may be the only Wall Street hedge-fund manager to have been a guest on Bill Maher's satirical late-night program, *Politically Incorrect*. Cramer's columns appear in *Time* magazine and *The New York Observer*. And his byline—on articles about such subjects as hedging strategies, the mysteries of short selling, the state of tech stocks, and what advice his wife, Karen, whom he refers to as "the Trading Goddess," is giving him—has appeared often in *New York* magazine, *The New Republic*, *SmartMoney*, *Brill's Content*, and *GQ*.

At 44, Cramer has become one of the hottest stock-market gurus in the country, and it isn't because he is a big player on Wall Street. Cramer, Berkowitz & Co., the $265 million hedge fund he manages, is dwarfed by far better-known funds, such as Paul Tudor Jones's Tudor Investments Corporation, which manages $3 billion in assets, Julian Robertson's $14 billion Tiger Management, and George Soros's $7.3 billion Quantum Fund. And while Cramer's reported record of beating the market pretty consistently in the last 10 years is impressive, Warren Buffett has done that for more than 40 years. What makes Cramer stand out is that he has been willing to talk and write prolifically about the stock market and that the media love what he has to say and how he says it.

"He's a better reporter and writer than any money manager, and he's a better money manager than any writer," says Jonathan Alter, a *Newsweek* columnist and a correspondent for NBC News, and also a friend of Cramer's since their days at Harvard. "Jim's by far the best; he really knows what he's talking about, and he can write," says Steve Brill, chairman and editor in chief of *Brill's Content*. "He's like the Martha Stewart of personal finance, a great doer and a great explainer," says



RAGING BULL
Cramer mans the phone at the New York offices of Cramer, Berkowitz & Co., June 4, 1997.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON


VERSACE
accessories

Steven Swartz, the editor in chief of *SmartMoney*.

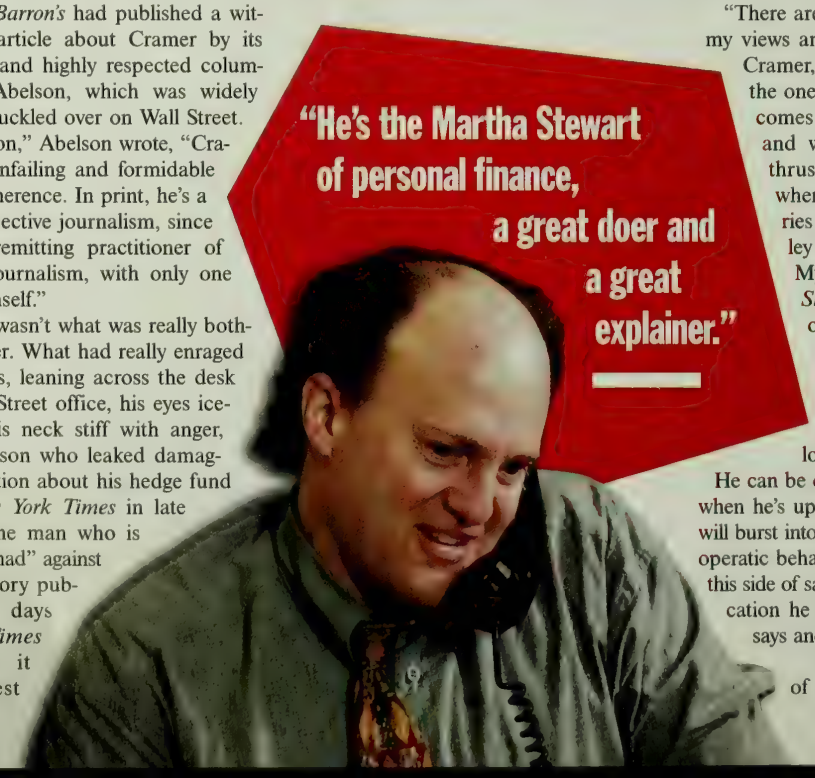
Like no other Wall Street personality today, Cramer has become something of a media star, celebrated in magazine and newspaper articles that have referred to his "irrepressible brilliance" and chronicled everything from his 40th-birthday party at Gallagher's steak house in Manhattan to his frenetic, 19-hour workdays. Nearly three years ago, when Cramer and his old friend and mentor, Martin Peretz, the owner and editor in chief of *The New Republic*, started TheStreet.com, a financial Web site—for which Cramer also writes about six columns a day—the venture was given loving treatment in the media. "There has been a suspension of skepticism about TheStreet.com which is surprising for the press," says an executive at an on-line competitor. "The reflexive 'built an enormous business' is bullshit. It's got less circulation than *The New Republic*." (*The New Republic* has a circulation of 94,500. TheStreet.com claims to have 37,000 subscribers.)

Any day now TheStreet.com is scheduled to sell shares to the public for the first time. Little matter that the company has never made a dime and last year lost $16.3 million. Cramer's own $1.5 million investment in the start-up and the options he holds could be worth a tidy fortune, $50 million by some estimates, in today's hyped-up, highly speculative market for Internet stocks.

So why would Jim Cramer be angry? The day before his *Slate* piece was posted, *Barron's* had published a witty, cutting article about Cramer by its well-known and highly respected columnist Alan Abelson, which was widely read and chuckled over on Wall Street. "On television," Abelson wrote, "Cramer is an unfailing and formidable threat to coherence. In print, he's a threat to objective journalism, since he's an unremitting practitioner of subjective journalism, with only one subject—himself."

But that wasn't what was really bothering Cramer. What had really enraged him, he says, leaning across the desk in his Wall Street office, his eyes ice-cold and his neck stiff with anger, was the person who leaked damaging information about his hedge fund to *The New York Times* in late February, the man who is leading "a jihad" against him. In a story published two days after the *Times* announced it would invest $15 million in TheStreet.com and one day after the Web company's public offering was reported, it was revealed that Cramer's hedge fund had made a paltry 2 percent return in 1998—at a time when the S&P index had done 29 percent. The story also included the news that a large amount of money had been withdrawn from Cramer, Berkowitz by unnamed investors last fall. Cramer is convinced that only an investor in his fund could have leaked this type of information, which is considered private by many hedge funds.

And that investor, he believes, was Marty Peretz—the best man at his wedding, his closest friend for nearly 20 years, the man who set him up in business on Wall Street and who is still his partner in TheStreet.com. While Peretz, 59, roundly denies he betrayed Cramer—"That's complete bullshit," Peretz says—Cramer does not believe him. "If the goal is to create tremendous stress and to humiliate and embarrass me and then to deny that there was any involvement, he's forgotten that I quarterbacked his offense for a dozen years," Cramer says. "I understand the game of how to ruin people, and I don't play it. I am well schooled, and we can have a tutorial on what 'off the record' and 'for background' mean if you want to sabotage someone." The more Cramer talks about Peretz, the more he can't stop himself. He cannot understand what made Peretz yank all his money, millions of dollars, out of Cramer's hedge fund last fall, a massive withdrawal that forced Cramer to take heavy losses at the time. "I think that, whatever it is, I've tried to bury the hatchet so many times, and I keep finding it in the back of my head," says Cramer.



Those friends of Cramer's who are aware of his feud with Peretz are struck most by its timing, coming as it does on the eve of TheStreet.com's public offering. "They've both made each other richer. It's amazing they're fighting now," says one prominent journalist and author. "They're both about to make millions. I thought that would salve over any differences," says Michael Kinsley, the editor of *Slate*, who is a friend of both men and who until recently had money invested, through Peretz, in Cramer's hedge fund.

Some friends wonder about the pressure—the publicity, the many jobs, and the public offering—on Cramer. "People are worried that he's so manic he's going to snap," says one journalist who has known him since college. Cramer has always had an edge of mania about him, as anyone who has seen him on television knows, but these days he seems unusually stressed. If Peretz was the source of the *New York Times* leak and if he "really wanted to hurt Jim," as one friend of Cramer's puts it, he did—bringing to a full boil the controversy over Cramer that has been simmering ever since he began his rise to media stardom. "You see how badly he did last year, it's pathetic. It's useful to have that benchmark," says one newspaper columnist. "Cramer has marketed himself very cleverly," says a top business writer. "But in reality there's very little there. Look at his returns—he's a bullshitter, the best around."

"There are a lot of people who dislike my views and me. All I ever ask," says Cramer, "is that there's a lot of 'on the one hand, on the other' when it comes to me, as opposed to black and white. In other words, I've thrust myself into a controversy where I have accumulated a series of people who are—as Kinsley [who wrote the "Message to My Enemies" headline on the *Slate* article] calls them without my say-so—my enemies."

Jim Cramer in person is very much the same as Jim Cramer on television. He has trouble sitting still. He's loud—he shouts and screams. He can be outrageously funny. He pouts when he's upset, and at odd moments he will burst into shrieks of laughter. Cramer's operatic behavior, says one friend, is "just this side of sane." "You wonder if it's medication he should be taking but isn't," says another, "but he is compelling."

With the country in the midst of the CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

VANITY FAIR AGENDA

Chanel Celebrates an Era Gone By



he Chanel Boutique on Rodeo Drive in everly Hills hosted an exhibition of twork from *Vanity Fair's* March issue. **nlandia** martinis were served as guests ewed photographs of the most-talked-out people from *Vanity Fair's* early years, cluding Charlie Chaplin, Bette Davis, ertrude Stein, and Fanny Brice.





ockwise from top: Gail O'Grady and Carey Fetman; Frederick Fekkai and Philip Bloch; L to R: rdana Brewster, Kimberly Kravis, Shannon Meehan, and Shoshana Lonstein.

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Cast Your Ballots

Ermenegildo Zegna kicked off the 71st Academy Awards week with a "Cast Your Ballot" party on March 17th to benefit Cedars-Sinai Medical Center C.O.A.C.H. For Kids. Guests mingled at Zegna's Rodeo Drive boutique sipping martinis and predicting the Oscar winners.









Clockwise from top: L to R: Harry Hamlin, J. J. Harris, Irena Medavoy, Sugar Ray Leonard, and Jim Caviezel; Jennifer Stallone and Richard Cohen; L to R: Ron Silver, Catherine de Castelbajac, Judd Nelson, and Kelly Stafford; Donna Estes-Antebi; Rod Stryker and Cheryl Tiegs.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 longest-running bull market in history, the media have scrambled to feed the American public's seemingly insatiable fascination with the stock market. And one only has to look at the parade of Wall Street commentators on television business shows today—gray-suited, gray-haired men and buttoned-to-the-neck, hair-sprayed women—to understand why Cramer is so successful, even as he defies easy categorization: He's an insider who plays the outsider. When he tells viewers of *Squawk Box* that "I own a smattering of tech but have cut back" or that he owns "a small amount of" Intel and Microsoft "but I'm not shorting these stocks, I'm not out of these stocks," he says it as if he were giving you information no one else will. He's colloquial and emotional. "I'm not in denial about Japan anymore, it's working," he confesses to his audience, sounding like a guest on the Sally Jessy Raphael show.

On television and in his writing, Cramer has exposed the inner world of Wall Street in a way few others have. His columns—on topics such as the "short squeeze" on AOL's stock in March, or how he's yearning to buy Internet stocks but sticking with bonds, or how he sold Citigroup and then had a heartstopping moment when the stock rose before it fell again—give all the flavor of the trading-room floor. Cramer will contradict himself from week to week, or, in the case of his columns for TheStreet.com, daily, but his writing is a road map into a trader's head. He is, in some ways, a creature of the revolution that is taking place in the world of investing, which is loosening Wall Street's grip on the market. If the bull market has drawn millions of people into much more active investing, the Internet, with its growing number of electronic trading sites, has helped them to take control of their stock trading. "Check out the finance chat rooms [on the Internet]," says David Ignatius, the former business editor of *The Washington Post,* who is now a columnist for the paper's op-ed page. "They are unbelievable. It's like being in the midst of a giant electronic gossip mill; the information just whirls around and the market in some of these little stocks moves instantly. What Jim is doing taps into this in a more sophisticated way—the democratization of high-end trading."

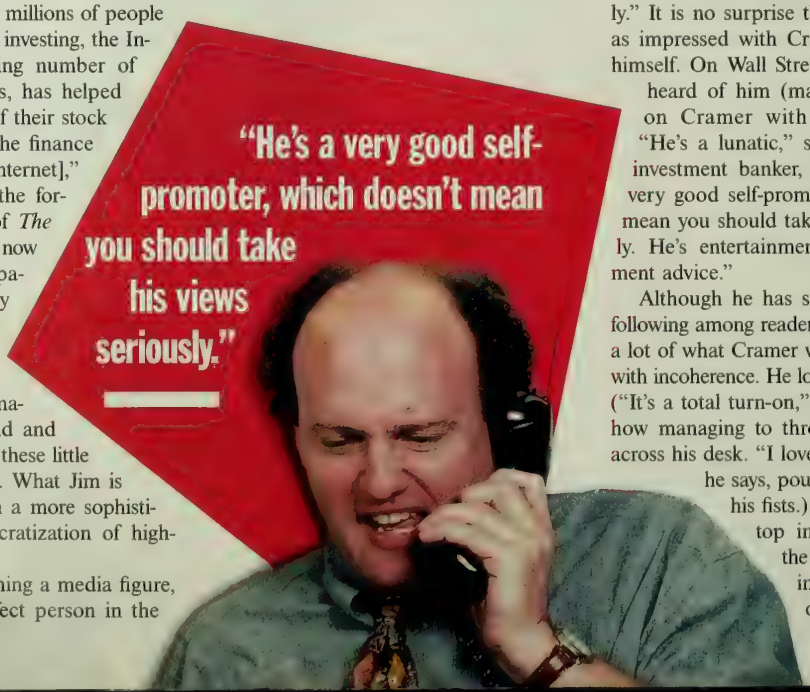
"In terms of becoming a media figure, Jim's sort of the perfect person in the markets," says Richard Turner, a *Newsweek* senior editor who used to edit Cramer's column at *New York* magazine and who also went to Harvard with him. "He's reacting against a very stuffy business press and overly structured analysts with their charts. He just presents himself as a character, as a sportscaster about the markets." Whether he's relating a brilliant trade he's made, or a spectacularly stupid one, Cramer is always the star of his stories—the underdog telling people what others in the media or on Wall Street aren't honest or experienced enough to tell. This we-against-them approach is especially evident in Cramer's columns for TheStreet.com, which often veer off into rants against unnamed Wall Street commentators who are more bearish about the markets than he is, and against the business press, which doesn't really understand what's happening. When people get offended, it is simply, in Cramer's mind, evidence of how wrong they are. On one of his recent *Squawk Box* appearances, for example, Cramer suddenly turned on another guest, the elderly commentator Joe Granville, who some say brought about the 1981 stock-market slide with his bearish forecasts. "What if you're wrong?" he barked at Granville. "Do you ever say you're wrong?" Cramer seemed not to notice how embarrassed Granville appeared to be before he finally lashed back at Cramer.

"Joe Granville right now is faxing to all of his people a memo saying, 'I hate Jim Cramer!,'" Cramer tells me later the same day. "What was the point of that? Well, the point was that he's wrong." Granville denies faxing anyone on the subject of Jim Cramer and says he received phone calls and faxes from people who couldn't believe the way Cramer attacked him. But in Cramer's view of that incident, he was most assuredly the victim. "I called my sister," he says, "and my sister said, 'Jim, it's, like, on the one hand you want to put a NO HUNTING sign on you, and on the other hand, like, you're just a deer. They go right after your ass.' I mean, it's like a lot of times I feel like I'm an innocent where I just say, 'Well, I said it because I was right.' Like, my wife will say to me, 'Jim, why do you have all these problems with people?' I always say the same thing. 'Well, because I'm right. You see, I'm not wrong, I'm right.'"

Cramer stands up and locks his arms across his chest. I notice his cuff links, one red, one green, with the word "Buy" embossed in gold on one and "Sell" on the other. "There is a real truth," he continues. "I am trying to change business journalism. I've been trying to change it now for a decade. Accountability, trying to help people control their own money, trying to help people be more informed. Like, there was this scene in *The Godfather II:* They're in Cuba and there's this guy who blows himself up in a car for the revolution, and Michael Corleone turns and says, 'These guys are going to win. They're the true believers,'" Cramer says, cheerfully unaware that he's putting words in Corleone's mouth. "I've heard all the guys talk about *The Godfather.* I'm the guy with the bomb," he says, breaking into shrieks of wild laughter. "I am the true believer. I am a true believer."

"Jim's ego," says one longtime friend, "has gone completely out of control lately." It is no surprise that not everyone is as impressed with Cramer as he is with himself. On Wall Street, those who have heard of him (many have not) look on Cramer with raised eyebrows. "He's a lunatic," says one prominent investment banker, laughing. "A very, very good self-promoter, which doesn't mean you should take his views seriously. He's entertainment, he's not investment advice."

Although he has something of a cult following among readers of TheStreet.com, a lot of what Cramer writes and says flirts with incoherence. He loves to write, though. ("It's a total turn-on," he screams, somehow managing to throw his entire body across his desk. "I love it, man! I love it!" he says, pounding the desk with his fists.) He writes on a laptop in his limousine on the way to work at 4:30 in the morning and on his ride home,



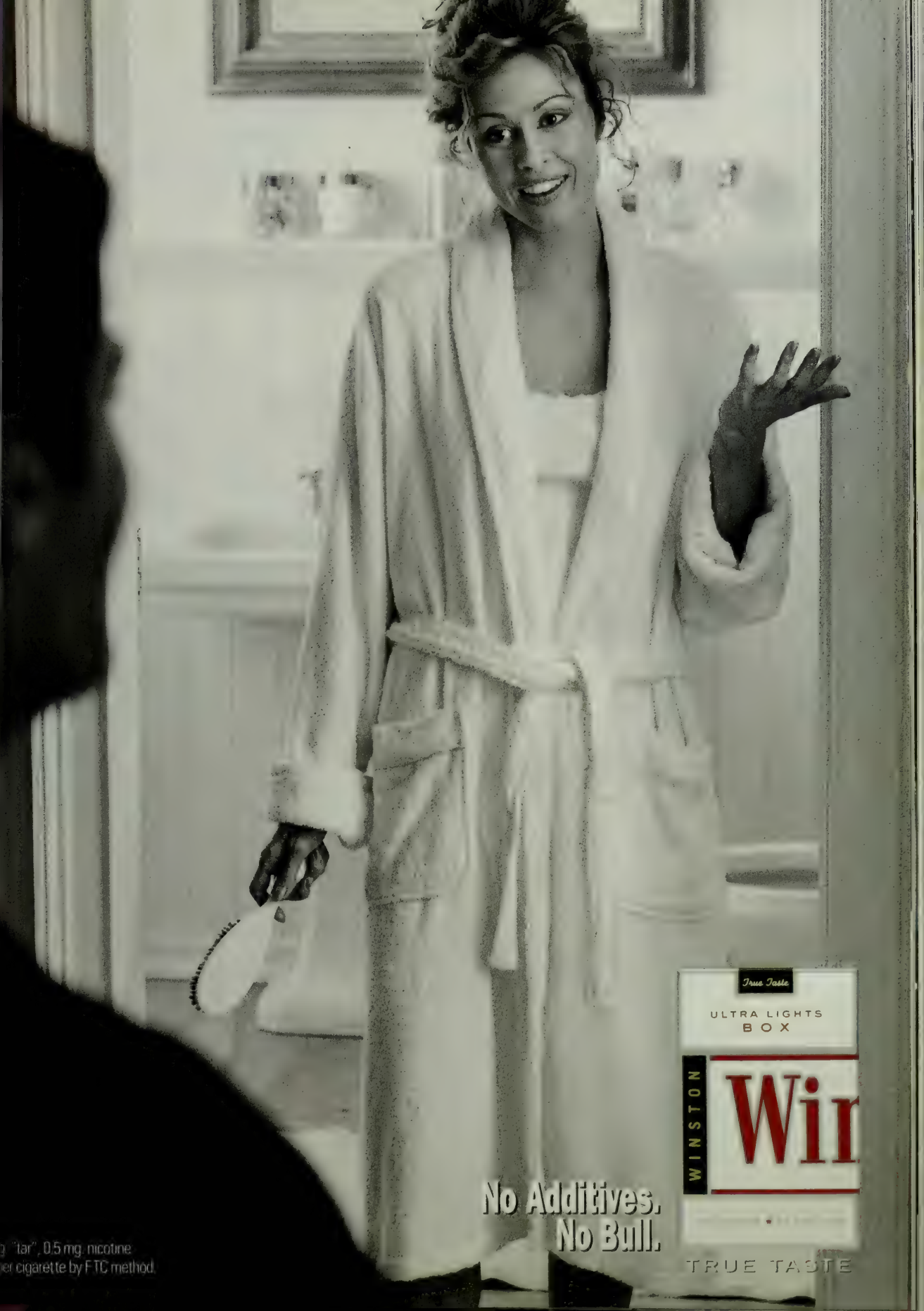

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during breaks in his trading day, and late at night from home. Increasingly, people say, it shows. "It used to be fun to read his columns," says a magazine writer. "But now he's writing so on-the-fly he's become a hack."

"His only redeeming feature is that he worships his wife," says another Wall Street banker, referring to Karen Cramer, a former trader who is now raising the couple's two young daughters. "You read his columns and you're thinking: What is this about? And then you realize, Oh, this is about this deep need to prove himself. The narcissism is so prevalent. How did this guy get to be so visible?"

"Harvard in the 70s, it is the new old-boy network," says one journalist. "It's sort of scary, all these media guys who were all there at the same time." The list does indeed read like some kind of yuppie media Trilateral Commission: Walter Isaacson, the managing editor of *Time,* was Harvard '74; Mark Whitaker, the editor of *Newsweek,* graduated in 1979; Peter Kaplan, editor of *The New York Observer,* Kurt Andersen, the former editor of *New York* magazine, and Nicholas Lemann, a staff writer at *The New Yorker,* all graduated in 1976; Michael Kinsley and James Fallows, former editor of *U.S News & World Report,* were the class of 1972 and 1970 respectively. "Call it the Trilateral Commission, it's fair," says *New York Observer* columnist Philip Weiss, who graduated from Harvard in 1976. "And for a time Jim Cramer ran it."

Cramer arrived at Harvard in 1973. Unlike most of the men who were to become his friends, he was a scholarship student from a middle-class suburb outside Philadelphia. "It was like Levittown," a Harvard friend says. Cramer's father helped run a package-making business; his mother was an artist. "Harvard was completely outside the realm Jim grew up in. He seemed completely shy and naïve and vulnerable," recalls Nicholas Lemann, who was in the class ahead of Cramer. "Jim, for example, would get a crush on a girl—a huge crush. And you'd say, 'Jim, where are you going to take her?' 'To the all-you-can-eat Sunday brunch at the Marriott,' he'd say with great pride. Harvard was a place where if you wanted to get laid you bought a pack of Gauloises and went to a Godard retrospective," Lemann says. "Jim wasn't Wall Streety at Harvard. He was a big opera and classical-music fan, and he was very interested in politics."

More than anything, Cramer was interested in journalism. In his freshman year, he passed the rigorous tryouts and was invited to become a reporter for *The Harvard Crimson,* Harvard's famed student newspaper. Intense, driven, needing only three hours of sleep a night, he turned out to be one of the paper's most prolific reporters. "He was a very good reporter, very much congruent with what he is today. He just worked so hard. He worked more hours than anyone else," recalls Lemann, who was president of the *Crimson* in 1975. "It was more that than the elegance of the prose or the quality of the investigative reporting. It was sheer productivity."

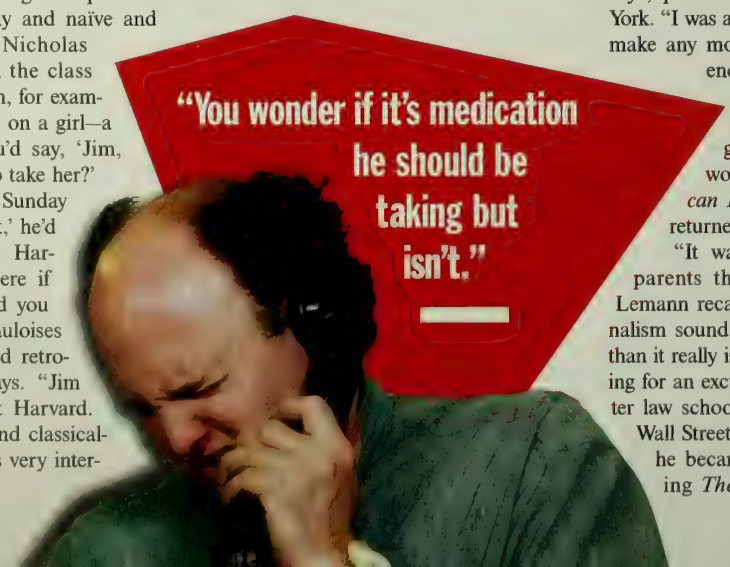
"He loved journalism," says Weiss, who in 1975 was among those who supported Cramer's candidacy for *Crimson* president. "It was a pitched battle," Weiss says, "between very different forces": Cramer, the scholarship boy, ran as a champion of the news side against the wealthy, politically connected, social-climbing Eric Breindel, who would become editorial-page editor of the *New York Post* before his death last year. Cramer won by one vote.

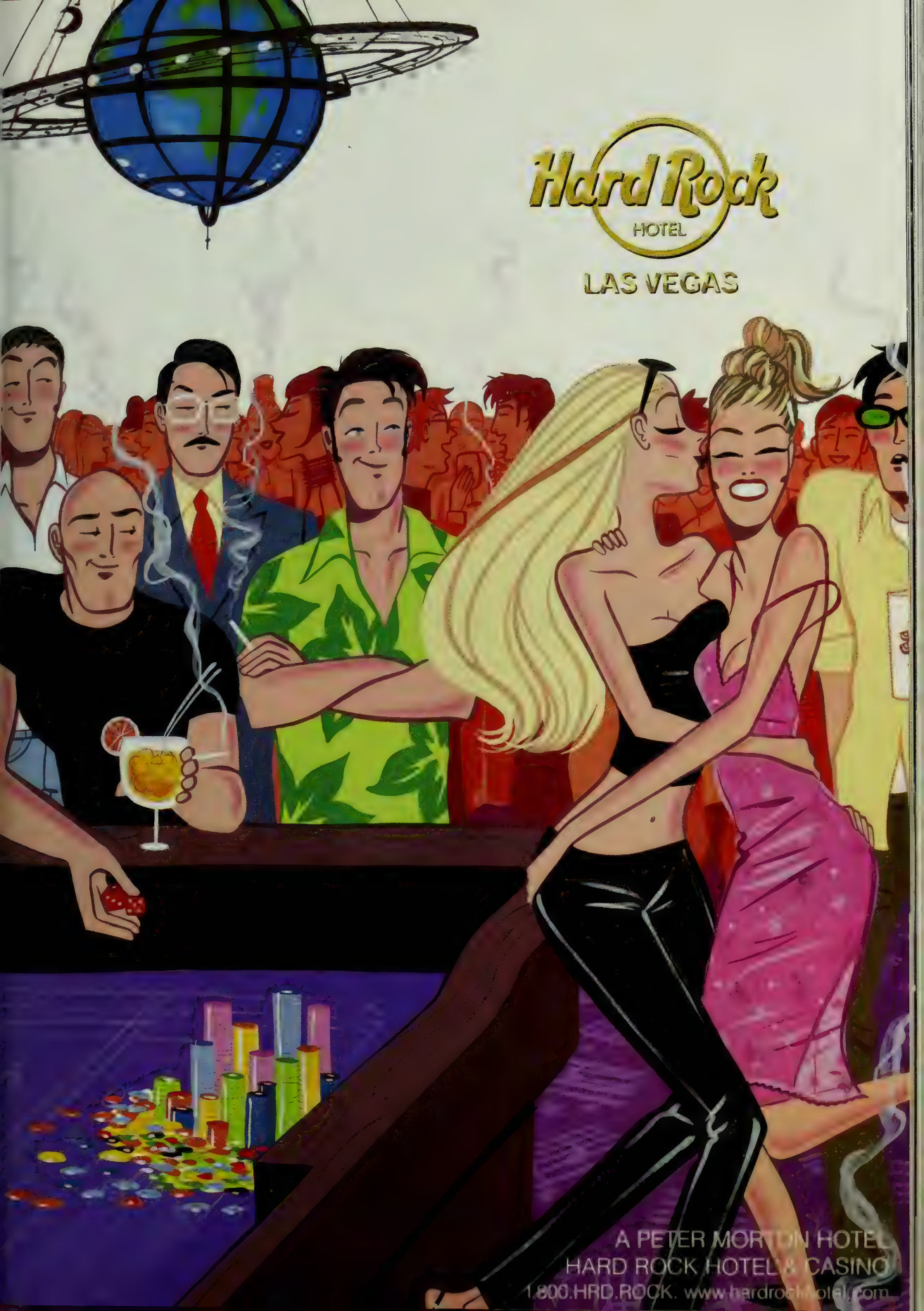
The 1975 election—which pitted such Cramer supporters as Lemann and Weiss against Breindel backers like Peter Kaplan—is remembered vividly 24 years later by the men involved as being as hard-fought as the one in which David Halberstam beat out J. Anthony Lukas for managing editor in 1953. Over the years, the story of the 1975 election has been told and retold, and it has taken the shape of a class struggle, which bothers Cramer. "My father had a good job," he says. "I don't mean this as a slur to people who live in trailer parks, but that's what my father says: 'What? Did *you* grow up in Cheltenham [an affluent area]?' I think there are some people who are overly willing to portray class conflict where I don't feel there was any."

After Harvard, Cramer got a job "operating the Xerox machine and photocopying things," he says, at the *Congressional Quarterly* in Washington. He then moved to Florida, where he was a reporter for the *Tallahassee Democrat.* He covered the trial of the serial killer Ted Bundy. Cramer was, he says, the first reporter on the scene of the Chi Omega murders, involving the Florida State University sorority girls who were among Bundy's final victims. "I was next door to the sorority house, that's where I lived. I was there, everywhere, man," Cramer says. "I was there for the great Youngstown train wreck. I happened to be in a disco nearby. I had a series of national page-one stories in Tallahassee. That's why they wanted me at the [now defunct] *Los Angeles Herald Examiner.* Yeah, I was a good reporter, babe."

Cramer, by all accounts, was a very good reporter, but his life began to fall apart after he moved to Los Angeles. He was stalked, he says: "I couldn't go back to my place, because there was someone staying at my place by day. They were in my apartment every day. I came back and said, 'My little change pile is gone.' Then the next day I come back and there's a little open can of tuna.... I called the police three times. The police come out. Then everything starts disappearing, and my bathroom gets trashed. I get a gun. I had the cops come out about seven times. Lieutenant Springer finally said to me, 'What do you think this is, *Kojak*?'"

Penniless, and afraid, Cramer lived in his car for several months. When Steve Brill phoned him at the suggestion of several of Cramer's Harvard friends to offer him a job at *The American Lawyer,* Cramer was fighting off creditors. Brill, he says, paid for his plane ticket to New York. "I was a good reporter, but I couldn't make any money," Cramer says. "In the end, I really didn't have any money; it was like a major reclamation project to get my life together." Cramer worked for Brill at *The American Lawyer* until 1981, when he returned to Harvard for law school. "It was very important to Jim's parents that he go to law school," Lemann recalls. "I think he makes journalism sound rougher as a field to be in than it really is. It's as though he was looking for an excuse to leave journalism." After law school, Cramer went to work on Wall Street, at Goldman, Sachs, where he became briefly infamous for telling *The New York Times,* "There




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isn't anything I see in a store that I can't buy." "When Jim interviewed at Goldman," says Phil Weiss, "they asked him, 'What stock do you like?' And he said Exxon, because it was gigantic, energetic, and undervalued. That's Jim. He has a little bit of a chip on his shoulder. Like his father, he's very, very smart, and he felt undervalued." Weiss remembers standing with Cramer at Nicholas Lemann's wedding 16 years ago as Cramer looked around the room, turned to Weiss, and said, "These are all $30,000-a-year men." Says Weiss today, "It was out of pride, a contemptuousness about journalists. I don't think it's a war for his soul, although it's a tormented soul, but there are things he loves about journalism."

"My mom always wanted me to be a writer," Cramer says, blinking back tears. "She wanted me to be a writer after I made some money. She wanted me to do something other than make rich people richer."

Cramer's friendship with Marty Peretz began when Cramer was at Harvard Law School. "All the silly little stories in the press about how we met are true," Peretz says today. The two men were introduced by Michael Kinsley, who then worked at *The New Republic* and was its editor from 1979 to 1981 and 1985 to 1989. Kinsley suggested that Peretz get Cramer to do a book review. By this time Cramer had become obsessed with the stock market, and he was putting stock tips on his answering machine. Peretz listened to those, followed up on a couple of them, and made a profit. After they became friends, Peretz gave Cramer $500,000 to invest on his behalf. Friends of both men say that their relationship was, at root, based on their mutual fascination with money and the markets. "Jim and I," Peretz says dryly, "used to provoke each other in stimulating ways."

It was Peretz, who is married to an heiress to the Singer sewing-machine fortune, who set Cramer up in the hedge-fund business. He not only steered his wealthy friends, such as computer entrepreneur Max Palevsky, to Cramer, but also himself invested millions of dollars in Cramer's new company. Part of that money was a fund, Crimson Investments, in which Peretz had pooled small sums from friends of his, people who didn't have the $250,000 to $1 million generally considered the minimum for high-risk, high-returns hedge-fund investing. Some of those in the Crimson fund were Cramer's friends from Harvard, including Michael Kinsley and Jonathan Alter. Others were *New Republic* editors such as Fred Barnes, Charles Krauthammer, and Leon Wieseltier. "It was one of those little perks for working at *The New Republic,*" says one man. "You got to invest with Cramer." Other journalists who have money invested with him include Kurt Andersen, Steve Brill, and the writer James Stewart, who became a close friend of Cramer's when they worked together at *The American Lawyer.* But these men weren't part of the pool Peretz put together. Cramer brought them in on his own later.

The relationship between Peretz and Cramer was "like a father-and-son thing," says one friend of Cramer's. "Marty paid all of Eric Breindel's psychiatry bills when he was dealing with his heroin addiction," says one friend of Peretz's. "The most important thing in Marty's life is loyalty. He is extremely loyal and generous to a small circle of younger people, and Cramer was one of those." At times Cramer and Peretz talked every day. "It was the kind of thing that's bound to cool off," says a mutual friend. "You can't sustain relationships that intense."

It was largely through Peretz that Cramer kept one foot in journalism. Cramer wrote book reviews, opinion pieces, and cover stories for *The New Republic* while he worked on Wall Street. In 1988, Cramer also returned to writing for Steve Brill, with a financial column for Brill's *Manhattan Lawyer.* In 1991, when Jim Stewart, then page-one editor at *The Wall Street Journal,* was helping to start *SmartMoney,* the personal-finance magazine that is a joint venture between Dow Jones and Hearst, he got Cramer involved in the project. "Jim was very much a part of the inspiration for *SmartMoney,*" says Stewart. "He said all these magazines are about helping rich people keep their money, instead of for helping people make money." It was that editorial approach which eventually proved the key to *SmartMoney*'s success.



In February 1995, *The Washington Post* ran a front-page story questioning Cramer's ethics. The article claimed that his hedge fund had made $2.5 million when a favorable mention in one of his columns for *SmartMoney* triggered a run-up in the stock prices of three small companies in his portfolio. The allegation was a serious one: by some oversight, *SmartMoney*'s editors had not attached the usual disclosure line reminding readers that Cramer owned some of the stocks he was writing about—in this case, companies in which Cramer's fund was a major shareholder. Cramer was devastated, but also enraged, by the storm of criticism that followed in the press. "He called me up, and I've never heard such vitriol from anyone. It was unbelievable, he was really nasty," recalls James Glassman, the columnist and former *New Republic* publisher, after he wrote a scathing op-ed article in *The Washington Post* questioning whether Cramer should be allowed to play journalist, given the huge potential for conflicts of interest. Cramer insisted that he would not sell the stocks of the three companies right away, but that prompted more questions. Just who was benefiting from Cramer's compulsion to write? His readers? His investors (who forfeited the quick profit they could have taken with the rise in the prices of those stocks)? Or Cramer? "He contends he provides insights only a trader could do, that a journalist couldn't," says Glassman, "and maybe he's right, but it's problematic." A business reporter puts it more harshly: "He's a goddamn walking conflict of interest." Cramer, of course, disagrees. "I have the most strict disclosure rules of anyone in the business," he says. "I admit to wearing two hats. I am a commentator, not a journalist, who is trying to explain what he sees. I don't recommend stocks. I try to teach people the hows and whys of investing. One day of reading my columns will tell you that."

Over the years, Cramer has had some very influential defenders. Joe Nocera, a friend since Cramer's days in Washington, wrote a strongly worded article in *Time* magazine supporting Cramer in the *SmartMoney* controversy. Weiss con-

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tributed a moving piece for *The New York Observer* about Cramer's surprise 40th-birthday party, which took place the night the *Washington Post* article ran. Crushed by the allegations that had been made against him, Cramer was so overwhelmed when he arrived at Gallagher's steak house and found about 100 supporters and friends gathered that he sobbed and laughed and vomited the entire night. Cramer had made not just friends over the years, he had made very devoted friends. "A group of people came out of *The Crimson* and have been really competitive over the years. They've carried it into life," says Weiss, who insists that Cramer is different. Weiss was touched, for example, when Cramer bought 30 copies of Weiss's 1995 novel, *Cock-a-doodle-doo,* and handed them out to his employees. "If something good happens to a friend, Jim celebrates it. No one else did that for me."

"He's smart, he's loyal, and he's entertaining," says Kurt Andersen, a *New Yorker* columnist. "He says whatever he thinks, which is so refreshing."

"My wife asks me why I like Jim so much. It's a guy thing, but not in the traditional way; it's not 'We both love golf,'" says one prominent columnist. "It's about journalism. Journalists like characters that stick out, and Jim is the guy who sticks out. He's all elbows. You can dine out on Jim. And another part of it is 'Gee, somebody like us is worth all this money.' Jim sort of straddles two worlds that envy each other."

Like Nocera and Weiss, most of Cramer's friends were appalled that anyone would question his ethics. Some of them blamed the outcry on envy. "A lot of business journalists are very threatened by Jim," says one friend. Just why they would be, no one could really explain. Many feel Cramer should have known better than to write the *SmartMoney* article, disclosure or no disclosure. "I believe in Jim's ethics 1,000 percent," says *SmartMoney*'s editor, Steve Swartz. "But we all made a mistake. We shouldn't have published the column, and Jim shouldn't have written it." An S.E.C. investigation into the *SmartMoney* episode eventually cleared Cramer of any wrongdoing. He left *SmartMoney* and was hired by Andersen to write a column for *New York* magazine, a job which gave Cramer mainstream visibility for the first time. When Andersen was forced out of *New York* in 1996, Cramer left with him out of loyalty. At Andersen's urging, Walter Isaacson hired Cramer to write a column for *Time* and Peter Kaplan gave him one at *The New York Observer.*

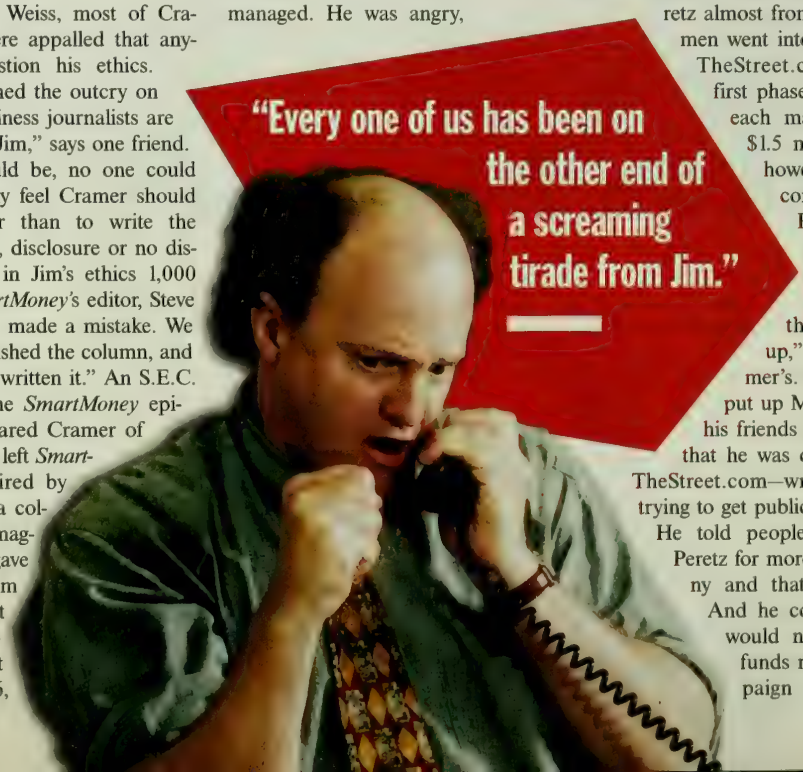
Despite his growing success, Cramer did not seem to get over his anger about what had happened to him at *SmartMoney.* And what he did about it—or what some people believe he did about it—once again raised suspicions about how he was using his unusual influence. In 1997, Cramer's hedge fund bought 1.1 million shares of Dow Jones, the company that co-owns *SmartMoney.* At that time, Dow Jones's management was under attack by prominent dissident shareholders—including some members of the company's founding family and the investor Michael Price—who wanted management to sell or shut down Telerate, Dow Jones's money-losing financial-information operation. Cramer told the press that he had bought into Dow Jones because he wanted to join the fight to save it from its management. With great flourish he announced to reporters that he was doing this because he cared deeply about journalism and about the survival and integrity of a newspaper as great as *The Wall Street Journal,* which Dow Jones owns. He criticized the company's management repeatedly in the media. Eventually, he sold his shares for a $4 million profit, claiming that if Dow Jones wasn't going to listen to his plan for saving the company, it wasn't worth his time to stick around.

But Cramer, some people believe, had no interest in how Dow Jones was being managed. He was angry, some say, because Dow Jones had not paid all the legal bills he'd incurred as a result of the S.E.C.'s investigation into his *SmartMoney* column. (Cramer denies this.) He "felt betrayed," as one friend puts it, and wanted revenge for the way Dow Jones's management had treated him. "He thought they [had acted] like he was a criminal. He was beside himself over that because of things that are deep-seated in his nature. He was upset they didn't trust him."

Did Cramer do it for the publicity, as some suggest? Did he merely see an opportunity to make a profit? No one but Cramer knows exactly why he stalked Dow Jones. Today he says, "I have to admit I was too harsh about Dow Jones. Screwed this one up."

"Jim can be a hard guy to be around. He's very mercurial. Every one of us has been on the other end of a screaming tirade from Jim," says one friend. It happens, says this friend, "whenever you disagree with him." When asked what makes Cramer angry, Nicholas Lemann pauses for a moment and then laughs. "Everything," he says. "I think I'm one of the few people that Jim hasn't gotten into a fight with at some point. He's a man who loves deeply and hurts easily. It's a roller-coaster ride to be his friend—he's like the diva in the dressing room. He lives life at a very high emotional pitch." Cramer, says another friend, "will kill for you and he will kill you."

According to his friends, Cramer began to have problems with Marty Peretz almost from the day that the two men went into business together on TheStreet.com. To finance the first phase of their new venture, each man agreed to put up $1.5 million. Within months, however, Cramer began to complain to friends that Peretz wasn't contributing his share of the money. "There was a structure of when they had to put money up," says a friend of Cramer's. "Jim said he had to put up Marty's share." Cramer, his friends say, also began to feel that he was doing all the work for TheStreet.com—writing columns for it, trying to get publicity for it, managing it. He told people that he had asked Peretz for more equity in the company and that Peretz had refused. And he complained that Peretz would not provide additional funds needed for an ad campaign on the grounds that



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Cramer could use his visibility to get that publicity. On top of all that, says one friend of Cramer's, "Marty was, in Jim's view, meddling in a completely clueless, irritating, useless way."

The story from Peretz's friends, however, is dramatically different. Peretz, they say, not only came up with his money on time, but also agreed to advance money to TheStreet.com. "For about four or five months," says one friend, "Marty was carrying Jim." Although friends advised against it, Peretz, they say, also gave in to Cramer's demand for more stock, turning over to Cramer some 500,000 additional shares. "He did it because he was trying to salvage things. He really wanted TheStreet to succeed," says a friend of Peretz's.

What both sides agree on is that more than a year ago Peretz was sent some E-mails that Cramer had written to an employee at TheStreet.com, who had just been fired by Cramer. Unhappy about the negotiations over his severance payment, this employee forwarded to Peretz messages in which Cramer had referred rudely to Peretz's role in TheStreet.com. "They were extremely unflattering," Peretz says. "I want to dilute [Peretz's share of TheStreet] without diluting me," Cramer wrote in one E-mail. "This will be a crucial break in our relationship, but without it, I will forever be blasting him behind his back." Peretz, Cramer wrote in a second E-mail, "has no standing" at TheStreet; "MP's judgment should not come into play." Cramer says that he was devastated, that he apologized repeatedly and profusely, but that Peretz rebuffed him.

According to Peretz, what really happened was quite different. He says he was eager to patch things up. "We had two or three meetings, always at my initiative, sometimes involving his tears," he recalls. "And we turned over a new leaf, but somehow the pages of the book got turned back in the space of a week each time."

By September, the tension had become unbearable. The two men spoke only at TheStreet.com board meetings. It was around this time, Cramer believes, that Peretz began badmouthing him to investors in his hedge fund and urging them to pull their money out. Like many other hedge funds buffeted by the slide in tech stocks, Asia's and Russia's problems, and the near collapse of Long-Term Capital Management, the $4.8 billion fund that had to be bailed out last year by a consortium of banks, Cramer's fund was having a rough third quarter. He was extremely upset. "For the first fucking time in my life, I don't do well," he says, his eyes tearing up again. Cramer's letter to his investors about the fund's performance was so "abject," one investor remembers, "that I was afraid he was going to kill himself. I called him up. I wanted to reassure him."

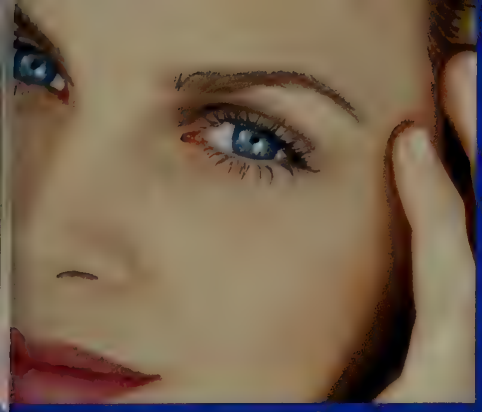
Cramer is convinced that Peretz saw how vulnerable he was and chose that moment to strike. In early October, Cramer received several letters from investors informing him that they were withdrawing from his fund, including a letter from Peretz which explained that he was also taking his money out. "They all pulled out at the same time," says Cramer, "and I have to sell [to raise the tens of millions of dollars needed to pay Peretz and other investors] into the worst market possible." And then, as if to pour salt on his open wound, Cramer believes, Peretz leaked the information about his fund's poor performance to *The New York Times*—although any of Cramer's many investors could have given the letter to the newspaper. "If I were single and alone, then this would be Mad Max in [1985's *Mad Max Beyond*] *Thunderdome*. But I'm not. I'm a guy with kids and a wife," says Cramer, his eyes frozen wide open with anger. "This man, Marty, was my best man at my wedding. Things haven't worked out. I would like very much for his acrimony to die down and for him not to speak to reporters about me. I want it to end."

"Jim's behavior," says Peretz, "is a sad story." Peretz says that he did not release to *The New York Times* any information about the performance of Cramer's hedge fund. He also insists that he did not urge anyone to pull out of the fund. "No one," he says, choosing his words carefully, "can say that Jim is other than a spectacular investor." Peretz says he withdrew his family's money (and Crimson Investments) from Cramer, Berkowitz in October because he had no other choice. Last August, says Peretz, without talking to him, Cramer abruptly resigned as a trustee from several Peretz-family trusts. As Peretz recalls, "Jim had his assistant call my accountant to tell him Jim had quit. Of course I take my family's money out," Peretz says. "People don't leave their money with managers who aren't talking to them." "Let me say this about this trust canard," says Cramer. "For a very, very long time I had not been included in any substantive discussions or decisions involving those trusts by the manager of that trust.... I didn't think I should be paid or continue to be a trustee of something where I was neither being consulted on nor involved in. I should have consulted with Marty about this, but my problem was not with Marty, as he was not the manager."

Who's right? Among their friends, among those who have not taken sides, there is bafflement. "I don't really know what went on between Marty and Jim," says Michael Kinsley. "It's an Oedipal thing, I assume, to some degree or another. Marty enjoys taking a paternal role, and Jim began to feel as though he'd outgrown that. But that's just speculation." Joseph Kahn, the *New York Times* reporter who wrote the crucial story about Cramer, and who holds at least one key to the mystery, will not comment on who his sources were.

"There isn't a chance in hell that our feud will end as long as I'm living on this planet, from the way I see things," Cramer said several weeks ago. He insisted that he was right, and he was sure that even if TheStreet.com's initial public offering is as successful as people anticipate—and the company he and Peretz created together turns out to reap huge rewards for both—he and Peretz wouldn't be celebrating together. But then Cramer claimed to have had a change of heart and insisted that the feud was over. Whether the truce Cramer believes to exist will hold remains to be seen. As he readily admits, "I am fiery, abrasive, and indefatigable, and always will be." □





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SETTING THE STANDARD André Balazs, owner of the Standard, reclines on a Richard Schultz chaise longue by the pool of his new, 140-room West Hollywood hotel.

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

The Standard, André Balazs's newest hotel, is designed to lure the young and restless by marrying chic with cheap, and past with future

BY MATT TYRNAUER

The sign on Sunset Boulevard reads DRADNATS EHT, which is the first indication that André Balazs's new, West Hollywood hotel is anything but. "It's meant to be a new twist, an entirely different take, on the idea of an inexpensive hotel—a category that has suffered greatly from lack of innovation," says the 42-year-old Balazs, who is also the proprietor of the legendary Chateau Marmont (200 yards due east of the Standard on the Sunset Strip) and the stylish Mercer hotel in New York City, which is around the corner from the SoHo loft Balazs shares with his wife, Katie Ford, president of Ford Models, Inc. "I've found in looking at hotels over the years that the way we live changes about every decade," Balazs continues, "and this is an attempt to address the already existing sophistication of a younger group of people who are not traveling with

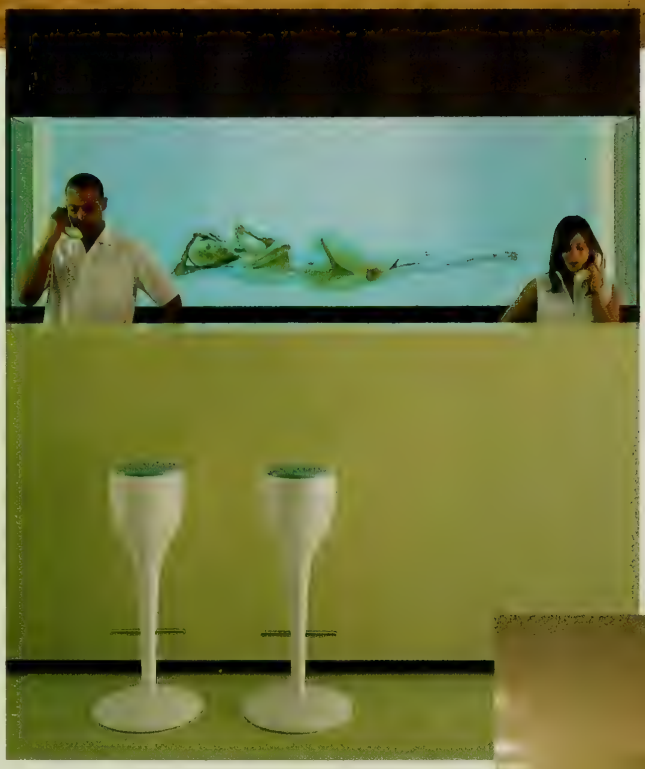
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE


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In the rooms, guests will find inflatable so Eames surfboard tables, and Warh draperies.





THE MODERN ERA

Clockwise from top: **the hotel's "conversation pit" is lined with white shag carpet (floor and ceiling) and features Ligne Roset sectional seating, Arco lamps, and Baleri egg seats; a photomural of Joshua Tree National Monument in the hotel's lounge; the restaurant, which looks out onto the Sunset Strip, is done in a spare, 50s style; behind the clerks at the front desk, a model reclines in the wenge-wood-and-glass vitrine.**

the budget of a luxury traveler, but are every bit as sophisticated." In other words, Balazs hopes the Standard will become a cheap-chic mecca for the ever expanding Prada-Gucci tribe, the style-conscious Gen-Xers and baby-boomers who worship at the Carrara-marble altar of jet-age modernity, an aesthetic the Standard offers in near-lethal doses.

"The intention was to push the boundaries of what hotel design is, and recognize that there are new tastes and new expectations," says Balazs, who worked closely with production designer Shawn Hausman on the plans for the *Barbarella*–meets–Charles Eames–meets–Sheikh Abdullah's 707 look of the 140-room hotel.

"I'd call the look of the place 'timeless modern,'" says Hausman, who also helped refurbish the Chateau Marmont interiors. "You know, taking things from the 50s, 60s, and 70s—Arco lamps, Ligne Roset chairs, and new pieces—then combining them to add up to 2000."

"But the Standard is not meant to be a retro incarnation of a hotel," Balazs is quick to add. "It is meant to be forward-looking."

From the white shag carpet (floor and ceiling) in the lobby's "cocoon/conversation pit" to the large vitrine behind the front desk which houses a slumbering nude woman (she is alive and she is allowed to take breaks, "for obvious reasons," says Balazs), there is no dearth of creativity in the design scheme. Among the more significant examples of millennial hotel innovation: a disc jockey's booth built into the front desk, a performance artist–gardener who "mows" the electric-blue Astro-Turf surrounding the rectangular pool, a screening room in the lobby, and a tattoo parlor and barbershop.

Up in the pared-down rooms (which CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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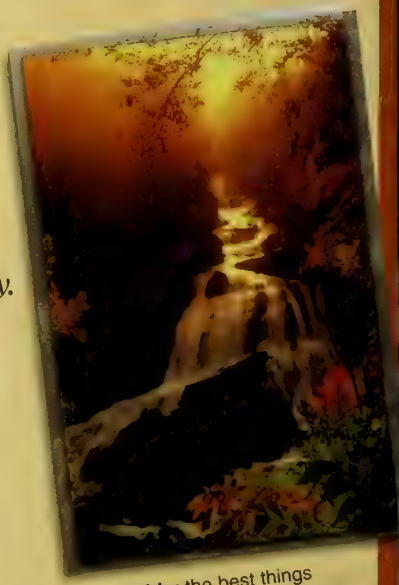


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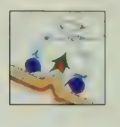


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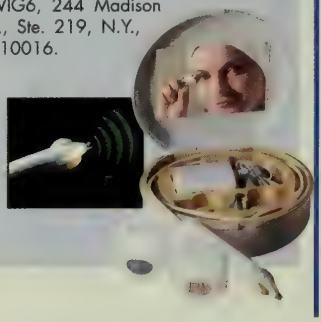
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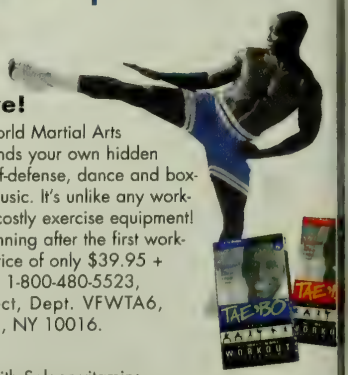




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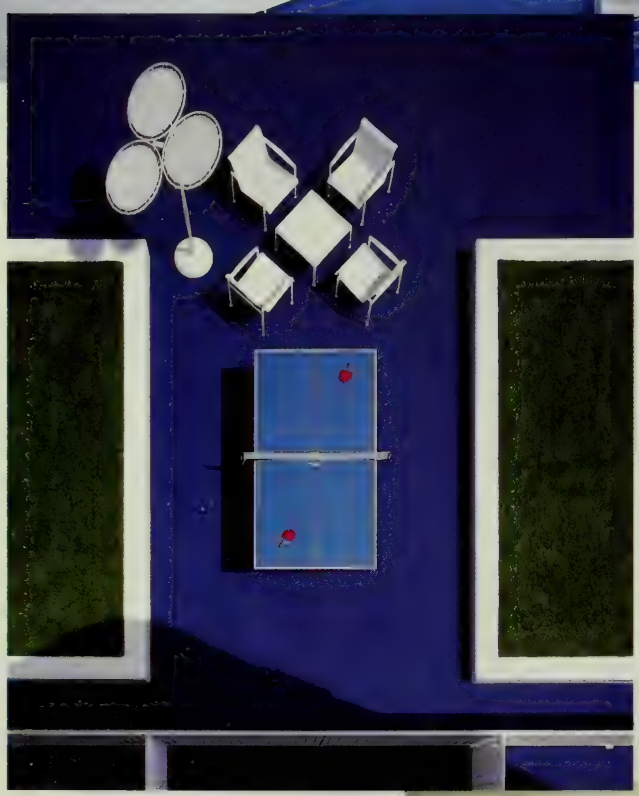


Balazs hopes the Standard will be a cheap-chic mecca for the ever-expanding Prada-Gucci tribe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 range from $95 to $200 a night), guests will find inflatable sofas (maids carry air pumps on their carts), Eames surfboard tables, Andy Warhol flower-print draperies (Balazs licensed the print from the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts), Ultrasuede floor pillows, and such crucial mini-bar amenities as cold sake, patchouli and ylang-ylang candles, Vaseline, and Saint-John's-wort soft drinks. For business travelers the rooms are wired with T1 Internet hookups. Even low-tech fixtures have been revised—Balazs refitted the thermostats with only four settings: BLOW, HARD, HARDER, and STOP. "I really wanted the place to have a sort of sexiness," he says, flashing a sheepish grin.

In the brief period since its opening, the West Hollywood Standard has become a hit, and there are plans to open branch operations in New York and Chicago, each with its own distinct style. (Investors in the L.A. venture include Leonardo DiCaprio, Cameron Diaz, Benicio Del Toro, and the Smashing Pumpkins' D'arcy Wretzky and James Iha.)

The greater scheme, Balazs says, is to "redefine what people have come to expect in a hotel . . . up the aesthetic stakes so that we can deliver something that's really high-quality, that does what it's intended to do but that isn't sullen—something that will eventually be so, well, so standard people know what to expect from it." □

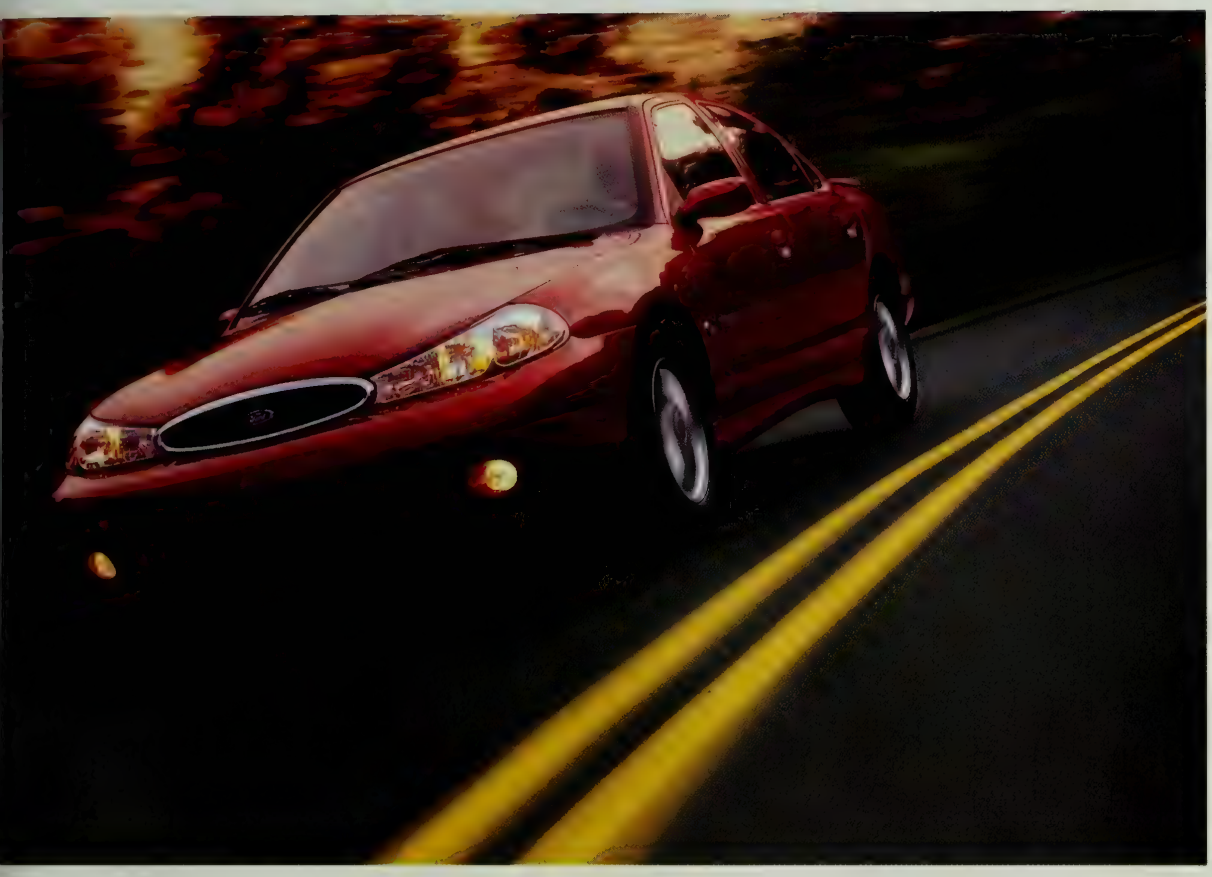






BLUE HEAVEN

Clockwise from top: **the Standard's undulating rear façade, which overlooks the swimming pool and the flatlands of West Hollywood; Warhol draperies decorate a room; Eero Aarnio bubble chairs hang in the foyer; the beds are inspired by a Gio Ponte design; at the pool, blue AstroTurf is offset by planters of green grass and a Ping-Pong table.**



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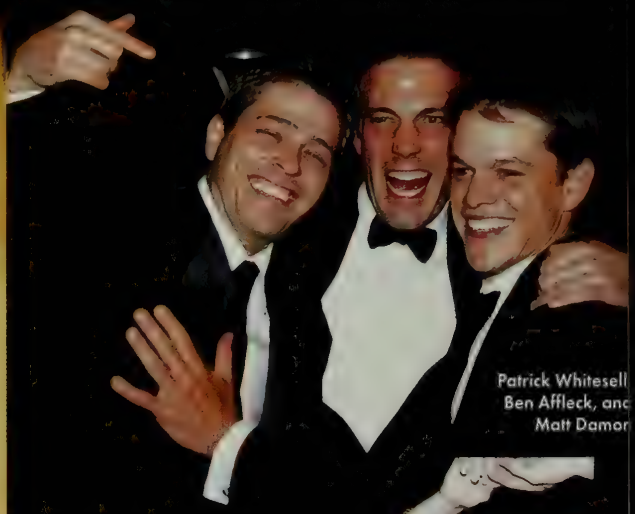
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OSCAR INVASION

At *V.F.*'s sixth annual Oscar party, the only hips that weren't twitching to the rhythms of Havana's hottest salsa band belonged to those coveted statues. Photographed by Jonathan Becker, Dafydd Jones, and Patrick McMullan



Buster Paltrow and granddaughter Gwyneth.



Patrick Whitesell, Ben Affleck, and Matt Damon

In late March the live-action epic "Invasion of the Little Gold Men" was played out in West Hollywood at the sixth annual *Vanity Fair* party, to celebrate the 71st annual Academy Awards. The parking lot of Mortons restaurant (densely forested with banana trees) was the scene of the onslaught, which began, as always, in broad daylight, as limos and a fleet of the new Jaguar S-Type cars off-loaded the principal players in the event—the regiment of swell-egant stars and notables attending *V.F.*'s dinner festivities. Inside Mortons, seated around intimate tables to watch the Oscar broadcast, was an eclectic crowd: actors, artists, writers, directors, billionaires, and TEXT

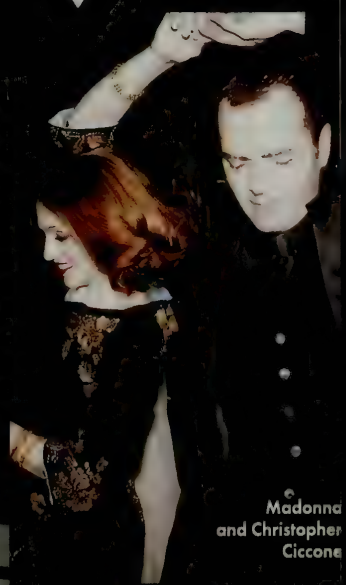
CONTINUES ON PAGE 121; PORTFOLIO CONTINUES OVERLEAF



Minnie Driver and Charlize Theron



Artie Shaw and Kirk Douglas



Madonna and Christopher Ciccone



Leisha Hailey and k. d. lang

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Minnie Driver, Stephan Jenkins, Meryl Streep, Jim Carrey, and Charlize Theron



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Ron Howard and Brian Grazer



Madonna and Mario Testino



Monica Lewinsky and Liz Smith



Edward Norton and Drew Barrymore



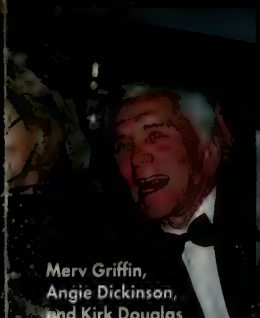
Barry Diller

Sir Ian McKellen and Peter Gallagher



Renée Zellweger

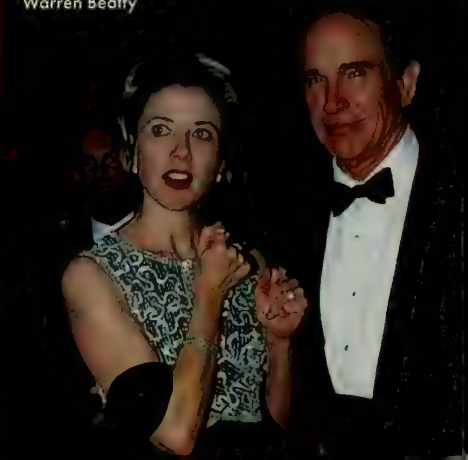
Annette Bening and Warren Beatty



Merv Griffin, Angie Dickinson, and Kirk Douglas



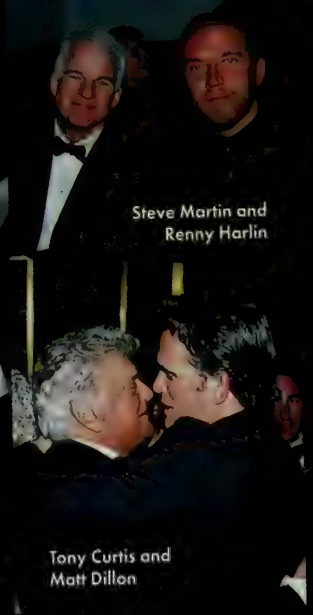
Anjelica Huston and Peter and Paula Gallagher



Hollywood



Mariah Carey and Sean "Puffy" Combs



Steve Martin and Renny Harlin

Tony Curtis and Matt Dillon



Tom Ford and Cate Blanchett



Rod Stewart and Ahmet [illegible]un



Willem Dafoe



Audrey and Billy Wilder



Helena Christensen



ie Hawn and Russell





Victoria Newhouse, S. I. Newhouse Jr., and Anthony Hopkins

Kevin Huvane and Hamilton South




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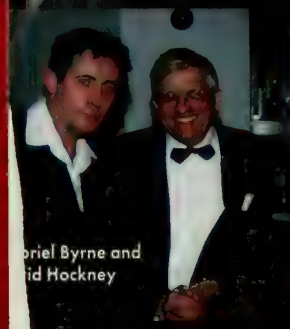

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DISTINCTIVELY CRISP



Anjelica Huston and Robert Graham



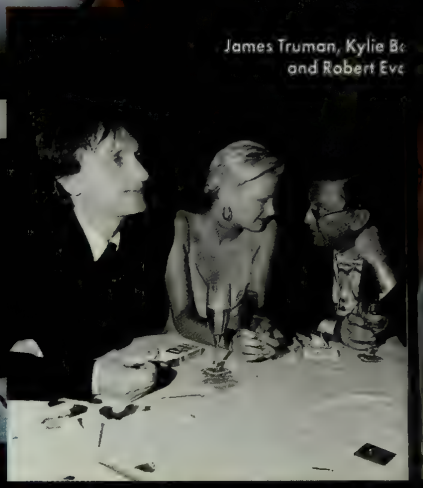
Pamela Anders
Chris Rock,
Natalie Rai



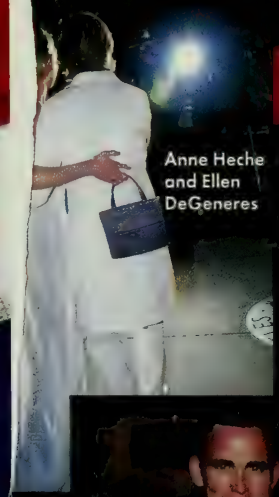
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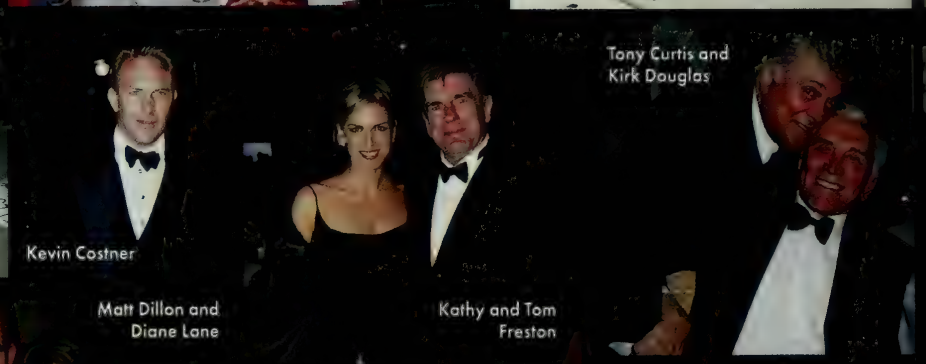
Gigi Levangie and Michael Bloomberg



James Truman, Kylie Bo
and Robert Eve



Anne Heche
and Ellen
DeGeneres



Kevin Costner

Matt Dillon and
Diane Lane

Kathy and Tom
Freston

Tony Curtis and
Kirk Douglas



Edwa
and D

Carolina Herrera and
Betsy Bloomingdale



Reese Witherspoon
and Ryan Phillippe

Keri Russe

Me
An



Alma Powell and General Colin Powell



Gwyneth Paltrow



Elizabeth Saltzman and Robert Evans



Liv Tyler, Steven Tyler, and Teresa Tallarico



Dan Aykroyd and Ronald Perelman

Keaton



t Everett
Jagger





Tommy Mottola and daughter Sarah Mottola



Vivica A. Fox and Whitney Houston



Jerry Bruckheimer, Ed Limato, and Linda Bruckheimer



Manica Lewinsky and Dee Dee Myers





Gwyneth Paltrow, Harvey Weinstein, and Minnie Driver



Heather Graham and Ed Burns

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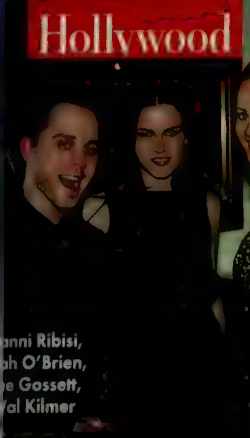
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anni Ribisi,
ah O'Brien,
e Gossett,
al Kilmer



n Scorsese,
Curtis, and
Morris



Diller and
e Von Furstenberg



Shaw and
onna



Gwyneth Paltrow
and Buster

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112 one bouffant-haired phenomenon—Monica Lewinsky. Also in attendance were Madonna, Anthony Hopkins, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, Jay Leno, Betsy Bloomingdale, Billy Wilder, Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell, Rupert Everett, Ahmet Ertegun, Ron Howard, Cameron Crowe, Neve Campbell, Barry Diller, Diane Von Furstenberg, Angie Dickinson, Peter Gallagher, Penny Marshall, Artie Shaw, Matt Dillon, Ronald Perelman, Faye Dunaway, Merv Griffin, Candice Bergen, Brian Grazer, Steve Martin, Michael Bloomberg, Fran Lebowitz, David Hockney, Henry Grunwald, Charles Gwathmey, S. I. Newhouse Jr., James Truman, Barry Sonnenfeld, and Sidney Poitier (among many others). As the after-dinner guests began to arrive in force, and the 14-piece Cuban band Adalberto Álvarez y Su Son (imported from Havana) began to play, the foot-tall Gold Men (with their triumphant owners) finally appeared, raising a deafening roar from the crowd of hundreds waiting in the street. Gwyneth Paltrow, Norman Jewison, Harvey Weinstein, Marc Norman, Edward Zwick, and Bill Condon, among others, all carried Oscars into Mortons and the specially constructed 7,000-square-foot tented room adjacent to the restaurant, where the winners were joined by 1998 Oscar nominees Warren Beatty, Cate Blanchett, Edward Norton, Meryl Streep, Emily Watson, Peter Weir, and Ian McKellen. Other celebrants included Jim Carrey, Robert De Niro, Renée Zellweger, Chris Rock, Anjelica Huston, Robert Graham, Norman Reedus, Mariah Carey, Giovanni Ribisi, Kevin Costner, Colin Powell, Howard Safir, Michael Caton-Jones, Julia Ormond, Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Sean "Puffy" Combs, Guy Ritchie, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Barbet Schroeder, Martin Scorsese, Tom Ford, Jonathan Dolgen, Ed Burns, and nine of Ms. Paltrow's nearest and dearest (including her grandfather Buster). Shoshanna Lonstein was the most versatile party guest, volunteering as a coffee server, then performing numerous salsa dances (solo and accompanied), which inspired fellow revelers, who nicked the parquet until the Hollywood sky gave hint of dawn and the social forces of Oscar night made their reluctant retreat home. —MATT TYRNAUER



Robert De Niro and
Uma Thurman



Fran Lebowitz and
Candice Bergen



len Barkin and
Jeff Goldblum



David Harris
and Pamela
Anderson



Mavis Leno,
Merv Griffin, and


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Rock legend Eric Clapton, 54, still humbled by his heroes—Big Bill Broonzy, Robert Johnson, Muddy Waters included—photographed in New York City on March 17, 1999.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

Eric Clapton

BECAUSE in his 36 years as a pioneer of rock guitar (in the Yardbirds, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Cream, Blind Faith, Derek & the Dominos, then solo), this London native turned American kids on to their own Mississippi Delta blues and electrified a generation. BECAUSE to him the blues were "a man's music . . . very deep and mature, a way for me to identify with the idea of becoming a man." BECAUSE he is elegant and shy and never fell for the 60s graffiti that proclaimed "Clapton is God." BECAUSE even with 13 Grammys and two Rock and Roll Hall of Fame inductions (with the Yardbirds and Cream), he has been known to get pre-concert jitters when he goes onstage. BECAUSE he's *lived* the blues—he was abandoned by his father before he was born; he lost his beloved four-year-old son, Conor, in a tragic accident in 1991—yet he still sees music as a healing force. BECAUSE he's survived broken relationships and conquered drug and alcohol addictions—and has aged more gracefully than most of his contemporaries. BECAUSE on June 24, Christie's will auction 100 of his guitars in New York to benefit the Crossroads Centre at Antigua, a nonprofit rehabilitation facility he recently founded for treatment of substance abuse. BECAUSE he's a superstar who sees himself as a journeyman. —LISA ROBINSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN WATSON

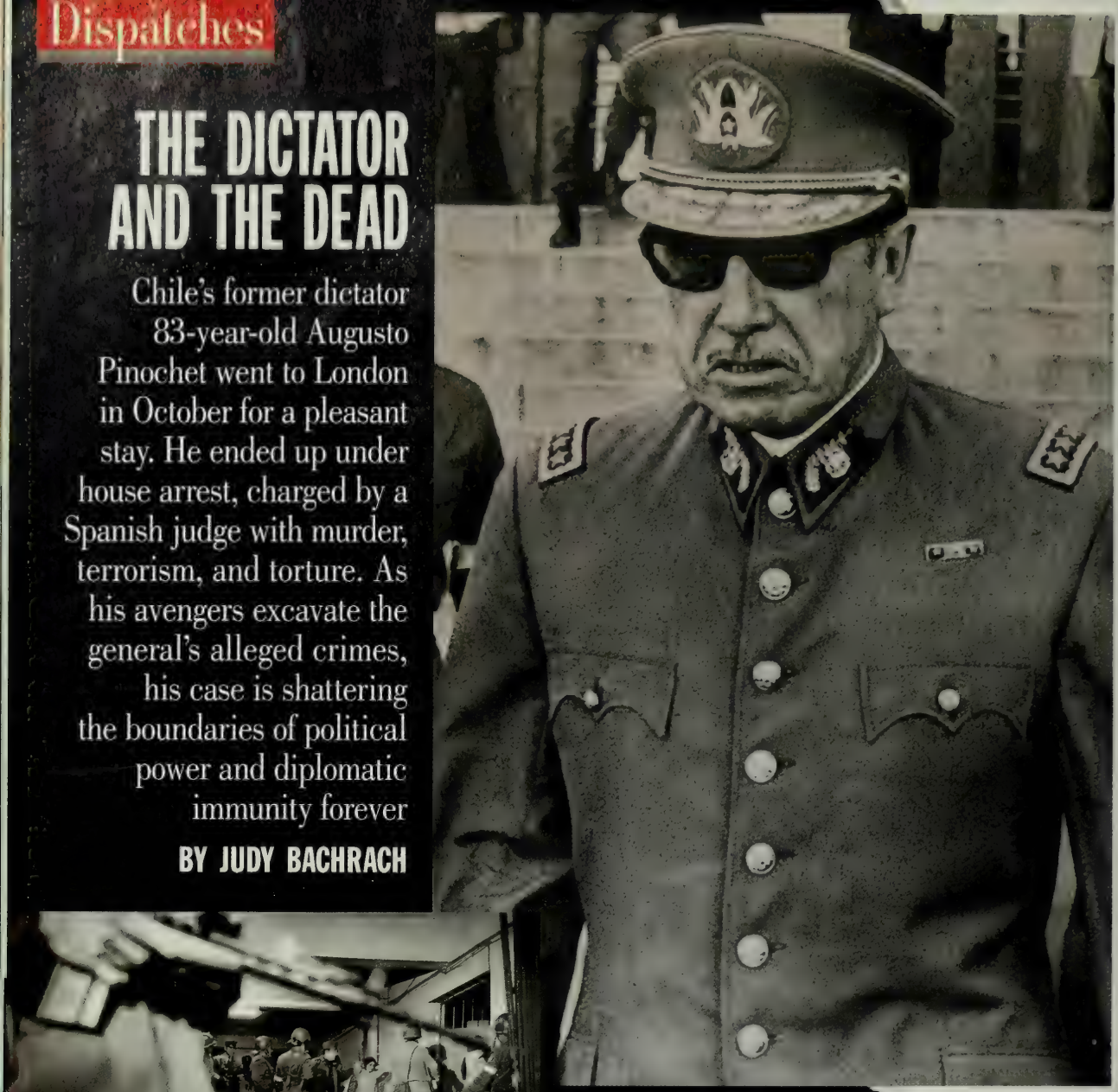


"AUSTIN POWERS": THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME." ©1999 NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
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THE DICTATOR AND THE DEAD

Chile's former dictator 83-year-old Augusto Pinochet went to London in October for a pleasant stay. He ended up under house arrest, charged by a Spanish judge with murder, terrorism, and torture. As his avengers excavate the general's alleged crimes, his case is shattering the boundaries of political power and diplomatic immunity forever

BY JUDY BACHRACH



POWER OF PERSUASION
Pinochet on September 11, 1973, the day he deposed Salvador Allende, Santiago, Chile; *inset*, suspected Allende supporters taken by the military to Santiago's National Stadium, September 1973.

It was well after midnight. Oblivious to all the turmoil and fury he had unleashed, the old man lay dozing after his back operation in his private room on the fifth floor of the London Clinic in Regent's Park. Sick or well, he was no stranger to England. He had traveled there many times before, despite warnings from friends, government officials, and lawyers that he was being pursued, that the enemies at his heels were, in fact, just about ready to pounce.

These enemies—officials of Amnesty International, a Spanish judge, a friend of murdered politicians—had quietly watched him on previous visits to London, where the general went to buy military equipment and to amuse himself. They were delighted by his return. So, at first, was the old man with the bad back: General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, who loved London. "*Me encanta Londres!*" the 83-year-old former Chilean dictator informed a dear friend just a few days before his back operation, when, as this friend notes with a laugh, "it was pissing with rain." Part of Pinochet's pleasure that wet, nasty evening derived from having been well fêted and well understood within a certain political sector of London, even if nowhere else in Europe. France, home of his great hero Napoleon, had just refused him, without a word of explanation, a visa to visit a few antiquarian bookshops.

By contrast, in England there was much to soothe Pinochet this past October. Wearing his new Burberry coat over a



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HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

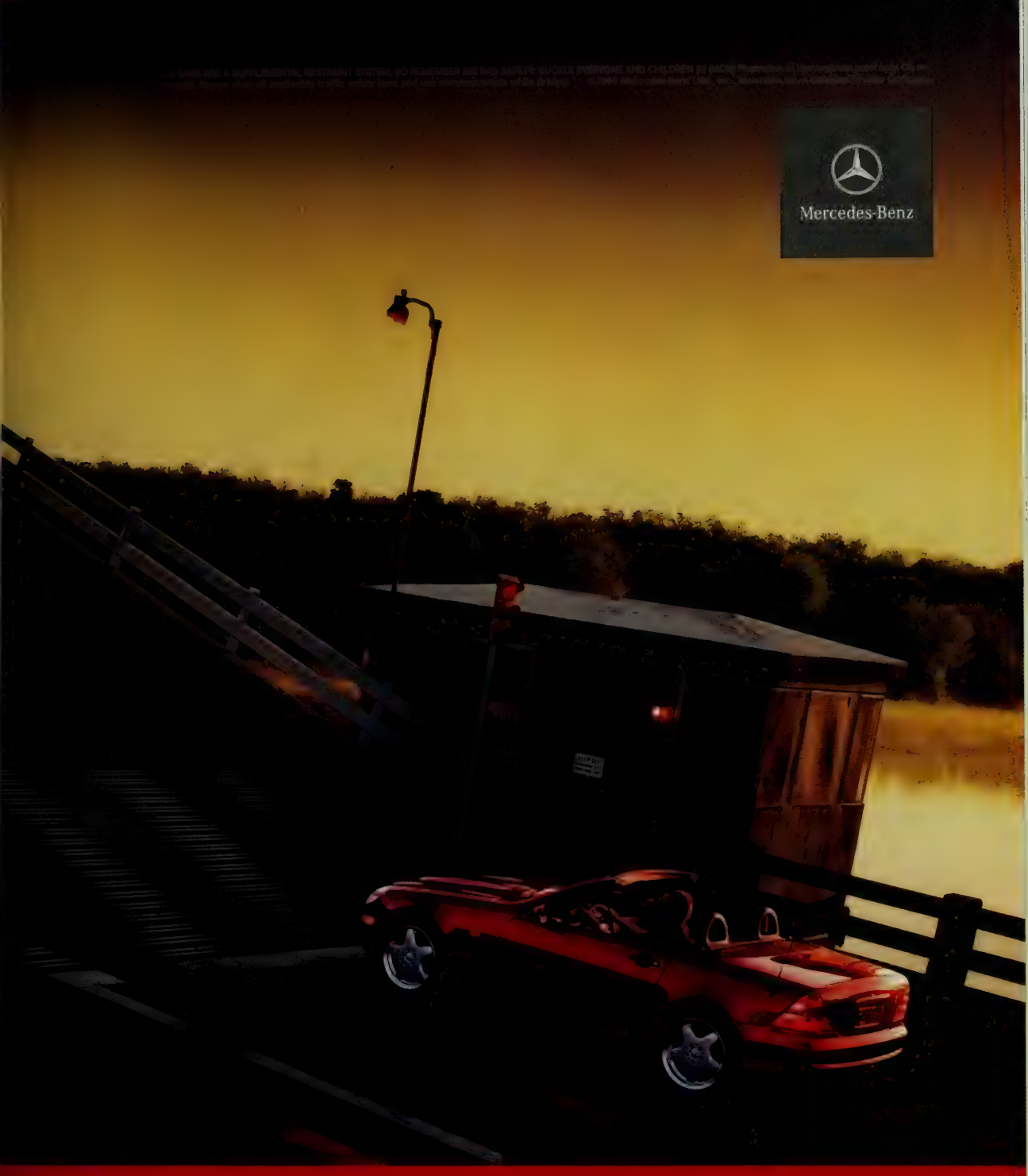
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clutch, hit the accelerator and feel the eruption of
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by the arrest of an old ally, told conservative writer William F. Buckley Jr. that Pinochet's regime had no monopoly on death and torture: "By contrast with routine barbarisms in other countries, it was on a minor scale," said the former secretary of state.

But in some portions of the world there was considerable glee over the general's novel predicament: the predator was now prey. Under his regime, bodies of prisoners had been tossed out of helicopters; captives raped as a matter of course by members of Pinochet's secret police; the bodies of the massacred (including the Chilean folksinger Victor Jara and the American journalist Charles Horman) dumped into or near public cemeteries, so their bodies wouldn't be identified. "The dead cornered him," the Chilean writer Ariel Dorfman, author of the 1991 play *Death and the Maiden,* tells me. "The *desaparecidos,* I would say, walled him in."

In France and Switzerland, warrants holding Pinochet accountable in the deaths of some of their citizens were issued in the fall. Sweden and Germany, citing injuries to their own compatriots in Pinochet's Chile more than two decades ago, were considering much the same course—as was Italy. In Britain, the families of a presumed murder victim and a doctor who was tortured in Chile were clamoring for justice.

Even the United States, which ardently supported Pinochet during the Nixon years (at the time, he was considered a right-wing bulwark against encroaching Communism in Latin America), claimed to be considering the prospect of trying Pinochet here. At least, so said U.S. attorney general Janet Reno in January. A month earlier, the Clinton administration had promised to declassify some of its information on Chile—a promise that some intelligence agencies still seem reluctant to fulfill.

A number of knowledgeable Americans, among them a former federal prosecutor, believe Pinochet to be the *bandido* who ordered the murder in Washington, D.C., of the Chilean socialist political star Orlando Letelier. Yet for 23 years no U.S. official has attempted to extradite Pinochet and have him tried for conspiracy to murder on American soil. That assassination, which took place in 1976 on Embassy Row, also killed a 25-year-old American woman named Ronni Karpen Moffitt, who was by the politician's side when the car bomb was detonated. Her husband, Michael Moffitt, was in the backseat of Letelier's blue Chevelle at the time of the explosion. As he attempted to lift Letelier out of the car, the body fell apart in his hands. Then he watched his young wife choke on her own blood.

"There was no doubt in my mind that Pinochet ordered the murders," Lawrence Barcella, who helped prosecute the case, tells me. But in 1976, Pinochet was a chief of state protected by a devoted military, a brutal secret service, and state immunity. These symbols of security still live in the heart of the autocrat.

"With respect to Your Honor, I do not recognize the jurisdiction of any other court, except in my country, to try me against all the lies of Spain," the general told a London judge in an oak-paneled courtroom last December.

In fact, many of the world's rulers would wholeheartedly agree. "Under the old set of rules you didn't pursue former heads of state," explains a Washington investigator in frequent contact with the State Department. "The new rules haven't been carefully thought through." If an ex-head of state is arrested, goes the thinking, then what current or former national official is safe in his travels? President Clinton after the bombing of Belgrade? Madeleine Albright after an attack on Iraq?

Equally worrisome, what possible impetus exists now for any dictator to retire peaceably? Could Serb tyrant Slobodan Milosevic, for example, possibly be tempted to leave office now that Lord Justice Nicholas Phillips has written that Britain has no legal obligation to worry about Pinochet since he is only a former head of state?

"No, it's not possible!" gasped Fidel Castro when he heard the news that Pinochet had been stripped of his immunity, say two observers. It took him a moment to collect himself. "Well, morally they're right," he finally managed. "But legally it's questionable. Diplomatically it's a disaster."

"There was torture of the I.R.A. in various places—of course there was," Robin Harris, a top Thatcher aide, tells me. "Are they going to say that Lady Thatcher ordered this torture?"

From her office in her pale 19th-century town house, Margaret Thatcher appears impervious to all possible attacks. At lunchtime she emerges resplendent in a snug-fitting navy-blue suit, the brooch on her lapel encrusted with large, beautifully cut Victorian diamonds. In her wake is the only person she can't seem to control—her husband, Denis. I tell him I'm writing about the debacle resulting from the arrest of Pinochet. The response is a violent twist of his trilby, a savage grimace, and a salvo against Tony Blair's regime, which is patently in sympathy with Pinochet's enemies.

"It's all because of this stinking government!" he says. "This stinking, stinking, stinking government!"

"It's all because of this stinking government!" says Denis Thatcher. "This stinking, stinking, stinking government!"





STIFF UPPER LIP Margaret Thatcher visiting General and Mrs. Pinochet in Surrey, March 26, 1999, shortly after the decision to extradite him; *right,* the Surrey house where Pinochet was believed held under house arrest.

Meanwhile, deep in the leafy countryside of Surrey, the Chilean autocrat, who was once so enchanted with London, sits under house arrest. The two-story, thin-brick house, which rents for about $17,000 a month, is surrounded by pines but crawling with police, which costs the British taxpayers about $80,000



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a week. The general's legal bills are said to approximate $1.6 million. These extraordinary expenses are paid mainly by Chilean friends: there is something called the Augusto Pinochet Foundation, which actually sells a Cabernet Sauvignon called Capitán General for $25 a bottle to thirsty sympathizers.

Pinochet's wife, Lucía Hiriart, a proud, strong-willed woman in her 70s, can barely contain herself: "What about your family?" she reportedly snapped at her husband. "All we have is your pension." She goes to the market on foot with her middle-aged daughter, also named Lucía.

Pinochet is deprived even of these modest outings—and so much more. He was not allowed out for church last Christmas. The general's visitors are few, his mood grim, his utterances scant but unusually candid.

On a recent visit to the sparsely furnished house, one acquaintance happened to mention the subject of torture, a fate that afflicted thousands of Chileans after Pinochet overthrew, in 1973, the democratically elected president, Salvador Allende. This prompted an immediate outburst from the normally taciturn general. "*Of course* torture occurred under my government," the general said. Quickly he added, without offering a shred of proof, "And it occurred under Allende's."







REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS ***Clockwise from above:*** **Salvador Allende and army general Carlos Prats, Santiago, in the early 70s; the presidential palace during the coup; Pinochet and Henry Kissinger, June 8, 1976.**

"All the personal assistants to President Allende were arrested and tortured to death. Fifteen people in all."

Because there are so many myths surrounding the late Salvador Allende (for years the leftist assumption was that he had been martyred by a volley of bullets from Pinochet's troops, which is no longer considered likely), I consult Alistair Horne, a British expert on Chile, who was among the first to dispel the myth that Allende was beyond reproach. At the same time, he is no fan of Pinochet, whom he has met and interviewed.

Was Allende another Castro, a threat to America in 1973?, I ask.

"I think the indications were he could have been," Horne replies, pointing out that in his last years Allende "was far left of the Chilean Communist Party." On the other hand, he adds, Allende "was a bit of a champagne socialist. And a playboy."

The United States, however, considered Allende a serious source of alarm—as Allende very likely intended. In a famous interview with the French Marxist Régis Debray, Allende openly swooned over Che Guevara, Chou En Lai, Ho Chi Minh, and Castro, who, on receiving a warming hero's welcome in 1971, decided to stay in Chile over 20 days.

Nor did Allende confine himself to adoring rhetoric. He completed the nationalization of Chile's copper industry—a resource that had previously lined the pockets of American business titans. Worse, as Horne points out, within Chile "there was a lot of evidence of Czech arms, Cuban arms, guerrilla instructors moving into the country."

On September 15, 1970, Director of Central Intelligence Richard Helms scrawled explicit notes, recording President Richard Nixon's decision to block Allende's ascension to power: "Make the economy scream," ordered the president, promising "$10 million available, more if necessary." Nixon was under no illusions about how to achieve his aims. It would be, he told Helms, a "full-time job" for which "the best men" were needed.

American officials were as good as their word—not that C.I.A. intervention was strictly necessary to achieve destabilization, it is now thought. The Chilean economy, suffering from 1,000 percent inflation in 1973, was well on its way to ruin. "Allende was not a politician of the stamp of Machiavelli," Horne says dryly. "I don't think he understood how things worked economically."

The United States did, however. Local politicians were bribed, American money proffered for an attempted kidnapping of a Chilean general. When Chilean truckers went on strike, the C.I.A. paid them to stay out. As a result, in the big cities there was no bread, no meat. Stores closed.

Late in the morning of September 11, 1973, Chilean Air Force Hawker Hunters fired 18 rockets straight into the 300-year-old presidential palace, where Allende had holed up with his aides. One of these was Juan Garcés, a 29-year-old Spaniard. When the assaults grew so bad that gas masks had to be put on, the president told him to leave the palace. Leading the coup was General Pinochet. Garcés tells me that on learning of the betrayal of his military commander Allende showed no anger. He was succinct in his commands: his minister of defense, Orlando Letelier, was told to stay on the job "until the end." Then he added Pinochet's name to a small but growing list: "Traitors," he explained.

"That was his only reaction, but very calm," Garcés recalls. By 2:45 P.M., the calm was total. Allende was found dead in his office.

"He had killed himself by placing a submachine gun under his chin and pulling the trigger. Messy, but efficient," U.S. Navy lieutenant colonel Patrick J. Ryan wrote his

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superiors a few weeks later in a report that has only recently been declassified.

As it happens, Garces, too, believes Allende very likely killed himself. "It was impossible to continue," he tells me. Perpetually lucky, the young Spaniard was whisked into safety by his country's ambassador and then flown out of Chile to Madrid on a special plane. He is one of the few palace survivors of that day. Within 19 days of the coup, 320 people were summarily executed by the military; 1,500 killed; more than 13,500 arrested, many rounded up and tortured at Santiago's National Stadium. The Nixon administration, despite learning of these abuses, gave economic aid to Chile: suddenly there were funds made available for housing, military supplies, and agriculture.

Within two months of the coup, Pinochet had established DINA, his secret police. At its head was Colonel Manuel Contreras, who had breakfast daily with Pinochet as the disappearances and acts of torture were stepped up.

"All the personal assistants to the president were arrested and tortured to death—or are still missing," Garcés says softly. "Fifteen people in all. They were all my friends."

In a way, they are still with him, however—all his dead friends, Allende included. For the last three years, Garcés has been gathering evidence, testimony, and documents. In fact, it is no stretch to call him the godfather of Pinochet's captivity.

The involvement of this modest but persistent 55-year-old lawyer, however, particularly galls the Pinochet forces. To them Garcés's mission seems a political vendetta and smacks of rank ingratitude: "General Pinochet allowed this man Garcés to escape on the day of the coup!" explodes a Pinochet friend. "He should have plunged a dagger through his heart."

Perhaps aware of such sentiments, Garcés is cautious about many things. Although we correspond for weeks by E-mail, Garcés does not tell me where to meet him until just a few minutes before the interview actually takes place. He wears worn but expensive clothes, cashmere and wool. His eyes are tired, remote.

"I filed the complaint," he says in his quiet voice. "And I filed it on behalf of all the victims of Pinochet, more than 3,000. Not just Spaniards. Because in crimes against humanity, there are no differences."

"You won't tell anyone where I live or work, will you? I've received crank calls lately," Michael Moffitt, now 47 years old, begs me. The assassination of Letelier, which he witnessed, is considered the sole act of state-sponsored terrorism to have claimed lives in the nation's capital.

"There was never any doubt in my mind whatsoever who was behind this," says Moffitt, who, in fact, was heard screaming "Pinochet! The murderer!" after the bomb went off. Then he watched his young wife die 113 days after their wedding. That was 23 years ago. Moffitt is now a stockbroker. In those days, though, he, like his wife, was an American aide to the socialist Letelier, the former Chilean minister of defense, then living in exile in Washington.

One reason the bereaved husband felt so certain of the identity of the villain was that his charismatic boss had already voiced suspicions that his death was being discussed by the military. "I have another year to live," he said—incorrectly. He and Ronni Moffitt died just a few weeks later.

"Pinochet should have plunged a dagger through Garcés's heart."

Murray Karpen, Ronni's father, explains the aftermath of the murders to me. "When we were sitting shiva, one of the rabbis was there. He says, 'Murray, I know it's no consolation. But nothing worse can ever happen to you in your life.'"

"I remember he was in the casket, lying there—we had to see," recalls 42-year-old Cristian Letelier of his last moments with the shattered corpse of his father in a Washington, D.C., funeral home. His mother, Isabel, spoke to him. "Look what they've done to your father. And never forget," she commanded.

Now a dark and muscled actor in Los Angeles who has his own kick-boxing show on Spanish ESPN, Cristian Letelier falls silent. After a pause he leans across the table where we are sitting. His voice is full of mockery: "You think Clinton's a bad guy because he got a blow job and he smoked pot? If you want to see a bad guy, we'll *show* you a bad guy! *We've got a real bad guy.*"

But what could the Letelier or Moffitt relatives possibly do to Pinochet in 1976? That was the same year the F.B.I. helped the Chilean dictator track down at least one opponent to his regime *inside the United States,* as a recently declassified government document reveals. By then, too, it was known to the Defense Department, the C.I.A., and the F.B.I. that Pinochet had formed an international assassination program called Operation Condor, which combined the intelligence resources of Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, and Uruguay to target left-wingers.

A Pinochet enemy living in exile in Buenos Aires, General Carlos Prats, was blown up, along with his wife, in September 1974. In October 1975, Bernardo Leighton, a popular former vice president of Chile, was shot in the back of the neck on a street in Rome; another bullet struck his wife's spinal cord. Operation Condor had global ambitions. "I heard Kissinger was asked if Condor could open a Miami office, and he said, 'No!'" says Sam Buffone, a lawyer for the Letelier and Moffitt families. (Kissinger calls this incident "untrue.") Nonetheless, it was Operation Condor, an F.B.I. cable of the era suggests, that was also very likely responsible for the Letelier and Moffitt murders in the United States.

Manuel Contreras, the head of Pinochet's secret police, liked to call himself "Condor One" in his telexes. In 1995, 19 years after the murders of Letelier and Ronni Moffitt, Contreras was thrown into jail in Chile for his role in the assassination conspiracy. Recently, from prison, he claimed that he had done nothing in his entire career without authorization from Pinochet.

As it turns out, the Justice Department—despite the placating statements coming from U.S. attorney general Janet Reno—is pretty bashful about extraditing Pinochet.

"We don't seem to want him," says one knowledgeable Justice official. "I don't think we have enough evidence to hold him."

When I read this statement to Lawrence Barcella, who helped prosecute the Letelier and Moffitt murders in Washington, D.C. (sending DINA agent Michael Townley and several of his cohorts to jail), he erupts in bitter laughter. "The evidence against Pinochet, for lack of a better word, has accreted over the years. It's built up," he says. "It's laughable to suggest some avenging angel went roaming the world slaying Pinochet's foes for a three-year period without his knowledge."

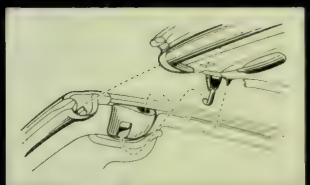
Doesn't the United States have a very good murder case against Pinochet?, I ask Artaza, the Chilean ambassador to England.

Nodding vigorously, he replies—surprisingly for a diplomat who is opposed to for-

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MURDEROUS INSTINCTS *From top:* Orlando Letelier, right, and Clodomiro Almeyda, Allende's foreign minister, April 1973; rescue workers remove the bodies of Letelier and Ronni Moffitt after their car exploded, September 21, 1976.

"There was never any doubt in my mind who was behind this," says Michael Moffitt.

ego intervention. "Yes you may. You may have a case."

But there are many in Washington who feel that they know why Pinochet is safe from American justice: it has, they say, nothing to do with lack of evidence.

"There's still a lid of secrecy, a huge denial; it's a denial backed up by the United States," says Joyce Horman, whose desperate search for her husband, Charles, an American journalist in Chile during the coup, became the subject of *Missing*, the 1982 Constantine Costa-Gavras film with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, and John Shea. As it turned out, the reporter had been killed by Pinochet's secret police, possibly because he knew too much about the 1973 putsch. Joyce Horman tells me, "I lead a life driven by a 25-year-old murder that just doesn't stop happening."

About the true nature and background of Augusto Pinochet, the son of a customs agent from the coastal city of Valparaíso, not all that much is widely known. A recently declassified 1973 U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency biography (composed when Pinochet was president of the military junta, right before he overthrew Allende) is heavily deleted. It does note that Pinochet entered Chilean military life at 18; it does not mention that he had been rejected twice from the training academy as too physically weak. He would stay in his chosen profession for the next 65 years. The general is not especially well educated, and speaks no foreign languages. Even his Spanish, as William Buckley, who interviewed Pinochet about seven years ago, observes to me, "is very sort of parochial. It's hard and guttural." He never acquired much subtlety, once remarking that the secret mass graves of his victims were a fine way to save public funds.

What Pinochet did have from the beginning, as his supporters and friends note, was the ability to delegate authority. An admirer of the conservative Milton Friedman, he brought in the famous economist's followers (a group known as "the Chicago Boys," because Friedman hailed from the University of Chicago). The remodeling of the Chilean economy took years to accomplish. "And now, as you know, since the last 15 years Chile is the biggest success story in Latin America," Horne sums up. The Pinochet government "created a middle class in Chile. To a large extent this is what Franco was praised for, but it didn't cost a million lives."

It cost, according to Chile's own figures, more than 3,000 lives, although this may be a conservative estimate. Eight years ago the Chilean National Commission on Truth and Reconciliation put out a report detailing exactly how each of those lives was extinguished. In no instance, however, says Chile expert Virginia Shoppee of Amnesty International U.K., was a murderer named.

Speaking before the seven English law lords in January, Alun Jones, a barrister representing the Spanish government, described some of these tortures in understated fashion: systematic rape, sodomy, beatings of prisoners, and their revival by hooded doctors. "On occasion, dogs were used in a sexual way against the prisoners," said Jones.

It is the contention of many Pinochet allies that despite the dictator's much-vaunted acumen—"Not a leaf moves in this country if I am not the one who is moving it," he once declared—the general knew little if anything of these atrocities during his 17-year rule. But this portrait of an insensate, nearly comatose dictator, exquisitely isolated from brutal subordinates, defies credibility. The case of Sheila Cassidy, a British doctor tortured three times in November 1975—electrodes were attached to her vagina until "I could no longer think"—might reasonably have attracted Pinochet's attention, for example. In the first place, Dr. Cassidy had been arrested by his police for having tended (with decidedly mixed emotions, but no hesitation) the wounded leg of a Chilean rebel, whom she readily describes as "a nasty piece of work." In the second, news of her arrest was broadcast around the world.

Dr. Cassidy is 61 now, but looks perhaps 40, with bright eyes and a neat cap of dark hair. When we meet, she removes from a large tote bag three teddy bears of varying sizes, and places them on our tiny café table. "Because I like bears" is how she explains the invasion. But probably the real answer for their comforting presence comes later: "Once the impossible and unspeakable happens, you never again think you are invulnerable," she says.

Despite her ordeal, Dr. Cassidy is incredibly lucky. She was never raped; she was never made to watch a child or a spouse brutalized in front of her; rats were never placed in her vagina—which, she says, is what happened to less fortunate captives arrested by DINA.

She is alive today most likely because she is a British subject, and a tremendous public battle for her return took place (Great Britain withdrew its ambassador from Chile in protest over her captivity). Even so, her release took two months.

Is there any indication that Pinochet knew you were being tortured in 1975?, I ask.

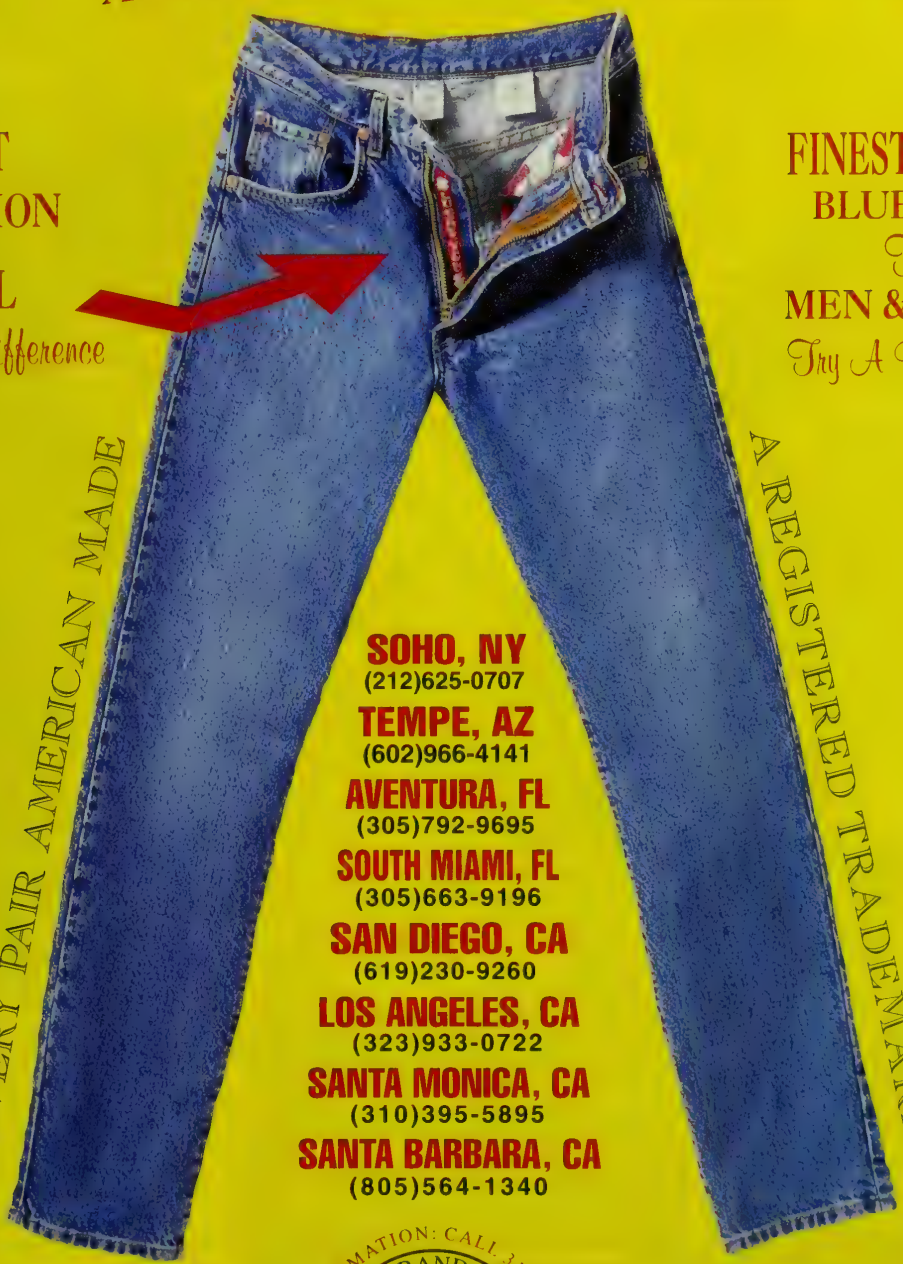
"I'm absolutely certain," she says, "because it was being reported back to him. I mean, I was a very hot potato at the time."

Interestingly, the historian Horne also feels certain Pinochet was aware that atrocities took place. In fact, he says, the dictator told him as much in an interview in the presidential palace 12 years ago. It was an unremarkable office, except that there was a Bible by the dictator's side, a crucifix on the wall.

"Mr. President," said Horne, "the French,

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as you know, were extremely efficient. They won the Battle of Algiers through the use of torture. But that cost them the war."

Pinochet must have pondered the obvious implications of that remark for much of the interview, because although at first he bristled, insisting to his questioner that in Chile torture was unheard of, later he offered a breathtaking retraction: "Whatever happens, we will not torture again," he said.

When Horne received the official transcript of the interview, however, that line was altered. Indeed, throughout his long career, Pinochet would, when pressed about past atrocities, flirt with candor, alternately confrontational and coy.

"We had no choice. It was them against us. It was war," Pinochet explained eight years ago to a Latin-American official who had lived in Chile during the coup. The general gave a light shrug. "Now we have turned the page."

For years the Latin-American official had been doing his best to avoid meeting Pinochet. Four of his employees had been murdered by DINA after the putsch. He says he was astounded by the casual, almost offhand remark. But he had to admit that the general had turned the page, all right. Ten years ago, Pinochet devised a fairly original endgame for an absolute autocrat. He stepped down after losing a popular election. Until last year, however, he held on to his role as chief of the armed forces.



Despite his diminished status, the former dictator was careful in certain important respects. In 1978 a general amnesty was conferred in Chile; it covered all sorts of heinous crimes committed under Pinochet's aegis. Excepted from this amnesty, however—as a result of U.S. pressure—were the murderers of Letelier and Moffitt. This is why police chief Contreras, who ordered those killings, is now one of the few criminals of that era to find himself in jail.

Andy McEntee, the 41-year-old chairman of Amnesty International U.K., who lives in London, has been waiting for Pinochet since 1991. The first time the general turned up in England (landing by private helicopter at the airfield of British Aerospace, recalls McEntee), no real effort was made to have him arrested. "He took us by surprise," McEntee says.

After this stealth appearance, however, the human-rights organization began rummaging for evidence against the former dictator, just in case he was reckless enough to come back. Sure enough, there was a 1994 return visit, which prompted Pinochet's watchers to contact the police as well as the attorney general and New Scotland Yard. Inevitably, Pinochet's people learned of the sudden interest his visits had sparked.

"Pinochet's advisers began seeking legal advice," explains McEntee. What they told the general during that visit abroad, he adds, was ominous: "You'll be all right just now. But now that you're going, it's advisable not to come back."

McEntee shakes his head in wonderment. Despite all this excellent counsel, the former dictator returned to Britain in 1995, then again in 1997, and even in 1998, when a Spanish judge was investigating him for murder. On Pinochet's final trip to London the Amnesty chairman in Britain and the lawyer Garcés in Spain wasted no time.

"The man you are investigating, My Judge, is in London!" an excited Garcés told the Spanish court in October.

Thus was an arrest warrant issued by Spain—the very nation where the murderous General Franco had once ruled, unopposed and unpunished to the end of his days. That was in 1975: Pinochet was among those who flew to Madrid to pay homage.

Since that time, history has reversed itself. International law and prescribed codes of conduct have expanded, especially in Europe, often overshadowing—indeed, sometimes erasing—the claims of national sovereignty. The most peculiar moments arise. In the ancient House of Lords, past a mural of a white-robed Queen Elizabeth I, enemy of Spain, past scenes from the sorry life of the Spanish Catherine of Aragon as she implored a callous, unmoved Henry VIII on her knees, six out of seven British judges decide in a packed courtroom that an old Chilean dictator can be sent to, of all places, Madrid.

"Only in Spain is this kind of prosecution possible, for a variety of legal reasons," Garcés says with considerable pride. His country, he explains, is now able to prosecute "crimes against international law committed inside Spain or outside Spain, by Spaniards or non-Spaniards, independently of who the victims were—Spaniards or non-Spaniards. That law was voted in by the Spanish Parliament in 1985."

But many Chileans remain unmoved by such modern legal innovations. Will Chile face another civil war now that Pinochet is captive?, I ask Chile's ambassador to the United States.

"I cannot say this even if it will happen!," Ambassador Genaro Arriagada replies sharply. "What is it you want me to say now? We cannot go to the rest of the world and say, 'Oh, please, save our weak democracy!' We must die saying, 'Oh, nothing will happen!'"

But neither Amnesty International nor Garcés feels the smallest apprehension about the worldwide repercussions from Pinochet's arrest.

"It must be a deterrent," McEntee insists wryly. "Or at least it has to be a learning aid."

If so, then it is for a skill many world leaders are learning too late. After the arrest of Pinochet, there were demands in Guatemala for the arrest of General Efrain Rios Montt, who ruled that country from 1982 to 1983. The grounds: genocide against the Mayan people. In Nigeria,

"Once the unspeakable happens, you never again think you are invulnerable."





THE DELICATE PREY
From top: **former secret-police chief Manuel Contreras, left; British doctor Sheila Cassidy after her release from a Chilean prison, December 30, 1975; Spanish lawyers Juan Garcés and Manuel Murillo, who are seeking to try Pinochet.**

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:tering now on the brink of democracy, ɔrutal and anxious military is reluctant give up the reins of power, precisely cause many of its officers fear a similar e to Pinochet's. In France, where for-er Haitian dictator Jean-Claude Duva-r had found refuge, a Haitian-born :otographer, encouraged by the arrest of nochet, has started a committee to ing "Baby Doc" to trial.

In other words, nothing may ever ain be the same for any head of ıte. With the Pinochet arrest, : are entering into difficult le-l territory, without borders.

"There are no legal prece-nts for the Pinochet arrest," ys Monty Raphael, a Lon-ɔn solicitor who specializes in tradition. "Nuremberg isn't a ecedent, because Nuremberg was e trial of citizens of a vanquished na-ɔn by an international tribunal of victors ter a war."

Even a younger brother of Ronni Kar-:n Moffitt struggles now with the arrest the man he despises. On the one hand, ys Harry Karpen, a New Jersey lawyer, vil deserves to be punished." On the oth-: "The world is not made up exclusively Western countries, and it doesn't take uch to overpower guards and kidnap Western] officials and try them some-nere for so-called human-rights abuses."

He goes on like this for some time; en —across the phone line—the words lter, and all that can be heard is a other's sobs.

inochet, at the time of his arrest, was not without important allies. Watching the TV news last October on the glori-ıs Spanish estate in Marbella of the late r James Goldsmith was Robin Birley. e is Goldsmith's stepson, the son of ady Annabel, and a devout admirer of nochet—so much so, in fact, that he had nt the beleaguered general a Fortnum & Iason hamper at the clinic. Like so much se in this drama, however, circumstances rrounding this gift went awry: "I was ally disappointed they didn't put straw the hamper, but those horrible poly-yrene balls," Birley tells me.

Pinochet's "un-English, very shabby" rest struck him even more forcefully. rley turned to his friend Patrick Robert-n, a Thatcher protégé, who was seated side him: "Look, no one's going to have e courage—you must do something. nd I'll raise some money."

To date almost $4 million has been ised by interested parties for the public fense of Pinochet, $300,000 of it going Lord Bell, who used to be Thatcher's ublic-relations man. By far the biggest donors were certain Chilean businessmen—all of whom wish to retain their anonymity. The pro-Pinochet forces are in some measure hobbled by the general himself. Every day Pinochet does his exercises, pronouncing himself infinitely stronger: "*Siento más fuerte,*" he boasts, flexing his muscles. But talk to him about refurbishing his problematic image, say his allies, and the old man is likely to snap: "I am a soldier. Not a propaganda machine!"

"I filed the complaint," says Garcés, "on behalf of all the victims of Pinochet, more than 3,000."

He cannot imagine what his advisers want of him. Recently, for example, a Chilean lawyer, Fernando Barros, who advises him frequently and without cost, explained that there were those who thought a public apology, or at least an appeal for the world's sympathy, might work to his benefit. After all, Pinochet is old, unwell, likely to return to Chile one day, as a friend recently reported the general's saying, "in a wooden box." Even should he be packed off to Spain for trial and convicted, it is unlikely he will ever spend a day in jail (the Spaniards don't incarcerate anyone over 75).

"The dignity of Chile and its army is superior to my family or my life!" retorted Pinochet, appalled at the notion of debasing himself by soliciting sympathy. "Never!"

"I told him, 'Look, My General, I understand,'" says Barros. "'But this will surely mean you are not coming back alive to Chile. You are *not* going back alive to Chile.'"

"If this happens, this happens," Pinochet replied.

The old dictator is alternately depressed and philosophical, resigned and thoughtful. It is, oddly, a state of mind he shares with Murray Karpen, the former delicatessen owner whose daughter was blown up in Washington, D.C., by Pinochet's men. Like so many people around the world, Karpen experienced a variety of emotions when Pinochet was arrested. But paramount among these was one.

"There is a God," he tells me. □

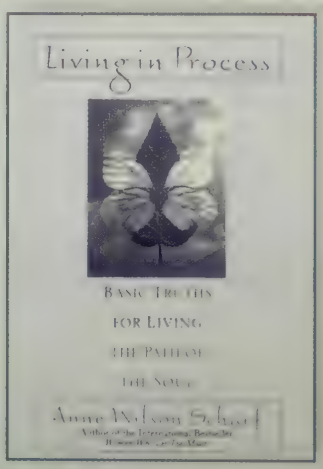
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MRS. ASTOR REGRETS

Seated between two bores at a dinner party? Getting an earful of office gossip? With all due humility, a lady of impeccable manners–please call her *Mrs.* Astor–suggests some rules to put the "polite" back into polite society

BY BROOKE ASTOR

If this were the Utopian world that as a child I supposed it was, I would not be having a word on manners. Manners, I was told, are instinctive—they come from a good heart and a desire to reach out to one's fellow man. No one should have to be taught to be nice to people. I am not assuming the role of a Master of Etiquette. I have met peasants in Italy, plantation workers in Jamaica, dirt farmers in our own West, who were born with a natural courtesy, so it is humbly that I write this small monograph, hoping that it will be helpful, even though here and there I cannot resist indulging in a bit of humor.

BEHAVIOR AT A DINNER

When you are invited out to dinner, you are asked because your host or hostess likes you and thinks that you will add to the evening. You may be asked because you are a very important person—a politician, a novelist, newly rich, a media tycoon, a beautiful woman, or a famous wit. Whoever you are, and no matter how important your host thinks you are or how important you think you are, there is still only one reason to be there: you are supposed to add to the evening.

You may have had a frightful fight with your spouse before you left, or your best beau may have let you down—too busy to lunch with you tomorrow—or your children may have been rude, or your dog may have bitten you. Forget these disasters; they are part of life. Nothing is meant to be too easy. You must take these incidents in stride—tonight you are dining with friends.

It is in the worst possible taste to be a sullen guest at a party—even if you are seated between two bores, or between people you have never been able to talk to. The host or hostess does not know your problems, nor were you intentionally put between two bores. Unless possibly you did that to them and they are taking their revenge. If this is the case, they won't get it if you appear to



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"It is difficult in our society today, when meeting new people, to know just who they are"



be having a good time. If your *placement* is bad unknowingly, then you are simply doing what is expected of you.

My advice is, if you cannot add to the evening, you should stay home and listen to the news. Perhaps you will be cheered up by listening to news about victims of rape, murder, AIDS, and economic disaster. The news is always useful. You can congratulate yourself that you are safely in bed.

INTRODUCING PEOPLE

It is difficult in our society today, when meeting new people, to know just who they are. When I was young, when you were introduced to someone, you were called by your last name: "Miss Smith, this is Mr. Jones." Today, it is simply, "George, this is Jane." I find myself being introduced to young people, young enough to be my grandchildren, as "Brooke." There is no difference between being 18 or 80! I have grown accustomed to this, but there is no civility to it. We might as well all be called "Fido." Far worse is to be introduced by first name to someone whom you have avoided for years, or to someone you have heard all about and don't particularly want to know. Instantly, these people have the same relationship to you as an old and valued friend. The pleasure of being able to say to someone you like, "Please don't call me Mrs. Smith anymore, call me Mary," has vanished, along with the real feeling of warmth and fellowship that lent meaning to such a gesture.

As I have said, we are all Fidos now, so why not wear dog collars with our names engraved on them? We might have licenses too.

HOW MEN HAVE CHANGED

Thirty years ago, men still wore hats, which were, in a way, a symbol of deference to women. When a man saw a woman he knew in the street, he raised his hat and smiled, even if he was with someone else. If he had been by himself and joined the woman, he would keep his hat off while with her and would put it back on only if she said, "Do put your hat on. It's frightfully cold," or, if it was hot, "The sun is so hot." A man always took his hat off in an elevator if a woman was in it, and that was de rigueur, regardless of the class, creed, or color of the lady.

In going in to a formal dinner, a man was given the name of the lady he was to sit next to, so he could seek her out when dinner was announced and offer her his arm. When they arrived at table, it was his assignment to pull out her chair and see that she was seated comfortably. Why then do we now have an endless cocktail hour—and I really

"It is in the worst possible taste to be a sullen guest at a party—even if you are seated between two bores."





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mean an hour, in some houses an hour and a half? The reason is that the men during that hour talk business—they make deals and catch up on the market or the latest political gaffe—and pay no attention to the women.

I attribute these changes entirely to women. They are competing in the business world, and most of them think that they are smarter than the men they work with. The men, even if they appear to like the women, resent this. If a woman is holding forth at the office and giving her advice forcefully, whether it is taken or not, why then should men tip their hats to her in the street?

If a woman wants style in an office, she should dress simply and as well as she can afford. If she has an important position, she should be nice to everyone working in the same office, including the younger women secretaries. She should have lunch with them occasionally, and once a year have a little women's "office party" in her apartment. If she becomes private secretary to the boss, she must never forget where she started. If she becomes a vice president, she should be even nicer.

Office gossip can be as irritating and boring as social gossip, and the easiest way to avoid it is to smile at everyone and make everyone feel that you were once a secretary yourself. As for the boss, if he looks twice at a pretty girl, he will be accused of sexual harassment, so he must watch his step very carefully. The poor fellow: when his secretary steps into his office, he usually keeps the door open and his voice down. It is safer.

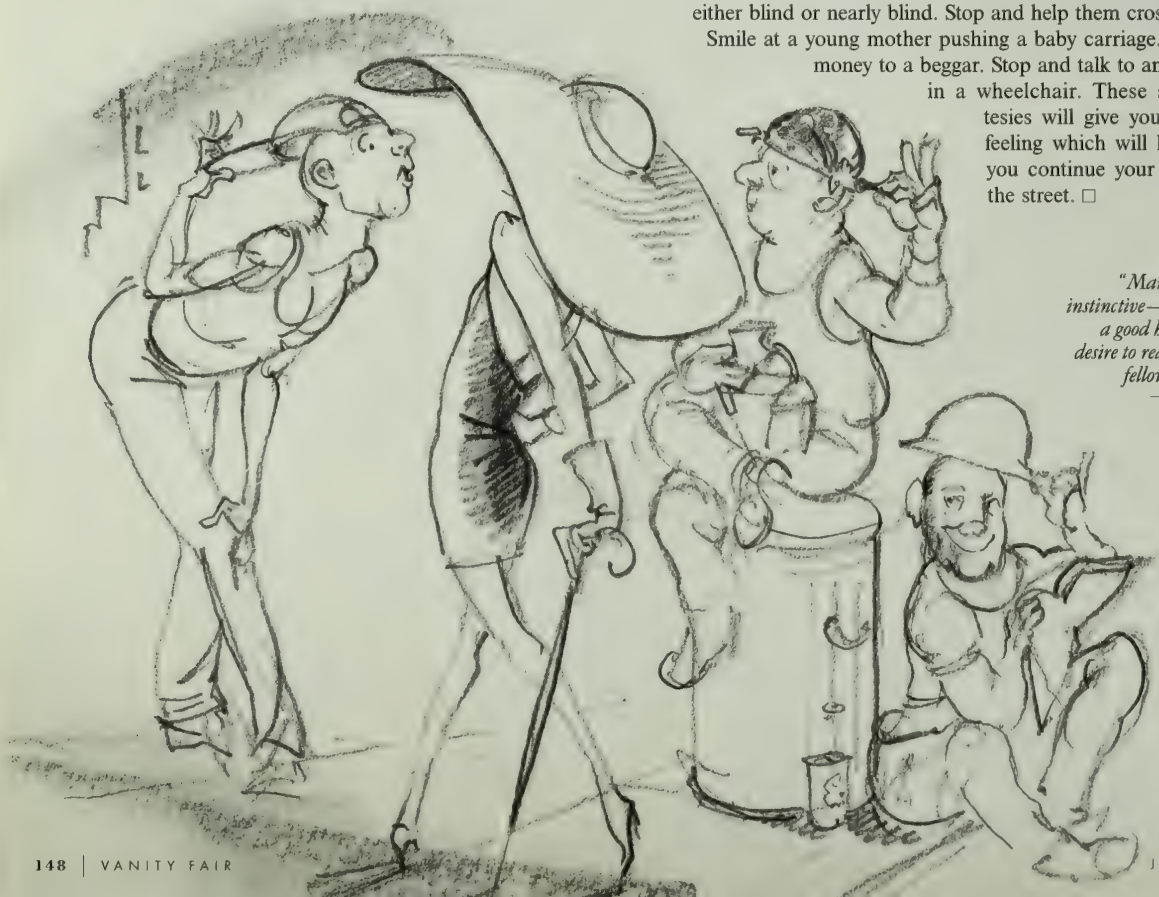
"If a woman is holding forth at the office and giving her advice forcefully, whether it is taken or not, why then should men tip their hats to her in the street?"



WALKING ON A STREET

There is nothing that humans can do in which they can totally ignore manners. Take walking down the street. You should choose one path and stick to it. Don't wander all over the sidewalk, walking slowly one moment and rushing the next. Don't walk with the pointed end of an umbrella sticking out from under your arm, which could easily put out the eye of a child, or rip off a piece of a lady's dress. Confine your jogging to a park. Don't loiter on the street corner after the light has turned green—thereby becoming an obstacle for those in a hurry. If you wear a huge knapsack on your back, keep away from the shop-windows. You are obstructing the view of others and risking breaking a window.

If you see a person with a white stick, it means that they are either blind or nearly blind. Stop and help them cross the street. Smile at a young mother pushing a baby carriage. Give some money to a beggar. Stop and talk to an old person in a wheelchair. These small courtesies will give you an upbeat feeling which will help you as you continue your walk down the street. □



"Manners are instinctive—they come from a good heart and a desire to reach out to one's fellow man."

In a past life I was a great lover. I left not a heart unbroken in all of Spain or France, or Italy. But Greece, ahh, my apologies to the ladies of Greece. A man does not stay eighteen forever.



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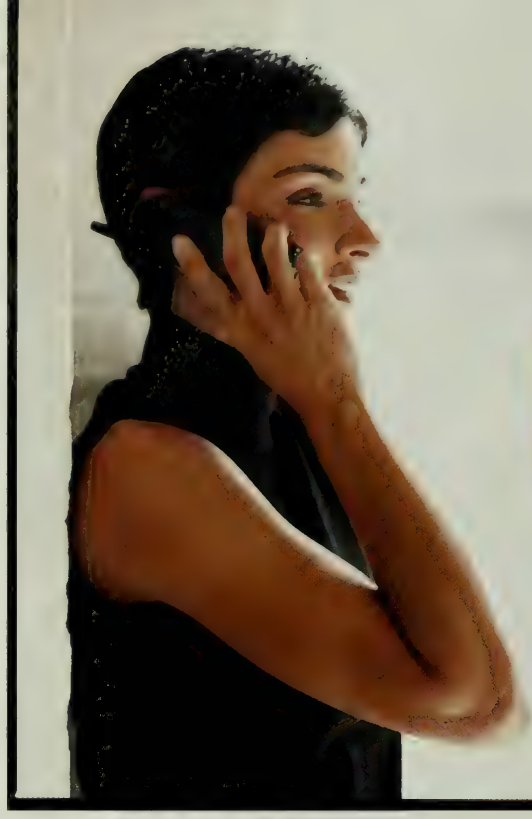
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MURPHY'S LAW

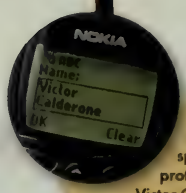
Name: Brittany Murphy. **Age:** 21. **Has epitomized dysfunctional youth in:** Amy Heckerling's *Clueless* and Fox's *King of the Hill* as the voice of Luanne. **Soon to play a dysfunctional adult in:** Gary Fleder's *Piece of My Heart,* as the doomed rocker Janis Joplin, and *Drop Dead Gorgeous,* with Denise Richards and Kirsten Dunst. **Your performance as Tai in *Clueless* was quite convincing. Was that the real Brittany we saw on the screen, or a tour de force of Method acting?** "I was 16 years old, so it was basically my awkward years captured on celluloid forever. At the time I was quite insecure." **How performing a Gershwin song at her friend's wedding got her the Joplin role:** "I sang 'Love Is Here to Stay' at my manager Joanne Colonna's wedding. The head of casting for Paramount happened to be there and she sent me the script the next day. I found out that the wedding day was also the day Joplin died!" **Sounds rather cosmic. What's the strangest thing about incipient fame?** "I'd say to be driving down the street and seeing your big head on a billboard—it's pretty freaky." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAMELA HANSON



Speed Dial

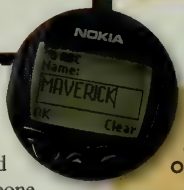
Party line: Nightlife impresario Ingrid Casares talking on her Nokia 6160 in New York.



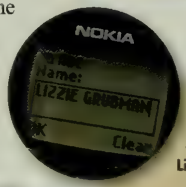
No. 2 on Casares's speed dial is protégé and D.J. Victor Calderone.



For fashion emergencies, Casares is one touch away from the Versace store.



Maverick records co-owned by Casa close friends Guy Oseary and Madonn



For Casares's mo business (and gossip), P.R. agent Lizzie Grubman (4).

Entrepreneur Ingrid Casares, as sleek as her Nokia 6160 cell phone, is no stranger to people's cravings for nightlife. Her club Liquid, restaurant, Joia, and most recent venture, Bar Room (whose staff wear Donatella Versace–designed uniforms), have made Casares, 34, a celebrity in her own right. Business is foremost: No. 1 is her corporate office in her native Miami, where all her establishments are located. (She also has another club, Liquid Lounge, in Palm Beach.) Her phone, too, is her office. "I live on my phone," she claims. "People say it is another organ of mine."

The first call of the day is to New York P.R. wunderkind Lizzie Grubman (4). "We talk about business, and then we talk about gossip, which is always important in the morning." Madonna (7) is "probably the second call of the day—we coordinate our yoga classes together." No. 6 is friend and business partner Chris Paciello, and No. 2 is protégé and D.J. genius Victor Calderone. Someone who knows a thing or two about artist management is Sony Music head Tommy Mottola (9), one touch away for business advice, as is another music heavyweight, Guy Oseary (8), Madonna's partner in Maverick records. The peripatetic threesome have nicknamed themselves "Road Dogs," often arranging impromptu, far-flung rendezvous. Good thing, then, that Casares is well connected in more ways than one.

—DARRYL BRANTLEY

Night-Table Reading



Helen Thomas
U.P.I. White House correspondent and author,
Front Row at the White House

Seasons of Her Life, *by Ann Blackman (Scribner). "A superb book about Madeleine Albright—a great woman who is holding one of the most powerful jobs in history—that will make the country realize what an accomplished woman is in charge of foreign policy."*

James Palumbo
nightclub owner

Corelli's Mandolin, *by Louis De Bernières (Vintage). "A great romantic novel with a lot of humor."*





James Brady
author, The House That Ate the Hamptons

Breakout: The Chosin Reservoir Campaign, Korea 1950, *by Martin Russ (Fromm). "An epic account of Marines fighting the Chinese Army—a cold, savage war in which I fought and which haunts me still."*

Tom Sachs
artist

Air Guitar: Essays on Art & Democracy, *by Dave Hickey (D.A.P.). "His analysis of Chet Baker, who 'wanted people to understand what he played: he didn't care a damn if they understood how he lived,' made me cry."*




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Hot Type

An insidery, millennium-ending magnum opus as big as a sea turtle, **KURT ANDERSEN'S** *Turn of the Century* (Random House) satirizes end-of-the-era big businesses—from showbiz to Wall Street, from the New York media to the Pacific Northwest computer industry.

Also this month: **FREDERICK VOSS** and **MICHAEL REYNOLDS'S** *Picturing Hemingway* (Yale) presents iconic portraits and photographs of the man who was Papa. *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (Knopf) collects **DAVID GATES'S** marvelously true-to-life tales of characters undone by life. In *The View from Alger's Window* (Knopf), **TONY HISS** employs his father's letters from prison, plus family ephemera, to cast new light on his controversial paterfamilias. A motorcycle gang of radical nuns are just some of the unforgettable characters populating **KIT REED'S** newest story collection, *Seven for the Apocalypse* (Wesleyan University Press). Former Joseph McCarthy booster **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.** taps into his past for the historical novel *The Redhunter* (Little, Brown). The inimitable **STEPHEN FRY,** star of *Jeeves and Wooster* and *Wilde,* offers his shockingly funny and sad gay-coming-of-age autobio, *Moab Is My Washpot* (Random House). Apollo astronauts shoot the moon (literally) in **MICHAEL LIGHT'S** *Full Moon* (Knopf). Don't let choosing the proper birdbath or suitable stone cherub pitch you into a dither—seize **MARTHA BAKER'S** indispensable *Garden Ornaments* (Clarkson Potter). Immediately acquaint yourself with *No One You Know* (Simon & Schuster), the collected works of mordantly funny *New Yorker* cartoonist **BRUCE ERIC KAPLAN. AMANDA DAVIS** makes a promising entrance in her fiction debut, *Circling the Drain* (Rob Weisbach). Writers such as Jane Smiley and Bill McKibben take on the quintessentially American art of consumption and our impossible yearning for more, more, more in **ROGER ROSENBLATT'S** anthology *Consuming Desires* (Island Press). Opie, Mork, Charo: **MICHAEL GITTER, SYLVIE ANAPOL,** and **ERIKA GLAZER** push all the Gen-X buttons in *Do You Remember TV?* (Chronicle). **GORE VIDAL'S** *Sexually Speaking* (Cleis Press) outs George Washington's homosexuality, Norman Mailer's feminism, and the sapphic tendencies of Eleanor Roosevelt. Director **PAUL MAZURSKY'S** memoir, *Show Me the Magic* (Simon & Schuster), bewitches with tales from the trenches alongside big guns such as Orson, Woody, and Bette. The multi-dimensional life of landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, father of New York City's Central Park and the grounds of the United States Capitol, is excavated in **WITOLD RYBCZYNSKI'S** *A Clearing in the Distance* (Scribner). *Raymond Loewy and Streamlined Design* (Universe/Vendome), by **PHILIPPE TRÉTIACK,** salutes the distinctly American designer responsible for the classic imagery of the Coca-Cola bottle, the Greyhound bus, and Lucky Strikes. *Room to Grow* (St. Martin's), edited by **CHRISTINA BAKER KLINE,** offers essays on the harrowing and joyful art of parenting by contemporary writers such as Larry Brown and Francine Prose. **CHRISTOPHER OGDEN'S** *Legacy* (Little, Brown) takes on the Annenberg clan, one of America's wealthiest families. Literary impresario **KEN FOSTER** shows what he's made of in his first short-story collection, *The Kind I'm Likely to Get* (Quill/Morrow). **DR. ISADORE ROSENFELD** lays out ways to suspend the aging process in the boomer-friendly read *Live Now, Age Later* (Warner). At long last, a self-help book one needn't be ashamed to be seen reading in public: *Lapham's Rules of Influence* (Random House), in which *Harper's* editor **LEWIS LAPHAM** spins advice such as "Flattery cannot be too frequently or too recklessly applied. Think of it as suntan lotion." Oh, do slather me . . .

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL







From top: **a panoramic photographic composite of Apollo 16 astronaut Charles Duke moonwalking near the 120-foot-wide Plum Crater, April 16–27, 1972; Ernest Hemingway hunting for pheasant in Sun Valley, Idaho, 1941; designer Raymond Loewy's original sketch and finished Exxon logo, 1966; Pebbles, Wonder Woman, and Zorro Pez dispensers and career flowcharts of Bill Bixby, Robert Urich, and Harry Morgan from *Do You Remember TV?***



Destination Notting Hill

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iam Thacker (Hugh Grant) lives a dull
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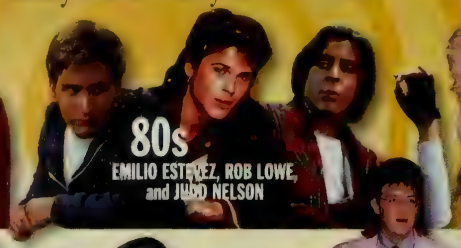
Vanities

Intelligence Report

A 30-year continuum of Hollywood's boy-actor club



70s
JACK NICHOLSON, AL PACINO, and ROBERT DE NIRO



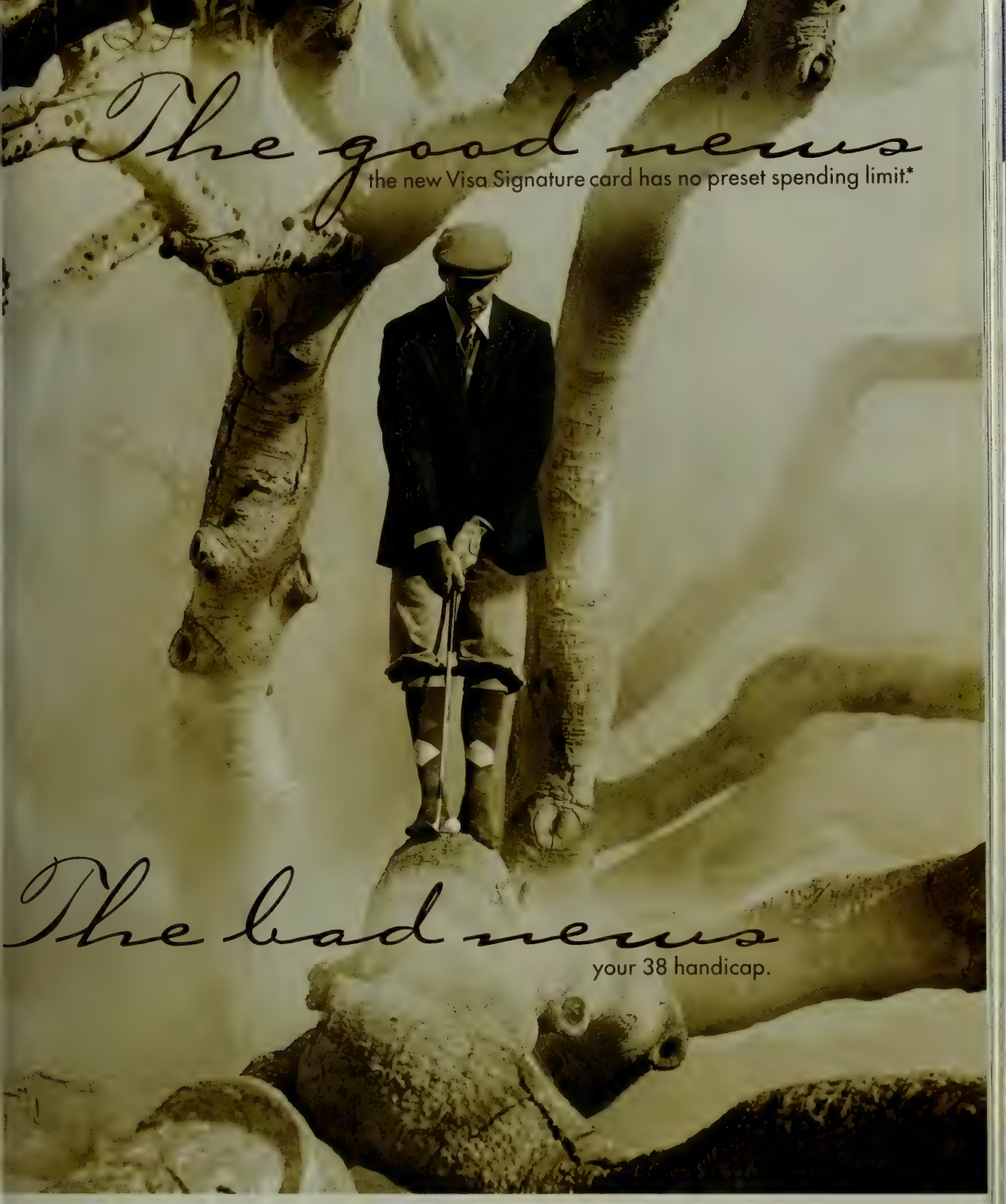
80s
EMILIO ESTEVEZ, ROB LOWE, and JUDD NELSON



90s
LEO DiCAPRIO, JOAQUIN PHOENIX, and VINCE VAUGHN

CAREER ASPIRATION	Actor	Movie star	"It" boy
[illegible]	Francis Ford Coppola Steven Spielberg ▶ Martin Scorsese	John Hughes ▶	PMK
WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM . . .	Pauline Kael	S. E. Hinton	◀ Harvey Weinstein
[illegible]	Tortured police officer, tortured journalist, tortured Mob son, tortured bank robber, tortured war veteran	High-school gymnast, high-school black belt, high-school mechanic, high-school whiz kid, high-school pool guy	Junkie porn star, junkie TV writer, junkie narcoleptic, junkie necrophiliac, junkie kleptomaniac
HERO'S MISSION	The track-down	Crossing the tracks	Hiding the track marks
[illegible]	Lone crusader fights corruption, capitalism, and conspiracy. Loses mind. Grows a beard. Dies on a bus. Finds redemption.	Class geek meets poor little rich girl. Drops tray in school cafeteria. Teaches classmates how to boogie. Discovers inner B.M.O.C.	Loser meets loser. Get together. Lose some more.
HERO ON RUN FROM . . .	Evil cops	School principal	Used-car salesman with wood chipper
[illegible]	His life	His virginity	His earlobe
FOURTH WHEEL	◀ Harvey Keitel	◀ Andrew McCarthy	◀ Stephen Dorff
[illegible]	Terence Stamp	Julian Sands	Ewan McGregor
COOL URBAN NEUROTIC	Dustin Hoffman	John Cusack	Ben Stiller
[illegible]	◀ John Travolta	◀ Ralph Macchio	Ben 'n' Matt
OBJECT OF LUST	Cybill Shepherd ▶	Daryl Hannah ▶	Cameron Diaz ▶
[illegible]	◀ Cindy Williams	◀ Ally Sheedy	Minnie Driver ▶
GAL PAL	Diane Keaton	Mare Winningham	Christina Ricci
[illegible]	Befriending ◀ Margot Kidder	Befriending ◀ Heidi Fleiss	Befriending ◀ David Blaine
THE CRIME	Intimate act with 13-year-old girl	Videotaping intimate act with 13-year-old girl	*Buffalo '66*
[illegible]	Marlon Brando ▶	Michael Douglas ▶	Steve Buscemi ▶
PARTY CENTRAL	◀ Bob Evans's house	Hard Rock Cafe	Bob Evans's house ▶

—EVGENIA PERETZ and TINA CHAI



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VANITY FAIR
JUNE 1999



At 31, after 24 films and commanding $20 million a movie, Julia Roberts has learned one thing: she can never escape the ravening tabloid scrutiny of everything from her bra size to her salad dressing. At an East Village bowling alley, America's most sought-after actress shows NED ZEMAN how she deals with "Julia-mania," and engages in a frank discussion of "canoodling," her reputation for being difficult on the set, and the ironic challenge of her role in Richard Curtis's heralded romantic comedy *Notting Hill*, due out this month, as a knockout movie star besieged by the press

Canoodling



NUTS ABOUT JULIA

Julia Roberts contemplates a stuffed squirrel at Tribeca Studios, New York City, February 16, 1999.

with Julia

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY LORI GOLDSTEIN


TURNING POINT
Roberts was hurt when some colleagues failed to contradict reports in the media that she had been difficult to work with during the filming of 1991's Hook.
"It's funny when people say, 'I don't think Julia likes me.' Honey, if I don't like you, you're going to *know* it."

hting: Julia Roberts, in the East age's trendy Bowlmor Lanes, oodling with a young man who looks hing like the leggy stunner's current n, hunky TV stud Benjamin Bratt . . .

The story begins, ill Julia Roberts stories must begin, with mattering of lies based on half-truths nifying nothing. Consider the item, ich happens to be factually sound—berts *was* in the bowling alley, *was* with nan other than her boyfriend, and *was,* ise the tabloid term of art, canoodling. at the definition for "canoodling" is ar- ie and exquisitely vague merely proves point, since canoodling means, in ence, whatever you want it to mean. at's what makes it such a useful word in ments like this, when the world's most ious actress is standing in Lane 23, cup- g her breasts.

A disclaimer: she is doing this for *il- trative purposes only*—something about w, using a little tape and a lot of inge- ity, she conceals her chest while film- nude scenes (which she films rarely, that's another story). She is simply ng helpful; she is a helpful person. r example, it was her idea to come here the first place, because she feared that 'd been "boring" during an earlier meet- . She bowls early and often, perhaps h a certain level of irony. Usually she accompanied by her boyfriend, but not s time.

She is, if not an accomplished bowler, spirited one. She spends much of the ernoon howling with joy, jumping up d down, and tugging the arm of her wling companion. (You read it here st: Julia Roberts is a toucher.) She is aring Levi's, a snug blue top, and rent- shoes. Her hair is pulled back, her e creaseless. She curses a blue streak. other words, she's the consummate wling date—America's date. "Loosen , honey," she keeps saying. "You're bowl- ing like you've got a gun at your back."

An hour later, the celebrity radar kicks in, and bowlers are staring. "I can see it now," Roberts says, drawing her thumb and forefinger across an imaginary banner headline. "Sources say the lovebirds canoodled all night. Sources say there was *major* canoodling."

And here it must be said that Roberts, whose reputed canoodlings have launched a thousand clips, has a grudging respect for the verb she helped resurrect. "I just like to *say* it," she explains, batting her eyes for effect. "Want to come over for some canoodling?" She first saw the word in the *New York Post,* which along with its less excitable playmate, the New York *Daily News,* has detailed the minutiae of her domestic life with a level of tediousness that borders on breathtaking. Bombshells include:

Julia Roberts buying three bracelets with the words "hot," "fat," and "crazy" at Shi on Elizabeth Street.

—*New York Post*

Julia Roberts dipping into Howdy Do, the campy collectible store on E. Seventh. She passed over the book Michael Jackson Was My Lover *but coveted the Dream Stud Colorforms game.*

—New York *Daily News.*

She disputes most tabloid reports with a kind of gallows humor that's fairly gentle, considering that her private life has for years been a matter of public record—the tabloids being our own little Hollywood Michelin informing us of her preferred brassiere (Maidenform, 34B), her most unsightly body region (armpits), and the heartening news that she has indeed been inoculated for German measles. "Never been there," she'll say when asked about the latest gossip. Or: "Oh, yeah—I do that *all day.*"

At 31, after 24 films, a few notable romantic and cinematic misfortunes, and nearly a decade of full-blown "Juliamania" (13 *People* covers), Roberts has finally embraced the first rule of celebrity: Even if you're one of the most powerful actresses in Hollywood, even if you command $20 million per movie, even if most directors would set their hair on fire to work with you—even if it's all true, you will never, ever outrun the tabloids. "The trick," she explains, fiddling with her shoe (size 8!), "is to ignore them."

She surveys the place and says, "Let me ask you this: are you sitting here in this bowling alley, worried that one of these people works for a newspaper and that tomorrow they're going to say that I was sitting here with some young guy and that it wasn't Benjamin Bratt?"

Pretty worried, she is told.

But she just laughs and laughs, because the great thing about being Julia Roberts (aside from the fact that she gets to be *Julia Roberts*) is that when something bugs her she can get the best revenge possible: she can star in a Hollywood movie about it. That would be the lovable romantic comedy *Notting Hill,* due out this month, co-starring Hugh Grant and written by the gifted Englishman Richard Curtis (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*). Roberts plays a knockout actress who is deified by the media, dates a loutish movie star, finds love while shooting a film, sees the affair splashed all over the tabloids, goes into seclusion amid scurrilous rumors, wrestles with The Price of Fame, and ultimately transcends it. In media circles, one can already detect the clattering of itchy keyboard fingers: "The Autobiography of Julia Roberts."

To which Roberts cheerfully responds, "I think that is the most pedestrian, *boring* line you can draw. If people can't sit and just appreciate the movie for what it is—a movie written by Richard Curtis and not about *me*—then they shouldn't be writing about the movie."

So, anyway . . .

The annual dinner to support a Yeshiva system serving more than 8,000 boys and girls in Williamsburg is usually held in the National Guard Armory on Marcy Ave. in Brooklyn. It was shifted to the Jacob Javits Convention Center because the cavernous military building is being used to shoot the movie Stepmom, *starring Julia Roberts.*

"Who is Julia Roberts?" asked one rabbi.

—New York *Daily News,* December 17, 1997.

Invariably, press accounts about Roberts's formative years read like World War I–era Teletype missives: nervous tomboy from quaint Smyrna, Georgia; played Elizabeth Dole in a high-school mock election; father, acting coach Walter Motes, died in 1976; mother, Betty Motes, teaches drama in Smyrna; older sister Lisa is an actress in New York; feisty older brother, Eric, also acts. (Roberts is a stage name that Julia, Eric, and Lisa took.)

The reason that this portion of a Julia Roberts profile is always so maddeningly



"I don't think I realized that the cost of fame is tha


s open season on *every moment* of your life.



FULL GALLOP

The actress's friend Rupert Everett says of her: "She's really Miss America. She's got all the qualities that people want an American woman to have."

"The *actual* story" of how Roberts and current boyfriend Benjamin Bratt met is calamity-filled and hilarious and wonderful."



oblique is that her family never talks to reporters about her. Don't read anything into that—aside from Eric, who is famously estranged from Julia, the family gets along nicely. Every now and again, a reporter will show up in Smyrna, trolling for fresh material. Never works. Roberts prefers it that way, and she is ever vigilant. "Mom," she will begin, "you just have to say, '*No comment.*' If you say, 'I don't really want to talk about Julia,' they'll turn around and report that you said, 'I *really* don't want to talk about Julia.'"

It's been this way since 1988, when Roberts co-starred in the sleeper *Mystic Pizza,* her breakthrough. She was 19 and fresh off a couple of low-budget, nowhere movies, *Blood Red* and *Satisfaction,* and was about to crack the big leagues as a diabetic fiancée in *Steel Magnolias* (1989), the girly southern melodrama. By 1990, after coolly holding out for a no-nudity clause, she was starring alongside a revivified Richard Gere in *Pretty Woman,* the *Citizen Kane* of hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold movies. Roberts was filming her second star vehicle, the thriller *Sleeping with the Enemy,* when celebrity beckoned—producers hovering, agents calling from the Coast, the whole bit. The location was Abbeville, South Carolina (population: 5,200).

"I think the local theater was still playing *Star Wars* for the first time," Roberts recalls. "They had no palpable awareness of what was going on with me." But in an atmosphere reminiscent of Michael Jordan's rookie season, when the young phenom was forced to collect the balls after practice, the crew remained studiously unfazed. "I have to take my hat off to you because the film's doing so well," a crew member told Roberts, who recounts the moment with a kind of wistfulness. "I just thought *Pretty Woman* sucked. I thought, Who's this girl that's coming in to play this role? She *sucked.*"

Early 1991 was a small riot of adoration, magazine covers, and cash—*Pretty Woman* and *Sleeping with the Enemy* grossed a combined $278 million, Roberts's per-picture asking price jumped to $7 million, and the trades declared her the only female star who could "open" a picture at the time. "She's really Miss America, isn't she?" says Roberts's friend Rupert Everett, who co-starred in her 1997 comedy *My Best Friend's Wedding.* "She's got all the qualities that people want an American woman to have."

Each film premiere she attended became something out of CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

LOSING HER KING





ROYAL MATCH The last portrait taken of Jordan's Queen Noor and her late husband, King Hussein. The picture was shot at their estate on the Potomac River in Maryland, January 5, 1999—one month before the king died of cancer.

The death of Jordan's King Hussein from cancer in February left gaping holes both in the delicate political structure of the Middle East and in the heart of his beautiful, American-born wife, Queen Noor, who now carries a nation's grief into sleepless nights and poignant dreams. At the palace in Amman, LESLIE BENNETTS talks with Noor about the transformation of a free-spirited girl named Lisa Halaby as she navigated a whirlwind 1978 courtship with the thrice-married Islamic monarch, years of vicious criticism from her adopted people, and painful rumors about her son's place in the royal succession

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB RITTS

"The only question I can't answer is 'How are you?,'" Queen Noor tells me with a rueful smile on my first day in Amman. "I don't know how to answer that."

So how is she? "Soldiering on, as I must," she says. "Right now I'm taking each day as it comes. It's new territory."

A statement like that is typical Queen Noor: pious, dutiful, self-contained. The official 40-day mourning period since the death of her husband, King Hussein of Jordan, is nearly over, and the queen has maintained an unshakable composure throughout as she received thousands of visitors offering condolences. By day, she looks so serene she appears almost beatific, and her dignity and self-discipline have won high marks from Jordanians. "People have completely changed in their view of her," one wealthy Amman woman says. "Before, people resented her: 'She'll never be Arab!' Now they're in awe of her and the way she's handled herself during the condolences. They say, 'She's more of a queen than if she was born a queen!' She portrayed Jordan very well to the rest of the world, and to Jordanians that's very important."

The queen's private reality is another story; her emotional state is painfully variable. "It changes all the time," she says quietly. "The feelings come and go every day."

When she sleeps, she relives her husband's harrowing months of cancer treatment. "I dream this struggle every night," she confesses. "We're still in the midst of fighting, my husband and I. We're together, with all that hopeful, faithful spirit. Then the realization sets in as one surfaces from the dream."

I wince, and she quickly reassures me, as if I were the one who needed to be consoled. "It's not traumatic," she says. "It's: Oh, we've moved beyond that struggle; now there's a new challenge."

When we start talking about denial as a coping mechanism, she says wryly, "There is obviously an aspect of that in all of this. But that presumes that at some point I crash and burn. I couldn't be living in denial, because I'm with people every day who make this real for me. I have to transcend my own personal feelings to comfort them, and that helps me to focus outside myself."

Maintaining such self-control is nothing new. "All these years, I have had to," she says. "In my husband's position, he always felt that his responsibility was to project only the most positive, constructive, caring, loving, comforting spirit to everyone he encountered, no matter what he was feeling inside. It was easy to see that that was one way of giving the best of oneself to others, and also it happens to be a very peaceful way to live your life—to whatever extent you can do it."

When I comment that only a saint could consistently meet such a standard, she says hastily, "I don't think of myself as a saintly person. I'm talking about a formula that works in my life, that I have learned from my husband's example, and that I have been fortunate enough to find a measure of peace in at some of the most agonizing times of my life." She allows herself a small sigh. "But it *is* work."

And Queen Noor works hard at it. "I didn't say I don't have tears, but I try to keep those to myself as much as I can so I don't burden others," she says. "So I keep my own agony to myself. But there are moments . . . "

We are having lunch on a sunny patio outside her white-walled limestone palace, Bab Al Salam, which is on the outskirts of Amman. Agony notwithstanding, today she looks radiant. All morning she received visitors in the main parlor, whose coffee table holds a velvet box containing the satin Jordanian flag that was draped over His Majesty's coffin, alongside his red-and-gold Koran and an array of elaborately engraved daggers. Reed thin, she wore a formfitting black suit with a skirt that swept her ankles, with elegant black stiletto heels peeking out from underneath; her most visible concession to Islamic tradition was the white *yanis,* or scarf, that covered her head. Gracious and warm, as if she had all the time in the world, Queen Noor shook every hand. "She's so beautiful!" marveled one American woman moving through the receiving line to meet her. "We're the same age, but *she* looks fabulous!"

For lunch alone with me, the 47-year-old queen had changed into black jeans and an embroidered twinset that showed her lithe body to best advantage. With honey-blond hair framing her glowing face and her eyes sparkling a bright cerulean blue, she could be a Western movie star rather than an Islamic queen.

But four days later, after the private family ceremonies marking the end of the mourning period, the change is shocking. Her face is haggard, pale, and deeply lined; she looks 10 years older. Even her eyes seem bleached and colorless, her eyelids puffy. When I ask if she's been sleeping, she looks guilty, as if I had just unearthed a shameful secret. "I haven't slept in three nights," she admits.

Although her tone is devoid of self-pity, such a personal admission is rare. Six months ago, when I first spent time with Queen Noor in the United States, she was working hard to maintain her usual impenetrable façade. The simplest question elicited numbing streams of verbiage. Inquire about her feelings and you would get a monologue on Middle Eastern politics or on Western misconceptions about the Islamic religion, or on her efforts to encourage Jordanian development—anything but her own personal experience. Her sentences are interminable and use as many multisyllabic words as possible. Despite their complexity, they parse correctly—Queen Noor is so deliberate about all she does that sloppiness in speech would be as unacceptable here as in everything else. It is clear that Queen Noor uses language as a shield, both to prevent her real feelings from leaking out and to prevent others from discerning them. "Here's a woman who's been thrust into an incredibly difficult role, under the microscope all the time, so she's schooled herself how to be have in a way to protect herself," says Marion Freeman, a former classmate from Concord Academy and Princeton who now owns a software company with her husband. "She can't afford to get into trouble."

But the last year has been a torturous emotional roller-coaster ride for the queen and her four children, and the immense loss she just suffered has left her more vulnerable, and therefore more accessible, than usual. A scant 12 months ago, the family celebrated their final moments of transcendent happiness with a gala at their 60-acre English country estate near Ascot, honoring both the 20th wedding anniversary of the king and queen and the 18th birthday of their elder son, Prince Hamzah. The guest list reflected the glamorously eclectic nature of their friendships, from Prince Charles, King Constantine of Greece, and King Juan Carlos of Spain to Harrison Ford, Barbara Walters, and Oscar de la Renta to Queen Noor's closest friends from school, back when they knew

"I try to keep tears to myself as much as I can," says Queen Noor.





A MATCH MADE IN AMMAN
Above, the future queen accompanies King Hussein on a drive, 1978. *Left,* the couple in the desert in 1994.

only as a tall, stunning ierican girl who looked as if had just stepped out of a ph Lauren ad.

But within weeks, King Hus- was diagnosed with a re- rence of the non-Hodgkin's iphoma he had battled suc- sfully in 1992, when he lost idney. In July he began in- sive chemotherapy, followed a debilitating bone-marrow nsplant at the Mayo Clinic Rochester, Minnesota, with queen always by his side; en she slept, it was in the pital room next to his. No- ber marked the king's 63rd hday; by December, he had n pronounced in remission, l in January the king and en returned home to Jor- to a tumultuous welcome. r us, he was God on earth," Jordanian told me. "We ught he was immortal."

In a freezing rain, King ssein rode triumphantly ough the streets of Am- n, standing up through the sunroof in car, waving to the hysterical throngs. t within days his fevers had returned l he was back at the Mayo Clinic for a -ditch effort to save his life. A second ne-marrow transplant failed, and by the e the king was flown home to Jordan the last time, he was heavily sedated l on a respirator. He died on February ending an extraordinary 47-year reign, ring which he had become one of the gest-ruling monarchs in the world and veloped his fledgling kingdom into a dern nation that had won respect as most stable country in the Middle st. His subjects were devastated; even opponents wept, and two people tried commit suicide in Amman on the day died, one of them successfully.

Only days earlier, King Hussein had cked the Jordanian people by abruptly anging his line of succession. For 34 rs King Hussein's brother Prince Has- had been the crown prince, next in e for the throne. Unlike Hussein, Has- san was never considered a charmer—"No one seriously dislikes him, but he's a big, fat pompous bore who speaks with a pretentious British accent," one Middle East expert told me—but at least he was a known quantity.

In the final days of his life, King Hussein wrote his brother a letter that was both sorrowful and angry; he accused those around Prince Hassan, if not the prince himself, of disloyalties that included having spread vicious gossip about Queen Noor. The Jordanian people had always expected Prince Hassan to be their next monarch; they also knew that the handsome and charismatic Prince Hamzah was his father's favorite son. "The king saw himself in Hamzah," says Mohammad Al-Adwan, a former chief of protocol. "I think he always had Hamzah in mind."

But to almost everyone's astonishment, King Hussein announced that his eldest son, Prince Abdullah, would succeed him instead, with the understanding that Prince Hamzah would become the new crown prince. This decree prompted the usual round of rumors: that the Americans had engineered it; that the Israelis had engineered it; that the British had engineered it. Although the 37-year-old Abdullah was a career army officer who had become the country's chief military envoy, the Jordanian people had rarely heard about him. "We don't know him," one Jordanian banker told me worriedly. But now Abdullah is king, and Hamzah, who is studying at Sandhurst, the British military college once attended by his father and Winston Churchill, is next in line for the throne.

Right now all four of Queen Noor's children are in Amman. Prince Hamzah has flown home for the private family ceremonies marking the end of the official mourning period, and his younger siblings—17-year-old Prince Hashim, 16-year-old Princess Iman, and 13-year-old Princess Raiyah—have been here since their father's death, although they will soon return to schools in the United States. Two days after the mourning period ended, Queen Noor made her first public appearance, visiting children in the cancer wards of three Amman hospitals. Unexpectedly, when we returned to Bab Al Salam, King Abdullah had stopped by to meet with the queen behind closed doors. As we finally sit down to a late lunch, she seems unruffled, but a few days later—when King Abdullah names his own wife, a beautiful 28-year-old Palestin-

can named Rania, "Her Majesty, the great Queen"—I wonder whether that was when Noor got the news that she was being relegated to the status of queen mother.

Now it is late afternoon, and she and I are in a cozy sitting room off the main parlor, next to a crackling fire. It has been a bleak, unseasonably cold spring day, with intermittent rain—something drought-stricken Jordan needs desperately. As we make our way through a leisurely lunch of lentil soup, hummus, and crunchy pistachio pastries, the queen scarcely picks at her food. Despite the lack of sleep, she began her day on the treadmill, as usual, but she still looks bleary-eyed and ravaged. Suddenly there is a staccato rapping on the French doors that lead to the lawn. (Although it is springtime, little else in this desiccated city is green, but the queen's palace is surrounded by thick carpets of emerald grass and tinkling tiled fountains—perhaps the ultimate luxury in an arid land that is 90 percent desert.)

We look up, startled. Outside the doors are Prince Hamzah and Prince Hashim. The queen brightens; by now we have been talking for hours, and she thinks her children have come to claim her. But no: the princes confess that they were momentarily locked out of the house, and just looking for a way back in. Both are good-looking young men, but Prince Hamzah is taller, his features more finely chiseled. He is clearly a heartthrob; already Jordanian matrons squeal and quiver with excitement when they pass his car, as if he were a rock star.

For months, one of the leading rumors swirling around the palace was that Queen Noor was lobbying her husband to name Prince Hamzah as his successor. Since Noor was King Hussein's fourth wife, and he already had eight children when he married her in 1978, the dynamics of this particular royal family are byzantine even without the question of succession, which raised palace intrigue to Shakespearean proportions.

It had always been clear that there was no love lost between Queen Noor and Prince Hassan's wife, Princess Sarvath, who are widely believed to loathe each other. During the long, anxious months of the king's illness, Prince Hassan's court was blamed for a scurrilous whispering campaign that revived outlandish but persistent rumors about the American-born Queen Noor: that she had had an illegitimate child; that the child was black; that she was an extravagant spender who squandered millions of CONTINUED ON PAGE 223

"I had imagined we could have had another 15 or 20 years together," Queen Noor says sadly.

QUEEN OF THE DESERT
Ever since she married King Hussein, in 1978, Jordanians have intensely scrutinized Queen Noor, who looks more like a Hollywood starlet than an Islamic queen. Photographed at home in Maryland on January 5, 1999.



SAY CHEESE SHOP
The Pythons—from left, Idle, Cleese, Palin, Cleese, Jones, and Gilliam—ham it up while shooting their first film, *And Now for Something Completely Different*, in 1971. Oddly, no one's in drag.

The DEAD PARR

Monty Python's Flying Circus made its debut on the BBC three decades ago, when five young Britons—Graham Chapman, Terry Jones, John Cleese, Michael Palin, and Eric Idle, who'd met at Oxford and Cambridge—and one American, Terry Gilliam, took the concept of silly to new and glorious heights. In an excerpt from DAVID MORGAN'S forthcoming oral history, *Monty Python Speaks!*, the comedy troupe's surviving members talk about everything from the genesis of their famous "Dead Parrot" sketch to the late Chapman's alcoholism to the mysterious, ineffable chemistry of their collaboration



OT SOCIETY

This revolution *was* televised. When the six members of Monty Python embarked on their unique collaboration 30 years ago, they were reacting against what they saw as the staid, predictable formats of other television comedy programs. What they brought to their audience was writing that was both highly intelligent and silly. The series *Monty Python's Flying Circus*—which premiered in Britain in 1969 and five years later in the United States—combined visual humor with a quirky style, and featured boisterous performances that seemed to celebrate the group's creative freedom.

But what made the show extraordinary from the very beginning was its total lack of predictability, its reveling in a stream-of-consciousness display of nonsense, satire, sex, and violence. The very flow of action and ideas was the most potent source of humor on *Monty Python.* It was not about jokes; it was really about a state of mind. Three decades after the group's premiere, even after the routines have been memorized, the shows, films, books, and recordings remain funny. Through their uncompromising approach to comedy in various media the Pythons left a mark on popular culture that continues to be felt.

The group consisted of five Englishmen—Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, Michael Palin—and one American, Terry Gilliam:

• Chapman, after struggling for much of his adult life with alcoholism, died in 1989 of throat cancer. Born in Leicester—his father was a policeman—Chapman attended Cambridge and after graduation continued to study medicine before fully committing to a career in comedy. He and his longtime male companion had an adopted son who died in 1992. As Monty Python's de facto straight man, Chapman played King Arthur in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail,* Brian in *Monty Python's Life of Brian,* and, on television, a recurring army colonel who would interrupt proceedings and declare them "too silly."

• Cleese escaped a projected career in law when he accepted a job writing jokes for the BBC. The son of an insurance salesman (who had changed the family's surname from Cheese), Cleese was born in Weston-super-Mare and attended Cambridge with Chapman. Apart from Monty Python he has written and starred in the television series *Fawlty Towers,* the film *A Fish Called Wanda,* and its sequel, *Fierce Creatures.* He and his third wife divide their time between London and Santa Barbara; he has two daughters from his earlier marriages. H best-known *Monty Python* roles include the Minister of Sil Walks and the man trying unsuccessfully to return a dead pa rot to a pet store.

• Gilliam was born in Minnesota and raised in Los Angeles. H early careers as a magazine illustrator (he contributed to *M* co-founder Harvey Kurtzman's short-lived *Help!*) and an a agency copywriter in New York City somehow pointed him t ward creating the surreal animated sequences that became group signature. Away from Monty Python he has had an extrem ly successful career as a film director (*Brazil, The Adventures Baron Munchausen, The Fisher King, Twelve Monkeys,* and *Fe and Loathing in Las Vegas*). He lives in London with his wife, former makeup artist on the *Monty Python* television show They have two daughters and a son.

• Idle professes to shun acting for writing—his latest novel *The Road to Mars*—and yet has performed in a number non–Monty Python projects (his films include *Nuns on the R* and *Casper*); he also wrote, co-directed, and co-starred in *You Need Is Cash,* a mock documentary about a Beatles-esq rock group (the Rutles). Idle was raised by his widowed mot er in South Shields, County Durham. At Cambridge, he w the president of Footlights, the student revue for which Clee and Chapman also wrote and performed. Idle has a son and daughter; he and his second wife live in Los Angeles. His *Mo ty Python* roles include the insinuating "nudge, nudge, say more" chap; he was arguably the most fetching Python in dra

• Jones is a noted history buff who has written on Chaucer a hosted a number of documentaries, including one on the Cr sades. He directed *Life of Brian* and *Monty Python's the Meani of Life;* apart from Monty Python he has directed the films *E the Viking* and *The Wind in the Willows* and written several ch dren's books. The son of a bank clerk, he was born in Nor Wales and attended Oxford University. He and his wife, a bi chemist, live in London and have a son and a daughter. Jon regularly appeared nude (playing the organ) in the opening cre its of the *Monty Python* television series; he also played the o scenely fat, vomit-spewing Mr. Creosote in *The Meaning of Lif*

• Palin was born in Sheffield, where his father worked for a ste firm. As a teenager, Palin met and fell in love with the woman would eventually marry (they have two sons and a daughter a currently live in London). Like Jones, Palin attended Oxfor where the two first wrote and performed together. Since Pytho Palin has starred in films such as *Brazil* and *A Fish Called Wa da* and has hosted three travel series for the BBC. On *Mon Python* he played the cheese-shop owner who denies he has cheese to sell and the leader of the dread Spanish Inquisition.

Leading up to their first collaboration as Monty Python in 196 the five British members of the group, already known to each o er from their college revues, were writing separately or in tea for several radio and TV shows at the BBC and at independe television (ITV) companies—including David Frost's influential T Frost Report, *to which all five future Pythons contributed and which Cleese starred. During these years the group members cross paths with Gilliam, who joined them in British television. The s soon recognized similar tastes or aesthetics about how come should be written—all were fans of radio's* The Goon Show *and the Peter Cook–Dudley Moore collaboration* Beyond the Fring *At the BBC's behest and through their own affinity, the gro came together as Monty Python. All were still in their 20s.*

Excerpted from *Monty Python Speaks!,* by David Morgan, to be published this month by Spike/Avon Books Inc.; © 1999 by the author.



IN CLEESE: The worst problem we had with whole show was finding a good title for it. We the first show written and we didn't know t to call it, and we had a whole lot of fanciful s: *A Horse, a Spoon and a Basin,* which I really l; *Bunn Wackett Buzzard Stubble and Boot; Owl tching Time; The Toad Elevating Moment.* In fact BBC had started to call it *The Flying Circus.* They'd ed writing it into their schedules, in *ink,* so they said, "Well, ld you call it *The Flying Circus*? Because otherwise we'd have rite out new schedules."

hen we couldn't decide *who.* We thought it might be *Gwen ley's Flying Circus,* because she was a name Michael had ed out of a newspaper, and then somehow we went off Gwen ley, I don't know why—she could be famous now, you know? somebody came up with *Monty Python* and we all fell about, I can't explain why. We just thought it was funny that night.



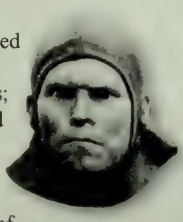
TERRY JONES: The way we went and did the shows is, first of all we'd meet and talk about ideas. And then we'd all go off for like two weeks and each write individually or in our pairs. So at the end of two weeks we'd all meet together, quite often downstairs in my front room or dining room, and we'd read out the stuff. That was the best time of Python, the most exciting time, when you knew you were going to hear new stuff and they were going to make you laugh.



RY GILLIAM: You had to jockey for position ut when and where a sketch was going to be l out, which time of the day; if it came in too y it was going to bomb. And you knew that like and Terry or John and Graham had ething they wanted to do they wouldn't laugh nuch [at the others']. And I was in a funny position, ause I was kind of the apolitical laugh; I was the one guy o had nothing at stake because my stuff [the animation] was side of theirs.

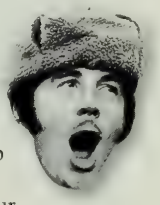


JOHN CLEESE: I was the one who was having to write with Graham. Now I thought early on, before Graham's drinking was any sort of a problem, it would be much more fun if we occasionally broke up into different writing groups; we could keep the material more varied. To some extent there was a Chapman-Cleese type of sketch (which was usually somebody going into an office of some kind and obably getting into an argument in which there would be quite a of thesaurus-type words), whereas Mike and Terry [Jones] uld nearly always start things where some camera would pan r Scottish or Icelandic or Dartmoor countryside and afterwards uld get into some sort of tale. And Eric's was largely one man ng at a desk talking to the camera and getting completely ght up, as they say, disappearing up his own ass.



RY GILLIAM: John and Graham wrote contained ces; they tended to be very confrontational ces—*bam bam bam!* Eric wrote his tight things; dplay was his specialty, I suppose. Mike and ry tended to be more conceptual in the way were approaching things, and I fit more in group with what I was doing.

You've got John and Graham as the center of half of the brain, and you've got Mike and Terry as the ter of the other half, and Eric's the individual on that side, and I'm the individual on this side. It's like us on one side who thought in a freer way and those on the other who thought in this more aggressive, defensive way of writing sketches; they're much more the control freaks.



MICHAEL PALIN: Eric was always a slightly cheeky chap. I don't think his characters were ever very complex, but they were really superbly performed. The man who talked in anagrams and all that: "Staht sit sepreicly." Well, I can't imagine *any* of us doing that in quite that way. And also in group discussion he was very good. Not being part of the two writing groups, Eric was able to look at our material in a slightly more detached way and make very good comments about what worked and what didn't work, which was effective and important. I suppose he was more on our side, as it were, if you wanted to take sides up—more like Terry and myself than with John and Graham.



ERIC IDLE: When we got to the States we were amazed to find they assumed we wrote it out of our minds on drugs—as if anyone *could* successfully write stoned. Actually we always worked office hours: nine to five with a break for lunch. We were serious about our work, but we laughed like fuck.



TERRY JONES: I suppose the great thing was we all liked each other's work, so we all had respect for what the others did. So if they thought [a sketch] wasn't funny, you'd think, Phew, that was a bit of luck, we might have tried to *do* that. I mean, occasionally there was something you really thought was funny and you thought, They haven't *got* it. I suppose the best example of that was a late one from *The Meaning of Life,* the "Mr. Creosote" sketch, the fat man in the restaurant, which was something I'd written. Mike and I both thought it was our funniest piece [a restaurant patron weighing more than all the Pythons put together proceeds to spew vomit throughout the establishment, consume everything on the menu, and then—upon digesting a dainty after-dinner mint—explode]. Mike hit them with it first thing after lunch, and nobody thought it was funny, it got thrown out. And then about a month later, John rang up and said, "Hello, this is something that will bring a little smile to your face: I've just been looking at the 'Mr. Creosote' sketch; I think it could be quite funny." What John had realized I think was that the funniest part there was the waiter [who accommodates his disgusting but wealthy customer with unctuous doting]. And he and Graham came up with the idea of the "wafer-thin mint." So that got rescued.



TERRY GILLIAM: [In story meetings] I always had the most difficulty because I could never explain what I was doing [with my animation]; whenever I did, there would be these blank faces. I was in maybe the best position because I had the most freedom. The others had to submit all their material to the group and get rejected or included or changed; mine, because I couldn't *explain* it and because we were always revising at the last moment, was pretty much never touched.



TERRY JONES: As we wrote on, we started parodying each other. Mike and I wrote a parody of one of John and Graham's sketches. Because of things like the "Dead Parrot" sketch, which is basically straight out of the thesaurus [Cleese's frustrated character runs through a number of synonyms for "dead" CONTINUED ON PAGE 219

BOOGIE KNIGHT



Ricky Martin has been hiding in plain sight. A major international star (with four albums, which have sold more than 15 million copies), for years he remained a well-kept secret in the U.S. And then came this year's Grammys, when he won for best Latin-pop performance with his CD *Vuelve*. "On the chessboard," he says, "every piece was in its place." Why did his kinetic performance of his hit single "La Copa de la Vida" capture everyone's attention on Grammy night? "They see a Latin guy," he says. "They were expecting the stereotype; they were expecting the ranchero hat on top of his head, and then something modern came out, something very refreshing, very energetic."

Born Enrique Martin Morales 27 years ago in Hato Rey, Puerto Rico, Martin began his career in earnest in 1984, when he joined the bubblegum group Menudo. He looks back on that time with a mixture of frustration and gratitude. "From 12 to 17, the most important years of anyone's life, I had to ask permission to talk and to move and to go places," he says. Then again, he adds, "I learned the real meaning of the word 'discipline.'" After leaving Menudo, Martin spent a year and a half on *General Hospital* before appearing in *Les Misérables* on Broadway.

His first English-language album, *Ricky Martin*, will be released this month, and in September he embarks on a 20-city concert tour of the States. For now, he wants to give his full attention to his singing career—"Music is very jealous," he says—but he has a face made for the movies, and they are on the horizon. "You know, maybe tomorrow the best freaking script will show up with the best director and the best cast and I'm gonna think about it."

Oh, and about those rumors linking him with Madonna? There is a bit of truth to them: she performs a duet with him on the new album. Its title: "Be Careful with My Heart." —PETER DEVINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB RITTS

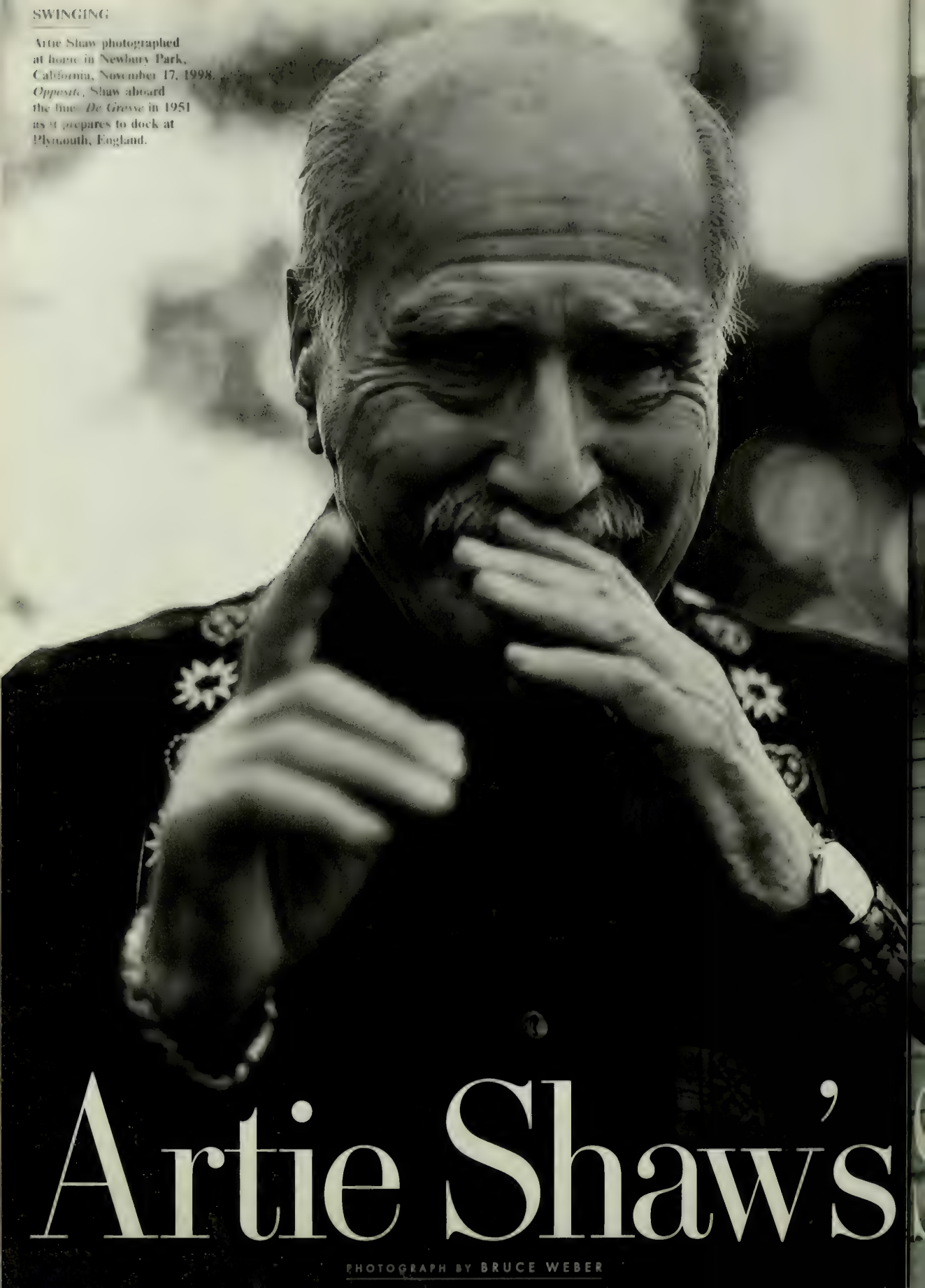
PINK MARTIN

Finally, after years of international fame, Ricky Martin has emerged as an official American pop star. Photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel on March 18, 1999.



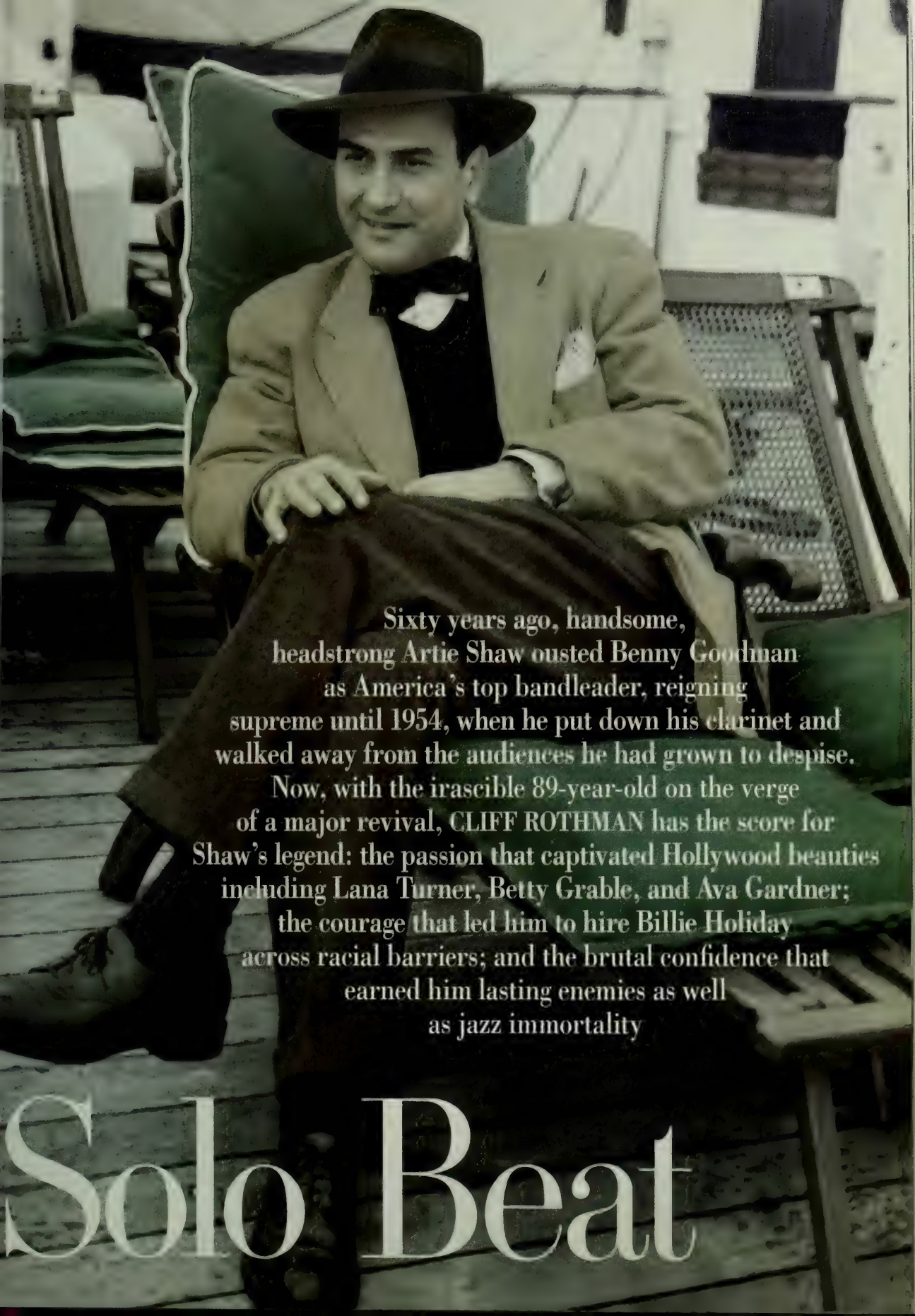
SWINGING

Artie Shaw photographed at home in Newbury Park, California, November 17, 1998. *Opposite*, Shaw aboard the liner *De Grasse* in 1951 as it prepares to dock at Plymouth, England.



Artie Shaw's

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER



Sixty years ago, handsome, headstrong Artie Shaw ousted Benny Goodman as America's top bandleader, reigning supreme until 1954, when he put down his clarinet and walked away from the audiences he had grown to despise. Now, with the irascible 89-year-old on the verge of a major revival, CLIFF ROTHMAN has the score for Shaw's legend: the passion that captivated Hollywood beauties including Lana Turner, Betty Grable, and Ava Gardner; the courage that led him to hire Billie Holiday across racial barriers; and the brutal confidence that earned him lasting enemies as well as jazz immortality

Solo Beat

The promos seemed unreal. Every few minutes the DJ's on Long Beach jazz radio station KLON last September and October reminded listeners: "Artie Shaw, in a one-night-only concert, conducting an orchestra with his swing hits, at the Wilshire Theatre in Beverly Hills." Was it possible that the King of the Clarinet was really coming out of retirement? It was almost unimaginable. All his peers—Benny Goodman, the Dorsey brothers, Glenn Miller—were long gone.

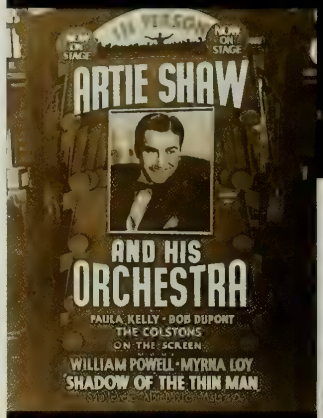
But when the curtain opened on October 24, there he was, with white hair and a cane, swinging that baton as the band broke into the familiar strains of his trademark, "Begin the Beguine." Sixty years earlier, in 1939, Shaw had held court four miles away, at the Palomar Ballroom, on Vermont and Third. He had just toppled Goodman as the country's top bandleader, and for the next 15 years—as "Begin the Beguine" was followed by his striking arrangements of "Frenesi" and "Star Dust," and swing gave way to bop, and his gold records stacked up—it appeared that his legend would never stop growing.

Then Shaw quit, disgusted, as he said, with the audiences and the business. He put his clarinet down at age 44, at the peak of his art, saying he'd never play it publicly again. That was in 1954.

"If you had a gangrenous right arm, and you had to cut it off to save your life, would you miss the arm?" Shaw says, as truculent as ever. "If I had stayed, it would have killed me." Then he gleefully adds the clincher: "And I'm the only one of that group that's *alive*."

Long eclipsed by Goodman, the Dorseys, and particularly his nemesis, Glenn Miller—"the Lawrence Welk of jazz," he calls him—Shaw is in for a major revival. The musician turned author has just finished the huge autobiographical novel he has been at work on for 20 years, and Robert Altman is trying to harness the unwieldy mass of material into a screenplay, with Johnny Depp first in line to play the charismatic, headstrong artist. Altman







THE MUSIC MAN

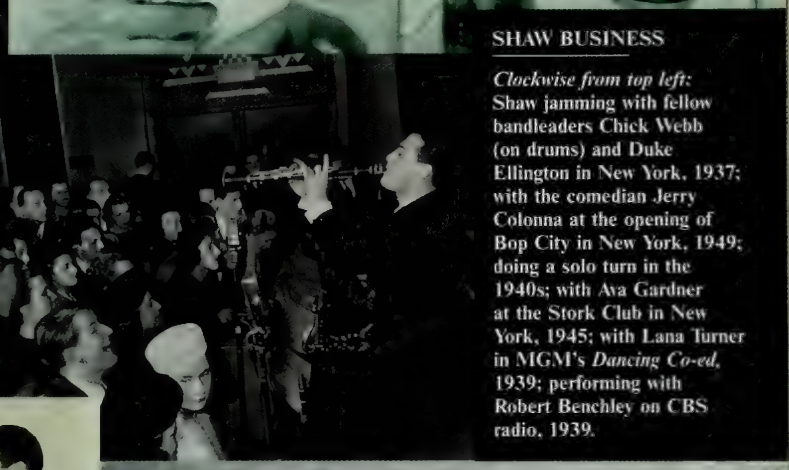
From top: **Artie Shaw with Mel Tormé at a recording session, 1946; on a poster for a concert at New York's Strand theater, 1945; with trumpeter Hot Lips Page at the RCA Victor studio in New York, 1941; with Betty Grable at the Brown Derby in Hollywood, 1939.**











SHAW BUSINESS

Clockwise from top left: Shaw jamming with fellow bandleaders Chick Webb (on drums) and Duke Ellington in New York, 1937; with the comedian Jerry Colonna at the opening of Bop City in New York, 1949; doing a solo turn in the 1940s; with Ava Gardner at the Stork Club in New York, 1945; with Lana Turner in MGM's *Dancing Co-ed*, 1939; performing with Robert Benchley on CBS radio, 1939.





says he and Depp are captivated, "hovering around this like a bunch of bees attracted to this hive, or a bunch of moths circling around this flame, and we don't exactly know why."

"It's a long fucker," says the salty, venerable survivor, who promises to tell the truth. Truth telling has always been a Shaw specialty, aimed mostly at other people's shortcomings rather than his own. "He walked up to Benny Goodman once, unsolicited, and said, 'Practice, and you'll get to be as good as I am,'" says Gene Beecher, his friend since childhood. Beecher laughs and adds, "That's what you do if you don't want to be popular."

"The fact is that he is bigger than most of us," says Shaw's last live-in partner, Midge Hayes, who moved in with him just before his 80th birthday. "He tried more, he did more, he studied more, he wanted more, and he got more." In addition to being a self-taught clarinetist who grew into a class by himself, Shaw broke the racist code of American pop music by hiring Billie Holiday, whose genius he recognized almost at first hearing. He also became mythic for the long list of Hollywood beauties he became involved with. The darkly handsome musician had affairs with Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth, and his eight wives included Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, and Evelyn Keyes.

His life has been amazing almost from the start, and for more than half a century friends, enemies, lovers, and scholars have been trying to figure out the Shaw enigma.

"If anybody comes up to me and says, 'Oh, I just love your "Begin the Beguine,"' I want to vomit." Shaw may be 89, but he's hardly your kindly old gent, nostalgic about the past. "I made that record 60 years ago, man. I'm through with that." He's indignant that anyone would even think that he might want to discuss such a thing. "It was a good record. Good-bye. Buy it if you want to talk about it. Don't talk to me about 'Begin the Beguine.' It's over with."

The voice is impatient, and so, in general, is this octogenarian. "He doesn't suffer fools gladly," I was told by several of his friends, as well as by several former friends who have withered under his glare or his sharp tongue. When I phoned Shaw about this article, the first words out of his mouth were "Why do you have to interview me more than once?" It was a bark, lacking even a feigned attempt at conventional niceties. He had grabbed the phone away from his longtime assistant, who coordinates Shaw's schedule, which is dictated by the physical therapy he is undergoing for a broken femur.

In person, when Shaw lets down his guard, he can be charm itself. He chats and laughs and recounts colorful anecdotes about legendary friends and acquaintances, from George Burns to Sinclair Lewis to Louis B. Mayer. "Judy Garland laughed and said to me one day about L.B., 'He cries ball-bearing tears.' Isn't that great?"

Shaw seems to know everything about everything. His house is wall-to-wall books, piles of them everywhere, on the floors, on the coffee table, on the kitchen table. "You can barely make it up the stairway from downstairs," says his friend broadcaster Fred Hall. The walls are covered with memorabilia—the gold records, photographs, a painting of Shaw in military uniform in the South Pacific, sent by a fan.

Shaw lives in a modest, 50s-style house on a cul-de-sac in Newbury Park, a slightly upper-middle-class, nondescript suburb 40 minutes west of Los Angeles on the Ventura Freeway. He comes to the door himself, with his cane, and then settles into an easy chair in the living room. Through the picture window behind him is a stunning view of Conejo Valley. He doesn't have much hair left, and what's there is wispy and white. But his inner fire—the vitality that erupts as he talks, pontificates, lectures—is uncanny for a man approaching 90. Robert Altman, an old friend, exclaims, "We're fascinated that he's here, and he's, like, you could be talking to some 35-year-old guy."

At the comeback concert, Shaw made jokes for the audience of nearly 2,000. At one point, when they broke into fevered applause, he asked them playfully, "Where were you when I needed you?"

His gripe, from the moment he entered the business—and the reason he left it—was that audiences wanted the same old dance music, year in, year out. "I kept saying, 'If that's what you want, get a windshield wiper and an out-of-tune tenor playing 'Melancholy Baby.'"

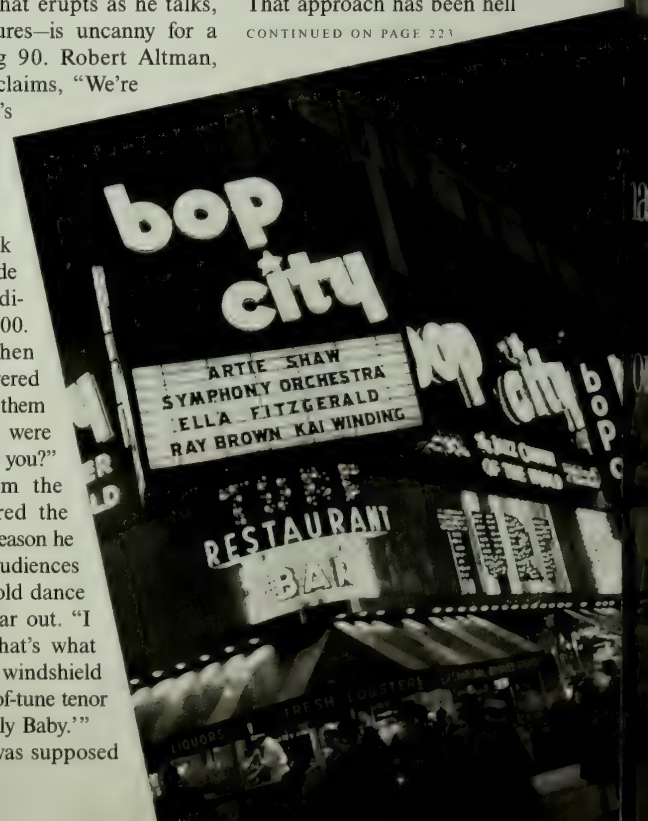
Music to him was supposed to be an art, always evolving, not a factory product of the sort he dismisses Glenn Miller for playing. "I call it a Republican band. It was a businessman's band. They never made a mistake. He codified it all. If you're on the edge of your ability, you're going to make a mistake occasionally."

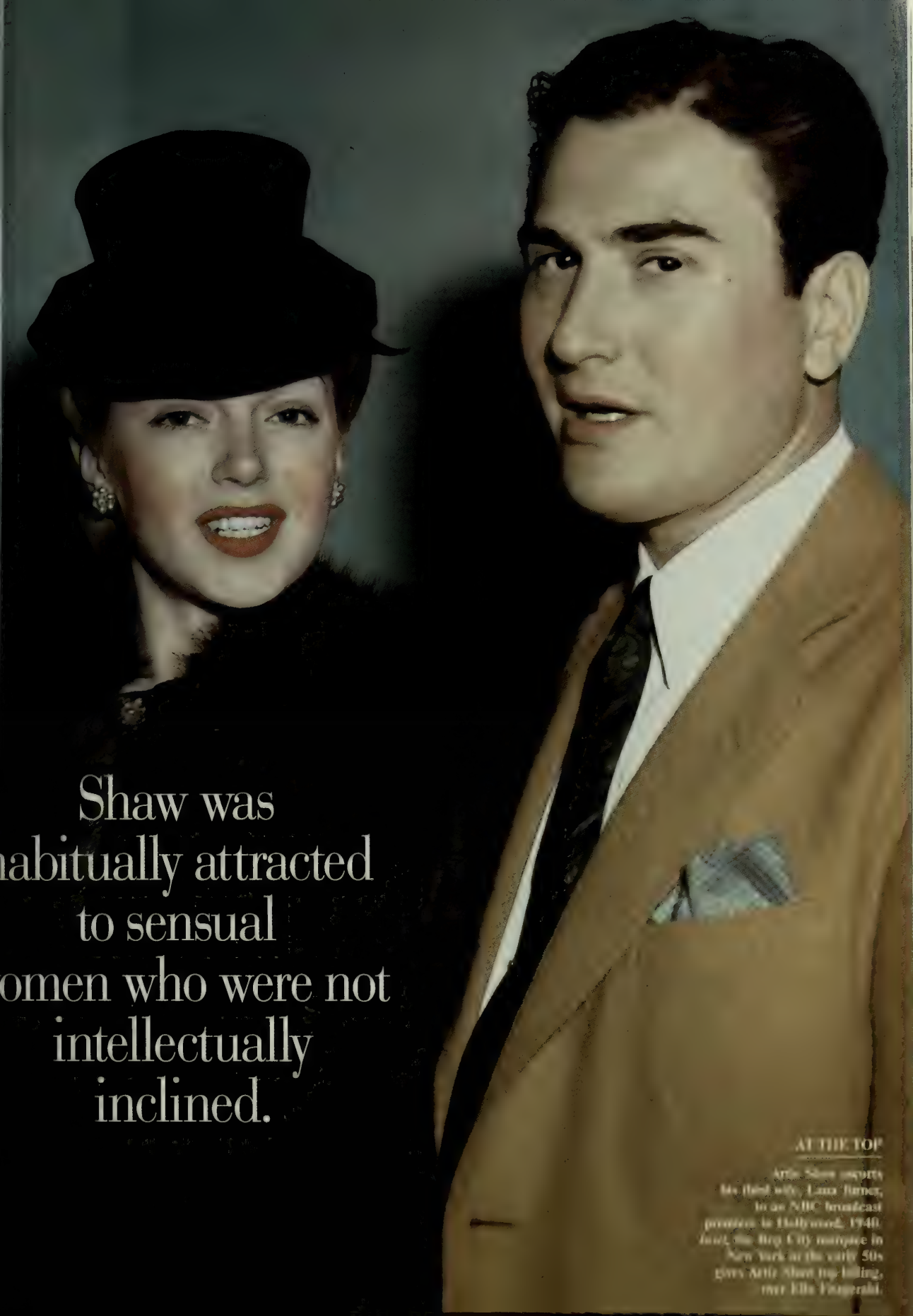
Trusting the gods, Shaw has always gravitated to the edge. "You don't make it happen. You *let* it happen," he says of art, repeating a snippet of the phone conversation he's just had with Sophia Rosoff, a piano therapist he's known for 50 years. "I think we may be having a telephone love affair," he adds with the enthusiasm of a kid.

In his life and in his music, Shaw has generally operated without a parachute. It's the kamikaze approach, and he explains it by describing the 1953 session of "These Foolish Things," where he recorded his favorite solo. "There was this complicated arrangement with a huge, 48-piece band, and I'm playing a cadenza," he says. "And you don't want to make any mistakes, so you get tight. Well, that night I just jumped off the cliff, man, figuring I'd catch something. And I hit this thing. Son of a bitch! I heard it back, I couldn't believe it."

For better or worse, Shaw has needed to please only one person: himself. "I never gave a damn about the audiences. I really never cared about them," he says. "Audiences were a necessary evil. You had to have them there or you didn't get paid." That approach has been hell

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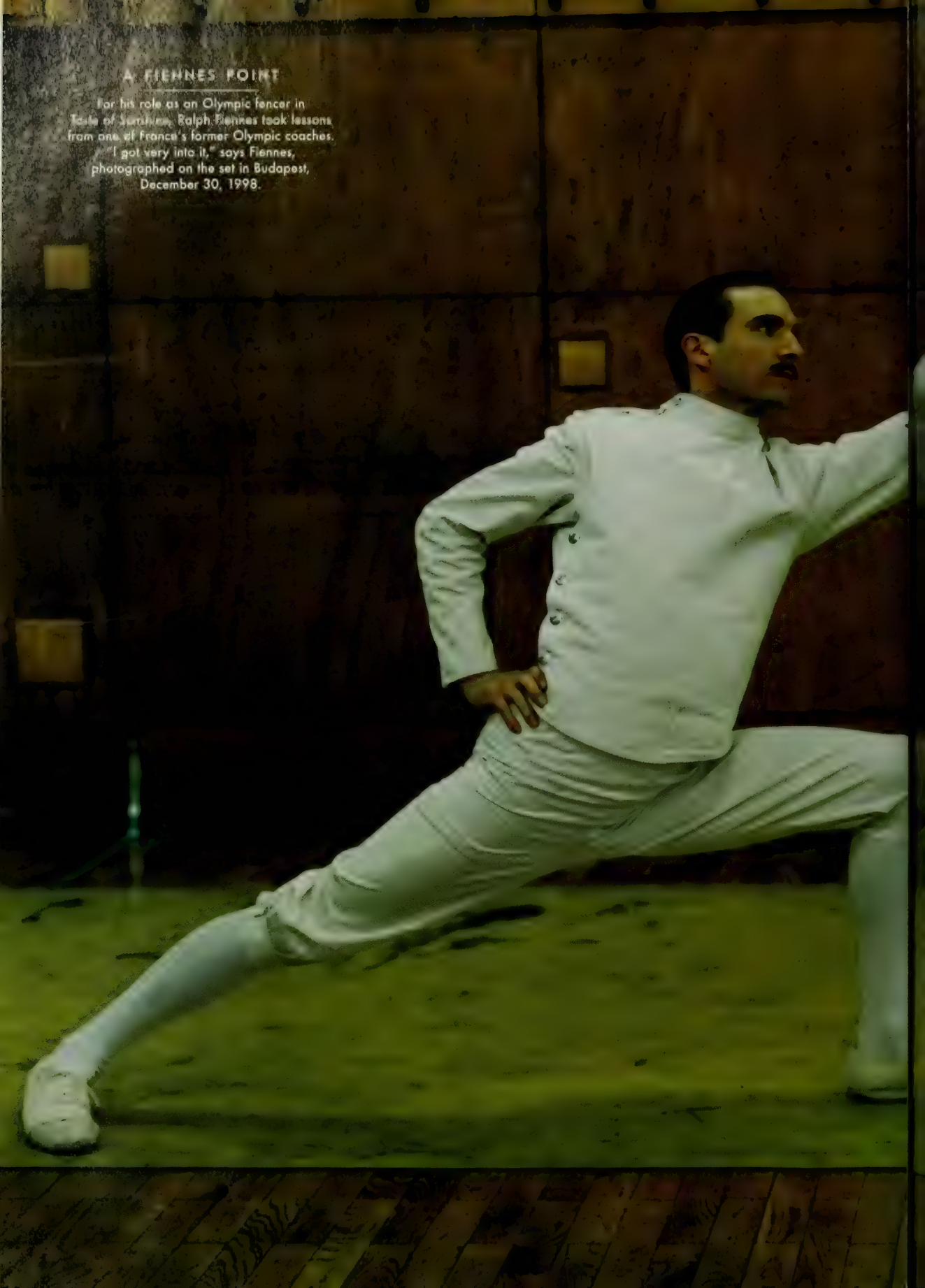




Shaw was
habitually attracted
to sensual
omen who were not
intellectually
inclined.

AT THE TOP

Artie Shaw reports his third wife, Lana Turner, to an NBC broadcast premiere in Hollywood, 1940. *Inset:* the Rep City marquee in New York at the early 50s gives Artie Shaw top billing, over Ella Fitzgerald.



A FIENNES POINT

For his role as an Olympic fencer in Taste of Sunshine, Ralph Fiennes took lessons from one of France's former Olympic coaches. "I got very into it," says Fiennes, photographed on the set in Budapest, December 30, 1998.

Duel Identity



From the flickering eyes to the seductive, slightly guilty smile, Ralph Fiennes is never better than when he's keeping a secret. Little surprise, then, that writer-director Istvan Szabo (*Mephisto*) felt Fiennes was the only actor who could take on *Taste of Sunshine,* his highly personal epic about a Hungarian-Jewish family tormented by the desire to assimilate. Set in Budapest, against the backdrop of three calamitous political regimes—the Austro-Hungarian Empire in its last days, Fascism, and Communism—the film chronicles three generations of the Sonnenschein clan, whose shame leads to nearly a century of family betrayals. For Fiennes, who plays the film's three major roles—Ignatz, the grandfather, a fiercely ambitious judge; his son Adam, an arrogant fencer who converts to Catholicism in order to compete in the Olympic games; and the grandson Ivan, a disillusioned Communist—it was more than an actor's showcase. Szabo's film, which the director describes as "the story of a great identity crisis," provided a pinnacle to Fiennes's unforgettable portrayals of haunted men in *The English Patient* and *Quiz Show,* and onstage in *Hamlet.*

It was also an opportunity for Fiennes, who played a Nazi commandant in *Schindler's List,* to visit the *other* side of anti-Semitism. But while that role entailed immersion in Holocaust literature, the only source Fiennes needed this time was his director, who in his 38 years of filmmaking has never shot outside his native Budapest. Recalls Fiennes, "He could tell me what it was like to be in a café and not trust that you weren't being bugged—[about] the ways allegiances shifted. He took me around to sites in the city to show me 'This is what happened, this is what it was like.'" Just how personal *Taste of Sunshine* was for Szabo unveiled itself little by little. Producer Robert Lantos recalls his first day visiting the set: "I looked around at this dilapidated building in the courtyard which looked so much like the house described in the script. I said to Istvan, 'How did you *find* this?' He said, 'Well, I was born here.'" —EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD

Palm Springs

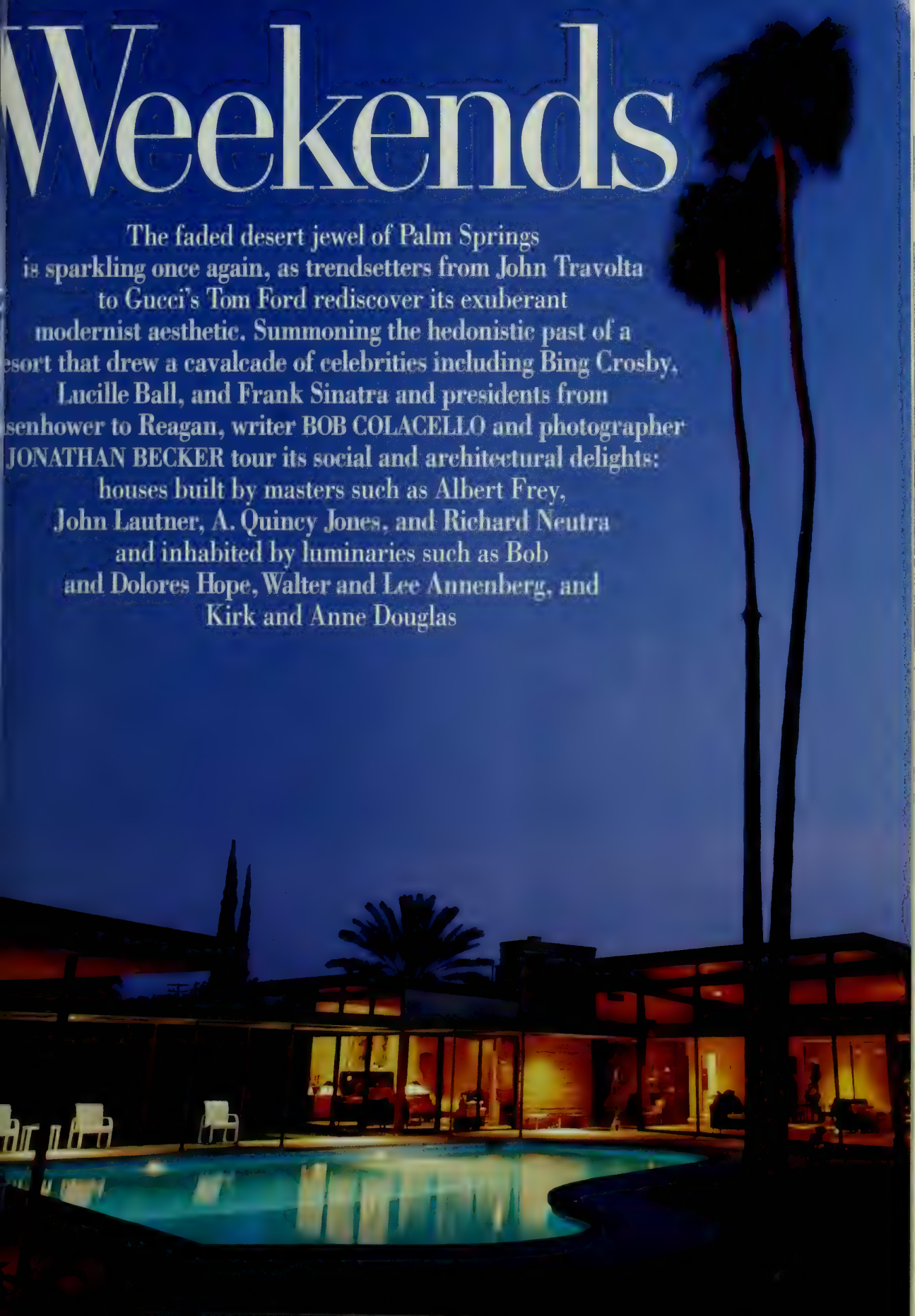


DESERT ROYALTY

Lee and Walter Annenberg at Sunnylands, their 250-acre estate in Rancho Mirage, where they have received Presidents Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford, Reagan, Bush, and Clinton. *Opposite,* Twin Palms, Frank Sinatra's first house in Palm Springs, designed by Stewart Williams in 1947.

Weekends

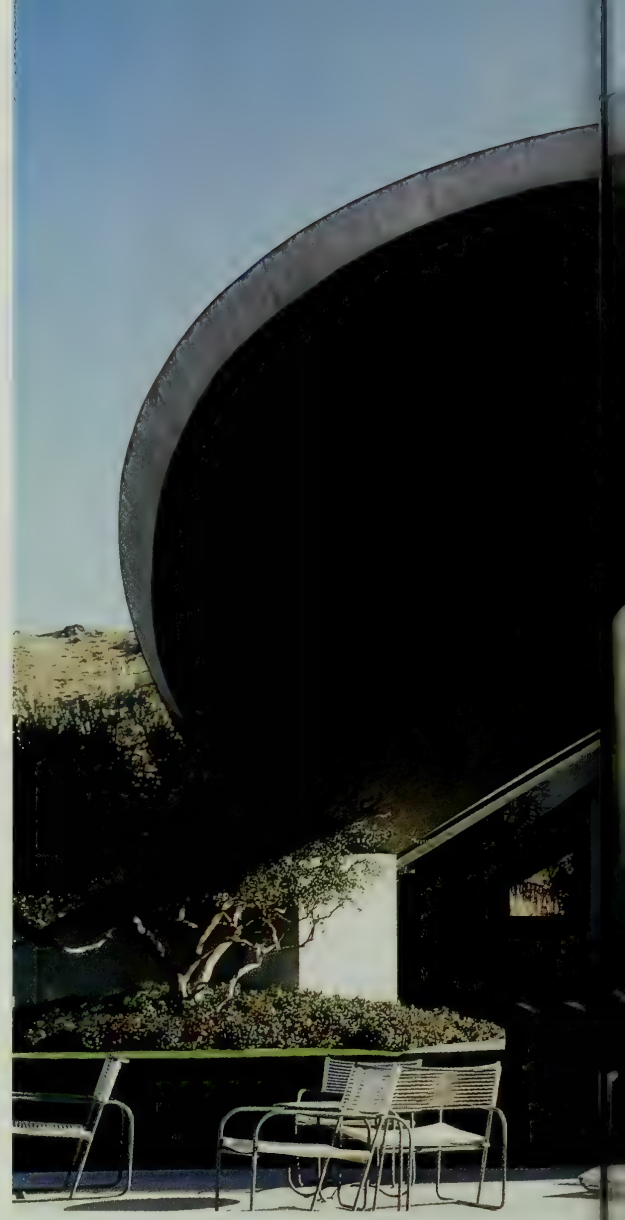
The faded desert jewel of Palm Springs is sparkling once again, as trendsetters from John Travolta to Gucci's Tom Ford rediscover its exuberant modernist aesthetic. Summoning the hedonistic past of a resort that drew a cavalcade of celebrities including Bing Crosby, Lucille Ball, and Frank Sinatra and presidents from Eisenhower to Reagan, writer BOB COLACELLO and photographer JONATHAN BECKER tour its social and architectural delights: houses built by masters such as Albert Frey, John Lautner, A. Quincy Jones, and Richard Neutra and inhabited by luminaries such as Bob and Dolores Hope, Walter and Lee Annenberg, and Kirk and Anne Douglas



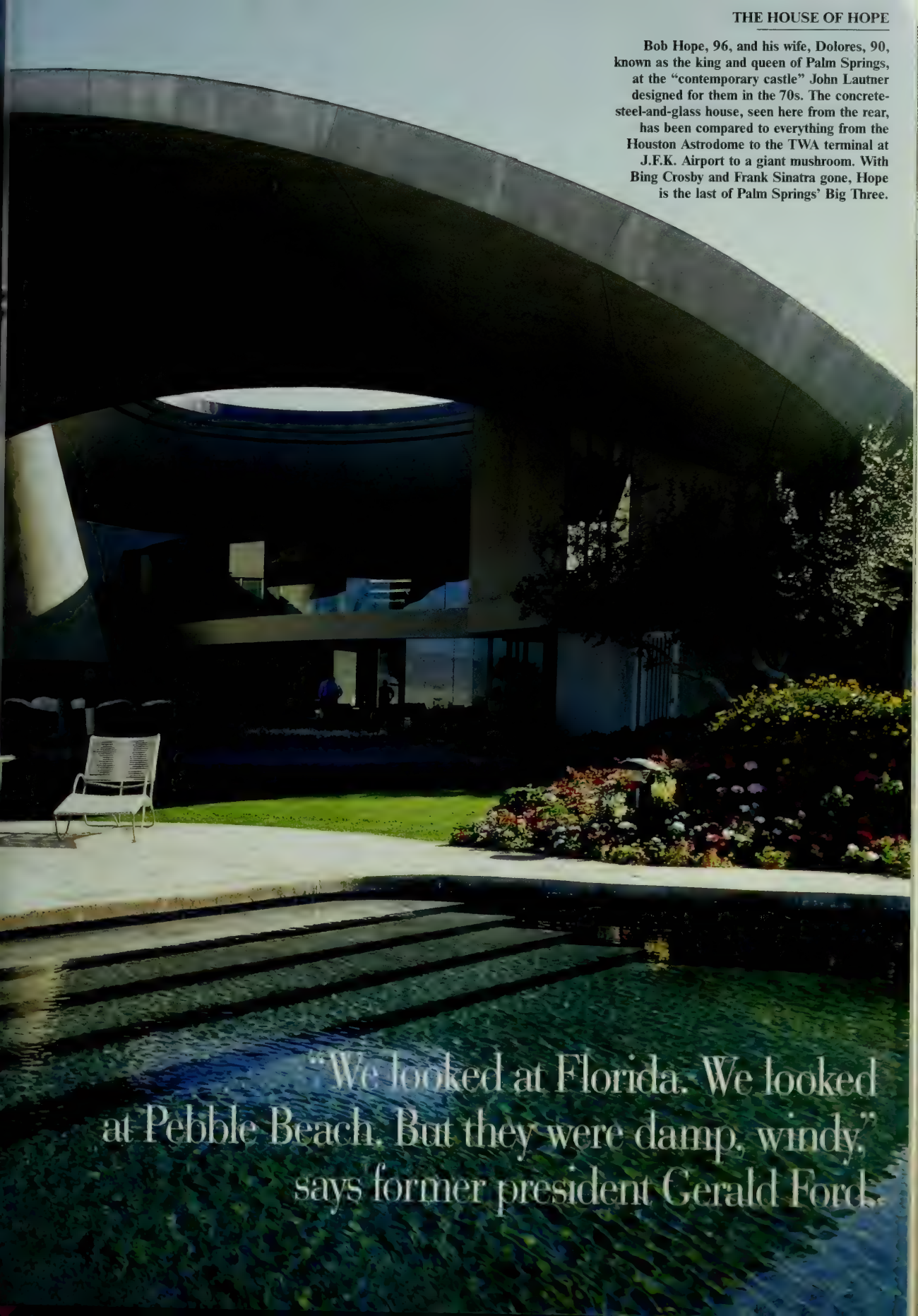
The Palm Springs house of Bob and Dolores Hope sits at the top of Southridge Drive, overlooking the entire Coachella Valley, from the Banning Pass to the northwest, where the freeway from Los Angeles cuts between Mount San Gorgonio and Mount San Jacinto, each of which rises more than 10,000 feet above the valley's flat desert floor, all the way to Indio, a thriving agricultural center known for its date crop and its polo grounds, some 30 miles to the southeast. In between Banning and Indio, strung out along Highway 111 like a necklace of emeralds on an ancient, parched chest, are the winter resort towns which have made this sun-drenched corner of Southern California rich and famous: Palm Springs itself, an old cabochon in need of some polishing; the somewhat less lustrous Cathedral City; and the brilliantly green country-club communities of Rancho Mirage, Palm Desert, Indian Wells, and La Quinta.

There are only about a dozen houses on Southridge Drive, a private road with a guardhouse at its base, most of them built in the 1960s and 70s, and all of them ultramodern, including those once owned by Steve McQueen, when he was married to Ali MacGraw, and William Holden, when he lived with Stefanie Powers. The Hopes' house, which they moved into in 1979, is by far the largest and, surprisingly, the most avant-garde: a 25,000-square-foot concrete-steel-and-glass behemoth, with a vast curving roof of copper that matches the mountains behind it. Designed by John Lautner, one of the recognized geniuses of California modernism, and said to have cost more than $2 million, it features that ultimate Palm Springs indoor-outdoor touch: a boulder jutting into the living room. Dolores Hope calls it a "contemporary castle." Others have compared it to the TWA terminal at New York's Kennedy Airport, the Houston Astrodome, and a giant mushroom. In any case, its commanding view, overwhelming scale, and dramatic architecture make it the perfect headquarters for the undisputed king and queen of Palm Springs.

The Hopes first came to Palm Springs in 1937, to spend a weekend at the old El Mirador Hotel. They bought their first house in 1941, "in the poor section," as Dolores Hope puts it, and a second in 1946, on El Alameda in the then new area known as the Movie Colony, where their neighbors included Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant, Gloria Swanson, and Darryl Zanuck. They still own both of these houses; in fact, part of Bob Hope's estimated $150 million fortune is based on Coachella Valley real estate. Hope was named honorary mayor of Palm Springs in the 1950s and again in the 80s. In 1965 the Desert Classic golf tournament was renamed the Bob Hope Desert Classic. President Clinton joined former presidents Ford and Bush at the tournament in 1995. Dolores Hope has been chairman of the board of the Eisenhower Medical Center in Rancho Mirage since 1968, when she and Bob donated the 80 acres of land, then valued at nearly $1 million, on which it was built. Her elaborate parties—Christmas and Easter celebrations that include a Mass at home; an annual Italian bash for the players in the Classic with her fabled antipasto—have long drawn the cream of the Coachella Valley's winter residents, including Betty and







Bob Hope, 96, and his wife, Dolores, 90, known as the king and queen of Palm Springs, at the "contemporary castle" John Lautner designed for them in the 70s. The concrete-steel-and-glass house, seen here from the rear, has been compared to everything from the Houston Astrodome to the TWA terminal at J.F.K. Airport to a giant mushroom. With Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra gone, Hope is the last of Palm Springs' Big Three.

"We looked at Florida. We looked at Pebble Beach. But they were damp, windy," says former president Gerald Ford.





THE INDOOR-OUTDOOR LIFE

Clockwise from above: former Palm Springs mayor Frank Bogert riding in the Andreas Canyon; Los Angeles designer Brad Dunning with his friend Christina Adams; a corner of Walter and Lee Annenberg's living room with Monet's *The Path Through the Irises* over custom furniture by Billy Haines; movie star Jane Wyman at home in Rancho Mirage; William Burgess, retired electronics entrepreneur from Pasadena, with his wife, Clara, at their home in Palm Springs: "Forty years ago we blasted a shelf on the side of the mountain and built this house. Albert Frey helped me off and on."









UNDERSTATED CHIC

From top: former president Gerald Ford with his wife, Betty, who opened her nearby center for substance-abuse treatment in 1982, at their house on the golf course of the Thunderbird Country Club; *GQ* creative director Jim Moore, who helped launch the Palm Springs revival in 1993, in his 1960s Donald Wexler house; Jane Gosden, widow of Freeman Gosden—who played Amos on the *Amos and Andy* radio show in the 1930s and 40s and was President Eisenhower's regular golfing partner—at the Eldorado Country Club.





Gerald Ford, Lee and Walter Annenberg, Anne and Kirk Douglas, and Eunice and John Johnson, the founders of *Ebony* magazine. Last year Queen Elizabeth II made Bob Hope an honorary knight of the British Empire, and Pope John Paul II gave both Hopes papal knighthoods.

At 96, Bob Hope is the last of the Palm Springs Big Three—Bing Crosby died playing golf in 1977, and Frank Sinatra is buried at the Desert Memorial Park Cemetery in Cathedral City. Although his sight and hearing are failing, he refuses to wear eyeglasses or a hearing aid, but he still knows what's going on. That is evident the afternoon he is photographed by Jonathan Becker for this article. Looking spiffy in a tweed jacket, a pink shirt with white collar and cuffs, a pink-and-silver tie, gabardine slacks, and tassel loafers, he is brought down from the second floor on the elevator and out to the patio by his around-the-clock male nurse. He is in a wheelchair and asleep.

"Here's our baby boy," announces Dolores Hope, who will turn 90 this month and is still going strong. Her outfit—purple blazer, pink blouse and pants, white pumps—is color-coordinated with her husband's. "Bob, wake up, honey," she shouts. "You're on *Candid Camera.*"

"Mr. Hope," the nurse asks, "do you think you can stay awake for the photos?"

"Yes, sir. I'll try."

He comes alive for the camera, and when the 10-minute shoot is over, the nurse asks him if he'd prefer to have his afternoon glass of wine upstairs in his room or downstairs with his guests.

"Upstairs," Hope answers firmly.

Later, sitting inside with her old friends William Frye and James Wharton, Hollywood producers who have retired to the Ironwood Country Club in Palm Desert, Dolores Hope reminisces. "I had a party for Bob for his 90th birthday. We did a whole carnival thing—clowns and magicians. We had about 140 people. Forty of them are gone. Dinah Shore. Gloria and Jimmy Stewart. Alice Faye and Phil Harris. George Burns. You know, that's what happens with this age group—40 gone in six years."

"The party I remember here," says Frye, "was *your* 75th birthday. All those marvelous women—Irene Dunne, Dorothy Lamour, June Haver, Alice Faye—just got up and sang. And I remember what Bob gave you: a rope of diamonds."

"A string of diamonds," says Dolores Hope.

"That's right. And I remember thinking, Every woman has a string of pearls, but only Dolores has a string of diamonds."

"You know how long that took me to get?"

When a maid emerges from the kitchen with a tray of freshly baked Danish pastries, Dolores Hope asks for a martini and her new CD, which will be out this month. It's the fifth album of old favorites that she's recorded since 1993, when she revived the singing career she gave up after marrying Hope 65 years ago. The title: *Young at Heart.*

"This is God's waiting room," says Frank Bogert, the 89-year-old former mayor of Palm Springs, who rides his horse two hours nearly every day in the Indian Canyons south of town. "The average age," says novelist Sidney Sheldon, 82, "is deceased." A recent arrival notes, "All the people I thought had died are alive and kicking in Palm Springs. Time sort of stands still here."

Actually, the average age of the Coachella Valley's 275,000 year-round residents is 35. And the city of Palm Springs is in the

midst of a major revival. What Art Deco did for Miami Beach in the 1980s, modernism is doing for Palm Springs today—attracting an affluent younger generation infatuated with its style and history, and making a faded resort fashionable once more.

Newcomers also come for the same reasons old-timers never leave: convenience—Palm Springs is a mere two hours by car from Los Angeles—and "the bliss of this climate," as artist and man-about-town Gant Gaither puts it. "Unlike Palm Beach, which is humid and sticky, it's cool at night, so the ladies can wear their chinchillas." Daytime temperatures run between 60 and 90 degrees from October to June, and it rains only 15 to 20 days a year.

But without question architecture is the key to the new Palm Springs. This curious place, where Hollywood stars hid out in hacienda-style hotels (Fatty Arbuckle at the Desert Inn, Greta Garbo at the Ingleside Inn, Charlie Chaplin at the La Quinta Hotel) and Republican presidents retired at exclusive golf clubs (Eisenhower at Eldorado, Ford at Thunderbird), was also a mecca for modernist architects, including the Los Angeles visionaries Rudolph Schindler and Richard Neutra. Starting in the 30s, such resident talents as Albert Frey, William Cody, Stewart Williams, and Donald Wexler designed everything from the Palm Springs City Hall to the high-school auditorium, the airport, shopping centers, hotels, motels, gas stations, and private residences.

"We have the largest concentration of mid-century modern architecture *anywhere,*" says Marc Sanders, the young real-estate investor who recently bought and restored Frank Sinatra's first house in Palm Springs, which was designed by Stewart Williams in 1947. "People are finally starting to recognize that and appreciate it." According to Tony Merchell, a board member of the Palm Springs Historic Site Preservation Foundation, there are at least 575 modern buildings and additions in the area (not including the 2,400 tract houses and condominiums built by contractors George and Bob Alexander in the 1950s and 60s).

"I have people waiting for houses to go on the market. They're waiting for people to die," says real-estate agent and former model Nelda Linsk. "There's a Neutra house in Rancho Mirage that these people are just champing at the bit for. We had a slow, slow market. It went downhill in 1989. And just this year it's come back in a big way. I mean, it's incredible now, the renewed interest in Palm Springs."

Douglas Smith, the proprietor of the Korakia Pensione—a restored 1920s villa where everyone from Donatella Versace to Chris O'Donnell to *New York Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. has stayed—agrees. "It was like a ghost town when I came in 1990. Every other shop was vacant. And the shop that was occupied was a T-shirt shop. Now I'm finding that up to three guests a month are buying houses out here." The most recent Korakia regular to turn into a Palm Springs homeowner is theater and film director Michael Lindsay-Hogg, who just closed on a $250,000 house in an Alexander subdivision called Vista Las Palmas.

Artist Ed Ruscha likes to sequester himself in a rugged cabin of his own design in the high desert 20 miles north of town. Gucci's Tom Ford spends his Palm Springs weekends at the L'Horizon Garden Hotel, which was designed in 1954 by William Cody, and originally owned by Jack Wrather and his actress wife, Bonita Granville, the producer of *Lassie.* Tatiana Von



What Art Deco did for Miami Beach in the 1980s, modernism is doing for Palm Springs today.



HAUTE MODERNISM

Richard Neutra's 1946 Kaufmann House, the architectural gem of Palm Springs, has been restored at an estimated cost of $4.5 million by financial executive Brent Harris and his wife, Beth, an architectural historian (at left with their children). Built for Pittsburgh retailer Edgar Kaufmann, for whom Frank Lloyd Wright designed Fallingwater, the restored house has been designated a Class I Historic Site.



LAS PALMAS ST

Wayne Boeck, teacher, and Go
Locksley, a private art de
from Minneapolis, in the living roo
Locksley's 1957 house in the posh
Palmas section of Palm Spri
The house was designed by A. Qu
Jones and still has its ori
Arthur Elrod d

rstenberg and Carolina Herrera Jr. drive out from Los Ange-
to stay at Two Bunch Palms, the laid-back spa in nearby
:sert Hot Springs. There are also more than 20 exclusively gay
esthouses in the Warm Sands district, most of them "clothing-
tional" and all of them booming. The decidedly more up-
ale Merv Griffin's Resort Hotel & Givenchy Spa—which was
: Gene Autry Hotel until it was transformed by Washington,
C., hotelier Rose Narva in 1995—attracts such luminaries as
ncy Reagan and John Travolta. This past April, *Los Angeles*
agazine proclaimed Palm Springs "so hot it's cool again."
is September, Rizzoli is publishing Adele Cygelman's compre-
nsive coffee-table book, *Palm Springs Modern.*

Many credit *GQ* creative director Jim Moore with kicking off
: comeback in 1993, when he bought a steel-framed, early-60s
onald Wexler house for under $100,000 in the run-down
rth end of town. That same year, Brent Harris, a Newport
ach financial executive, and his wife, Beth, an architectural
storian, bought from singer Barry Manilow for $1.2 million
iat is probably the greatest modernist masterpiece in Palm
rings—the Kaufmann House in the posh Las Palmas area. It
is built in 1946 by Richard Neutra for Edgar Kaufmann, the
ttsburgh department-store magnate who had commissioned
ank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater in 1936. The Harrises pro-
eded to spend the next five years and a rumored $4.5 million
storing it to its original, pristine beauty.

"It's not 'martini modern.' It doesn't have that swank quality.
s more Zen-like," Beth Harris explains. "Neutra had a theory
lled bionaturalism. He felt that a house should make you feel
ysically comfortable and serene." The Harrises went as far as to
ve a machine reconstructed in order to duplicate the original
eet-metal molding. They also had the Los Angeles firm of Mar-
ol and Radziner build an architecturally compatible pool house
an adjacent lot. That's where they have their dinner parties. As
ent Harris says, "It's a building we erected to view this building."

In 1994, Brad Dunning, the influential Los Angeles designer
ho is currently working on Tom Ford's Neutra house in Bel Air,
und a "generic modern" three-bedroom ranch in the Deepwell
ea for about $150,000. Others soon followed, including New
rk film director Doug Keeve and Los Angeles artist Jim Iser-
ann, who bought Wexler houses across the street from Jim
oore's, and metalware manufacturers Jim Gaudineer and Tony
idilla, who are restoring Albert Frey's 1946 Loewy House—next
the Kaufmann House—which was built for Raymond Loewy,
e man who designed the Coca-Cola bottle. Three years ago,
on Burkle, the billionaire supermarket tycoon and major Clin-
n fund-raiser, who owns 11 houses in Southern California, ac-
uired John Lautner's 1968 Elrod House—just down the hill from
e Hopes—which had been on the market for $1.8 million. This
ncrete-and-glass circular fantasy was commissioned by the late
rthur Elrod—*the* Palm Springs decorator of the 50s, 60s, and
)s, fond of blindingly bright color schemes—and appeared in the
mes Bond movie *Diamonds Are Forever.* Last year Seattle-based
tist Dale Chihuly and his wife, Leslie Jackson, paid $350,000
r the house architect Stewart Williams designed for himself in
54. Among its notable features is a 20-foot-long "tilt-up wall,"
ade by pouring concrete onto the desert floor, letting it harden,
nd then lifting it up, complete with whatever rocks and sand
ave stuck to it in the process.

"What attracted me to Palm Springs was the combination of
odern design and the desert," Brad Dunning says. "There is
mething very modern about the landscape itself. It's clean and
barren. Modernity really worked out here because of this harsh sunlight and these harsh shadows. You could also have floor-to-ceiling glass, because you don't have cold weather. It really was a great marriage of geography and design. And also, these were mainly second homes, so they could be more experimental, more flamboyant. So many houses out here have these tiny kitchens, and then they'll have a big wet bar. That tells you what the priorities were. I was thinking, Why did this all dry up? What did people come out here to do? They came out here to drink, lie in the sun, and fuck each other crazy. It was all about hedonism, and that became so unpopular. But if you look at a lot of the old pictures, people are just sloshed out of their brains—Sinatra and Dean Martin and all those guys. And they're baking in the sun."

"Palm Springs is the most boring place on the face of the earth," says Gordon Locksley, a private art dealer from Minneapolis who lives in Las Palmas in a 1957 house designed by Los Angeles architect A. Quincy Jones which he and his business partner, George Shea, have left as is with its original Arthur Elrod décor: plush white rugs, black glass bar, his-and-her poker and mah-jongg tables. "There is *nothing* to do except to live comfortably and to seek your own pleasure. Just imagine this: You're in a modernist house, it has complete privacy, it has a wonderful pool. You wake up at two in the morning. You're quite warm. The luxury is to get up, open the slider, walk into the garden, and dive into the pool, completely naked. Now, you tell me, is that a Hollywood dream or is it not?"

Or, as Korakia's Douglas Smith puts it, "There's this sort of weirdness and wackiness about Palm Springs that makes it all work."

Marilyn Monroe was discovered here. Elvis and Priscilla Presley honeymooned here. General Patton rehearsed World War II battles in the desert here. Patty Hearst, people say, recuperated from her kidnapping by the Symbionese Liberation Army at her uncle George Randolph Hearst's house here. Cesar Romero allegedly had an affair with Tyrone Power here. Jack Benny and "Amos and Andy" broadcast their radio shows from here. John and Maureen Dean, of Watergate fame, owned a condominium here. Darryl Strawberry detoxed at the Betty Ford Center here. Truman Capote fell in love with an air-conditioner repairman here. Liberace died here. Darryl Zanuck won a house from Joseph Schenck in a poker game here. Jolie Gabor, the mother of Magda, Zsa Zsa, and Eva, played bridge until she was over 100 here. West German chancellor Konrad Adenauer golfed with Dwight D. Eisenhower here. Busby Berkeley is buried here. Tammy Faye Bakker lives here. The U.S. Navy tests weapons at the Chocolate Mountains Aerial Gunnery Range here. Carol Channing is coping with her sensational divorce here. Ronald Reagan celebrated every New Year's Eve of his presidency here. Norman Mailer's 1955 novel, *The Deer Park,* was set here. He disguised Palm Springs as Desert D'Or.

In 1776, when the first Spanish explorer came upon a band of Cahuilla Indians living around the mineral springs in the palm oasis at the foot of Mount San Jacinto, he called them and the place Agua Caliente, "hot water." In 1884, the first white settler, Judge John Guthrie McCallum, a San Francisco lawyer who chose the area in hopes that its dry, hot climate would cure his son's tuberculosis, renamed the place Palm Valley. Three years later, the small Palm Springs Hotel opened, and that name stuck. Until



LANDED GENTRY

Former Ivory Coast ambassador Charles Price and his wife, Carol, of Kansas City outside their winter home at the Eldorado Country Club, with the Santa Rosa Mountains behind them; television-and-real-estate mogul Merv Griffin with his shar-pei in a 1971 Mercedes at his 240-acre estate in La Quinta, which has a private racetrack; Las Palmas at sundown.







TOTAL GLAMOUR

Barbara Sinatra, Frank's widow, *above,* unveils a sculpture by David Katz at the Barbara Sinatra Children's Center in Rancho Mirage. Founded by the Sinatras in 1986, the center helps sexually, physically, and emotionally abused children, as well as pregnant teenagers. *Below,* recently retired Los Angeles couturier James Galanos in his new house in Las Palmas.



COCKTAIL MIX

Clockwise from right: novelist Sidney Sheldon at home in Las Palmas; Angela Pond, with friend Roni Woolf, behind the wheel of one of the 106 cars her grandfather Bob Pond keeps at his ranch; oilman Bobby French and his wife, Marcia, in their Steve Chase–decorated home at Eldorado; filmmaker Doug Keeve in his Wexler house; artist Ed Ruscha and his son, Ed Ruscha V, at their high-desert hideaway; peninsular bighorn sheep in the Living Desert nature park.

"It's not 'martini modern.' It's more Zen-like," says Kaufmann House owner Beth Harris.



GOLDEN OLDIE

The chairs in the dining room of Brent and Beth Harris's fully restored Kaufmann House are by Charles Eames, and the rug is a Raymond Loewy picnic-blanket design. The dining room looks out through a glass wall onto a courtyard.

15, when Nellie Coffman, the daughter of a Santa Monica hotel ner, turned a small sanatorium into the Desert Inn, Palm rings was almost exclusively visited by sufferers of tuberculosis, hma, arthritis, and allergies.

Coffman was determined to make the tiny hamlet "attractive attractive people." By the mid-20s she had transformed her iginal cluster of tent houses into a first-class hotel with 100 oms and bungalows, 35 acres of gardens, and Palm Springs' st swimming pool. In 1925, Judge McCallum's daughter, Pearl cManus, opened the Oasis Hotel one block south of the Desert n on the main street, Palm Canyon Drive. Designed by Lloyd right, the eldest son of Frank Lloyd Wright, it was Palm rings' first modernist building, with a round room on the top or which is still called the Loretta Young Room, because the en teenage starlet was a regular guest. A year later, the La uinta Hotel was built 22 miles away, a white adobe hideaway t amid the date-palm groves west of Indio. On New Year's Eve 28, Prescott T. Stevens, a cattleman from Colorado, inaugu-ted the luxurious El Mirador Hotel on Indian Avenue north of wn, featuring a fleet of bellboys, a doorman in a general's uni-rm, and a garage equipped with eight rooms for the chauf-rs of the moguls and movie stars who flocked to the hotel on inter weekends: Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Paulette oddard, Claudette Colbert, John Wayne, Gary Cooper. "They l stayed at El Mirador," musician Bobby Milano recalls. "Ed-e Cantor started the bicycle thing. You'd see Rudy Vallee rid-g up and down Palm Canyon. It became a fad."

One day in 1932, as the story goes, actors Charles Farrell and alph Bellamy were bounced off El Mirador's only tennis court ecause Marlene Dietrich wanted to play. Two years later they ok their revenge and opened the Racquet Club, with *two* urts, on 200 acres of land a few blocks north of El Mirador. It ecame so popular with the Hollywood crowd that in short or-er it grew to include 12 courts, a swimming pool, locker rooms, canteen, bungalows, and the Bamboo Bar, where four places at ne end were permanently reserved with brass nameplates for lark Gable, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, and Farrell. Gable arried Carole Lombard at the Racquet Club, and Powell's wife, lousie, staged fashion shows around the pool. Rita Hayworth, lickey Rooney, and Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were regulars. The Racquet Club was really the beginning of Palm Springs," ys Kirk Douglas. "The first time someone took me there, I as just a kid, fresh from Broadway. I looked around and—my od!—there was Errol Flynn. Wow! Humphrey Bogart. My jaw ropped. James Cagney. Spencer Tracy with Katharine Hep-urn. All these big movie stars, and I felt so out of it."

The 1930s was the decade when Palm Springs really started to ving. The first private golf course, nine holes and adjacent to the esert Inn, had been built by Tom O'Donnell, a Long Beach oil-an. Samuel Untermyer, a New York attorney whose clients in-uded Rockefellers and Hearsts, was the first nationally known illionaire to build a house in the town, and his first houseguest, 1933, was Albert Einstein. Clara Bow and Harold Lloyd were mong the first movie stars to build their own houses. The first ightclub, the Chi Chi, opened on North Palm Canyon Drive in 938. It was soon followed by the Ranch Club, nicknamed the link and Manure Club, where the movie stars and socialites who ayed at El Mirador and the Desert Inn mingled at barbecues and ances with the cowboys who worked at the fashionable new dude anches outside of town: Deepwell, Smoke Tree, and the B-Bar-H. leanwhile, in Cathedral City, three illegal but glamorous gam-bling clubs—the Dunes, the 139, and the Cove—were all the rage.

In 1938, Palm Springs was incorporated as a city, with a population of 5,336. That same year, the first shopping center in Southern California, La Plaza, opened on South Palm Canyon Drive one block south of the Desert Inn. It was commissioned by Julia Carnell, a frequent Desert Inn guest, who imported architect Harry Williams—the father of Stewart Williams—from Dayton, Ohio, where he had designed several factories for her husband's National Cash Register Company. Stewart Williams, now 90, says, "It was Mediterranean-style, but it was made of reinforced-concrete block, and it really set the standard for Palm Springs, which was just a little village that had grown like Topsy along the highway. The first architect here was John Porter Clark. Albert Frey came out and joined him. My dad came back in 1941, and my brother and I came in 1946. We opened a small office and called it Williams, Williams & Williams. And they had Clark & Frey. We were the only two firms in Palm Springs."

Before immigrating to America, the Swiss-born Albert Frey had assisted Le Corbusier on his 1929 Villa Savoye, outside Paris. More than any other architect, Frey is identified with Palm Springs modernism. He arrived in 1934 and died in November 1998 at age 95 in his Frey House II, an aluminum-glass-and-cinder-block box built around a boulder and perched on the side of Mount San Jacinto. Frey's first project was a real-estate sales office on North Palm Canyon Drive, and its impact was significant, because it was one of the first buildings people saw as they drove into town. In 1937, Richard Neutra, the Austrian-born disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright who had settled in Los Angeles in 1925, built his first house in Palm Springs, for Grace Lewis Miller, the wealthy widow of a St. Louis surgeon, and it also had a great influence on the future of local architecture.

Frey built eight more projects, including the San Jacinto Hotel and the Cathedral City Elementary School, before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 brought an abrupt stop to construction in the desert resort. During the war, the U.S. Army converted the El Mirador into the Torney General Hospital, which treated more than 19,000 servicemen in four years, and constructed a large airfield east of the city, which would become the Palm Springs International Airport. "Before the war we grew very slowly," says Frank Bogert. "But there were an awful lot of people who came down to visit soldiers in the hospital. And they discovered Palm Springs. So after the war there was a surge of new people."

"I was working on a Sunday," Stewart Williams recalls, "and Frank Sinatra just walked in the door. He had a little white sailor hat on, and he had an ice-cream cone in his hand. He said, 'I want to build a house. My only requirement is I want to be in by Christmas.' This was May, so that was quite a requirement. We had a contractor who put three shifts a day in and worked 24 hours around the clock, and got it done."

It was 1947, and Sinatra, then 31, had visited Palm Springs for the first time the year before with his wife, Nancy, and their children, Nancy junior and Frank junior. He fell in love with the place immediately, and for the next 50 years considered it his real home. The low-slung, redwood-clad four-bedroom house Stewart Williams built for him on Alejo Road was so far out in the desert to the east of the Movie Colony that Sinatra illuminated a pair of palms in the front yard at night so that his friends could spot it from a distance. The house is called Twin Palms,

and its other most famous feature is the piano-shaped pool. "It's just a rectangle with a curve on it," says Williams. "I didn't think of a piano."

The postwar boom was on. Charlie Farrell was elected mayor in 1948, and soon after began co-starring with Gale Storm in the popular TV series *My Little Margie*. Farrell had Frey design several new bungalows, and the stars and starlets poured in—Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney, Marilyn Monroe, Donna Reed, Tony Curtis, Mickey Rooney. El Mirador reopened in 1952, and the Chi Chi expanded, offering such headliners as Sophie Tucker, Nat King Cole, Peggy Lee, and Lena Horne. New hotels multiplied: the Riviera had the town's first convention center; the Spa Hotel was erected over the original hot springs in the center of town, on land leased for 99 years from the Agua Caliente Indians.

Producer William Frye, who started coming to Palm Springs in 1947, recalls what it was like in those days: "I stayed at Deepwell Ranch. It was tremendous—hundreds of acres. That's where I met Loretta Young. All the stars loved it down there—Roz Russell, Howard Hughes, Robert Taylor with Barbara Stanwyck when they were married. They had horses. No golf. And little cottages—you didn't own them, you just rented them. And you all ate in a family room. Not fancy—you went through the kitchen to get your food. After breakfast, we usually went on rides, way up into the canyons. They'd bring up a chuck wagon. We'd sit by the falls—that's where they shot *Lost Horizon*—and have a wonderful lunch. We wouldn't get back until four in the afternoon. Then we'd go for a swim in the pool. It was not luxury, but it was comfort. You know, wonderful old beamed rooms with fireplaces. We'd have dinner and then sit around the piano. Hoagy Carmichael would sing. And we'd go to bed early. Saturday and Sunday nights, we went to the Racquet Club. That was *the* place."

As time went on, more and more stars built houses of their own, in the Movie Colony, around the Racquet Club, and in Las Palmas, which, because its walled properties were nestled in the shadow of Mount San Jacinto on the west side of Palm Canyon Drive, offered the most privacy. On one street alone there, Via Lola, homeowners included Jack and Ann Warner, Moss Hart and Kitty Carlisle, Kirk and Anne Douglas, and Winthrop and Jeannette Rockefeller. Dean Martin, Lew and Edie Wasserman, songwriter Sammy Cahn, and gossip columnist Rona Barrett all lived within three blocks, and novelist Harold Robbins lived around the corner. Mary Martin was on Camino Norte, Claudette Colbert was on Camino Mirasol, and Jack and Mary Benny were on Vista Chino. Liberace's house on Belardo Road had a candelabra over the front door.

The Smoke Tree Ranch was one of the first residential enclaves in Palm Springs to be set up as a private club. Extremely understated and exclusive—some say restricted—it attracted mainly "old families from Washington, Oregon, and California, plus a lot of Chicago people," according to one local observer. The only Hollywood name there was Walt Disney. All houses have to be built and landscaped in a western, desert style to maintain the ranch-like atmosphere. Addresses are designated by numbers painted on whitewashed rocks which lie flat on the ground. No working





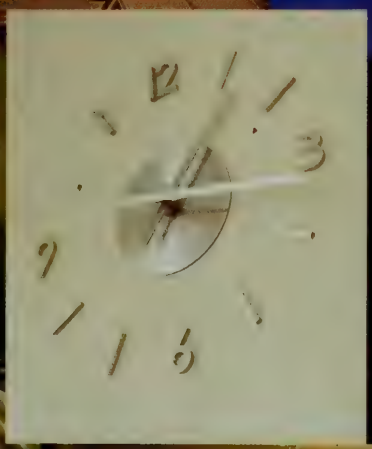
THE OLD GUARD

From top: **Eunice Johnson, producer of the *Ebony* Fashion Fair and wife of *Ebony*-magazine owner John Johnson, at the entrance of their house on Southridge Drive; retired Hollywood producers William Frye and James Wharton in their home at the Ironwood Country Club in Palm Desert; Kirk and Anne Douglas at home in Las Palmas.**









ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Clockwise from top left: artist Gant Gaither with his pug in the living room of his 1970s ranch house near the Movie Colony; Bechtel heiress Megan Johnstone at the Palm Springs Classic Horse Show at the HITS Desert Horse Park in Indio; art collectors Cargill and Donna MacMillan in their living room at the Vintage Club, with glass sculptures by Dale Chihuly; singer Keely Smith in the Palm Springs house she shares with musician Bobby Milano; George Montgomery, actor and artist, at an exhibition of his work at the Palm Springs Desert Museum; a Neutra kitchen clock in the Kaufmann House.





press is viewed at the Smoke Tree Inn, and outsiders must have their first-time reservation made by a resident, or colonist, as they are called. "Houses never go on the market," Nelda Linsk says. "They're handed down." When the communal ranch house was destroyed in a fire in 1991, it was reconstructed exactly as it was when it was built in the 1930s. At dinner, colonists still get their food in the kitchen and eat at communal tables. Former White House chief of protocol Joseph Verner Reed, who frequents Palm Springs, says, "Smoke Tree is the Hobe Sound of the West."

The opening of the Thunderbird Country Club in 1951 and the Tamarisk Country Club a year later set the course of development in the Coachella Valley for the rest of the century. They became the models for the more than 50 gated, private clubs with houses built around golf courses which now blanket Rancho Mirage, Palm Desert, Indian Wells, and La Quinta. By the 1980s, Down Valley, as these newer cities are collectively known, had eclipsed old Palm Springs in population, wealth, and glamour.

Frank Bogert recalls the founding of the first two country clubs: "I built Thunderbird as a dude ranch right after the war, and then we turned it into a golf club. What happened was I went traveling all over the country to promote my dude ranch, and every place I'd go people would say, 'I love Palm Springs, but you don't have an 18-hole golf course.' I came back determined to build one. I got ahold of Johnny Dawson, who was the No. 1 amateur in the United States, and we bought 80 acres adjoining my 750 acres. We had 20 people put up $5,000 each. I got a loan from Franklin Life for $300,000. Then I got a good friend of mine to put in $400,000 worth of pipes, and he said, 'You can pay me whenever you can.' We were the first golf course to put houses around the fairways. I was having a hard time selling the lots, but when Hope and Crosby bought, everybody came. Desi and Lucy built a house. Leonard Firestone built a house. And Phil Harris was also one of the first houses there.

"What happened with Tamarisk is, I had about 19 Jewish people who wanted to get in Thunderbird. And I had invited them all and had them all set to get in. And then we had a meeting. One of the guys who'd put up $5,000, and who was Jewish, got up and said everything that anybody could say bad about the Jewish people. So with that, the rest said, 'Well, hell, if a Jew doesn't want them in here, let's not have any.' I had to write letters to all these people who were real good friends of mine—most of them—saying, 'You have failed to pass the membership committee.' And that group went over and built Tamarisk. Their first president was a non-Jewish guy, but the rest of them were all Jewish. They got the best greenskeeper in the country. They built the best clubhouse. And Ben Hogan was their pro for a while. They had the best club by far in town. Sinatra bought five lots and put in a house."

Both Thunderbird and Tamarisk had architect William Cody design sleek, modern clubhouses, and Richard Neutra was commissioned by Minneapolis art collectors Samuel and Luella Maslon to build a large house on their Tamarisk lot. Luella Maslon, now 93, is still living in the house, which is one of the modernist gems of the area, remarkable for such details as a built-in soda fountain in the kitchen and luggage closets for houseguests. Other well-known Tamarisk residents have included Red Skelton, producer Hal Wallis, and billionaire Marvin Davis and his wife, Barbara. But the dominant figure was always Frank Sinatra, who bought a two-bedroom house on the 17th fairway in 1957, shortly after his divorce from his second wife, Ava Gardner.

With Dean Martin and Sammy Cahn already ensconced in Las Palmas, Palm Springs' Rat Pack period began. Sinatra's cronies Sammy Davis Jr., comedian Pat Henry, and restaurateur Jilly Rizzo bought three houses in a row, around the corner from his. "Pat Henry's house was in the middle," recalls singer Keely Smith, who started coming to Palm Springs with Louis Prima in the 50s. "And one time when he went away it was robbed. He'd always say, 'I knew I shouldn't have told two one-eyed guys to keep an eye on the house.'"

"We'd all come down on September 28, when Ruby's Dun opened for the season," says Anne Douglas. "It was the meeting place. They had homemade matzo-ball soup. Frank loved it there. For some reason, he wouldn't go to the Racquet Club. Basically, he wanted to have everybody over to his house every night. Somebody always called and said, 'You want to eat Frank's cooking spaghetti tonight.' You just went for the meal. The projection room was added later on—then it became the meal and a movie."

Over the years, Sinatra turned his two-and-a-half-acre property into a walled compound, with nine guest bedrooms, two pools, a tennis court, and a helipad. The last was installed in the expectation that Sinatra's new best friend, President John F. Kennedy, would use the compound as his West Coast White House. Instead, at the insistence of Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, who was concerned about Sinatra's Mafia connections, the president stayed at Bing Crosby's house in Thunderbird.

Sinatra was so incensed that he became a Republican, and even went as far as to put up Spiro Agnew after he resigned from the vice-presidency in disgrace. There was never a shortage of houseguests. Everyone from Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton to Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco came to stay at the compound. After 1976, when Sinatra married his fourth wife, Barbara, the ex-wife of Zeppo Marx, who also had a house in Tamarisk, he became even more social. Rose Nard says she will never forget her first invitation to the Sinatras', for Easter lunch in 1991. "Seated around the table were Gregory and Veronique Peck, Roger and Louisa Moore, R. J. Wagner, Jill St. John, and Altovise Davis. There was an empty seat next to me, and then this man sat down, put his hand out to me, and said, 'Clint. Clint Eastwood.' I said, 'I know. I know.'"

Many were shocked when the Sinatra compound was put on the market in 1995, three years before his death. It was bought by Canadian businessman Jim Pattison for $4.9 million and is reportedly on the market again. "There was always excitement when Frank was in town," says Connie Stevens, who owns a house in Palm Desert and starred in the 1963 movie *Palm Springs Weekend*. "There was an electric charge. You could feel him. And I truly believe that when someone is really strong, and they really loved a place, after they've gone, they hover."

Barbara Sinatra now rents a house in Thunderbird Heights overlooking the Thunderbird Country Club. Every February she chairs the Frank Sinatra Celebrity Invitational Golf Tournament to raise money for the Barbara Sinatra Children's Center, which she and Frank founded in 1986 to treat abused children and which is located next to the Betty Ford Center on the Eisenhower Medical Center campus in Rancho Mirage. This year, looking glamorous in a black pantsuit and white shirt set off with a big diamond cross, she listened as the president of the children's center, William Osterman, welcomed guests to a midda

Norman Mailer's 1955 novel, *The Deer Park*, was set here. He disguised Palm Springs as Desert D'Or.



EARTH OF STONE

ector Michael Landau-Hagg
h companion Lisa Tickner
he late-1950s house he just
ught in the subdivision of
Las Palmas

tect. "We've got Mr. S up there handling the situation for us," he said, and the crowd applauded. "He's up there, and Barbara's down here."

"My father got in a helicopter with Bob McCulloch, and they flew all around these canyons here to pick the most beautiful spot to locate this club. And they had everything to select from in those days—they could have bought any of this land. So that's how Eldorado was started." Carol Price, the wife of Charles Price, who was Ronald Reagan's ambassador to Belgium and Great Britain, is having lunch in the clubhouse of the Eldorado Country Club in Indian Wells. From its founding in 1957 by a group including her father, W. Clarke Swanson of the Omaha frozen-foods Swansons, and Bob McCulloch, a Los Angeles businessman, Eldorado has been the most exclusive and prestigious country club in the Coachella Valley. Last year, members whisper, President Clinton's request to jog on the grounds was turned down. "We have Ford as a member. We have Bush. We have Reagan. That's plenty of presidents for us," one member snaps.

The stunning, brick-and-glass gatehouse and the clubhouse were designed by William Cody, and many of the original members came here from Smoke Tree and Thunderbird. They were a mix of old money from Texas and California (the Moncrieffs, the Frenches, the Dohenys, the Kecks), conservative Hollywood (Randolph Scott, Jimmy Stewart, Greer Garson), and the Los Angeles tycoons who would form Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet (Holmes Tuttle, Justin Dart, Earle Jorgensen). "It was awfully cliquish," says William Frye, who used to stay at Eldorado with Rosalind Russell and Frederick Brisson. "You didn't see lots of people."

A key founding member was Freeman Gosden, who played Amos on the *Amos and Andy* radio show and was a close confidant of President Eisenhower's. The president first came to Palm Springs for a week in 1954. He stayed at Smoke Tree at the house of Paul Helms, the Los Angeles bakery tycoon, and played golf with Ben Hogan at Tamarisk and with John Dawson at Thunderbird. The resulting coverage made Palm Springs world-famous for the first time. Eisenhower made many return visits to Palm Springs, and when he left the White House in 1961, he was given lifetime use of a house facing the fairway of the 11th hole at Eldorado. He became so identified with Eldorado that the mountain overlooking the club came to be called Mount Eisenhower.

"When you played golf with General Eisenhower, no one ever spoke," recalls Lee Annenberg, sitting in the 6,400-square-foot living room at Sunnylands, the Annenbergs' 250-acre estate in Rancho Mirage, which has its own nine-hole golf course. Her mint-green Escada jacket almost matches the celadon walls on which hang more than 30 masterpieces by van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne, Seurat, Monet, Renoir, Degas, Matisse, and Picasso. "There was this silence. He was very serious about his golf. And he always wanted to be called 'General,' and we all became very good friends. He was a chef. He loved to cook steaks, and he would put on an apron and a high, tall chef hat and do delicious barbecued steaks. They had their friends at the club—the Darts and the Gosdens and the Tuttles. The Firestones. It was like a big, happy group. They had us over from time to time, and they came here from time to time. He came here for golfing and fishing. We had the lake stocked with fish, and as he got older and it was harder for him to play golf, he would come over here and fish."

Sunnylands was designed by A. Quincy Jones, a second-generation Los Angeles modernist who later became the dean of the School of Architecture at the University of Southern California. All of the furniture was designed by Billy Haines and Ted Graber, the Hollywood interior decorators known for their sleek, comfortable style. The house was completed in 1966. "When we had our first meeting, the only thing I said was 'I have a feeling I'd like a Mayan roof,'" Lee Annenberg says. "And today it's become a well-known home. It was declared a national historical site, because during the Bush administration the White House gave a dinner here for Prime Minister Kaifu of Japan."

In fact, since the Annenbergs opened Sunnylands, every occupant of the White House except Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter has come to call. "Even Hillary Clinton's been here," says Lee Annenberg. "President Clinton came to see the art, but he didn't stay overnight. President Bush has been here lots of times. And President Reagan, of course, all the time. President Ford. President Nixon. Ike.... I pinch myself to believe that I am living in this house and have led the wonderful life I've had. I mean, Prince Charles has been here twice. Prince Andrew has been here twice. The Queen and Prince Philip have been here. We've had a lot of interesting people in and out of this house." Pointing to the loggia outside, she says, "Right over there, at that table, President Nixon told me he had asked Walter to be his ambassador to the Court of St. James's."

Walter Annenberg served as ambassador to Great Britain from 1969 to 1974. During that period, Lee Annenberg says, "we hardly came here at all. And the pictures only came when we left London." The Annenbergs now divide the year between Philadelphia's Main Line and Rancho Mirage. Every year, at the end of April, the paintings at Sunnylands are packed and sent by private plane to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where they hang until the middle of November, when they are packed and flown back out to the desert.

"Some say the official social season closes when the Annenbergs leave on May 1," remarks Merv Griffin, who spends winter weekends at his 240-acre horse farm in La Quinta. Or, as Dolores Hope puts it, "Any place the Annenbergs go, they make a big difference." Since they arrived in Palm Springs, the Annenbergs have helped to found and fund the Eisenhower Medical Center, the Palm Springs Desert Museum and the McCallum Theatre in Palm Desert. And when Ronald and Nancy Reagan were in the White House, Sunnylands was *the* place to be on New Year's Eve.

"We had nine tables, and Tony Rose's Orchestra, and, boy, did we really have fun," says Lee Annenberg. "Bob and Dolores would entertain. Dinah Shore entertained. *Everybody* entertained.... Frank and Barbara came here for a while, but Sinatra did not like to entertain at friends' houses. In all the years I knew him, only once did he ever sing here, when we were only about 12 and most of the people were *his* houseguests."

This year's New Year's Eve party, which I attended, was a much more subdued affair. The guest list was down to four tables, mostly what's left of the core Reagan circle—Betsy Bloomingdale, Charles and Mary Jane Wick, Armand and Harriet Deutsch, Charles and Carol Price, former ambassador to the Vatican William Wilson, Earle Jorgensen, who is 100, and his wife, Marion—plus Kirk and Anne Douglas and Sidney and Alexandra Sheldon. After dinner, Lee Annenberg made a toast: "I'd like you all to think for a moment of our beloved Ronnie and Nancy, who can't be here tonight, and of all the other friends who aren't here anymore." It was all over at 10 minutes past midnight. As guests lined up to say good night, Walter Annenberg, 91, told each one, "I hope you get everything you deserve and more."

All through the 70s and 80s, Down Valley boomed. In 1978, after leaving the White House, Gerald and Betty Ford built a house in Thunderbird next door to Leonard Firestone, who had been Ford's ambassador to Belgium. The former president says, "We looked at Florida. We looked at Pebble Beach. But they were damp, windy. And Mrs. Ford had arthritis." Betty Ford adds, "There were a lot of golf courses here, too." In 1982, with Firestone's help, the former First Lady opened the Betty Ford Center for the treatment of alcoholism and drug abuse on nearby Bob Hope Drive. Although the Fords also have a house in Vail, Colorado, they spend the larger part of the year in Rancho Mirage, and Betty Ford spends time almost every day at her center.

In 1979, the Vintage Club opened next to

lorado. It was allegedly the most expensive
b at the time—lots started at $330,000—
l the first one with two 18-hole golf courses.
rmer Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca, Ger-
n art collector Gunther Sachs, former
ılfstream Aerospace chairman Allen Paul-
ı, grain exporter Cargill MacMillan and
wife, Donna, the Nordstrom retailing
ıily of Seattle, and Microsoft chairman
l Gates's father are among those who
n property.

But as El Paseo in Palm Desert evolved
› the Rodeo Drive of the Coachella Valley
l the per capita net worth in Indian Wells
ıred until it was reputedly the highest in
nation, old Palm Springs withered. The
:sert Inn was long gone, replaced by a
›pping center. El Mirador had been torn
wn in 1973 to make way for the Desert
›spital. The Racquet Club had changed
nership several times, before falling into
hands of Larry Lawrence, the owner of
Hotel del Coronado in San Diego, who
ıny years later would become posthu-
›usly infamous for faking a war record,
ıich led to his being disinterred from Ar-
gton National Cemetery.

"Larry Lawrence destroyed the Racquet
ub," declares Gloria Greer, whose "Stars
the Desert" gossip column ran for years
the *Riverside Press-Enterprise* and is now
evised on the local NBC affiliate. "After
bought it, he said, 'We must honor
arlie Farrell for being the man who made
lm Springs.' Within less than a year,
ıarlie Farrell was not welcome at the Rac-
et Club. Then he said he had to open it
the public because the members were so
eap that they weren't tipping properly. It
ıs almost like he set out to destroy it."

Meanwhile, Palm Springs was getting a rep-
ıtion for hordes of unruly students pouring
during spring break. Frank Bogert says that
kept the problem under control during his
st stretch as mayor, from 1958 to 1966, but
the time he became mayor again, in 1982,
was like Dante's Inferno. Tahquitz Canyon
ıs full of kids camping out and shacking
› with each other. They'd have 40 people
one room. We made a rule that you could
ly have two people in a room. And finally
e got the idea of closing Palm Canyon
rive off altogether and having entertainment
› and down the street." In 1988, Bogert was
cceeded by singer Sonny Bono, who in
84 bought a house in the La Mesa section,
ar Herman Wouk and Suzanne Somers,
d opened a restaurant in the middle of
vn. His widow, Congresswoman Mary Bono,
calls, "What Sonny did as mayor was bring
tention to the need for special events. The
m festival he started gets bigger and better
ery year. Sonny likened it to Cannes. And
w that we have a casino at the Spa Hotel,
ere are some who envision Palm Springs as
ing the Monte Carlo of California."

Today, from Las Palmas to La Quinta, the whole Coachella Valley seems richer than ever. In the winter season, more private jets land at the Palm Springs airport on any given day than commercial flights, and the airport at Thermal, out near Indio, has been improved to accommodate G Vs and Citations. Last year Samuel Untermyer's mansion overlooking old Palm Springs opened as the Willows, a luxurious eight-room inn where for $425 a night you can sleep in the room where Albert Einstein often stayed. Across the street, the lunch crowd in the garden of Le Vallauris, the town's best French restaurant, ranges from Dale Chihuly to James Galanos, the Los Angeles couturier, who recently bought a house in Las Palmas. And the modernist cult just keeps growing. "You can still buy a flat-roofed 60s house with sliding glass doors to the pool for $120,000," says New York art dealer John Cheim, who stayed in the Three Stooges Bungalow at the Estrella Inn on his first visit, last winter. "I'm going out there again to look for a house. You know, sell a painting, buy a house." It would take several paintings to buy Laurence Harvey's 1969 Villa Serena in Las Palmas for $1.85 million, or a William Cody–designed ranch in the Movie Colony that recently sold for just under $1 million.

According to real-estate sources, a large percentage of the buyers in Palm Springs are single men and women, and affluent gays are very much part of the mix that makes people say this is becoming the South Beach of the West Coast. Every spring the Nabisco Dinah Shore ladies' golf tournament attracts thousands of lesbians and the White Party brings in close to 10,000 homosexual men. The big event Down Valley is the Palm Springs Classic Horse Show at the HITS Desert Horse Park in Indio, where for six weeks in January, February, and March the likes of Charles and Kim Bronson, TV personalities Kelsey Grammer and Melissa Rivers, Bechtel heiress Megan Johnstone, Playtex heiress Vanessa Haas, and Suzanne Saperstein, the wife of Houston news-helicopter entrepreneur David Saperstein, set up tents with antique furnishings and sodded front lawns.

"If you're gay, you want to be in Palm Springs," says Gordon Locksley. "In order to live Down Valley, you have to be retired, heterosexual, have two children and three grandchildren—and it must be at a golf club." But not all the big money pouring into the country clubs is in the hands of retirees. Microsoft chairman Bill Gates is building a house in the Reserve, one of the newest clubs in Palm Desert, where some 30 charter members are said to have invested more than $90 million. At Eldorado, the talk of the club is the neoclassical villa built on three lots by Montana mining tycoon Dennis Washington and his wife, Phyllis. There are "gold," "silver," and "copper" guest rooms, and Phyllis Washington had so many surplus antiques and *objets d'art* that she opened a well-stocked shop on El Paseo in February. Meanwhile, in Rancho Mirage, retired timber baron Tim Blixseth and his wife, Edra, are constructing a new house with the area's first private 18-hole golf course. In Palm Springs itself, one of the most sought-after invitations is to Ponderosë, the 12-acre ranch of Bob and Jo Pond, which has six enormous garages for his collection of 106 cars ranging from Pierce-Arrows to Thunderbirds. In 1996, Pond, a commercial floor-cleaning magnate from Minnesota, built the Palm Springs Air Museum, to which he donated his collection of World War I and II aircraft.

There are even some new old stars in town. "Palm Springs is now my personal little haven," says Loretta Young, 86, who bought a house in the Deepwell area five years ago. "You can do whatever you want to do, if you want to do it. Or you don't have to do it if you don't want to do it. And they really don't squash you the way they do in Beverly Hills." Her friend Jane Wyman, 85, moved to Rancho Mirage three years ago. On Saturdays they go to 4:30 Mass at St. Louis Catholic Church in a working-class Mexican section of Cathedral City. The church was built in the 1960s with funds raised largely by Dolly Sinatra, the mother of Frank. "This poor church was just falling apart at the seams," says Wyman. "Loretta said, 'I'm going to put a new altar in.' And I said, 'Well, I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to carpet this place, or we're going to get killed.' Because it was all shredded and everything. So she put in an altar, with a wonderful crucifix, lit from behind. And I put all the carpets in. It looks like a whole new church. Then we had other little things that we had to do, such as the sound system."

"Palm Springs would be nothing if it was just out in a flat plain like Texas," says Stewart Williams. "As far as I'm concerned, the mountains make Palm Springs. They've been here a hell of a long time, and it keeps reminding you that you're not very much in the scheme of things. Here I am, 90 years old. You know, all these things that I've done, they're not really very important. You can add that to your story. You can also add that I'm the last of the Mohicans. All the rest of them are gone. Every one of the guys that lived here and did all this work is gone now."

Two months before Albert Frey died, he was asked in an interview for *The New York Times* if he thought his house had withstood the test of time. He answered. "It is forever young." □

[illegible] dollars on jewelry abroad despite the poverty of the Jordanian economy, that she was secretly a tool of the C.I.A., that her children were on drugs, even that the queen—a towering blonde who has Arab blood on her father's side but whose mother is Swedish—was really Jewish, the ultimate insult in the Arab world. During King Hussein's cancer treatments, Princess Sarvath was also perceived as behaving as if her husband's succession were a *fait accompli*. She was even accused of redecorating the king's offices. "Very tacky," says one Jordanian official. "Both of them acted as if the king was going to die—and as if they didn't care."

But even from Minnesota the king was paying close attention, and in his final letter to Prince Hassan he made his bitterness explicit: "My small family was hurt by slander and falsehoods and I refer here to my wife and children. . . . I attributed it to the tendency towards rivalry among those who pretend to be faithful to you." King Hussein was also angry about Prince Hassan's longstanding refusal to promise that, if he became king, he would name Prince Hamzah as crown prince: "You were completely opposed to this until the time you would have assumed the throne and decided who would have been your successor."

So when the king finally chose the presumably more compliant Abdullah (in accordance with the Jordanian constitution, which names the eldest son as the monarch's heir), many observers perceived Queen Noor as having lost a high-stakes power struggle. "If there was a battle between Noor and Hassan, neither of them won," one Jordanian commented to me. "The unexpected happened: Abdullah came up like a jack-in-the-box. He was somebody no one ever speculated about."

Friends report that Prince Hassan, while resigned to his fate, is both grief-stricken and bitter, feeling unjustly accused. Although palace sources acknowledge that there was indisputably a "propaganda campaign" against Queen Noor, she herself will not say anything negative about Prince Hassan or her sister-in-law. "We're family," she says evenly, as if that covered everything.

The same goes for her various stepchildren. Palace insiders recall that, despite the queen's efforts to include them in family gatherings, she was often rebuffed by her stepchildren, many of whom didn't like her. But the queen refuses to admit to any such problems. How is her relationship with Abdullah, her new king? "It's very close," she says. "We've spent 21 years as members of one family. I've watched him grow and develop. These days we talk a lot. The one thing I desperately want to ensure is that he is never burdened or pressured by me in any way."

Most Jordanians still believe that if the king had had more time he would have effected the necessary changes in the Jordanian constitution to make Prince Hamzah his heir. But Queen Noor insists that the rumors about her cutthroat behind-the-scenes campaign are ridiculous. "The only indication I ever gave to my husband of what I thought the succession would be is what he thought was right—and that I would support whomever he chose, whatever their feelings about me," she says. "My husband made his feelings about our son very clear on his own; it didn't need to be encouraged or promoted by me. The irony is that I urged my husband to give Hamzah a chance to complete his education, and to have some time free of the inevitable pressures that would have been the result of his having institutionalized him in a position. I never once in our entire marriage suggested it." She pauses. "No one will believe this," she adds resignedly.

As for how things turned out, she takes a determinedly Panglossian view. "My husband had the most amazing instincts," she says. "I just knew that whatever decision he made would be the right one, and whatever was best for the country was what was needed. Whenever this subject reared its head, I counseled his children, my children, his nephews and cousins to simply have faith; it would be as God willed."

The queen's public posture is always thus: that the king was the most extraordinary of men, and that his wisdom was so exceptional he was virtually always correct. "I was so lucky to love and be loved by him, and that never dies," she says softly. "His photograph is beside my bed, and it makes me smile. I start my days talking to him; I end my days talking to him. His spirit is still guiding me." She isn't certain what she thinks about an afterlife, but she has a strong sense of the king's presence: "My feeling is that my husband's spirit is an enduring one, and that is an enormous comfort."

Now that he is gone, many foreigners seem to assume that Queen Noor will adopt a more international lifestyle. She is rich, beautiful, and relatively young; she moves easily between East and West; and one can readily envision her new life as a mixture of good works and jet-set glamour. Before the king died, she had already taken on Princess Diana's role as patron of the Landmine Survivors Network, a Washington-based group dedicated to the eradication of landmines and to the aid of their many victims around the world. The extent of the queen's financial resources is somewhat mysterious; notably resource-poor, Jordan is not a rich country, but the king was believed to have amassed a substantial personal fortune. "How rich was he? Nobody knows," one member of a rich Jordanian clan says dryly.

Although the queen can surely live however she pleases, she seems startled that anyone would even consider that she might distance herself from Jordan. "This is my home; this is my family," she says firmly. She refers constantly to "my work," and has no intention of cutting back on her commitment to public service. She sees her purpose in life as carrying on her husband's legacy, and King Abdullah has already named her head of the new King Hussein Foundation, which will support Jordanian development and peace-related efforts in the Middle East. And on a personal level, she honors her husband by trying to emulate his humanity.

"The word 'role model' isn't adequate here," she says. "One of the things that has not been well understood about my husband was the importance of his religious faith. As a Hashemite, as a descendant of the prophet Muhammad, he felt a huge burden of responsibility to be exemplary in his life and his relations, and it was one of the critical lenses through which he looked at everything he did. He never lost his faith in humanity; he never put up barriers that would have prevented him from looking for the best in people; he never became bitter. . . . Throughout his life, in spite of so many disappointments and so many cruel personal and political deceptions, he still maintained his faith and optimism about people."

She looks down at her hands, which are unadorned except for her own and her husband's wedding rings on one hand and, on the other, a ruby ring she gave him for his last birthday. "I'm a much better person for having known him," she says. "I have been sustained by feeling so fortunate—more than feeling deprived or bereft. I feel my life will always be enriched by his spirit."

Over the course of his long reign, King Hussein survived nearly a dozen assassination attempts. "His enemies strafed his home, shot at his plane, poisoned his food, even put acid in his nose drops," as *Newsweek* put it.

"He knew every day of his life, and I knew from the day we became engaged, that every moment was precious, and that anything could happen at any time," Queen Noor says. "From that moment, I would have been willing to give my life for him. We all would, because he represented something so much bigger than what we represented in our own lives."

She gazes beyond me to the garden outside the French doors, chilled now by a raw wind. "I had imagined we could have had another 15 or 20 years together," she says sadly.

Months earlier, on a brisk autumn afternoon, Queen Noor and I had sat on the terce of her house in a Maryland suburb, king about the life that had led her to Jorn. Before us was the Potomac River, half iden behind trees that were just beginıg to lose their leaves; the house was full handwoven Jordanian rugs and pillows, d the table was set with colorful handinted Jordanian pottery.

King Hussein had just been summoned ım the Mayo Clinic to Washington to lp broker the Wye River peace accord tween Israel's Benjamin Netanyahu and lestinian leader Yasser Arafat. The king d queen had been up l night, and the air ıckled with tension as ey waited for the call ım the White House ıorting that the agreeent was ready to be ned. When it was, latthat day, King Husin would be credited th having played a itical role as mediator.



LOYAL FAMILY
The Jordanian royal family, Nadwa Palace, Amman, 1993. Queen Noor and King Hussein are in the center, with their children—Prince Hamzah (now the crown prince) is to the left of Noor; Prince Hashim is directly behind them; the young Princesses Iman and Raiyah sit one row down and are dressed alike. The current king, Abdullah, is on the far right, one row from the front.

At first glance, Queen Noor seems an unely wife for a pint-size iddle East potentate. er father, Najeeb Hala; is a prominent Syrianmerican who served as ead of Pan American orld Airways, but alough the former Lisa alaby has always emıasized her Arab blood, in truth she is only ıe-quarter Arab. Her Swedish-American other was pained by Queen Noor's repuation of her Scandinavian background. My mother has resented terribly that I find y Arab roots much more interesting," the ıeen says.

But to the young Lisa, Arabia had alays represented the exotic, the unknown, ıd after earning a B.A. in architecture ıd urban planning from Princeton in 974, she set off for the Middle East. She as searching for her heritage; she found er destiny.

Until she came along, King Hussein adn't had much luck with his wives. He ad become king under tragic circumances. When Hussein was 15, his grandther King Abdullah was assassinated by Palestinian nationalist in front of his ves; Hussein was shot as well, but a edal on his chest deflected the bullet. is father then became king, but was soon rced to abdicate because of schizophrea. Hussein was only 16 when he ascend the throne.

His first wife, Princess Dina, was an older cousin he wed in an arranged marriage when he was 19. They managed to produce one daughter before divorcing. The king's second wife was Toni Gardiner, the daughter of a British military officer. A middle-class girl who had gone to secretarial school, the moonfaced Gardiner was given the name Princess Muna—"the king's desire"—by Hussein, and the sobriquet of "the typist from Ipswich" by derisive Jordanians. Princess Muna bore the king four children, including Prince Abdullah, who shares his mother's soft, round face. But 11 years later, the king, who always had a racy reputation as a playboy, divorced her to marry a 24-year-old Palestinian beauty who was the first of his wives to be awarded the title of queen. Queen Alia had two children and adopted a baby whose mother had been killed in a plane crash, but she herself died in a helicopter crash only five years into their marriage, plunging the king into deep depression.

Little more than a year later, Lisa Halaby appeared on the scene. After a whirlwind courtship that amazed both of them, she and the king got married in 1978. "She was totally in love with him," says her sister, Alexa Halaby, a lawyer and clinical social worker who lives in Washington, D.C. "It was clear how much he adored her. They just both viewed it as fate."

In marrying Hussein, the spirited, opinionated American gave up an extraordinary amount: her name, her religion, her country, her future as an independent woman. As her former classmate Marion Freeman puts it, she even gave up "the freedom to be able to have a bad hair day."

But to hear Queen Noor tell the story, none of these were sacrifices. First the king changed his bride's name to Noor al-Hussein—"the light of Hussein." The meaning of her name "was a generous gift from him," she says. Nor did she mourn the loss of her original identity: "I was never comfortable with the name Lisa. I never felt it was me."

She didn't even find it wrenching to convert; although her sister describes the family as "nominally Episcopalian," Queen Noor says, "I couldn't accept the dogmatic side of Christianity."

Islam means submission to the will of God, and the queen became adept at the art of submitting: to Islam; to her husband, the king; to the excruciatingly restrictive role of an Islamic queen; to the often archaic expectations of the Jordanian people. Jordan is, after all, a country where men still practice so-called "crimes of honor": even if a woman is raped, let alone if she gets pregnant out of wedlock, her father or brother may kill her, believing that she has disgraced the family and that its honor can be restored only by slaughtering her. The queen has spoken out against "honor" killings, but in general her demeanor is finely attuned to suggest humility and submission to local norms, and she frequently ends her sentences with the Arabic expression *inshallah,* which means "God willing." When Noor became a Muslim, says Marion Freeman, "I think she really gave up the Western idea of being in control. She accepted the Arab way of looking at things; there is a sense of fatalism, a sense that things happen in life because it is the hand of Allah."

However, sometimes the queen's acquiescence is more apparent than real. After her husband's death, the press made much of the fact that the queen had not been able to attend his funeral because Islamic tradition excludes females from such occa-

sions. This, she now confesses, is not true. "I attended the funeral," she says quietly. "I watched my husband laid to rest, but I was not in the group of men. I was a few meters away. I did it out of sight. The custom here is that women do not attend, but I did. It was important to me to go through the entire process."

As a grieving widow, she is also mixing the traditional Western black with white, the Islamic color of mourning. "My husband hated mourning black with a passion, so I've tried to break it up and strike a balance—which is the way we lived our lives, striking a balance for our own principles while at the same time not being insensitive," she says.

Queen Noor has become a master at such exquisite calibrations. Her husband provided an eloquent example in the way he handled his own responsibilities; he had long walked a slender tightrope, buffeted by the warring rivalries of Israel, Syria, Egypt, and Iraq, with American and British interests to placate as well. As U.S. State Department analysts used to say, "Hussein doesn't sit on the fence—he *is* the fence." But by all accounts, the king didn't tell Noor how to be queen; he simply let her figure it out on her own. "He kind of threw me in the deep end," she says. "There is no official role for a queen in this country. It's whatever you as an individual choose to make of it."

Developing a public persona was particularly painful; Queen Noor had always been "pathologically shy," she says, and she was petrified of failure. "I always placed an incredible pressure on myself, because of feeling I had to be perfect in order not to let my husband down and not to let the country down." Realizing what a constructive role she could play as a bridge between East and West—one that became critically important when U.S.-Jordanian relations were strained to the breaking point during the Gulf War—she started to give speeches in America and abroad. "I was terrified of making a mistake that might cause problems for my husband or for Jordan," she says. "Every time I got up to speak, I felt I had the weight of the Arab side of the whole Arab-Israeli conflict on my shoulders. Which, of course, is not true; I magnified it out of proportion, I'm sure. But one little error could have blown up and caused the wrong problem at the wrong time."

The role Queen Noor evolved for herself has been as exemplary as it was unprecedented. She has pioneered a wide range of development efforts aimed at women's economic empowerment and the preservation of Jordanian handicrafts by funding pilot projects and promoting native products that range from hand-painted ceramics to Bedouin rugs. Her Noor Al Hussein Foundation, the umbrella organization she established for her varied concerns, has supported community-development, child-welfare, education, and cultural-heritage initiatives, including the creation of the annual Jerash Festival for Culture and Arts, which has become a major event in the Arab world.

But no matter how worthy her causes, Queen Noor has always been the target of nasty gossip, particularly among what Amman society sardonically refers to as "the chattering class." "The king is the center of power, and there's jealousy: 'Why should she be his wife? Why shouldn't my daughter be his wife? She shouldn't be off doing all these things! She should stay home and take care of the kids!'" says one Jordanian journalist in trying to explain some of the animosity.

A wealthy Jordanian wife says, "Especially in the upper class here, women don't work. Maybe she made women feel insecure because they're not as effective. The feeling was 'She's not one of us.'"

The gossip tended to focus on trivialities. "They started talking about her shopping," says Mohammad Al-Adwan, who has served in many high government posts. "People were really unfair to her; they made her sound like Imelda Marcos. She dresses nicely, but most of the time here she wears Jordanian clothes that don't cost much. She and His Majesty lived more simply than many Jordanians."

The political context of a repressive monarchy also played a role. "They criticize the queen because they don't dare criticize the king; it's against the law—you can go to jail. So it's a way of criticizing the king," explains an influential Jordanian.

The queen has cultivated a philosophical attitude toward the slings and arrows: "A lot of it was based on some delusions about what a great life this is. I used to say to my husband, 'You wouldn't wish this job on your worst enemy—unless they were the right person for it.'" But, as usual, she simply soldiered on: "I constantly reminded myself that, if my husband could get through what he had to get through, I could get through what I had to get through—and that it wasn't personal."

In truth, sometimes it was all too personal; particularly hurtful were the intermittent rumors about the king's womanizing. Here again the queen found denial to be useful. "She ascribed most of whatever was in the media to malicious rumor," says Marion Freeman. "She trained herself not to give it any credence."

Even without outside criticism as a pro Queen Noor holds herself to notorious high standards. "I'm unbearable to my staff," she says with a smile. Before she delivers speech, she will agonize over every wor "She's a perfectionist," says Marwan Muash er, the Jordanian ambassador to the Unite States. "She would go through 15 or 2 drafts of a speech; she wanted to make sur every sentence was right. She's a very articu late speaker, she has served very effectivel as a spokesperson for Jordan, and she ha become well known internationally in he own right, not just as the wife of the king."

Oddly, one topic Queen Noor can't seem to address is the moral implications o marrying a king in the first place. I am cu rious about how an American raised in democratic society justifies becoming pa of a political system in which someone ca be jailed for "slandering" the monarch Having grown up in the United States du ing the 60s and 70s, Queen Noor likes t describe herself as a veteran of the civi rights movement. But no matter how hard try to get her to explain her personal ratio nale for becoming a queen, she continuous ly deflects the conversation into the kind o the-natives-weren't-ready-for-democrac colonialist apologia perfected by the Britis in Africa.

Amazingly, given the transformation sh has wrought upon herself since becomin queen, Noor insists that she hasn't change a bit. "I'm the same person I've alway been," she protests with an utterly straigh face.

Even to a casual observer, this is man festly untrue. "She is unrecognizable t someone who knew her in her previou life," says one American woman who me Lisa Halaby as a college student, when sh took a leave from Princeton to ski at As pen. "Some people really reinvent them selves, and you have a very strong sense o that with her," says a New Yorker who ha known Queen Noor over the years. Th biggest change is the loss of spontaneit demanded by a public life that require Queen Noor to think carefully about ever word she says and every move she makes The habit of deliberation has become s ingrained that it affects even her most int mate friendships.

"She's a very different person now," ac knowledges Marion Freeman. "She's mor formal with me. She has lived that role fo so long that the role has become her, i many ways."

Queen Noor never goes anywhere alone even when she drives herself in her Mer cedes jeep she is accompanied by a cara van of armed guards. There are alway watchful eyes upon her. Privacy is a scarc commodity in such a life.

The most the queen will admit is that, ·ind closed doors, her public posture of quiescence did not always reflect the pri- e reality. A mischievous sparkle lights her s as she tells me that once, years ago, ıg Hussein forgot a very important date— birthday or their anniversary, she thinks. he was leaving the room, still oblivious his transgression, "I picked up something oped would smash and threw it at a clos- door," she says, suppressing a grin.

But such lapses were rare; even with her sband, Queen Noor ex- ed a steely self-control. or both of us, it wasn't r nature to share our blems," she says. "Both us grew up having to come very emotionally lependent from a very ly age, having to look er ourselves in compli- ed family environments. e fact that we grew to- her year after year is, hink, the reason we ne out of each dif- ult time even stronger. ell in love with my hus- ıd over 20 years, more d more." By the end, queen and the king med to find their mir- image in each other. think we would look ide and find the other e of us," she says softly.

But while Queen Noor lls the king her best nd, she didn't even let n see the whole truth. told him as little as ssible of anything that ght disturb him," she s. "He needed me to lp alleviate the crip- ng burdens he had to ar, not to add my feel- s of frustration or hurt or not knowing at to do. I tried to be as much support him as possible, and I tried to deal with thing that concerned me on my own."

That sounds pretty lonely. "Yes, of course was lonely at times," Queen Noor says etly. "It *is* lonely at times."

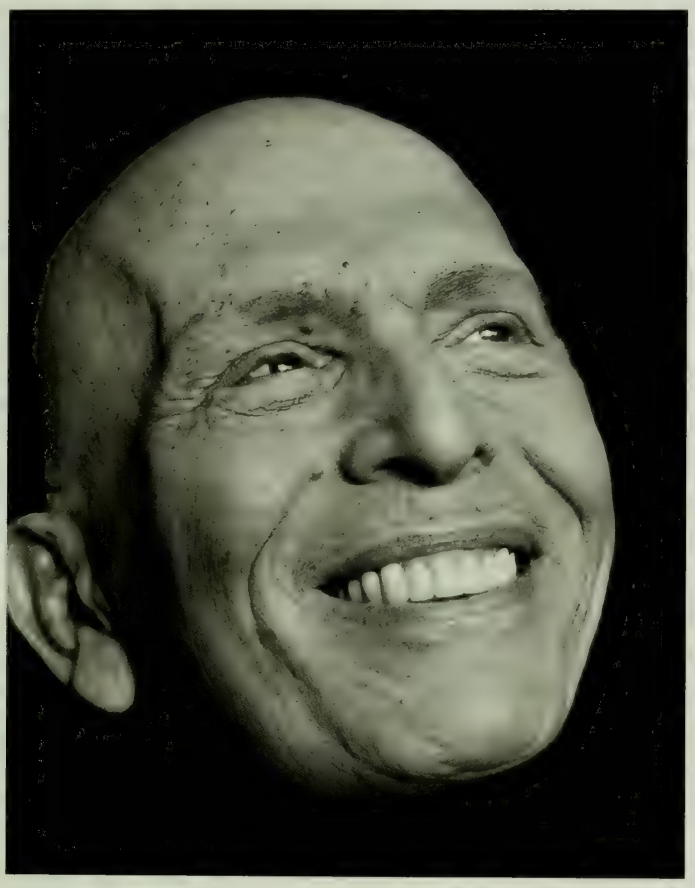
ing Hussein was well aware of her self- sacrifice: the queen "endured much iety and many shocks, but always placed faith in God and hid her tears behind iles," he wrote in his last letter to nce Hassan.

At the end of the king's life, many Jorda- ns finally realized how formidable his e was. "She never let her guard down," s Ambassador Muasher, who was with the royal family at the hospital. "She would never break down and cry in front of us; she would never act in any way to suggest weakness. She kept our spirits up. She's a strong woman. I never knew how strong until now."

Years ago Najeeb Halaby said that his daughter had a hard time adjusting to her new life in Jordan, but that she had "hidden some of the difficulties of the challenge," coping with them by herself. Since she is close to her sister as well as friends who go back to her school days, I ask if she confided in them. She shrugs. "They couldn't understand," she says with a dismissive wave of her hand.

The eldest of three children whose parents' marriage had long been troubled, Lisa learned early to fend for herself emotionally. The Halabys—whom she has described as your typical "moderately dysfunctional" late-20th-century family—moved around, living in New York, in Washington when her father was head of the Federal Aviation Administration during the Kennedy years, and in California when he worked in the aerospace industry. By the time she graduated from college, the Halabys were divorcing.

"My parents struggled with the social and economic pressures of moving back and forth between public and private life, and the dislocations of moving between the East Coast and the West Coast," Queen Noor says. It doesn't sound as if any place was truly home, or left her with a feeling that she had genuine roots. "We did not grow up anywhere," she says flatly. She describes herself as a "difficult, withdrawn adolescent," adding, "I was very much of a loner. I just kind of found my own way, independently. I relied on myself as much as possible. We didn't grow up cozy-cozy. I don't know what a close family is. I only had my family, and then I've had my children, and our family isn't normal, either."



THE KING IN WINTER
King Hussein photographed in his 47th year as monarch of Jordan, at his estate in Maryland, on January 5, 1999.

As a mother, Queen Noor has earned high praise from the Jordanian people, who appreciate the fact that she raised her children to be fluent in Arabic (unlike King Abdullah, whose British mother didn't stress that part of his education). "Her children are warm and extremely down-to-earth," says Ambassador Muasher. "They are not remote or detached from the people at all."

But the queen acknowledges that her first priority was always her husband. Last fall she told me, "We are pulled in many directions, and we're not always present, so we have to rely on the extended family for primary care for our children. We try to draw them into our lives and concerns as much as possible, so they can understand what's pulling us away, but there's no question that my primary responsibility has always had to be with my husband—by my choice, not his. In that way, I felt I was serving not only my children and their future, but our country. There are times when I wonder whether I served my children well enough in the choice I made, but only time will tell."

Now that their father is dead, she insists that the children are free to make their own choices in life—but their home is clear. "I

Queen Noor

would love it if one of my children wanted to be a doctor or an architect. My girls would like to be vets. But their lives are inextricably tied to Jordan," she says. "They see themselves as Jordanians; their future is in Jordan, they see their responsibilities as being to Jordan."

Although Hamzah is now the crown prince, King Abdullah could easily make his own son—who is four—the heir as soon as he's old enough. "People are saying that Abdullah is a transitional king, and that after a certain number of years Hamzah takes over—but there is no such thing as a transitional king," one government insider says. "The king calls the shots—period."

Would Queen Noor be disappointed if her son never became king? "I haven't even thought about it," she says. "Whatever is in the country's best interest."

The country's best interest will dictate her own course as well. "The dutiful aspect of my life, for the most part, was of my own choosing—not because of my marriage, but because of my nature," she says. "My marriage simply handed me a certain framework for duties. But the way I've gone about trying to fulfill the responsibilities I took upon myself was motivated by my own personal sense of duty, not by a queenly sense of duty. I felt all my life that those of us who had been privileged with a great education, with security and stability at home, had a responsibility to give what we could to make that possible for everyone."

She smiles wanly. "All I've been trying to do is lead a meaningful life and deserve my place on earth."

By now an evening chill has stolen into the air; the sky is darkening. As Queen Noor walks me out to my car, I tell her again how sorry I am for her loss. Her eyes unexpectedly well with tears. "I find it so much easier to comfort others than to be comforted myself," she murmurs, embarrassed.

For a moment we stand on the lawn, listening to the fountains splash and birds twitter in the tall pine trees. Surrounding us are jasmine-scented gardens and magnolias whose blossoms the queen took to lay on her husband's grave. The palace compound is lovely, but it is also an armed camp hidden behind locked gates and high walls, as circumscribed as the life of an Islamic queen.

My driver is a member of the Royal Police, so we will pass easily through the military checkpoints, each manned by olive drab-clad soldiers, that line the road to Beit Al Salam, which means "the Door of Peace." Queen Noor will stay. The truth is that Jordan is the only home she has ever really known, and the thought of leaving it is as inconceivable to her as the thought that her life might have been otherwise.

She has no regrets. "If I had it all to do over, I wouldn't do anything differently," she says. Shivering, she turns and walks slowly back into the palace, alone. □

Julia Roberts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171 *The Day of the Locust;* news footage of this period shows a lovely young woman glowing amid the flashbulbs, patiently tilting her head for each camera—the way a cat tilts when you ask it a question. Sometimes, before a premiere, she would salivate with anticipation.

The honeymoon was brief, however, and by summer the hordes had descended. There were two reasons for this, and the first was inevitable in the way that all Hollywood crucibles are inevitable. "It was my turn," Roberts says. "I didn't check the schedule, but I guess it was my turn." Which is to say that, after a rise to stardom invariably described as "meteoric," it was time for Act II: The Backlash. Suddenly, Herbert Ross, who had directed Roberts in her fifth film, *Steel Magnolias,* was crankily suggesting that his young charge needed acting lessons. During the filming of Steven Spielberg's disastrous 1991 Peter Pan story, *Hook,* in which Roberts was cast as Tinkerbell, there were rumblings that she had been, to use that quintessential Hollywood euphemism, "difficult." Like any true public humiliation, Roberts's was sealed on *60 Minutes,* when Spielberg cagily said, "It was an unfortunate time for us to work together." And "Tinkerhell" was born.

Say this about Roberts: she has rarely bad-mouthed a colleague in public, never displayed her obvious first-strike capability, never named names. But she's no shrinking violet; kick her at your peril. ("It's funny when people say, 'I don't think Julia likes me.' Honey, if I don't like you, you're gonna *know* it.") Roberts gushes about her *Steel Magnolias* co-stars Sally Field and Shirley MacLaine, but conspicuously avoids mentioning Herb Ross: "They all rallied around me. They were really my greatest support—pretty much my *only* support."

Asked about the fallout from *Hook,* Roberts flushes; she holds up her hand, as if in court. "Hand to God: not a *thing* I read about that was truthful, and it really hurt my feelings. Because not only did it make me sound mean, but it was a situation where people who knew the truth talked about it in a way that wasn't *untruthful,*" she says, apparently referring to the Spielberg interview. "I saw that and my eyes popped out of my head. I *couldn't believe it.* I couldn't believe that this person that I knew and trusted was actually *hesitating* to come to my defense." She adds, "It was a hard lesson to learn. It was the first time that I felt I had a turncoat in my midst."

Meanwhile, there was another delicious carrot dangled in front of the tabloids in 1991—a period that Roberts's agent, Elaine Goldsmith-Thomas, called "The Fellini Summer." It may not have been Bill and Monica, but the events of that long, hot season still have a singular heft in terms of sheer, salacious *New York Post*–ness. Roberts was engaged to Kiefer Sutherland, whom she then dumped three days before the big event (scheduled to take place on a studio back lot, Liz-and-Larry-style, with a *Steel Magnolias* theme) because of his acquaintance with the enormously buxom Amanda Rice—or just plain ol' "Raven," as she was known over at L.A.'s Crazy Girls Live Exotic Strip Show. Ashen and sunken-eyed, Roberts flew off to Ireland with Sutherland's best friend (well, *ex*–best friend) Jason Patric, only to dump him too.

The awful truth was out: Julia Roberts had a weakness for leading men, particularly her own leading men, including Liam Neeson (*Satisfaction*), Dylan McDermott (*Steel Magnolias*), and Sutherland (*Flatliners*). The story unfolded for three years, consuming Daniel Day-Lewis, Ethan Hawke, and Matthew Perry of *Friends,* and was highlighted by Roberts's unlikely, short-lived 1993 marriage to the country musician Lyle Lovett, whose arrival reinvigorated the fraternity of bad headline writers (LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, LOVETT OR LEAVE IT).

Within months, Miss America had metastated into the mainstream media's favorite piñata, thrashed by nontabloid publications such as *Newsweek,* which fanned "reports" from the British tabloids; *People,* which ran a sidebar comparing her box-office grosses with those of Kiefer Sutherland; *Redbook,* which offered odds on which star Roberts would date next (the favorite, at 1–1, was Gere); and *Spy,* which suggested a link between her love life and international disasters such as the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. She was 23 years old.

"I don't think I realized that the cost of fame is that it's open season on *every moment* of your life," Roberts says wearily. "That was a time when I was kind of followed every moment.... One time I sat three men jump out of a *hedge.*" Her publicists assumed a bunker mentality, and Roberts began snapping at the tabloid jackals

"You must be so proud!" she'd say. /hen your son says, 'Dad, what do you ?' you say, 'I jump out of bushes and ter- ize women in the night!'" After reading orts alleging that she'd had a wild night dancing and romance with Hawke, she ied a memorable denial: "I love to dance, I will continue to dance. In fact, I plan doing as much dancing, with as many ople, as possible. I will dance until I drop. w about that?"

Then, silence. Roberts didn't film any- ng for nearly a year. The "entertainment ss," which abhors a vacuum, launched a illa of idiotic stories, one suggesting that berts had become a kind of Hollywood ag girl," another intimating that she had en last seen at the Los Angeles Farmer's rket, spiking her orange juice from a k. "They said I was drug-addicted, alco- lic, anorexic—you name it," recalls Rob- s, who says she was merely taking it easy l waiting for the right scripts to come in. mean, they needed to say *something* in ween the 'She's Through!' period and 'She's Back!' period."

To wit: in 1992 she was attached as the nale lead in a project called *Shakespeare Love,* which was to be directed by Ed- rd Zwick, the bearded co-creator of the evision series *thirtysomething.* Among the itish actors who auditioned for the male d were Hugh Grant and Rupert Everett, o would later become her celebrated co- rs and friends. "I was a very, very unem- oyed, pathetic actor at the time," Grant calls. "I remember being so intimidated the fact that she was in the room that I t myself in a sort of kerfuffle"—a kind of ford man's canoodle—"and missed the air when I sat down. I sat on the *arm* of chair, then had that very awkward inner bate about whether to say, 'Actually, I've ssed the chair,' or to pretend that I was lly a slightly quirky sort of character who *ays* sits on the arm."

Days before filming was set to begin, wever, her co-star Daniel Day-Lewis lled out of the project to do another film, d eventually all the major players (with the ception of Zwick, who remained as a pro- cer) moved on, ultimately to be replaced Gwyneth Paltrow, Joseph Fiennes, direc- John Madden, and seven Oscars, includ- Paltrow's, for best actress. "It's just some- ng that didn't come to pass, and it *is* kind funny looking at it now," Roberts says, ding that she feels no pangs of regret. he script that I had in my hot little hands the time, seemingly, was different."

The next few years produced a grab bag of mild successes, including the John risham thriller *The Pelican Brief* (1993), d embarrassing mistakes, including the less Howard Hawks rip-off *I Love Trou- ble* (1994) and the dreary Jekyll-and-Hyde fiasco *Mary Reilly* (1996). Roberts is the first to agree that the last two films "failed," but discounts reports that she and her *I Love Trouble* co-star, the irascible Nick Nolte, quarreled so bitterly that they some- times performed in front of stand-ins. "I don't know what I've already said about *I Love Trouble,* other than that it was a piece of shit," she says. "It's no secret that Nick and I didn't get along like a house on fire."

Meantime, things had slowed to a trickle on the prurient front, which perhaps is why the tabloids began scrounging for table scraps—Larry Flynt offering Roberts $1 mil- lion to bare all in *Hustler,* anonymous, third- hand stories that she had tried to swipe Brad from Gwyneth (notwithstanding the fact that Roberts had never actually *met* Brad). Then, naturally, the floodgates clanged open again amid reports that she had mounted the bar at Hogs & Heifers, a rau- cous nightspot in Manhattan's meatpacking district, and, according to local tradition, shed her Maidenform 34B while dancing madly to the redneck anthem "The Devil Went Down to Georgia." The episode prompted a flurry of reports, addenda, clar- ifications, and counterclarifications regard- ing whether the star and the bartender, Margaret Emery, had . . . well, let's let the experts explain it:

Photographer Gary Miller said, "There was one big, long tongue-to-tongue kiss that lasted between 30 and 50 seconds."

—*New York Post,* September 9, 1996.

"Julia Roberts did not kiss me," insists Margaret Emery. "That's a long time for a first kiss. I don't know whether I could even do that with a guy."

—New York *Daily News,* September 10, 1996.

The New York Post *yanked an item from Liz Smith's column that pooh-poohed the* Post*'s claim that Julia Roberts made out with a woman at Hogs & Heifers. You can read the item in* Newsday.

—New York *Daily News,* September 12, 1996.

As to reports of Julia kissing another woman, her publicist laughs. "The only person who got a serious kiss that night was [Roberts's then boyfriend] Pat Manocchia."

—New York *Newsday,* September 10, 1996.

All of which merely served as prologue for *Notting Hill,* which is set in the charm- ing London neighborhood of the same name. As in Richard Curtis's previous film, *Four Weddings and a Funeral,* Grant co-stars as a fumbling, floppy-haired bloke smitten and tortured by an untouchable American princess.

Curtis insists that the model for Roberts's character was not Julia Roberts, but a hybrid of Grace Kelly and Audrey Hep- burn ("Neither of whom were available," he says). But Curtis, Grant, and director Roger Michell all agreed: Who better to play the world's most mythic, inaccessible, and intimidating star than the world's most mythic, inaccessible, and intimidating star?

Just how intimidating became clear when the script was sent to Roberts in June 1997, as the embers of BrassiereGate still flick- ered. "How boring," she said to her agent. "How tedious—what a *stupid* thing for me to do." She read the script only because it had been written by Curtis, whom she'd once called "a genius" during a television interview. (We know this because callers to Curtis's home were greeted with the quota- tion on his answering machine.) "*Fuck,* I'm gonna do this movie," Roberts said, almost against her better judgment. She could al- ready hear the press-junket questions, so she told herself, Well, since everyone will think it's about me, I'll just take a little European vacation and *be me* for three months.

The filmmakers' immediate reaction to her interest was terror. Julia Roberts does that to people. Curtis and Michell, accom- panied by producer Duncan Kenworthy, were summoned to a meeting at New York's Four Seasons Hotel. "The three of us had one room, and we all went off—me to the bathroom, Duncan to the lobby, and Roger to the bedroom," Curtis recalls. "We emerged 10 minutes later wearing suits for the first time *ever.* It was an extraordinary experi- ence to see the real Julia Roberts waiting at the dining-room table. She was 10 years younger than some of us—20 years younger than one of us—and yet so obviously in charge that it was alarming."

The meeting went well, but Roberts re- mained aloof even as the addled English- men tagged along to her scheduled appear- ance on *Late Show with David Letterman.* Afterward, in the hallway, Roberts suddenly kissed Michell, said, "Good luck with your film," and left. "Worst 10 minutes of my life," Curtis recalls of the drive back to the hotel. "I just sat in the back of the car, winded and horrified, and finally said, 'You guys *did* hear what she said?'"

Several days later, accepting much less than her usual fee, Roberts signed on.

Notting Hill was filmed an hour outside London, on a set designed to look much like the neighborhood where Curtis lives (thus requiring him to leave home in the morning, drive an hour, and arrive at what looked like his front door). Early on,

Julia Roberts

Grant was even more skittish than usual. "Tense as a toad," he says. "When he's nervous," Curtis explains, "his voice goes up an octave." For a while, Grant walked around complaining that Roberts's voice was significantly lower than his. Asked to summarize his feelings about working with her after the unfortunate armchair incident of 1992, Grant pauses. "Fear," he says, half-seriously. "I think the emotion you have when you first meet someone tends to linger with you. I was all ready to be scared, and I must say, the fear never quite left me."

Julia Anxiety was pervasive. At one point, Roberts concedes, Michell nervously approached her when he thought she had too much makeup on and whispered, "Ummm . . . would you mind terribly washing your face?"

Roberts, meantime, was initially petrified by the sheer Britty-ness of it all, given that both Grant and Curtis tend to produce artfully crafted pearls of wit. Her early training basically amounted to an episode of *Crime Story,* the mid-80s Dennis Farina vehicle, and here she was working with actors who had spent years doing *Othello* at the Barbican.

Soon Roberts confronted the pitfalls of playing a character who, she concluded, only *seemed* to be modeled on her (whereas her cameo as herself in Robert Altman's 1992 *The Player* was, by definition, Julia Roberts). "I thought I was going into familiar territory," Roberts says, "but ended up doing twice the effort because I wasn't prepared for effort." At times she didn't know whether to be Julia or her character, Anna Scott: Stepford Acting. "I was struggling with playing a person who really only shares an occupation and a height and a weight and a status with me."

For starters, Anna Scott's troubles begin when, in a revelation common to all sorts of stars, the tabloids unearth nude photographs which Scott had posed for early in her career. "I didn't agree with what she did, first of all," says Roberts, who has never posed nude for anybody (though she does tiptoe up to the line in this film). "Didn't agree with how she got into this mess—I would never have been in that situation. Didn't agree with the way she was dealing with it." Basically, Anna Scott freaks. "Didn't agree with the way she was reacting to it. Didn't agree with *any* of that stuff." When Roberts took issue with Scott's behavior, Michell would calmly respond, "Anna Scott—*different person.*"

Another moment when Roberts respectfully pleaded artistic difference came during a crucial morning-after scene in Grant's apartment. Anna Scott, lying in bed, quotes the famous line that Rita Hayworth said after starring in *Gilda:* "They go to bed with Gilda, they wake up with me." Watching that scene, it's damn near impossible to ignore the obvious freight. Whoa! That's *Julia Roberts!*—and she fully understands just how ferociously those words will be quoted and dissected once the film opens. "I hate to say anything negative about what Richard wrote, because he's a genius, but I *hated* saying that line," she says. "To me, it was nails on a chalkboard. I don't really believe *any* of that."

And yet . . . and yet. In her capacity as the film's unofficial technical adviser, Roberts transferred her own experiences to Anna Scott's in a hundred small ways. (For that matter, so did Grant, who says, "I think the fact that the story involves tabloids was quite an attraction to both of us.") "She claims it's not about her," says Curtis, who adores Roberts. "But we were definitely getting emotions which were close to what we thought she must have felt. I think she takes the subject less seriously than the girl in the movie does, but . . . "

The irony resonates even in the film's opening sequence, a montage of glam shots detailing Anna Scott's arrival at a lavish Hollywood premiere, complete with the feline head pivot: life imitating art imitating art imitating life. "One day we all watched those three minutes, and at the end we were stunned," Curtis recalls. "We said, 'Fuck! *That's* who we're dealing with.' It's very easy when you're dealing with a very reasonable, lovely, relaxed, 30-year-old woman to forget that that's also the Julia Roberts who, for 10 years beforehand, you could never have gotten within a hundred yards of. It was a freakish moment when we realized that the woman we were dealing with was actually both those things: this relaxed person and this untouchable, iconic object of which there are so many photographs."

Speaking of photographs and the people who love them, the paparazzi flocked to this rare mingling of two proud tabloid warhorses: Roberts and Grant. "It was surreal," Grant recalls, invoking a word that generally describes the whole experience. "We were shooting scenes in Notting Hill, where we had a hundred extras playing paparazzi, and then we had a hundred paparazzi paparazzi-ing the paparazzi." But the fun really heated up when Roberts was joined by her boyfriend, the unreasonably well-constructed Benjamin Bratt, better known as Detective "Rey" Curtis on the NBC crime show *Law & Order.* After filming scenes in which she was hounded by fake tabloid jackals, Roberts was periodically tailed by real jackals, who for years had been printing *obviously* libelous rubbish like this:

Sandra Bullock seems to have usurped Julia Roberts' role as the movie star you'd most like to go bowling with.

—New York *Daily Ne*

So here we are, back at square one, w Roberts still attempting to decipher wh the fuss is all about. She's not the least angry, resentful, or jaded, and she's c cussing the subject only because a repor keeps egging her on—she's not pulling Courtney Love, by turns courting and c cifying the press. She never limits wh questions can be asked, never cries con niently. Her answers are crisp and intellige and she offers perfect sound bites on, say

The "Difficult" Thing: "Certainly th have been plenty of people, in the cou of making 20 movies, that I didn't get alo with. But I have gotten along swimmin with 95 percent of the people I've work with."

The Celebrity Thing: "I work when want to work, and I work with people th I want to work with. I travel hither and y to fabulous places. I'm surrounded by wo derful, interesting people. I live a privileg life—*hugely* privileged. It's an *excellent* li I'm rich. I'm happy. I have a great job. would be absurd to pretend that it's a thing different. I'm like a pig in shit."

The Kiefer Thing: Well, she'd be glad talk about him, but, actually, she has spoken to the guy in years and has no id where he lives.

She even indulges the occasional qu tion about Bratt, whom she has been see for a year and a half. "We met in a resta rant," she says, then vaguely describes h "he walked in, and I looked up at him, a it was like something hit me over the he with a bat." Which is convenient, since fi dining has become a kind of leitmotif their uniquely public private courtsh Scenes from the happy couple's New A ventures in Gastronomy:

Julia Roberts and Benjamin Bratt sipping latte while circling downtown real-estate listings at Cafe Lure on Sullivan Street.

—*New York Po*

Julia Roberts and Benjamin Bratt kissing between bites of bacon and eggs at Cafeteri

—New York *Daily Ne*

She will spar with the best of them, a there isn't a question that she can't a swer backwards in her sleep. Go ahead: a about the $17 million she received for th summer's *Runaway Bride,* a romantic com dy which reunites her with Richard Ge The question routinely arises on press ju kets, those gruesome publicity orgies sp sored by film studios (and deftly lampoon in *Notting Hill,* when Grant masquerad

an "equine journalist" for a fictitious gazine called *Horse and Hound*). Yes, berts says graciously, movie stars *are* urdly overpaid. "[But] you don't sit vn at lunch with someone and ask, 'So, v much do you make?' That's inappro- ate. I would never ask *you* that. And if id, *how would that make you feel?*" The ter becomes the hunted: "So, what do *do* with that money? And what's *your* bracket like?"

. fact, her media skills are so finely cal- brated that she can afford to let her rd down every now and then. "Like en I said how I met Benjamin," she ins. "The *actual* story is wildly inter- ng and calamity-filled and hilarious l wonderful and all these great things t are incredibly personal and private to So the expedient, for-world-publication wer is: 'We met in a restaurant.' Now, definition, that's not even true. We didn't even speak to each other that night."

Roberts reads the New York tabloids—not every day, but sometimes. She does this because she's a New Yorker, and that's what New Yorkers do. They read about other New Yorkers. "We all have our off days, right?" she says philosophically. "Sometimes it hurts my feelings, and if it affects my family, that kind of troubles me. But if it's just me they're aiming at, I don't care."

Which is why she often walks the streets, shops unaccompanied, and famously rides the subway, even at night. She has no cooks, no drivers, no stylists, no toadies. She is a constant presence in and around Greenwich Village—apartment hunting with Bratt, having coffee with Susan Sarandon, shopping for soy milk at the Korean deli. "You become kind of a fixture," she says, "and documenting you on a day-to-day basis is an uninteresting thing even to the most absurd person." Funny thing, her celebrity: the more "normal" she acts, the less she is hounded. "Oh, God—so much less," Roberts says. "*So much less.*"

At lunch one afternoon, while picking over a salad dressed in a refreshingly tart vinaigrette, she explains why. "What do I care if they know what salad dressing I'm using?" she says, and smiles. "If you take it down to its simplest form, here's a *stranger* commenting on your personality, your life, your hair—whatever. That amounts to *vapor* to me." (Then again, she later points out, if a reporter were to jump out of a hedge tonight, "I would *bust some ass.*")

She leans in close. "Before I even walk in the door, I believe a lot of them have their thesis," she says, only half-seriously. "They have their little title, and there's very little I can do to conform to something that I don't know exists." She thinks for a moment, then leans closer. "I actually said this to my publicist last night: 'I'm just gonna walk in and say, "So, what are you writing?"'"

The *nerve.* □

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onty Python

ITINUED FROM PAGE 181 trying to per- de the shopkeeper the bird has perished], wrote a parody of it, an "Astrology" tch (" ... the zodiacal signs, the horo- pic fates, the astrological portents, the ens, the genethliac prognostications ... "). ke read this out and everybody laughed l it went in, and we were just amazed be- ıse we'd written it as a joke, really. We ught they'd go, "Oh, come on! Get ay! Making fun of our writing?" But we e quite surprised that it actually got into show! They all thought it was funny, so didn't say, "Actually it was just a parody one of yours." I kept a bit quiet, and it into the Yes Pile.



ERIC IDLE: Casting always came last in everything. It was usually fairly easy, like the John parts were obvious—people o shouted or were cruel to defenseless ople or animals. Mike and I were usually ones who could play each other's parts. ually people spoke up if they felt they re a bit light in a show; they might sulk il someone noticed, but it was swings d roundabouts, really. Also, we had no ls to sulk or feel left out (i.e., *Saturday ght Live*), and we would happily grab st of the girls' parts for ourselves. Serve n right, too. Get their own bloody shows!



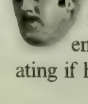
MICHAEL PALIN: Personally, I always enjoyed when you were able to flesh the character out a bit, even within a sketch. I mean, I loved playing the man in the "Dead Parrot" sketch or the "Cheese Shop" because you can give them some sort of character—they're not just somebody saying, "No, we haven't got this," "No, we haven't got that." It isn't just the words, it's the evasiveness and the *degree* of evasiveness, and *why* a man should be that evasive, and what's going through his mind [that] appeals to me. I really enjoyed getting to grips with characters like that, even within a fairly short sketch. ...

I'd like to think we naturally were rooting for every sketch [rather than] anyone wanting their sketches to go down better, although there probably was a little bit of that, but basically you just wanted the show to have laughs all the way through.

The members of Monty Python proved that—in their case at least—six strong personalities were capable of subsuming themselves to a single comic entity. This is not to suggest, however, that tension and temperament did not intrude.



ERIC IDLE: It seems to me since all comedians seek control we were a group of potential controllers. Obviously some are more manipulative than others, or cleverer at getting their own way. Cleese is the most canny, but everyone had their ways. Mike would charm himself into things. Terry J. would simply not listen to anyone else.



JOHN CLEESE: Michael's great aim in life is to be affable. And this makes him enormously pleasant and enormously good company, but infuriating if he doesn't want to do something, or if he disagrees with something, because it's almost *impossible* for him to say so at the time. But we were *all* cowards; we all avoid confrontations about anything that wasn't to do with the material. Those kinds of things never got spoken about; we were very English in a sense that any kind of direct confrontation about anything emotional was impossible.



MICHAEL PALIN: I think more than anybody Terry Jones kept the group together and kept it going forward, because Terry's probably got more energy, sheer mental energy. If he commits to an idea, Terry will really follow it through. And right from the very first discussions we had about Python, Terry was always positive about what the group could do and what we could achieve. I think he was the one who worked most to get this new form, this new shape together. He was always hurrying the director in editing sessions and all that. When the television series was coming to an end, he was the one who was most keen to try and get a film together.



JOHN CLEESE: One or two people in the BBC definitely saw me as the mover of the group. The reality was that Terry Jones and I were probably the strongest personalities. The negative side of that is, we were probably the two who argued the most, because we *cared* terribly about the material. You could say we were young and naïve; writers are like this when they start. The funny thing was, we never argued about the acting. No one ever got into a snit because they hadn't got some role; all the arguments were about the mate-

Monty Python

[illegible] would sometimes get quite in[illegible] and absurdly silly. I remember in one sketch we had a kind of taxidermized animal hanging from the ceiling with four lightbulbs in its feet. We got into quite an acrimonious debate about whether it should be a sheep or a goat. And in retrospect it's *hilarious* that we could get cross with each other about whether it should be a sheep or a goat! But we cared so much about the material that we fought quite a lot.



TERRY GILLIAM: John's a hard one. John loves manipulating and controlling; he's only comfortable when he's doing that. When he lets go of control and just starts hanging out, he can only do it for a short while and then the panic sets in, it really sets in. I mean, after we did *Holy Grail* we were in Amsterdam all together promoting it, and we went on a pub crawl one night, and we were having a great time, all of us. And we were getting drunk and speaking openly, all the things that a group can never [otherwise do], and it really was getting funny, and we were saying a lot of things that needed to be said in a really jolly, drunken way. And at a certain point John just had to pull back from it; he was relaxing, he was letting down his guard too much, and he went back off wherever he went. It was really weird. And it was a pity because we were having a good time, and *John* was having a good time, and he couldn't allow himself to not try to be in control.

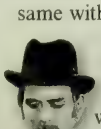
I think his attempt to try and control things gave a sense there was always something one could go against—his need to control [versus] our need to *not* be controlled, and that's such an interesting dynamic. [But] I don't know if that's exactly the *best use* of everybody in the group!



MICHAEL PALIN: John and Graham took some pleasure in writing something which shocked an audience. I think this came from within, but John never seemed to be totally happy or centered—there was always something which John was having to cope with. And that desire to shock, I think, came from the way Graham was, too. Graham was a genuine outsider, a very straitlaced man who was homosexual and an alcoholic at that time and therefore found himself constantly in conflict with people, and so he would fight back. And the two of them would put together things like the "Undertaker" sketch purely because they knew it *was* outrageous [Cleese goes to a mortuary following his mum's death; Chapman, the undertaker, eventually suggests they eat her remains], and yet they did it in a way none of the other Pythons would have done, so it was quite refreshing. When we first heard that, we thought, Well, we just *can't* do it. But then you think about it: this is a really good, refreshing view of death, talking about it that way. In that particular case I think yes, there was a desire to shock an audience by talking about something that was not talked about.

DOUGLAS ADAMS (before he authored *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy,* Adams had been a writing partner of Chapman's on non-Python projects and had contributed some material to Python's final television season): It's easy to underestimate Graham's great role in Python, because he was in many ways the least distinctive in a lot of people's minds. The others would all tell stories of how they'd all be suggesting this and arguing about that, and Graham would sit there puffing on his pipe and quietly, in his tweedy way, think very, very naughty thoughts, and then every now and then would just interject something completely off-the-wall that would catch everybody by surprise, and then substantially turn something around. There's a much-repeated story I certainly heard from Graham, which was [about] a sketch that John had written by himself. It was based on something that made him very, very cross, which is often where a good sketch would come from, because he'd been sold a faulty toaster and he was going to complain about it. He wrote this whole sketch about this faulty toaster, and it was a beautifully written, beautifully crafted sketch, good sort of pear shape to it, and Graham must have listened to it or read it. As the story goes, John was feeling a bit cross that he'd done all this work and Graham was merely sitting there, and Graham's only remark was "Yes, it's boring, why not make it a parrot instead?" Whereupon it suddenly transforms into one of the most famous sketches they ever did.

DAVID SHERLOCK (Chapman's companion of 23 years): Graham was fairly notorious as a boozer through the 70s, and yet he could often start work at 11 in the morning with a large tumbler of gin and tonic beside him and work through the whole day apparently sober, absolutely totally undetectable. He was a gentleman drunk, rather like Jimmy Stewart in *Harvey,* sort of gentle. The whole fun of that movie is that Jimmy Stewart is actually drunk all the time and yet you're never quite sure. That was the same with Graham.



JOHN CLEESE: I have one very, very, very clear memory, and it was the day we were shooting "The Upper-Class Twit of the Year" [an "athletic" competition for upper-class tw[illegible] at some big sports arena in north London [illegible] *And Now for Something Completely Differ*[illegible] [a film version of some of the group's b[illegible] sketches]. Graham for some reason was [illegible] there, and we all wanted to check a point [illegible] the script, and none of us could find a co[illegible] and Michael said, "Oh, Graham's got [illegible] script in his briefcase." And Michael oper[illegible] the briefcase, took the script out, and th[illegible] did a double take, because there was a bo[illegible] (I think of vodka) in the briefcase. And M[illegible] chael looked absolutely stunned, and son[illegible] body said, "What's the matter?" And M[illegible] chael said, "That was full when we left t[illegible] morning," and it was like quarter past [illegible] and the bottle was half empty. That was t[illegible] moment when I realized that instead [illegible] needing a bit of a drink now and then, [illegible] was seriously into it. But my recollection [illegible] that his performing began to get affected [illegible] the second season.



TERRY JONES: When he was dri[illegible] ing, the worst thing would be [illegible] couldn't remember his lines, a[illegible] [Ian MacNaughton, the group's [illegible] rector] would be quite remorseless with hi[illegible] like in the studio shows, and make him [illegible] over and do it. I remember doing one ske[illegible] where we must have done about 24 takes [illegible] something, and then we had a problem i[illegible] cause when Graham eventually got the l[illegible] right, the audience *cheered.* [Just listening [illegible] it], you don't know *why* there's cheering! [illegible] tried taking the cheer off [in the editi[illegible] room], but we couldn't quite do it. That v[illegible] a bit awkward.



TERRY GILLIAM: Graham to me w[illegible] the guy that wherever we we[illegible] he was the one who would co[illegible] back the next morning with ta[illegible] that we all wanted to hear, because he w[illegible] *out there.* Whenever you go into a pub [illegible] restaurant suddenly he'd disappear. You lo[illegible] around; he'd be under somebody else's tab[illegible] licking the girl's feet while her date is the[illegible] That was the real thing; he was genuin[illegible] mad. And it's funny because he was really [illegible] a sense the shyest and most conservative. [illegible] pushed himself right out there all the time[illegible]

The first Python show, broadcast on Octo[illegible] 5, 1969, demonstrated quite clearly that [illegible] group was after something uncategorizable[illegible] presented a surreal mix of violence (Wolfg[illegible] Amadeus Mozart hosts a program depict[illegible] famous deaths); television parodies ("We f[illegible] that 9 out of 10 British housewives can't [illegible] the difference between Whizzo Butter an[illegible] dead crab." "It's true, we can't!"); and intel[illegible] tually tainted comic bits (Picasso paints wh[illegible] riding a bicycle, followed by Kandinsky, M[illegible] drian, Chagall, Miró, Dufy, Jackson Pollo[illegible] "... and Bernard Buffet making a break [illegible]

e outside"). Running throughout the pro-am were gags and animations about pigs. ıough the series wasn't an overnight sensa-ın, it quickly found a devoted audience.



MICHAEL PALIN: Partly because of its programming and the time it went out [late on Sunday nights], *Python* clearly was seen as very uch for an adult audience, which is very teresting because nowadays the spirit of *ithon* burns on in 10-year-olds, 12-year-ds, 13-year-olds—so many children love *ithon*. But at the time it was seen as an iult show. I'd never really been involved in ı "adult" show, kind of X-rated comedy ow, and this seemed to be the image of And also we became sort of the intellec-als' darling for a bit, written up in *The bserver,* things like that.



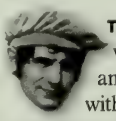
TERRY GILLIAM: The BBC I think were constantly uncomfortable with us. They didn't know quite what we were, and I think they ere slightly embarrassed by it, and yet it as too successful, it was making all this ›ise out there. When they took us off after e fourth show (this was the first series), e were off for a couple of weeks. I think ere was a serious attempt to ditch it at at point. But there was too much noise ing made by us. They would put us out all these different times, and change it, ıt somehow the word got out and they pt us on.



JOHN CLEESE: I had a friend who was trying to watch the series, and he sat down in his hotel room in Newcastle and switched on and there was this hysterical start to *lonty Python* about this guy wandering round being terribly boring about all the ncient monuments around Newcastle. nd he watched it falling about, and said 's real nerve to do this, it's really terrific, nd what a great start to the show. And ›out 20 minutes in he realized it was ome local program—Newcastle had gone ff-network at that hour].

The nicest thing anybody ever said about *ython* was that they could never watch the ews after it. You get in a certain frame of ind and then almost *anything's* funny!

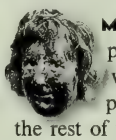
he group would go on to film two more 13-›isode seasons for the BBC (as well as a urth half-season in which Cleese declined participate, having grown bored with the ketch format). In the spring of 1974, the ythons embarked on production of their rst "real" film, Monty Python and the loly Grail, *a jaunty but painstakingly real-ed vision of Arthurian Britain. The thin read of a story—the knights of Camelot searching for the Holy Grail—allowed for a joyfully irreverent mixture of comic riffs, mock heroics, and song in which bits and pieces of Arthurian mythology (along with the stale conventions of Hollywood period epics) were all targets for satire.*



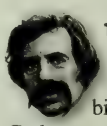
TERRY JONES: Originally the script went between the Middle Ages and the 20th century, and ended with [King Arthur] finding the Holy Grail in Harrods. I was very much into the Middle Ages with my Chaucer stuff, and I had not been very keen on the 20th-century stuff. Mike had come up with this horse-and-coconut thing at one stage [instead of riding horses, the film's characters pretend to ride while making hoof-beat sound effects with a pair of coconuts], and so I suppose in a group meeting I said, "Why don't we do it *all* Middle Ages?" And everybody seemed to agree. Maybe it was the perception that the modern material wasn't stronger, and also I said it would be more interesting, less like the TV shows, if it's all set in one period.

There was quite a lot of debate about [who should play Arthur]. I think in the end nobody wanted to do it.

DAVID SHERLOCK: Nobody wanted to play the lead because they thought it was hammy, it was too dry. All they wanted to do was play all the cameos, where you could then have a nice long break before doing the next cameo! But Graham realized not that his part was a star part but that it was essential to hold the rest of the film together, and I think he had a better overview. That may be simplistic—I'm sure they *all* had the overview—but they didn't want to do it, and he said, "O.K., I'll do it." And inadvertently stole the show.



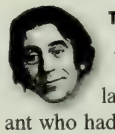
MICHAEL PALIN: Graham as a performer had a quiet intensity which, if you look at all of his performances, quite unlike any of the rest of us, is very convincing whatever he does. That's why he was so good as Brian, so good as Arthur. Here was a man who genuinely suffered, you know, trying to get through this world—he just *happened* to be a king, it wasn't his fault, he was trying to do his best, and all these people around him were just mucking him up.



TERRY JONES: When we actually started the first shot of *Holy Grail,* I was going to shoot this bit on the edge of this gorge, and Graham was trembling and shaking, wouldn't go anywhere near the edge. I think he said it was fear of heights, which we thought was really odd because he'd been our mountaineering expert. I certainly didn't realize this was because he was doing cold turkey at the time, he was trying not to drink. So we couldn't do some of the shots that we wanted close to the edge. But that was all sort of slightly swallowed up by disasters such as the camera shearing its gears on the first take!

The technical demands of filmmaking, as opposed to television-making, caused some friction between co-directors Terry Jones and Terry Gilliam and the rest of the group.

HOWARD ATHERTON (camera operator on *Holy Grail*): John Cleese was very impatient quite often. He would say, "How many laughs in that?" In other words, you're wasting time on the wrong thing. He thought the only thing you should spend time on was getting the humor right, whereas Terry Jones and Terry Gilliam especially wanted it to look like a film and not like television. So there was always that battle going on between the Pythons.



TERRY JONES: I remember Mike getting really ratty when we were doing the "Plague Village." His job was being a peasant who had to crawl through the mud and go to one spot where there was some chocolate in the mud and he had to start eating this chocolate. He'd spent the whole morning [eating this fake excrement], then he realized that he wasn't on-camera all the time. He did get a bit ratty about it, quite rightly!

JOHN GOLDSTONE (executive producer of *Holy Grail* and sole producer of the group's subsequent two films): *Holy Grail* was very risky. There was no completion guaranty, it was just *hoping* it could be done, it really was. [But] it wasn't until the postproduction and first cut that anything seemed to be awry. We had this disastrous investors' screening when the film was supposedly finished. What had happened was, Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones decided to make it as *real* as possible, to have a soundtrack that was *very* real, bone-crunching and everything. And so at this screening we had, it wasn't getting the response from the audience that we'd expected.



TERRY JONES: It started off with everybody laughing at the beginning and then after a while just *nothing;* the whole film went through [with] no laughter at all. And it was awful—I was sitting there saying, "It just can't be *unfunny.*" So I went and redubbed it, and as soon as anybody started talking I just took all the sound effects out, all the atmosphere, everything. I went through the entire film doing that, and that

Monty Python

...emed ... help. It was something about the soundtrack filling in all the pauses.



ERIC IDLE: We had 13 previews, ranging from bloody awful to finally hilarious. That's what good comedy editing does, shifts it from a theory to tailored to the audience's response. It helps when you have four new brains (who are also the writers and the stars) coming in and suggesting what should be cut and what could be moved elsewhere.

During a promotional tour for Holy Grail, *when asked what the group's next film would be, Idle responded,* "Jesus Christ: Lust for Glory." *That quip was the genesis of Monty Python's next film, the 1979 biblical spoof* Life of Brian, *which became the group's greatest financial success and spurred the Pythons on to their final film, 1983's* The Meaning of Life.



JOHN CLEESE: Everything that was good about *Life of Brian* was bad about *Meaning of Life. Life of Brian,* we knew instinctively what we were writing about, everybody was writing well, the story (which we're not very good at) developed remarkably easily and organically, we knew that we were onto something good and funny and meaningful. That was a great project, and then we made a terrible mistake: when *Life of Brian* came out and it was such a big hit (a *very* big hit by our standards), Denis O'Brien [the group's manager at the time] said to us—and it remains to this day the single most misleading bit of information I've ever been given—"If you guys make another film almost straightaway, you'll never have to work again in your lives." And so we started trying to create a film, even though we needed a break from each other. All we did was accumulate material, a third of which was really good, a third of which was O.K., a third of which I thought was not good enough.



ERIC IDLE: We never found the theme till the end. I think it would have been perfect if we had given it one extra draft. We nearly got there, but John was reluctant to meet, so we just went ahead and shot it anyway. It still has great stuff in it and is still marvelously offensive!



TERRY GILLIAM: I actually think we didn't do the film we should have done. There was *Monty Python's World War III,* which I thought had some wonderful stuff in there, with all the soldiers wearing advertising, like race-car drivers—ads are being taken out on all the soldiers, on the weapons, everything. But then the one that I really liked was a whole Python film that was a court case. We were in the dock and the prosecution was trying to prove that what we were watching, this film we had made, is *not* a film, it's a tax dodge.

JOHN GOLDSTONE: When I went out to raise the money for *Meaning of Life,* it was already a given that the Pythons would have to have final cut and artistic control. Also, what they were very keen about by then was having proper fees up front, so that needed a major studio to do that level of fee.

There was a little bidding war; I mean, every studio wanted the next Python film, and I just felt Universal was the most easy-going in a way. It was kind of interesting how the thing happened as well. I didn't show them the screenplay, I just did one page, which was the lyrics of a song that Eric had written about what was going to be in this movie ["There's everything in this movie / Everything that fits / From the meaning of life in the Universe / To girls with great big tits . . . "] and they bought it on that.

Things had changed internally, though, in Python by then. This was now 1982, and they'd all been doing their own things for a while, so this new movie somehow wasn't done with quite the same blinding commitment as the earlier ones.



MICHAEL PALIN: I tend to think that the only creative work thrives on economy, in a sense. More money doesn't mean better comedy, I don't think it ever has. The best comedy is some sort of complaint or conflict anyway—that's what it's about—so it's probably better if the comedy writers are up against it than if they're being softened up with large amounts of money, because then you become formulaic.



TERRY GILLIAM: It was work habits that had changed. We weren't all at the same level trying to work just for the show. I mean, lifestyles were getting in the way: "I'm a Hollywood Star, I need this . . . " It's not [that] one is right or wrong, it's just they're different ways of working. Work habits: that's the only way I can describe it.



JOHN CLEESE: I think there was a general sense that [*The Meaning of Life*] had not been a very satisfactory experience, and while I don't remember a conscious decision not to make another film, I think it was like when you go to a restaurant that isn't very good: you don't actually say, "I'm never going back there again," you just discover three years later that you've never been drawn back. I think it was like that.

On October 4, 1989, almost 20 years to th day since the first broadcast of Monty Py thon's Flying Circus, *Graham Chapma died at the age of 48. On March 7, 199 HBO gathered the Pythons together for a informal stage appearance during the U.S Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen, Colorad taping the proceedings for broadcast. Apa from being the first public meeting of all fi surviving Pythons in many years, the occ sion became noteworthy for the almost sacr legious handling of the supposed "ashes" Graham Chapman, which were brought up t his stead and which ended up being vacu umed by a Dustbuster.*



JOHN CLEESE: What was reall nice about Aspen and also th subsequent dinner that four of u had in London was just to see ho well we all got on. As the main cause of di pute in the group (which was the materia has faded into the background, it enables u all to get on in the way that we basically a ways did get on—a personal level. The rel tionships have always been quite good; it been the work that's thrown up the cause the disagreements. And we got on well, an that's why we thought it would be fun to d something [for the group's 30th anniversar this year; there had been talk of a stag show, a tour, even a new film].

But then the very next day Terry Gillia said to Michael Palin and Terry Jones th he didn't really want to do it, which is *n* what he said in the room. And then som weeks, months later, Michael decided h didn't really want to do six or eight week [of live performances], he really only wante to do two. So trying to get everybody's nee together has proved very difficult.



TERRY GILLIAM: That Aspen thin it was like *aspic.* We were up ther I thought we were almost mum mified! There's a crowd three four rows back, the entire cast of *Cheer* Ted Danson and Woody Harrelson, grinnin with these beaming, Moonie smiles: "*It's th Pythons!*" And we're just talking like [*im tating an old fogy*], "Well, in my day whe we used to do comedy . . . "



ERIC IDLE: Aspen was very ben ficial for us. We got a chance t see each other again—apart fro Terry Gilliam, who was still in h fascist "I'm a Director" stage and wouldn have dinner with us but went running off t hang out with Hunter S. Thompson. Wh a lapse of taste! Still, he's a Yank, you kno

Whether we will ever be able to agree o anything ever again is moot. I think grou use up all their agreements early and the all that is left is to disagree. But I'm n sure whether I agree with that. □

rtie Shaw

TINUED FROM PAGE 188 on relationships. z author and songwriter Gene Lees, :e a close friend, now calls Shaw "one of most evil men I've known in my life." icist Sammy Cahn devotes an entire ıpter of his autobiography to his former :nd Shaw, whom he calls "the Empty ın," suggesting a hollow chest cavity, aning no heart.

Shaw admits to a certain degree of mis- hropy. "I'm not particularly interested in man creatures as a mass. As a mass y're totally stupid—Stone Age," he says. t the notion of existence fascinates him. ow did life begin on this planet?" he :s with wonder. "Why is there something tead of nothing? Why isn't it a great big :uum? Why are we here?"

Shaw is like a Chinese puzzle. As Alt- .n marvels, "The complexity of this man's ıplicity!" It's as if his heart and his intel- t run on separate tracks, often at war, netimes corrupting relationships. But ısic, unfettered by intellect, was the area ere his heart could break free and soar. ısic historian Jon McAuliffe once said, istening to Shaw, one can imagine that e is hearing not an instrument so much an alien human voice."

Music was a way up and out of the ghetto. Shaw was born Arthur Ar- ıwsky, in 1910 in New York City, but he ent the tremulous early years in Wasp :w Haven. In his 1952 memoir, *The Trou- with Cinderella,* he remembered the anti- mitic taunts he had been subjected to: Ve don't want no goddamn Christ-killers ving the Lord's Prayer around here, see? o on home and say your lousy kike ayers, and keep your dirty sheeny nose t of other people's prayers, you hear ıat I'm telling you?"

The scar, he wrote, was "deep and last- g." "From the moment I realized that my ing Jewish was something to be jeered at . I was no longer the same kid I had en before."

Shaw's epiphany came when he was 13, aying hooky and sneaking into a vaude- le house. In his book, he remembered ing "rapt and breathless" as a natty musi- ın performed on a "shiny gold saxophone. ell-sir—that did it."

Born with a musical ear, he bought a condhand saxophone and taught himself play it. When he was 15, his break came. part-time musician with the Johnny Ca- llaro band, which played at the local Cin- rella Ballroom, heard him and arranged audition for him with Cavallaro. Shaw d never learned to read music properly, d now he was being asked to sight-read a piece, which he couldn't do. "After the first few bars I was hopelessly lost." Cavallaro's eyes glazed over, and he turned away. But Shaw played again, this time without sheet music. He stopped the bandleader cold. "Well, kid, I think I could use you," said Cavallaro, "but first you'll have to learn to read.... Think you can do it?" A month later Shaw was back, and he could read, note-perfect. He got the job.

By the time Shaw toured with the Kentuckians, a bush-league band, he was passing himself off as Gentile. The name was now Art Shaw. And when Cavallaro announced that he needed a clarinetist, Shaw said he could play the instrument—and then quickly taught himself. He also, in short order, taught himself to arrange and conduct.

He paid his dues, moving from job to job in New York, Cleveland, Los Angeles, and Chicago. "In those days the South Side of Chicago was one of the foremost jazz conservatories in the world," Shaw wrote. Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, and Bix Beiderbecke were all working there.

Meanwhile, the parallel track to his musical brilliance was emerging: his penchant for women. He was not yet 20 when he married 17-year-old Jane Carns. The marriage lasted one night. "It scared the hell out of her," Shaw recalls. "Her mother came and got her." The marriage was annulled.

In 1930, Shaw got his best job to date, with the CBS in-house radio dance band. Radio was the training ground for most of the future swing bandleaders, such as the Dorsey brothers and Goodman. For the first time Shaw felt antagonized by the "whoring" side of the business. "I was rehearsing a solo when the voice of God came from the production room. 'What's playing there?' said the voice. 'A rhythm section and one clarinet.' 'The sponsor's paying for 40 men,' said the voice. 'Fill it in.'"

Shaw, who had quit high school, took a year off to educate himself and to try to switch from music to writing. "I didn't have the knowledge to be a writer," he says. But he was learning fast. In 1933 he met a nurse, Margaret Allen. "She moved in the first night we knew each other." The marriage lasted a year and a half.

He had returned to freelance playing in Manhattan when he heard that Joe Helbock, owner of the Onyx Club, was organizing a concert featuring the new phenomenon, swing, which had begun taking off in the summer of 1935. Shaw pulled together a few musician friends and arranged a tune. Their performance eclipsed those of all the other, better-known bands, because Shaw had done something almost unheard of: he had added a string section to a jazz band. It made him stand out instantly. "It seemed as if everybody in any way connected with the music business around New York had been present." But Shaw had arranged only one number. When the cheering audience asked for more, he had no choice: "I played the same song again." The head of a major dance-band agency, hearing the post-concert buzz, called to express interest in representing his nonexistent band. Shaw spent the next months putting together musicians and arrangements. "I couldn't afford to get the men I wanted, so I was training men out of musical school."

In the summer of 1936, Art Shaw and His Orchestra, as his group was originally billed, opened at the Lexington Hotel in New York City. He was 26.

Shaw was on the road, in Boston, when he heard that Billie Holiday was looking for work. She'd had her fill of singing with Count Basie's band. "She couldn't stand what was going on with the Mammy dressing she had to wear, so she quit," Shaw says. He had first heard her seven years earlier, when they had both been kicking around the Harlem clubs. "One day I'm going to have a band, and you're going to sing for me," he had told her. "Yeah, sure," she had snapped back, "that'll be the day." He had been 19 at the time. She had been 14.

After Shaw finished his last set, he got into his car and drove to Manhattan, arriving in the wee hours of the morning at the Harlem apartment where Holiday lived with her mother. "C'mon, you're joining my band," he told her. "Pack your bags." Holiday told him that he was crazy, that blacks couldn't work the same venues as whites. But, for Shaw, the music came first, and she fit his ear, his dream, his sound. "She had a sense of what it meant to sing music, not the notes," he says. "When she sang 'Summertime,' it was a different sound. It wasn't what Gershwin wrote, but she made it work."

Holiday succumbed, as did so many others, to the Shaw steamroller. She packed a bag and went to Boston with him. But the hassles proved to be worse than either of them could have imagined. They received slurs at every turn, in hotels, restaurants, and clubs. Nevertheless, they were together at his most famous recording session, in July 1938. That's when Shaw lit a fire under Cole Porter's languid "Begin the Beguine," from the flop Broadway show *Jubilee,* and Holiday recorded "Any Old Time," which Shaw had written for her.

"Begin the Beguine"—which was the flip side of "Indian Love Call," a swing version of the venerable chestnut that was supposed to be the big hit—went to the top of the charts. *Down Beat* magazine named the Artie Shaw band the top swing band of the year, surpassing Benny Goodman, who had dominated swing music since his August 1935 appearance at the Palomar. The Shaw

Artie Shaw

...and was like Goodman on hormones, transforming the soul and abandon of black jazz to swing for mainstream white audiences. Shaw had worked out in Harlem, as he wrote in his autobiography, "actually living the life of a Negro musician, adopting Negro values and attitudes, and accepting the Negro out-group point of view not only about music but life in general. . . . I used to wish I could actually *be* a Negro."

But Shaw couldn't fight the networks, the sponsors, and the record companies. Holiday said she would prefer to go out on her own and avoid all the pointless grievances. "There aren't many people who fought harder than Artie against the vicious people in the music business or the crummy side of second-class citizenship which eats at the guts of so many musicians," Holiday said in her autobiography, *Lady Sings the Blues.* Shaw was the first white bandleader to tour the South with a black singer, and she was front and center in the Manhattan performances. He risked his professional neck when he himself didn't have clout. "Billie was taken from a cult singer to become a national singer," he says about Holiday's time with him. As for Shaw, he went into the stratosphere.

Soon Hollywood was calling.

Bandleaders were the newest novelty being added to studio musicals by Fox, Paramount, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Metro cast Shaw as himself in *Dancing Co-ed,* a low-budget musical starring Lana Turner, whom it was grooming to become an A-star. Shaw remembers her then as "a dumb little chick." He didn't think much more of the director or the screenwriter. "They'd written me as some sort of Rudy Vallee bandleader. 'Hi-ho, laddies' was the kind of thing they wanted me to say." Shaw refused, and did the part with virtually no dialogue.

Blonde starlet Betty Grable was more Shaw's type. He had noticed her first in a cheesecake spread in *Life* magazine, before Fox began to move her up. "There she was, in a tank suit, practically wet, and you looked at that and you slavered." She still heads the list of women he was involved with. "She was probably the most beautiful sex object I've ever known. Physically just incredible—her proportions." Grable fell for him, too. She left her husband, actor Jackie Coogan, for Shaw, who didn't want to carry on with a married woman. The relationship was put on hold, however, when she was cast in *Du Barry Was a Lady,* a Broadway musical starring Ethel Merman.

In that boom year of 1939 in Los Angeles, the movie industry was in high gear, and the town percolated with nightlife and high living in a string of fancy supper clubs. Motorists on the Sunset Strip passing the Chateau Marmont on their way to the Mocambo or the Trocadero were confronted with a startling, mammoth billboard that changed each week. First it was a giant machine gun on a blank background pointed straight at them, with no text. A week later, there were four words below the machine gun: YOU ASKED FOR IT. The next week, under that, was a new line of type: ARTIE SHAW AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

Shaw's engagement at the Palomar, the new dance hall at Vermont and Third, which took up an entire city block, broke the house records. Fire regulations limited attendance to 7,000, but, for Artie Shaw, 9,000 jitterbugs squeezed in. "You could walk across the place on people's heads," he says. After Shaw performed on the Boston Common, an unruly throng of 10,000 upended his car, like an overturned bug. "In those days we went into 'Begin the Beguine' and played it four times during the night," saxophonist Georgie Auld has recalled. "They were dancing on top of the tables. It was unbelievable. One kid jumped off the front balcony and broke a leg. Every time we went into the theme, 30, 40 kids would jump up onstage." Shaw was the first real teen idol, preceding Frank Sinatra by three years.

Shaw insists he never looked for fame. "Adulation can be a bloody bore," he says. During a two-week stint at Café Rouge in New York in the fall of 1939, he finally snapped. Telling the papers that jitterbugs were "morons who would listen to a windshield wiper as long as they could dance," he announced that he was quitting the business.

The New York Times reported "the Shakespearean sweep of Mr. Shaw's exodus . . . [a] spectacularly irreverent farewell . . . a beautifully incautious burning of all his bridges behind him." The paper went on to ask, "What is it anyway about people named Shaw that makes them so stimulating?"—a reference to another popular curmudgeon, George Bernard Shaw.

Shaw fled Manhattan and drove across the country. During a stop in Little Rock, Arkansas, he called Judy Garland, whom he'd met backstage in New York. "That absolutely marvelous little face, with freckles, the brown eyes, the reddish hair, looking at me with consummate tenderness," he has said. She suggested he wait awhile before returning to California in order to let things cool down. "You're the mystery man," she told him. "Everyone wants to know what's happened to you." The "kid," he would shortly find out, was in love with him.

After a brief detour to Mexico, Shaw headed back to Hollywood, where he palled around with Garland and the burlesque comic Phil Silvers, who was just breaking into films. "We'd go to parties—whatever kids in Hollywood do," Shaw says. "Judy would come up to the house, and we'd pl... records." For Garland's 17th-birthday par... in June 1939, just after *The Wizard of* ... had wrapped, Silvers and Shaw cut a reco... as a present for her. They did an old bu... lesque routine, in which Shaw tries to tea... the comic to play the clarinet and ends ... sounding like Silvers.

One day Silvers took Shaw to a Met... soundstage, where Lana Turner w... shooting *Two Girls on Broadway* with Jo... Blondell and George Murphy. Shaw drool... watching Turner "in a green velvet gown ... tight on her you could see every pore, as... she were born in that dress and grew up ... it." They made a date, and that same nig... they eloped, although Turner was engag... to the powerful entertainment attorney Gr... Bautzer, and Shaw was still unofficially e... gaged to marry Betty Grable.

The next morning the news was all ov... the radio and the papers. Grable, who was ... nally getting her big break as second lead ... Ethel Merman, was immediately on t... phone, screaming at Silvers. Garland's mo... er called Shaw, furious at him for misleadi... Judy. "I never touched your daughter. I ne... had anything to do with her," he says he t... her. "She was like a sister—it would ha... been incestuous," he says. "Plus, she was ... kid. It would have been San Quentin time."

His first night with Turner was surreal: "... was, like, a very strange feeling, going to b... with a woman who's now your wife, and y... don't know her. But she was gorgeous, ... the rites proceeded. It was not much, sexu... ly. Later it became pretty heated."

Aside from physical magnetism, Turn... and Shaw had little in common. Turn... found her new husband impatient and i... perious. "When we argued—which was ... ten—he would twist the discussion into ... philosophical harangue from which I gen... ally retreated in tears," she wrote in her a... tobiography, *Lana: The Lady, the Leger... the Truth.* "Lana didn't have much of ... brain," counters Shaw, though he was h... bitually attracted to sensual women w... were not intellectually inclined. "She w... not somebody you could sit down with a... have a protracted conversation about an... thing except her and her last picture."

Turner's abortion of Shaw's baby was t... final nail in the coffin of their relationsh... Turner wrote that she called him after th... had separated, when she discovered she w... pregnant, hoping for a rapprochement. H... response: "So what?" Turner was crushe... "What do you mean, 'So what?' My Go... it's your baby." And then she recalled t... clincher: Shaw asked, "How do I kn... that?" Turner wrote: "I slammed down t... phone and burst into tears. And that for ... was the end of Artie Shaw." Shaw dismiss... her version as fiction, along with her wh...



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Artie Shaw

Look [illegible] doesn't know what she's talking about. Somebody wrote her book for her, and [illegible] began to swallow her own publicity and believed it," he states flatly. He found out about the abortion after the fact, and blames Metro mogul Louis B. Mayer, who waylaid him one night after maneuvering Turner off to a screening so that he could urge Shaw to practice birth control. He wanted to control his asset. Shaw says, "I told him that I didn't know if we'd be able to follow the Catholic rhythm method."

Shaw put together a new band, composed of musicians working at the major studios, and in March 1940 he recorded "Frenesi," his second blockbuster, a swing version of a Latin tune he'd heard in Mexico. A few months later he assembled a completely different band and recorded "Star Dust." Shaw's soaring, haunting solo is considered a benchmark for the instrument, and the recording became the third of his major hits. "It's the greatest clarinet solo of all time," said clarinetist Buddy DeFranco.

Paramount Pictures signed Shaw for his second movie, a musical starring John Garfield, who would play a trumpeter and front the band while Shaw performed on the clarinet. But Garfield was replaced by Fred Astaire, and the part metamorphosed into that of a dancing conductor. "It was ridiculous," says Shaw. *Second Chorus* (1940) was Astaire's least successful musical and Shaw's final film.

By this time Shaw had joined a small fraternity of individuals that included Howard Hughes and Errol Flynn, who were objects of special attention for some of Hollywood's most powerful actresses. Shaw explains: "Look, a certain type of woman goes to a performance, and there's this guy on the stage—it's like seeing a piece of jewelry on a piece of blue velvet cloth, gleaming. It's attractive, it's *meant* to be attractive. There is a hell of a lot of sex to showbiz. Those women were like men. They went after what they wanted. I found it interesting. I suddenly was the woman. I was being courted." One of these women, Shaw says, was Joan Crawford. "I was working at the Palomar, and a message came back to my manager. 'Joan Crawford would like to meet you.' She would have her chauffeur come pick me up. So after the gig the chauffeur showed up and drove me there. And I met her. Quote, met her." Did they have sex? "Yeah. She wanted that. She was a very sexual woman."

Lena Horne, before her star buildup at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, recorded two songs with Shaw's band—"Love Me a Little Little" and "Don't Take Your Love from Me"—and also became involved with the musician. "She wanted us to get married," says Shaw. "I couldn't have done that. She would have been finished and I would have been finished. She was black and I was white. And the world wouldn't accept it at that time."

Instead, Shaw married Elizabeth Kern, the daughter of composer Jerome Kern, and they had a son, Steven.

In April 1942, Shaw enlisted in the navy. He disliked military life, even though his job was to entertain the troops in the Pacific, as Glenn Miller was entertaining them on the European front. "Can I shake the hand that held Lana Turner's tit?" was the kind of crass request that made Shaw go ballistic. "We were a horrible excuse for a military band, in spite of the good musicians," trumpeter Max Kaminsky has said. Being in the midst of active warfare was "harrowing," according to Shaw, who performed on Guadalcanal, which was being bombarded by the Japanese.

One rare high point was a performance on the aircraft carrier *Saratoga.* "Since it was night, the men were gathered on the lower deck, and our entrance alone sent them off into an uproar," Kaminsky has recalled. "We set up the bandstand on the huge aircraft elevator and began playing our theme song 'Nightmare' as we descended slowly into the midst of the wildly cheering men. It was like being back at the Paramount again."

When Shaw returned to the States, the newspapers captured him, on his knees at the dock, kissing the pavement. The music he put together for his first postwar band was the purest jazz of his career. He recorded "Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive," "Love Walked In," and "Summertime." Now a jazz classic, "Summertime" was then considered too arrhythmic to dance to. "It was a complex, sophisticated piece of music," says Shaw. "One of the reasons I liked it was the contrast between the melody, the growly solo, against a very complicated background."

The growing Shaw craze swept Ava Gardner off her feet. In her memoir, *Ava: My Story,* she remembered the first time she laid eyes on him: "Oh, my God, I thought, what a beautiful man!" They married in the fall of 1945, but soon the familiar fault lines emerged. Initially attracted to her beauty, he tried to polish the uneducated North Carolina girl. Echoing Turner, Gardner later wrote, "The increasingly hostile way that he put me down both at home and at parties wore my nerves to shreds." Still, she said Shaw "taught me to study, to think, to read."

He made his biggest impact on her career, strong-arming Louis B. Mayer into raising her out of the starlet category. After a late night of partying, Gardner complained one morning about bags under her eyes. Shaw told her to sleep in. "It's all b[illegible] shit. You're only getting 80, 90 dollars [illegible] week. I'll take care of it." Then the pho[illegible] calls started, first from Casting. "Wher[illegible] our little girl?" Shaw said she was sleepi[illegible] "Then it was somebody like [producer] A[illegible] thur Freed," Shaw remembers. "Wher[illegible] our little girl?" Finally Eddie Mannix, M[illegible] er's right-hand man, called. Shaw told hi[illegible] "Eddie, it's not worth it. Eighty bucks. [illegible] what I pay a waiter. She's out there, a[illegible] she's going to go out to the beach, a[illegible] you're going to show her at the beach w[illegible] a beach ball, and it's going to say, 'A[illegible] Gardner, starlet, at Metro-Goldwyn-May[illegible] That's why she's not coming in." Shaw hu[illegible] up. The last call was from Mayer, ask[illegible] for a meeting with Shaw.

In Mayer's Culver City office, the t[illegible] men played cat and mouse. Shaw said, "M[illegible] Mayer, 80 or 100 dollars a week is har[illegible] worth your time or my time. How mu[illegible] would you have to pay her to respect he[illegible] Mayer paused, recalls Shaw. "That is[illegible] question that he had not heard before, a[illegible] I could see the wheels start clicking. He [illegible] fers 1,000. I say, 'You wouldn't really resp[illegible] her for 1,000. Gable gets five, Garbo g[illegible] five.' Then Mayer says, 'I tell you, for 1,5[illegible] I would have to respect her. Forty we[illegible] times 1,500 is 60,000. The East Co[illegible] would want to know why I'm giving t[illegible] unknown girl that.'"

Gardner got the raise, but soon after [illegible] contract was drawn up the couple split.

In 1946, in a departure from his usual gla[illegible] our queen, Shaw married Kathleen W[illegible] sor, author of the infamously risqué no[illegible] *Forever Amber.* The brief, disastrous un[illegible] played out with deeper impact than any [illegible] the previous marriages. "I have a medi[illegible] term for her," Shaw says bitterly. "She wa[illegible] cunt." Winsor, he says, precipitated his s[illegible] poena to appear before the House U[illegible] American Activities Committee (HUAC). "S[illegible] called me a Communist in public. Her [illegible] peal for divorce contained, among oth[illegible] things, that I kept her up at night mak[illegible] her read Marx and Engels and Lenin u[illegible] she could pass a test." (Winsor could not [illegible] reached for comment.)

Artie Shaw and His Orchestra continu[illegible] the shift from swing to jazz, record[illegible] "What Is This Thing Called Love?" a[illegible] "I've Got the Sun in the Morning." A[illegible] then Shaw took off on another tange[illegible] classical music. He stopped playing jazz [illegible] an entire year, performing the work [illegible] Mozart and other serious composers [illegible] stead. Shaw began to see the whole sp[illegible] trum of the arts as his arena. "People a[illegible] me, 'Who did you study with?' And I s[illegible] 'As much Monet as I did the next clari[illegible] player.'" He appeared at Carnegie Hall [illegible] a guest soloist with the National Yo[illegible]

phony and recorded works by Debussy, el, and Shostakovich. With characteris- ndifference to his audience, when he booked as the opening attraction at City, the new Manhattan jazz club, w conducted a 40-piece orchestra in ussy and Prokofiev.

lis disconnect from audiences widened. 949, when he returned to pop music, ut together a group which he maintains "the best of all my bands." It was also, ays, "the biggest flop" he ever had. e instruments came in, and the people t out," he recalls, holding his nose to ate the audience's response. "My whole id had become much more pure and h more refined. My vibrato was not so h now a wave as a ripple." He updated ions of earlier hits such as "Star Dust" "Frenesi." "I did much more with nesi.' It became more complex. I had e to say." But audiences didn't want from Shaw. After one month on the l, he pulled the plug. "I called my it. I said, 'Break it up.'"

haw then orchestrated another passive- essive prank. He put together a bogus d. "If they hated the best band I could in my own sardonic way I thought to elf, What would happen if I got the st band you ever heard? I called a guy didn't know anything about the band iness, a viper. 'Hey, man, whatya gonna ,'" Shaw says in dialect, then makes rette-dragging sounds. "He was on mari- ia all the time. I said, 'I want 14 men can play stock arrangements.' I sent around to all the publishers to get the gest hits, the 10 *Variety* and *Billboard* . Tunes like 'Blue Tango,' 'Whoop-Dee o!,' 'If I Knew You Were Comin' I'd've ed a Cake.' That kind of crap. Stuff I'd er looked at." Shaw knew what the reac- would be: "The audience loved it."

So once again he quit the business.

1950 he bought a dairy farm in rural New York. Asked by jazz author Leonard ther what interested him, if it wasn't mu- Shaw said, "Cows." Actually, farming merely the financial underpinning for at he had wanted to do since childhood: te a book. In 15 months Shaw wrote *The able with Cinderella,* which was published Farrar, Straus and Young to respectable, ixed, reviews. *The New Yorker* called him excellent writer," while pointing out his arked tendency to babble." Shaw in his moir courageously revealed his self-hatred, dysfunctional childhood, his self-directed i-Semitism, and his psychoanalysis.

Shaw describes his appearance before AC in 1953 as one of defiance and righ- us indignation. "They asked, 'Didn't you the World Peace Congress?' I said, ah, there's nothing wrong with that. I went to a war. I don't want to see another war.' 'Well, didn't you know it was a Communist-front organization?' I said, 'Well, show me a Republican-front one. I'll go there.'"

Others say that Shaw, for once, lost his characteristic nerve and caved in. "He didn't just stand up and say, 'You guys are full of shit,'" says historian Lewis A. Erenberg, referring to Shaw's traditional in-your-face style. Victor Navasky, publisher and editorial director of *The Nation,* adds: "He admitted, 'I was a dupe.'" In Navasky's seminal book on the blacklist, *Naming Names,* published in 1980, he writes that an abject Shaw fervently promised that "he would not sign anything [of a possibly incriminating nature] 'unless I had the advice of seven lawyers and the granting of permission or clearance by this Committee.'" Erenberg concludes, "For a guy that smart to take an I-was-stupid defense really must have hurt.... I think he signed things—he believed in a better world—and he supported things. As early as 1931, for example, I found a letter of his in the *Daily Worker* condemning jazz as decadent, which was also a Communist position at the time. How many bandleaders do you know who read the *Daily Worker*?"

Soon Shaw felt pressure from another direction. The I.R.S. was hounding him for $80,000 it claimed he owed in back taxes. "At that stage I was utterly disillusioned with America. I thought it was one of the most awful countries on earth," he says. "I lost the farm because I couldn't afford to pay the I.R.S. I was apparently on Nixon's enemies list. I didn't know that. But that's what happened. They were going to get me one way or another."

By 1954 the big-band era was finished, Elvis Presley had recorded his first single, and Shaw was feeling like a misfit. His last musical incarnation, the Gramercy Five band, was compact and bop. "I hadn't played in about a year and a half. But I'd been listening to what was going on, and I wanted modern players. Men who were modern, that's the only word for it. I put this group together. It was the best playing I ever did." But no label would record the band. "Everybody said it was the best small group they'd ever heard, but there was no place for that," says Shaw. "So I recorded them myself. I kept the records on dry ice for about 40 years."

That was the end. "I sold the cattle and the farm, said 'Good-bye, America,' and went away."

Shaw moved to Spain and, outside rural Bagur, on the Costa Brava, built a house he had designed. He studied fishing and astronomy and continued writing, producing a well-received volume of short stories, *I Love You, I Hate You, Drop Dead!* On a trip to Paris he met Evelyn Keyes, the Columbia actress whose most famous role was at MGM as Scarlett O'Hara's younger sister in *Gone with the Wind.* Fed up with show business and divorced from director John Huston, she had relocated to France. She moved to Spain and married Shaw in 1957.

Keyes has written that she heard him play the clarinet only once. She was outside and heard music coming from the house. "All he did was play some scales. Up and down. Over and over," she recalled. "They were some of the sweetest sounds I had ever heard."

Shaw's exile lasted five years. "I'm not well suited to be an expatriate. People like Hemingway, who could live overseas and spend their lives there, sort of lose their identity. I couldn't do that." He and Keyes moved to suburban Connecticut, where Shaw took up marksmanship. He opened a rifle range, manufactured guns, and won awards in competitions. Film distribution also caught his interest. His first release, *Séance on a Wet Afternoon,* starring Kim Stanley, was a critical success in 1964.

The California years, covering the last quarter-century, have essentially been devoted to participating in retrospectives such as the Smithsonian Jazz Masterworks, giving university lectures, overseeing his vast music catalogue and reissues—more than 1,000 recordings—and writing. In 1989 a compilation of short stories dating back to the 1940s, along with new work, was published. In 1992, a trade paperback of *The Trouble with Cinderella* was published. He has just completed his epic memoir and is working on the edit. In this autobiographical work he has created a fictional alter ego named Albie Snow. "I can really tell the truth with this one," Shaw declares. "And I have."

Others are waiting their turn to do the same. Gene Lees won't give details about his animus toward Shaw, saying only, "The day he dies, I will write the true story." Sammy Cahn wrote enigmatically about his rancor toward Shaw. "[Cahn's] lawyer made him cut half of that chapter away," says Lees. "He's super-litigious, almost maniacally so."

"Artie sues everybody," says his friend Fred Hall. "He sues RCA every few years." Shaw is also tied up in court proceedings with Canadian producer Brigitte Berman, who won an Oscar for *Time Is All You've Got,* a reverential documentary about Shaw. He lost the Canadian suit. "That was a kangaroo court," he scoffs. He expects to win the American suit. He says he's entitled to a piece of the profits. "I have the rights to the music—she can't put it out," says Shaw. "She doesn't want to share anything with me." (Berman did not return calls for this article.) Shaw has also filed lawsuits against producers who employ his music in tributes. "We're still in litigation. I can't say a word

[illegible] says producer Joe Graydon. "I [illegible] what I have to say is printable," says clarinetist Abe Most. "I had to go [illegible] and give a deposition. He didn't want anybody usurping his name by saying, 'A tribute to Artie Shaw.' I thought in my [illegible] it was a tribute to him."

People closest to Shaw have needed strong hides. "The truth is, Artie is so self-absorbed there isn't a hell of a lot of room for anyone else," says Hall. Shaw has been absent from the life of Jonathan, his son by actress Doris Dowling, his seventh wife. "As a father, he doesn't exist for me. I consider him a friendly acquaintance," says Jonathan, an artist in New York. "I don't want to sling mud. He's a great man. I think he's fucked up a lot.... I'm sure he suffers for it, more than anything he's inflicted on others, because he has to live with it."

Evelyn Keyes, the wife whose marriage to Shaw lasted longest and has been followed by intermittent periods of closeness and estrangement since their divorce, is still confused and pained by him. She devoted 80 pages to him in her 1977 memoir, *Scarlett O'Hara's Younger Sister.* At a film festival shortly after she and Shaw had had a blowup, she recalls, "someone stood up and said, 'I heard Artie Shaw speak, and he said the marriage to you was the best of all.' Well, for Christ's sake, why couldn't he have told me that? That was within a month of when he called and blasted our time together."

Today, Shaw admits, "I've never pretended that I'm the stuff of husbands. I'm a very, very tough guy to live with."

Steve Banks, a Los Angeles photographer who did some photo sessions with Shaw in recent years, says, "Artie blows kind of hot and cold. Sometimes he knew me, sometimes he didn't. He knew me, he didn't know me."

Those who have fared best with Shaw, and longest, defer to him as a genuinely superior being. Sophia Rosoff, closer than ever to Shaw after 50 years, describes the dynamics between them: "I am a born learner and Artie is a born teacher." Gene Beecher, who has known Shaw for 75 years, says his oldest friend "always tells me what to do, and he's always right."

But, for most other people, Shaw remains a mass of contradictions. "The guy baffles me. The lyricism of his art compared with the brutality in his attitudes is something that I cannot understand," says [illegible]es, who once wrote glowingly of Shaw in his classic jazz book *Meet Me at Jim & Andy's.* "And when he's in the Artie Shaw mood, all sweetness and seeming consideration, you always wonder if the other was false." Lees, like many former friends, laments the dissolution of what had been a special relationship. "I have never understood the man. I thought I did. Had he been all I thought he was, he would have been one of the men I've loved most in my life. But he destroyed his friendship with me, and it was a damned close friendship."

Writer and longtime friend Frederic Morton, who met Shaw shortly after reviewing *The Trouble with Cinderella* in 1952, says, "I never saw him being malicious. Yes, he can be insensitive, in a sense that he is so caught up in what he is doing, and so intense about what he is doing, that he doesn't realize that the other person may have gotten an overdose."

Erenberg, a Loyola University of Chicago professor who has studied the leading figures of the swing-band era, says of Shaw, "He had a gut with an unsettled sense of identity.... He was searching for something. He changed bands, concepts, and it was the same way with women."

Morton remembers a meeting at the Drake hotel in New York when the two Shaws intersected. "We had lunch, talking about intellectual things—the relationship between theology and philosophy—and continued it in his room, just surrounded by all these books. He escorts me to the elevator. It opens, and there's Paulette Goddard. She says, 'Darling.' He says, 'Darling.' All of a sudden he is in the Hollywood universe—the body gestures, the big-time glamour boy meeting the glamour girl—switching in just one second. I was struck by how he inhabits worlds that are completely disparate, that have nothing to do with each other."

Most people can't get over Shaw's quitting the music business, especially when his writing could never compete with his music. Composer Bob Florence says that an unreceptive music business can't be the whole story. "He spends a lot of time talking about why he quit the music business—because he wanted to progress and nobody would let him, a victim of success.... I often wonder why he dwells on it. That was in 1954, and here it is 1999, and he's still complaining about it."

Through it all, Shaw was always in search of an outlet, constantly shifting, constantly exploring, unafraid to change course. "He welcomes every experience as if it were for a first time, with an innocence and no dead weight, and can examine each experience openly," says Rosoff. "That complete openness allowed him to extend the range of the clarinet as no one had before, because of his freedom to explore."

Scholars say that he changed music. Erenberg explains: "The way he came to success was by swinging the American songbook. He took the best standards and Tin Pan Alley tunes and he gave them c[illegible] sic form. 'Begin the Beguine,' 'Star Du[illegible] 'Deep Purple.' I think he really swi[illegible] them. He is looking for his sources wit[illegible] American pop culture, and he raises th[illegible] to a higher level."

The Smithsonian Jazz Masterworks [illegible] chestra has staged several tributes to A[illegible] Shaw in recent years. Musical and arti[illegible] director David Baker sees Shaw as "so[illegible] body who did so much to shape the fut[illegible] direction of jazz.... Not only was he sta[illegible] ing astride like a colossus, he had the[illegible] sion to see directions and point direction[illegible] says Baker. "With Glenn Miller you [illegible] the formula, and I don't mean to denig[illegible] him. But then you turn to somebody [illegible] Artie Shaw and find out that every se[illegible] piece is almost one of a kind. And [illegible] rangements like 'Summertime' and 'M[illegible] with the Flaccid Air,' which are so [illegible] ahead of their time."

"I was a Benny Goodman fan unt[illegible] heard Artie Shaw, and that was it," m[illegible] cian Jerome Richardson has said. "He w[illegible] to places on the clarinet that no one h[illegible] ever been before. He would get up to [illegible] and C's and make not notes but mu[illegible] melodies."

Keyes has written of Shaw: "Those ti[illegible] I'd observed him listening to music ..[illegible] had been as if he stepped inside the mu[illegible] or it into him. They, he and the sound, [illegible] come one, off in a land of their own."

The 1,900-seat Wilshire Theatre was s[illegible] out on October 24, in spite of the [illegible] that the bulk of the advertising had been [illegible] the local public jazz station. Shaw arrive[illegible] four in the afternoon and rehearsed the [illegible] contract musicians—mostly baby-boome[illegible] until seven. He had had two afternoons [illegible] rehearsal earlier in the week. Shaw gam[illegible] tried to get the musicians to approxim[illegible] the sound of his polished bands in the p[illegible] interrupting them, coaxing them, tel[illegible] them, "No, no, wait until the fourth bar [illegible] fore you come in." That night the audie[illegible] went crazy, but Shaw wasn't satisfied.

At his home several days later he t[illegible] me, "Two afternoons isn't enough to [illegible] hearse." Asked if he liked the band, [illegible] scoffs, "Naah!" The tone signifies: Are [illegible] kidding? Shaw knows it really doesn't m[illegible] ter. "The jury's in on me," he says.

He is sitting on a weathered couch in [illegible] favorite room, his attic office, surroun[illegible] by books, reproductions of works by [illegible] master painters, an easel with a pain[illegible] that he has been working on. There [illegible] stacks of albums and CDs, both his c[illegible] and the music he tries to keep up with [illegible] a corner is the new computer on which [illegible] editing down his big book.

So why did he come back? "They as[illegible] me," he answers. A typical Shaw respon[illegible]

"He hates the business, but he can't stay
ay from the business," says Peter Levin-
ı, a friend who was Shaw's publicist for
ıny years. "That's been the enigma of his
." Fred Hall suggests, "Look, you gotta
derstand, Artie today shies away from
blicity. He says. But the truth is, I believe,
can't help but like remaining a figure to
talked about, because he came from
where, out of a nothing background, and
ıde a very big impression on the world
ich lasts till today."
What would Shaw like as his epitaph?
"'Go away,'" he says, and laughs. "It's
e," he insists. But it sounds like bluster.
hat was his old epitaph? "'He did the
st he could with the material at hand.'
t I looked at it, and it seemed too long.
aid, 'Let's get something elegant.' So I
ortened it to 'Go away.'"
The coming book may give new clues
out Shaw. He says it's about "a guy who
t into the music business and wanted to
ow about literature and about painting
d about poetry and wanted to know
out everything."
But Shaw still has music in his blood.
hear notes in my head. I'm doing it
ht now." He pauses. "Hearing music.
n hearing notes, and my fingers are play-
g them. Sometimes it goes on all the
ne. I can't do anything about it. Been
at way for years and years and years.
er since I quit."
There are a thousand and one anec-
tes about Shaw. One that Frederic Mor-
n tells seems to capture the man's real
irit. "We were traveling in Europe. We
rived in Vienna and checked in at the
otel. It was 6:45. We'd settled in the
om, but Artie had found out about the
ost famous patisserie, Demel's, which
ed to be for centuries the patisserie to
e Hapsburgs. It closed at 6:30 sharp, but
was so intent on getting those cakes, he
ouldn't accept that. You've got to remem-
er, Artie's got a real sweet tooth. He
shed down, and the fancy wrought-iron
ate was closed. And Artie fell on his knees
nd began to rattle the bars of the gate so
owerfully that one of the janitors ran out
see what was the matter. Don't forget,
is is Vienna, which is so tradition-bound.
came all the way from America, and I
ave to leave tomorrow.' Which was not
ue, incidentally. And they actually opened
at gate for Artie." □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Julia Roberts's John Galliano shirt by special order from John Galliano, Paris; Lost Art pants from Lost Art, N.Y.C.; Fred Leighton earrings from Fred Leighton, N.Y.C.
Page 40: Bottom, Patricia Underwood headpiece by special order; call 212-268-3774. Viktor & Rolf Haute Couture shirt by special order; call 011-33-1-42-33-93-05.
Page 48: Suzanna Andrews styled by Tina Skouras.
Page 50: Elissa Schappell styled by Sukey Bolton; jacket by Shanghai Tang, from Shanghai Tang, N.Y.C.
Page 56: Meryl Streep styled by L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly Inc.; robe and gown by Donna Karan Intimates, from Donna Karan, N.Y.C.; earrings by Martin Katz, from Martin Katz, Beverly Hills
Page 151: Brittany Murphy's Dolce & Gabbana dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Kim Debus for Jam Arts, N.Y.C.
Pages 164–65: Julia Roberts's Viktor & Rolf Haute Couture shirt by special order; call 011-33-1-42-33-93-05
Page 166: Veronique Branquinho shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.
Pages 168–69: Chanel Haute Couture dress by special order from the Chanel Boutique, Paris; Fred Leighton jewelry from Fred Leighton, N.Y.C.
Page 170: Atelier Versace dress and boots by special order from the Versace Fifth Avenue boutique, N.Y.C.; Po for Lost Art hat from Lost Art, N.Y.C.
Pages 172–73: L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly Inc
Pages 182–83: Ricky Martin's Gucci shirt and pants from Gucci, Beverly Hills; L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly Inc
Page 207: Keely Smith styled by Daisy Kramer for Visages Style; coat by Catherine Regehr, by special order from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.
Page 215: See credit for pages 172–73

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Julia Roberts's hair styled with Neutrogena Clean Shampoo–Balancing. All makeup from Neutrogena. On her cheeks, Soft Color Blush in Vibrant Poppy; on her lips, Lip Plush Lip Color in Riot Red.
Page 48: Suzanna Andrews's hair and makeup by Maria Verel.
Page 50: Elissa Schappell's hair by Marco Scott and makeup by Gita Bass, both for Susan Price, Inc.
Page 56: Meryl Streep's hair and makeup by J. Roy Helland.
Page 151: Steven Ward for Garren New York; Denise Markey for Club Monaco Cosmetics.
Page 152: Ingrid Casares's hair and makeup by Tatijana Shoan
Pages 172–73: Sally Hershberger for Sheer Blonde; Denise Markey for Club Monaco Cosmetics.
Pages 182–83: Ricky Martin's grooming by Jo Stretell for Cloutier
Page 194: Bob and **Dolores Hope's** hair, makeup, and grooming by Mary Gaffney.
Page 196: Brad Dunning's grooming by Luanne Prima for the Givenchy Spa.
Page 197: President Gerald Ford's and **Betty Ford's** hair, makeup, and grooming by Eric Barnard for Cloutier
Page 207: Keely Smith's hair and makeup by Luanne Prima for the Givenchy Spa.
Page 215: See credits for pages 172–73.
Page 232: Jackie Collins's hair by Teddy Antolin for Beauty & Photo.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Geminis to claim temporary insanity

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Even the most wildly delusional mental patients occasionally exhibit astounding flashes of insight and perception. That's because they often experience reality with an expanded awareness that we could all benefit from understanding. Without making any insulting comparisons of your current state of mind to that of a lunatic, let's just say that planetary squares between your 9th and 12th houses frequently blur the line that separates fact from fiction. So when loved ones tell you that you're losing it, just blame the whole thing on astrology.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Are you just having one of your regular death-anxiety attacks, or are you actually going broke? With Uranus conjoining the south node in your solar 8th house, it's probably a little of both. If you would only keep your mind on business, you would have nothing to fret about. By the way, the starving-artist act is getting pretty old, not to mention that weary routine about refusing to prostitute yourself. And speaking of sex, frankness and honesty are fine, but there's no reason you have to expose your backside to the entire world. That's a bit much.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

It would be delicious indeed if you could follow your fantasy to its illogical conclusion without fear of the consequences. That way you could totally immerse yourself in someone else's problems and allow him or her to lead you into a land of ecstatic union. As the ruler of your 7th house meets the dragon's tail which is there now, that probably sounds like a great idea. However, it would be the stupidest thing you could do. Unless you keep a healthy distance from the object of your desire, you're going to get lost. Like it or not, you have your position to think of.

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

The irritating itches and glitches you are experiencing are just part of life, and everybody has to cope with them. There is no government conspiracy to introduce germs into your tummy or bugs into your computer. When the ruler of the 6th house squares the ruler of the 9th, you have to become superbly Virgo-like, keeping your engine clean and your head high. By the way, the reputation Virgos have for being clean-freaks is absolutely laughable. Many of them change their underwear only on days when they know company is coming.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Saturn in your solar 8th house squaring Uranus and the south node in your 5th could spell excitement. But get ahold of yourself. In relationships you're supposed to be the soul of prudence, purity, and piety. If you could cast your eyes demurely down and cope with monogamy—as colossally boring as it can be—you'd be fine. Current planetary transits, however, keep drums beating and hearts thumping, so it's difficult to knuckle under and behave in a decorous and chaste fashion. A word of advice: Play all you want. Just don't start something you can't finish.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Even if the pipes in the bathroom burst and the upstairs bedroom crashes down to the basement, you can still smile bravely and tell the world that your home is your castle. It's all just fallout from a planetary volcano erupting in your 4th house. In some strange way, the zoo you live in seems to have the right touch of madness to please your perversely mischievous nature. Then again, the fun might vanish if your entire family were to show up on *The Jerry Springer Show* trashing you and your choice of mate and your lifestyle. That could hurt.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Everybody around you knows that engaging in good old-fashioned hard work is the best way for you to stay grounded now. Strict routines are often therapeutic. With Saturn in your 6th house, you could probably stomach such regularity for quite a while, but with Uranus squaring Saturn from your 3rd house at the same time, there's no way you can keep marching in the zombie parade. Your siblings, loved ones, and neighbors have no idea that you're feeling so jumpy you can't even watch a TV show from start to finish. And they expect you to hold down a job?

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

When you're young and in your 20s, *la vie de bohème* is cool. Love and art rule. Period. Sometimes the money is there, often it's not. That's cool, too. As you get older, though, you're expected to adopt a more traditional way of life. Naturally you're aware that you should be grown-up now, but what are you supposed to do when your ruling planet comes to your 5th house and squares your 2nd? No matter how hard you try to control your heartstrings and your purse strings, it's going to be Mimi-and-Rodolfo City. If you don't get the reference, listen to Puccini.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Apart from the conjunction of your planetary ruler and the accursed south node of the moon in your solar 1st house, there doesn't seem to be any explanation for your behavior. You cling like a tick, then turn and run away. You say family means *everything* to you, yet you can't stand being stuck at home or with relatives. You long for closeness and permanence, but keep pushing everyone away. One day you say you're ready to die, and the next day you order new carpeting for the dining room. What's with you? Are you off your rocker, or just afraid of becoming dependent?

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

As long as you are into Big Brother for money, there's no place to run. You keep trying, though. It's comforting to have enough faith in yourself to know that you can pursue your escapist desires and appetites to the max and then walk away from them once you are satiated, without getting all hung up and addicted. However, there is one little thing to watch out for, when the south node transits your solar 12th house. You could talk a good game about being in control of yourself while unconsciously falling deeper and deeper under the spell of that old black magic.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

How nice of you to exhibit such generosity of spirit, no matter who stabs you in the back or runs out on you. It's a miracle that you can maintain that Boy Scout's pledge-allegiance-to-all-mankind look in your eye. As the ruler of your solar 11th house falls into the black hole of the wicked old dragon's tail, it will take all your effort to hang on to that wide-eyed idealism, especially when some of your loftier goals disappear at the same time. It's doubly hard when you also have to scramble for money. That does nothing for your Albert Schweitzer image.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Many Tauruses in the world—Queen Elizabeth II, Saddam Hussein, and the Pope, for starters—are now struggling to save face as they stand amid the rubble of crumbling institutions. You don't have to be a royal ruler or a fancy political or religious leader, though, to feel keenly the agonizing tension caused by the square of Saturn in your sign along with Uranus as it culminates in your midheaven. On the other hand, maybe you're not so out of touch with the times after all. Maybe it's the times that are out of touch with you. Just keep telling yourself that.

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.





It beckons me as I pass the store window.
A flash of light in the corner of my eye.
I stop. I turn. We look at each other.
And though I'm not usually that kind of girl
I take it home.

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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

Jackie Collins

Hollywood's own Marcel Proust, Jackie Collins has been spinning steamy tales of Lotusland's patrician class for more than 30 years. This month Collins strikes again with *Dangerous Kiss* (her 22nd novel), and, herein, an homage to L.A., F. Scott Fitzgerald, and leopards—a few of her favorite themes

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Sitting at my desk with my characters taking me on a wild trip!

What is your greatest fear?
Being held up by a masked gunman. It happened once and I made a daring escape. If it happens again, I think I'd freak!



Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Frank Sinatra. He did it his way.

Which living person do you most admire?
Schoolteachers, doctors, cops. What would we do without them?

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Saying yes when I really want to say no.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
People who gossip behind your back. If you've got a problem, confront!

What is your favorite journey?
A British Airways flight to London—I take it four times a year.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Piousness.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Fuckhead—it's one of my favorites!

What is your greatest regret?
That my mother, Elsa, never lived to see what I was able to achieve.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My three incredible daughters.

When and where were you happiest?
Right now. Life's an adventure—you've got to live it every day.

What is your current state of mind?
Sanguine.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A leopard.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
The first female president—or a leopard!

What is your most treasured possession?
My handwritten manuscripts.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Total boredom.

Where would you like to live?
L.A. It's the greatest.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Understanding people's problems—I'd have been a great shrink.

Who are your favorite writers?
F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mario Puzo, Dickens, and Tom Wolfe.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Jay Gatsby.

Who are your heroes in real life?
My fiancé, Frank Calcagnini.

What are your favorite names?
Lucky, Jade, Montana, and Nick.

What is your motto?
"Girls can do anything!"

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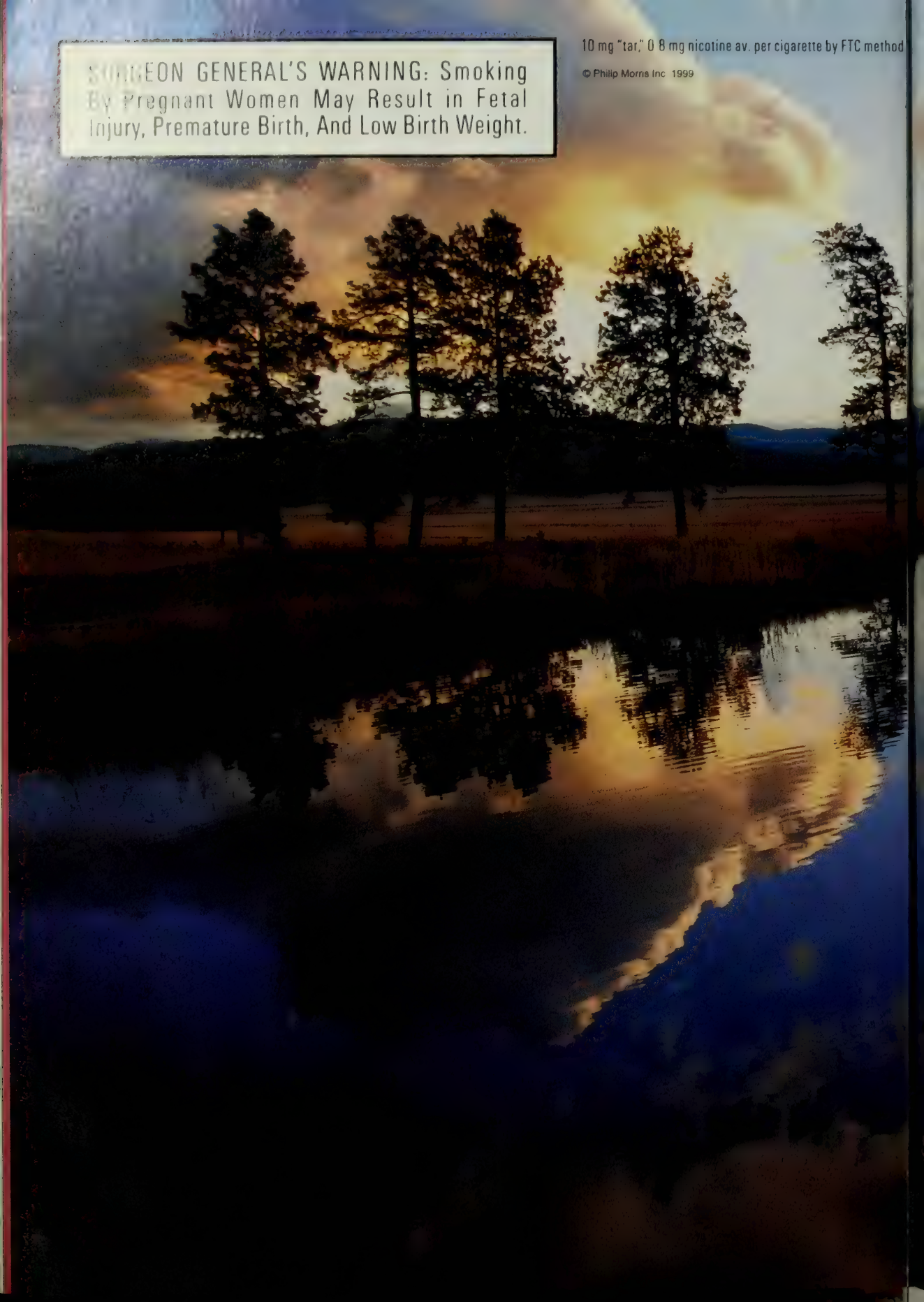
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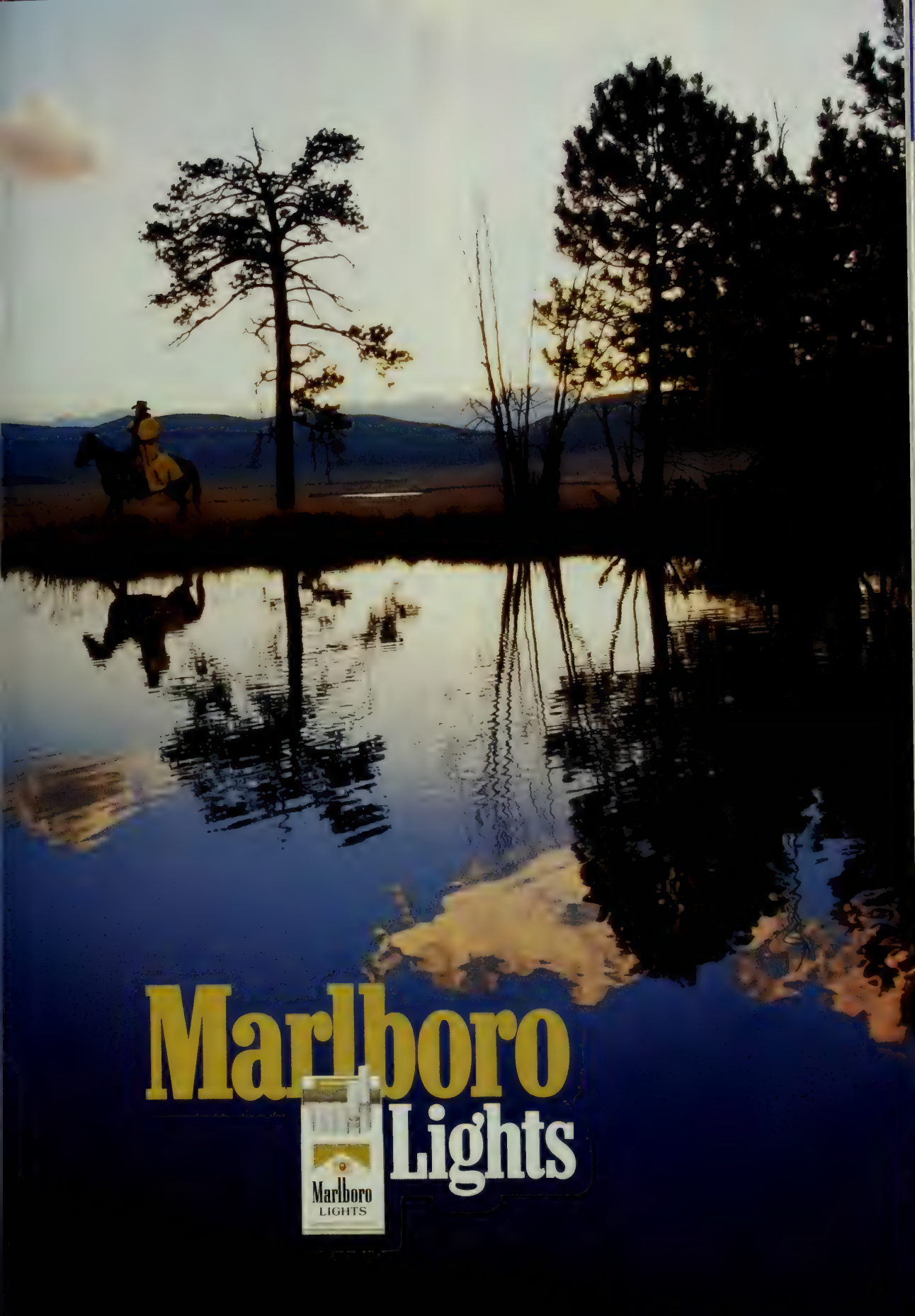
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VANITY FAIR

JULY 1999 Nº 467

Features

MADNESS VISIBLE | 78

Ancient symbol of victimization and redemption, Kosovo is now the flash point of a Great Power political standoff over NATO's bombing of Serbia. Six years after covering the Bosnian tragedy, Janine di Giovanni returns to the region to witness the horror of the Serbs' latest crusade for a mythic kingdom—while more than a million Kosovars lose loved ones, history, and future.

KRALL OF THE WILD | 86

Bruce Weber and Richard Merkin spotlight Canadian jazz singer and pianist Diana Krall, who has put her refreshingly simple imprimatur on a new CD, *When I Look in Your Eyes.*

WILL SMITH RIDES HIGH | 88

July Fourth brings *Wild Wild West,* another big action-comedy vehicle for Hollywood's happy trailblazer Will Smith. Ned Zeman discovers why everyone who knows Smith thinks the 30-year-old rap and movie star should be designated a national treasure. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

GUCCI AND GOLIATH | 94

In January, as Bernard Arnault, rapacious chairman of the luxury-goods empire L.V.M.H., moved toward a takeover of newly chic and profitable Gucci, it looked like easy prey. Instead, Gucci C.E.O. Domenico De Sole and star designer Tom Ford fought back. Bryan Burrough has the play-by-play on a struggle that continues to grip the fashion world.

A PASSAGE TO SIAM | 102

Julian Broad and Laura Jacobs spotlight this year's film retelling of a beloved story, with Jodie Foster as English governess Anna Leonowens and Chow Yun-Fat as Siam's obstinate monarch.

BANDS ON THE RUN | 106

Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, and Lauryn Hill are in a crowd of top rockers taking to the road this summer. Lisa Robinson maps the tours. Illustration by Robert Risko.

TO LOVE AND LOVE NOT | 108

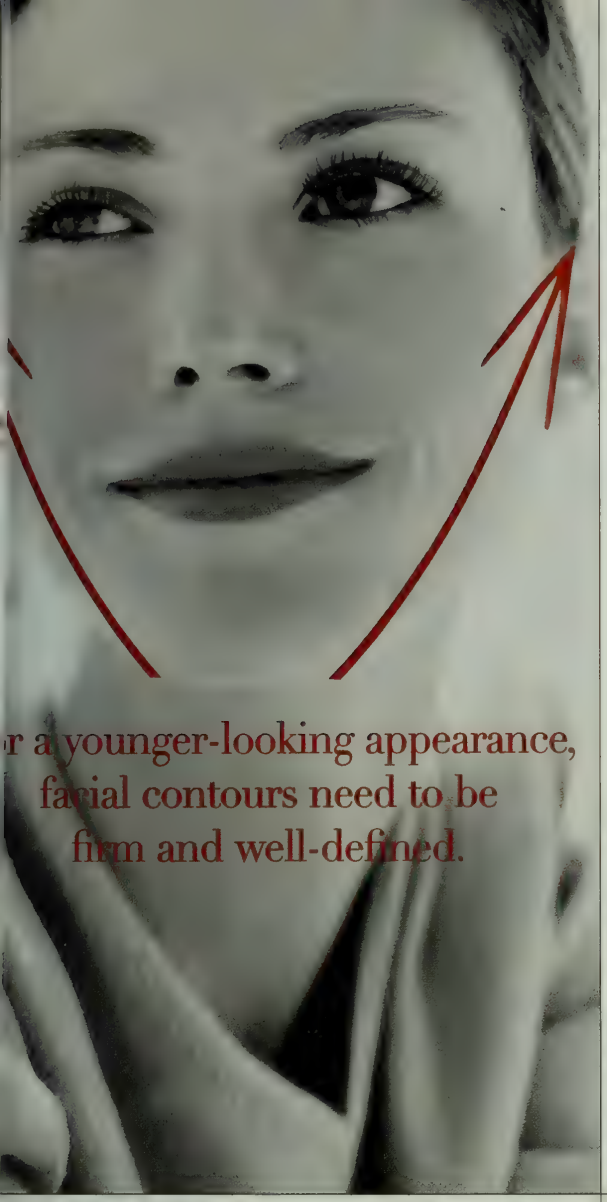
Society beauty Jane Kendall Mason's thirst for adventure attracted a string of high-testosterone men, including Ernest Hemingway. But as Alane Salierno Mason concludes, after piecing together just-discovered correspondence between her adoptive grandmother and the legendary writer, Jane would also inspire the creation of two famous fictional Hemingway "bitches."

THE SORROW AND THE BEAUTY | 118

Next month, HBO will air the story of groundbreaking black singer and movie actress Dorothy Dandridge. Firooz Zahedi and Kevin Sessums focus on Halle Berry's portrait of the tragic beauty.

MR. SMITH GOES TO TUCSON | 88

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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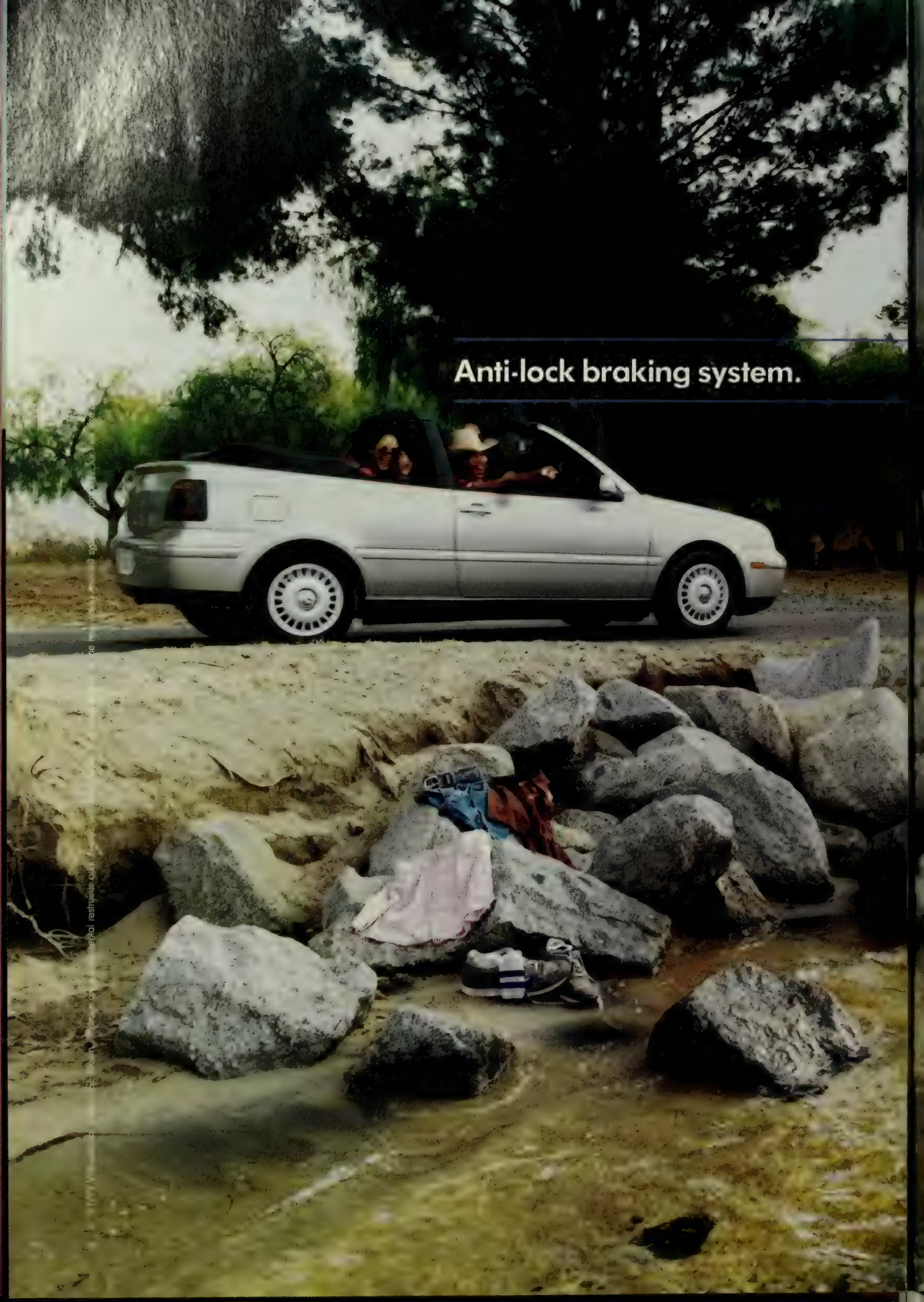
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VANITY FAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

JULY 1999

GREEN GIANTS | 120

Michael O'Neill captures 16 of golf's current and future legends, while Scott Gummer adds up their titles, and their totals.

Columns

REBEL GHOSTS | 34

The Battle of Gettysburg decided the fate of our nation. On its 135th anniversary, Christopher Hitchens joined 50,000 oddballs, history buffs, and Civil War enthusiasts, many of them searching for the glory in an epic defeat. Photographs by Robert Longo.

HALL OF FAME | 46

David Kamp nominates New York congressman Jerry Nadler for making the right kind of waves, from the Hudson River to the banks of the Potomac. Portrait by Harry Benson.

THE LIFE OF ANDY | 48

With an excerpt from their new screenplay, Larry Karaszewski and Scott Alexander preview *Man on the Moon,* Miloš Forman's next film, starring Jim Carrey as offbeat comedian Andy Kaufman.

TWO ANGRY MEN | 56

The acrimony between Disney's Michael Eisner and former studio chief Jeffrey Katzenberg has led to an astonishing courtroom showdown over how much Katzenberg is owed from hits such as *The Lion King.* But with reputations sullied on the witness stand, Kim Masters wonders if this trial can have a winner.

Vanities

PIED PIPER | 71

Indie rockers of Pavement enter the *Twilight* zone; Ben Stiller and Janeane Garofalo bare their souls to George Wayne; Party Politics—the White House Correspondents' Dinner.

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: The warrior culture | 22

CONTRIBUTORS | 24

LETTERS: Black tie and the Beltway | 30

CREDITS | 147

PLANETARIUM: Remember the 80s, Cancer? | 154

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Harry Connick Jr. | 156

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A MOVEABLE TRYST | 108

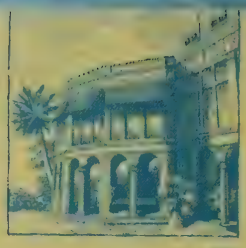
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While there does exist a certain unwritten code among seasoned travelers that discoveries are meant to be shared, there are times when this code is put to a test. Such as those times, for example, when the discovery is deemed too special to share with even the most close-mouthed of friends. This may very well be the case with Casa Del Mar, a remarkable new hotel located on the beach in Santa Monica, California.

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For information about sponsoring the Telluride Film Festival, please call Nancy Berger, Associate Publisher of *Vanity Fair*, at 212-880-7254.

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Editor's Letter

The Warrior Culture



Wars, whether they're waged between nations, corporations, or individuals, are launched for myriad reasons some of them rational. The results, however, invariably produce moments of breathtaking human misery, as Janine di Giovanni's report from Kosovo, "Madness Visible," on page 78, so vividly documents. This is di Giovanni's second tour of duty covering Balkan wars. She reported on the Bosnian disaster from 1992—and though the London *Times* correspondent faced gunpoint capture by Serb soldiers on this assignment with the élan of a war-weary veteran, she nevertheless struggled with her own anger and heartbreak as she witnessed the human tragedies scattered around her. Although the U.S. is leading NATO's bombing campaign for humanitarian reasons, the Allied assault has led to the destruction of at least one of the Kosovan villages it set out to defend, and to the by now infamous bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade. Talk about lunacy: the C.I.A.—which last year cost the taxpayers $26.7 billion—blames the snafu on out-of-date surveillance maps. Right after the bombing, I dispatched a *V.F.* assistant to the New York Public Library. In an hour, he returned with kabob stains on his shirt and a 1998 tourist map indicating which block the embassy was located on.

Soldiers have invented some gloriously indelible terms to describe the messy business of war: "snafu" (Situation Normal: All Fucked Up) was one of the more memorable coinages of World War II; Vietnam gave us "collateral damage" as a euphemism for unintended destruction. Kim Masters's report on the courtroom showdown capping Hollywood's bitterest grudge match since Lewis broke up with Martin is an object lesson in the latter. DreamWorks principal Jeffrey Katzenberg and his former employer Disney C.E.O. Michael Eisner have been skirmishing for five years over how big a bonus Disney owes Katzenberg for his stewardship of such hits as *Aladdin* and *The Lion King*. In "Two Angry Men," on page 56, Masters suggests that whatever money Eisner saves (or Katzenberg gains) as a result of their scorched-earth hearings, the damage to both men's reputations and Disney's, has been considerable.

For a remarkable glimpse into the machinations of corporate warfare on the highest level, I direct you to the pages of Bryan Burrough's marvelous account of white-hot Gucci's five-month struggle to avoid being gobbled up by Bernard Arnault, the famed chairman of L.V.M.H., the luxury-goods empire that includes Vuitton, Dior, and Veuve Clicquot. It is quite simply one of the most engaging tales of a takeover battle since, well, *Barbarians at the Gate,* which Burrough co-authored.

Last, but definitely not least, we have Christopher Hitchens taking a well-earned and doctor-advised break from covering our sitting president. In his report "Rebel Ghosts," on page 34, Hitchens taps into the legacy of a resounding military defeat. Just as the Serbs are still haunted by the 14th-century Battle of Kosovo, thousands of Civil War re-enactors can be found every July reliving the Battle of Gettysburg, the bloody birth of modern America, in which about 11,000 lives were lost. What Hitchens underlines by joining the dusty festivities on the 135th anniversary of the slaughter is that, in so many ways, defeat leaves a more powerful taste than victory.

—GRAYDON CARTER



Desert Son

Will Smith impressed everyone on the photo shoot with his riding skills. Here, Smith casts a long shadow at Old Tucson Studios–Mescal in Arizona. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on April 9, 1999.

ON THE COVER: Will Smith wears a shirt by Tommy Hilfiger. Pants by Giorgio Armani. Jeans by Gucci. Boots by Justin. Hair by Edward P. Linton-Andrews. Grooming by Jodie Murdock. Props styled by Rick Floyd. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.


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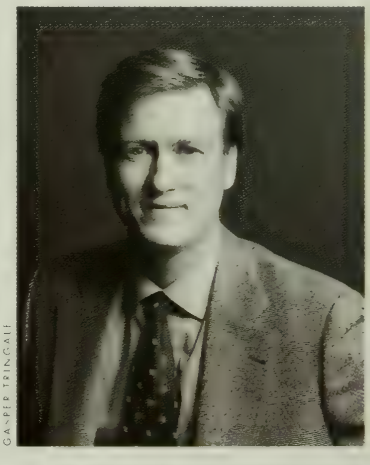
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Contributors



Behind **Janine di Giovanni's** eyewitness account of the unfolding horrors of Kosovo, which appears on page 78, lie years of reporting experience in the troubled Balkans. Her frontline Bosnian coverage culminated with her 1995 book, *The Quick and the Dead: Under Siege in Sarajevo.* Now a war correspondent for the London *Times,* di Giovanni says, "It's vital that people know what's happening in these situations because most of the time it's beyond imagination." Di Giovanni has also covered hostilities in Algeria, Rwanda, the Gaza Strip, and Nicaragua.



GANEEP TINGALI

Reporting on the battle over the Gucci fashion empire was like "slipping on a wonderful old suit" for special correspondent **Bryan Burrough.** A former *Wall Street Journal* reporter, Burrough has always thrived on the drama of the takeover deal, explaining, "It's the strategy, the tactics, the testosterone." But he isn't alone in getting a thrill out of the current financial scene in Europe. "There's a sense that Europe is where Wall Street was in 1982," says Burrough, who traveled to London, Amsterdam, and Paris for this article. "And that makes it a tremendously exciting time to be writing about European business."

An editor at W. W. Norton and an essayist, **Alane Salierno Mason** is the adoptive granddaughter of Jane Kendall Mason; a society beauty and onetime friend of Ernest Hemingway's, the elder Mason inspired two of the famous novelist's "bitches." "As the literary person in the family, I was delegated to go through the steamer trunks and suitcases of Jane's papers," says Mason. "I thought there might be Hemingway letters there. Still, I couldn't quite believe it when I found them, and what an incredibly rich trove of material it turned out to be." Rich enough, it turns out, that she was able to piece together the story of Jane's extraordinary relationship with Hemingway. Her article begins on page 108.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26





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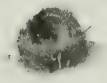
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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24



For this month's issue, contributing photographer **Michael O'Neill** captured some of the world's greatest golf legends, but one in particular made a lasting impression. "It was an incredible thrill to meet Gene Sarazen before he passed away, and to see a little twinkle in his eye still," says O'Neill, who photographed Sarazen less than two months before he died at the age of 97. "Being able to photograph the grand old man of golf was just fantastic, even for a nongolfer."



JOSEPH LEDERER

Screenwriters **Scott Alexander** and **Larry Karaszewski** struggled for months to capture the real Andy Kaufman for their new script, *Man on the Moon* (excerpted on page 48), which recounts the life of the late comedian. But when Kaufman's former girlfriend reassured the writing partners that there was no *real* Andy Kaufman, "a lightbulb went on and we realized that was our plot," recalls Karaszewski. "Andy wasn't happy unless there was a mask on." The former U.S.C. roommates, who wrote *Ed Wood* and *The People vs. Larry Flynt,* have just directed their first film, the comedy *Foolproof,* starring Danny DeVito and Norm Macdonald.

Before moving to New York 10 years ago, *Vanity Fair* managing editor **Chris Garrett** lived in London, where she was managing editor of the *Tatler* and later helped launch the *Independent* magazine. At *V.F.,* Garrett, who negotiates with writers, photographers, publishers, agents, and Hollywood executives, has seen major shifts in the industry. "At one time, it was about the article or the photograph," says Garrett. "Now there are considerations of the book, the Web site, the screenplay, the video, the film. In just the last three years, *V.F.* has had 13 of its stories optioned by the movies."



GASPER TRINGALE



SUNHEE GRINNELL

Julian Broad traveled all the way to Langkawi, Malaysia, to photograph the cast of the forthcoming *Anna and the King.* For five long, sweaty days, the London- and New York–based photographer braved the sweltering heat to capture the island's natural beauty (which, granted, had been accentuated by Hollywood set designers). "What was great was to be able to combine the landscapes with the people," Broad says, "and not being locked to a set or studio." Broad is currently working on a book of photographs about urban Texas.

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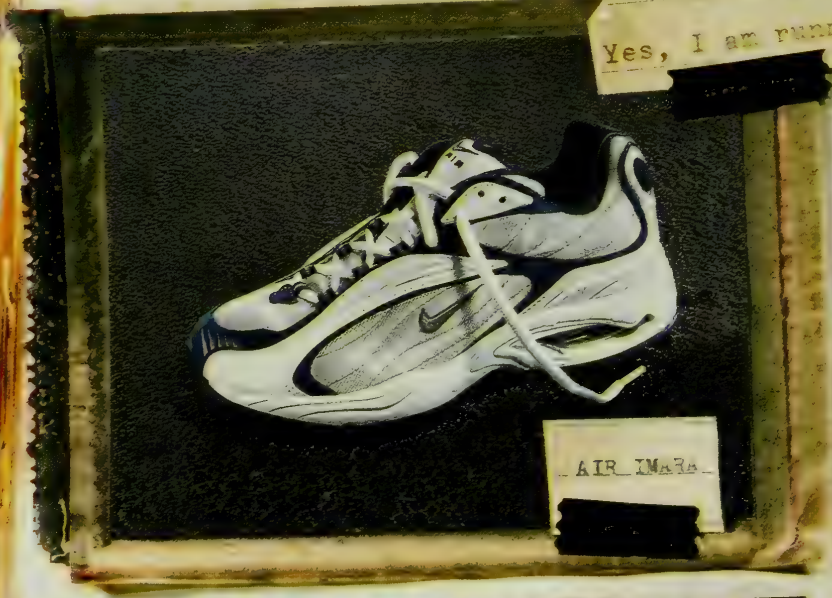
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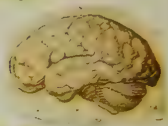
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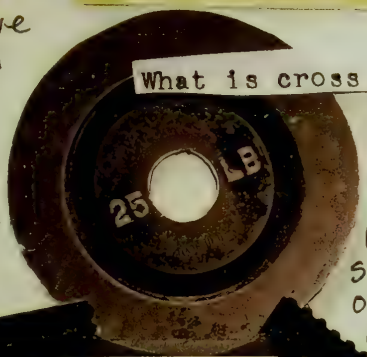
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BLACK TIE AND THE BELTWAY

I can't wait for The Next Big Thing to happen, for the selfish reason of wanting Dominick Dunne ["Mr. Dunne Goes to Washington," May] to cover it in his fascinating way. Eagerly I await anything new from Mr. Dunne, who has the singular talent of making me feel like a fly on the wall at events to which I can never be privy. Lucianne Goldberg had been revealed to be a member of the big-creep club along with that friend to working girls everywhere Linda Tripp, but it took Mr. Dunne to clarify the extent of their motives. It's such a pleasure to delve into Mr. Dunne's world. I revel at the turn of every page and have a wave of melancholy wash over me when I reach the last sentence, knowing I'll have to wait until the next article or novel.

REBECCA L. WHISTLER
Fletcher, Oklahoma

WHILE CLAIMING to have "lost faith" in the president he once idealized, Dominick Dunne betrays the very lack of critical judgment that pervades the circles in which Dunne moves. It appears that the same sort of celebrity-fawning that brought Bill to Hollywood also brought Dominick to Bill. Dunne confesses that much of his "ardor" for Clinton had to do with star power, something with which he admits a certain fascination. Indeed, his having "wept at the beauty" of a well-crafted speech reveals a devotion to style over substance more reminiscent of a youthful crush than the admiration of an ideologically like-minded adult. Even more confounding than this puerile hero worship is the reason he gives for his ensuing epiphany: by explaining his loss of faith merely in terms of the cheapening of the Oval Office and the lack of "beauty or dignity" in the tawdry affair, he evinces a sanctimoniousness worthy of the Moral Majority.

FRANK R. WOLLAEGER
Bainbridge Island, Washington



I HAVE ALWAYS enjoyed Dominick Dunne's books and articles because of his deep moral code and willingness to take a stand against societal wrongs. For this reason, I was saddened to read his story in which he refers to my boss, Tom DeLay, in petty and negative terms seemingly because the congressman fought for the moral high ground and voted his conscience in the investigation of the president. How can Mr. Dunne criticize someone for choosing to fight for what he believes to be right instead of kowtowing to politics and polls? After all, that is what Dunne has done in his stories, especially when covering the O. J. Simpson trial.

Lastly, Dunne refers to discredited allegations against DeLay which were printed in *The New Republic,* but neglects to mention that no charges have ever been filed against him, because the accusations are pure fiction. DeLay also addressed these smears and affirmed his innocence in various news publications long before your magazine went to press. Dunne had time to update his piece to address what he viewed as outrageous questioning by a reporter about the president and rape, but is silent on the dubious nature of the charges against the House majority whip. I ask Mr. Dunne to live up to his reputation as a straight shooter by writing about all his subjects fairly and by valuing morality on both sides of the political spectrum.

EMILY J. MILLER
Press secretary
Office of House Majority Whip Tom DeLay

DOMINICK DUNNE REPLIES: It was not Congressman DeLay's "moral high ground," as you call it, that I criticized, nor that he "voted his

Yet another city not his own: Once an ardent supporter of the president's, Dominick Dunne grew disillusioned with Clinton during his recent foray to Washington, D.C.



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Letters

conscience in the investigation of the president." What I criticized were his appalling manners, so different from his colleagues', during the State of the Union speech, when he smirked, sneered, and failed to stand. Sorry, but I cannot attribute noble motives to bad behavior. Granted, the congressman did deny the charges against him, but lawyers for one of DeLay's former partners inform me that no charges were filed, because the statute of limitations for perjury had run out. And last: nowhere did I call Sam Donaldson's questioning of the president at his news conference "outrageous." What I said was that it was the type of questioning which will always haunt the president in the future.

Operation Desert Sorrow

LIKE GARY MATSUMOTO, I often wondered if I would one day suffer the effects of Gulf War syndrome ["The Pentagon's Toxic Secret," May]. I was working in Kuwait City with the Kuwaiti resistance when our troops fought their way in. I shudder to think what my fate would have been at the hands of Saddam Hussein's thugs had Kuwait not been liberated by those brave men and women. Dr. Pamela Asa's statement that our military personnel are "willing to take bullets for us" is true, and I am eternally grateful for their courage.

Those who are suffering from Gulf War syndrome deserve to be treated with more respect. The continued evasiveness by government officials is criminal and insulting to all the members of our armed forces. As an American citizen, I am disgusted with what looks like a classic cover-up by the responsible parties regarding the vaccination of our soldiers and the possible link to Gulf War syndrome.

An obelisk stands on the grounds of the American Embassy in Kuwait City. On it are inscribed the names of all the American military personnel who gave their lives in the successful pursuit of our country's goals during the Gulf War. How many more names must be inscribed before the truth is finally told?

MICHAEL KANO
Vancouver, British Columbia

Jazz Mates

AS A YOUNG MUSICIAN, I found David Hajdu's article on the intimate bond between Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn ["A Jazz of Their Own," May] extremely inspiring. The story went a long way toward explaining why their catalogue is so enduring. Music of such astonishing beauty could have been created only out of the fearless trust that accompanies true love. Whether it was more than fraternal is ultimately immaterial. What is important is that two such monumentally gifted people were able to recognize each other as soul mates. Whatever Ellington's reasons for building the "big, gold, shiny wall" around himself, excluding all but Strayhorn, at least he found one person to whom he could give all of himself. Everyone should be so lucky.

WILLIAM DuVALL
Atlanta, Georgia

DUKE ELLINGTON gave us the gift of his music. Billy Strayhorn did the same. What neither of these generous, gentle cultural giants gave us was a license to muck about behind their closed doors, or, as a member of the band might have said, to put their business in the street. For Mr. Hajdu and others to do so under the guise of tribute was in bad taste.

ROBERT D. CAREY
Winthrop, Massachusetts

Dreaming of Natalie

HELLO, MY NAME IS Joshua Kerstein, and my parents have subscribed to *Vanity Fair* for some time. As I was going through the stacks of magazines on our kitchen counter, the picture of Natalie Portman on your cover caught my eye ["Through the Stardust," by Leslie Bennetts, May]. Now, I have to admit that I fell for her a long time ago. In *The Professional,* my curiosity began. In *Heat,* it was heightened, and with *Beautiful Girls,* it was just a joyride. Well, the reason I am going on about this is that in heaven I would ask to escort her to her prom, but I know that's not going to happen. I just wanted to let her know that I appreciate her work and am looking forward to seeing the upcoming *Star Wars* movie.

JOSHUA KERSTEIN
Ridgefield, Connecticut

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Christopher Hitchens

REBEL GHOSTS

On the fields of Gettysburg, the author finds the faded gallantry of a foolish, glorious defeat battling kitsch and New Age hallucinations as 15,000 Civil War re-enactors attest to the epic power of a 136-year-old bloodbath, a turning point in the war that cost more than 600,000 American lives



WAR GAMES
A re-enactment of Confederate general George Pickett's suicidal charge at Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg on the 135th anniversary of the July 3, 1863, battle.

William Faulkner's novel *Intruder in the Dust* is actually a 20th-century detective story (that, in my opinion, leaves *To Kill a Mockingbird* eating dust of its own). But, toward its close, it reverts to the inescapable historic texture of the Old South, and the way in which that history can't relinquish its inheritors, or be relinquished by them. The white protagonist Chick Mallison recalls a soliloquy of his uncle's:

It's all *now* you see. Yesterday wont be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago. For every Southern boy fourteen years old, not once but whenever he wants it, there is the instant when it's still not yet two o'clock on that July afternoon in 1863, the brigades are in position behind the rail fence, the guns are laid and ready in the woods and the furled flags are already loosened to break out and Pickett himself with his long oiled ringlets and his hat in one hand probably and his sword in the other looking up the hill waiting for Longstreet to give the word and it's all in the balance, it hasn't happened yet, it hasn't even begun yet, it not only hasn't begun yet but there is still time for it not to begin against that position and those circumstances which made more men than Garnett and Kemper and Armistead and Wilcox look grave yet it's going to begin, we all know that, we have come too far with too much at stake and that moment doesn't need even a fourteen-year-old boy to think *This time. Maybe this time* with all this much to lose and all this much to gain: Pennsylvania, Maryland, the world, the golden dome of Washington itself to crown with desperate and unbelievable victory the desperate gamble. . . .

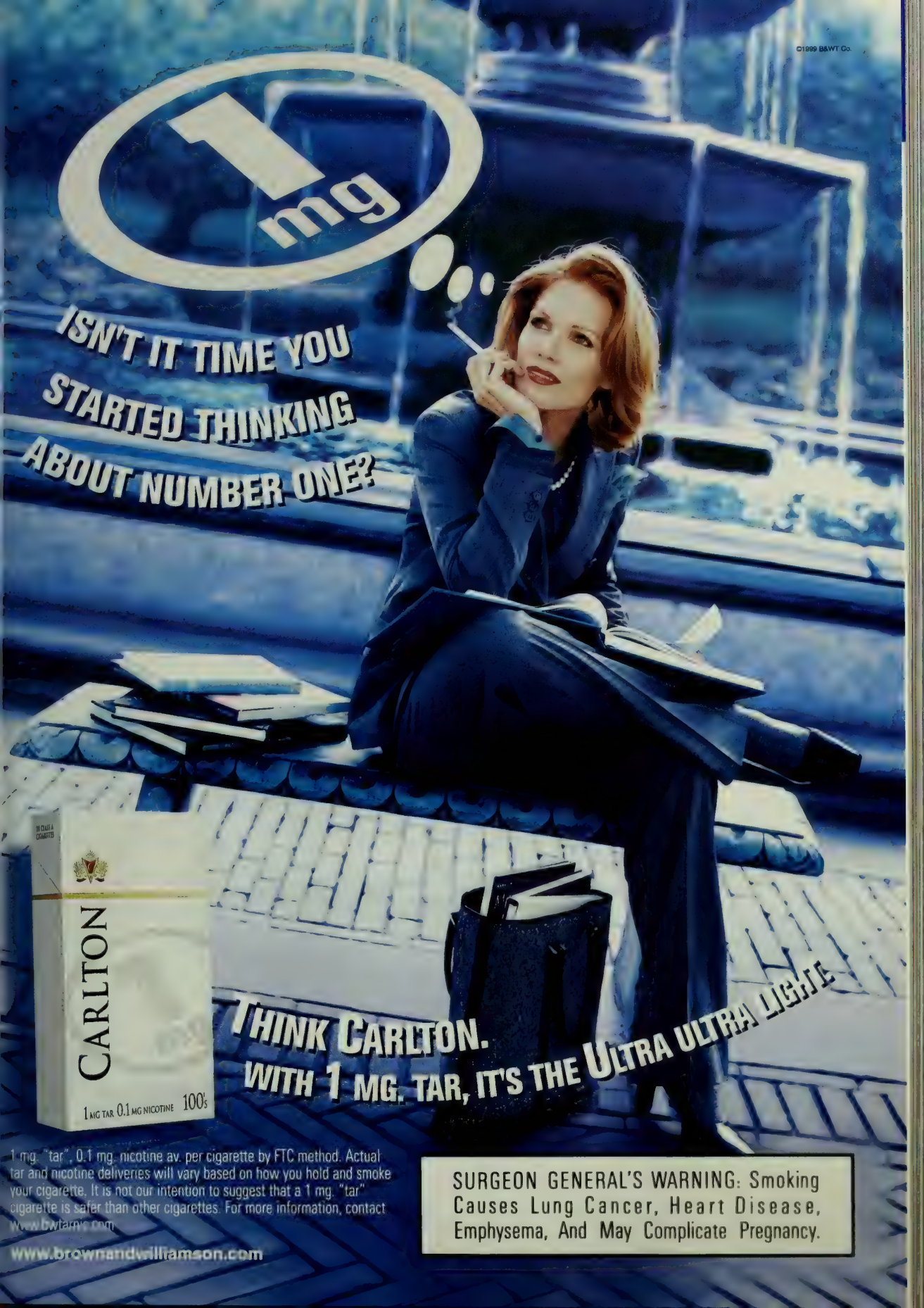
You may find this a touch overwrought, even romanticized. (Gore Vidal in his haunting and superb *Lincoln* points out that in 1861 there was no dome on the unfinished Capitol, and the Washington Monument itself was an ugly stump that stood incomplete for lack of funds.) You may even think it a trifle ethnically incorrect. (It's only white southern boys aged 14 years who can or do have this reverie.) You may even say that it's sentimental. (Many boys of all ages in the Old Confederacy were consecrated Unionists, and many since have gotten over it and learned to deal with it.) But either you can feel a thrill and a catch in the throat at the mention of Thermopylae and Agincourt, Culloden and Gallipoli, Jarama and El Alamein, or you cannot. And the great martial epic at Gettysburg—which you notice Faulkner doesn't even name, considering it to lie too deep for words—belongs in that roster of battles, both because it was a deciding engagement and because it featured a culminating moment of immolating, futile gallantry.

Which is why, on another hot July afternoon, in 1998, 135 years to the day since the suicidal charge that still bears Pickett's name, I found myself standing in the wondrously beautiful and unchanging scenery of southern Pennsylvania. I was myself an intruder in the dust—the dust of perhaps 15,000 Civil War re-enactors, and twice that number of spectators. Hoopskirted women moved in and out of the sutlers' stores, while brass bands played "Dixie" and "Battle Cry of Freedom" at one another, and blue- and gray-clad detachments kept a respectful mutual distance. The blue side was more uniform in the strict sense, as befits a regular army, while the gray was often self-equipped or barefoot or decked out in chaotic slouch hats and overalls. Nevertheless, you got the strong feeling that this is a shade of gray that still sees things in black and white.

Available were copies of *Civil War Times* and *Camp Chase* CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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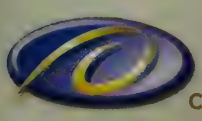
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The Gettysburg battle was effectively over before it began.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Gazette ("The Voice of Civil War Reenacting"), from which it's possible to discover that there are many people who do this more than just once a year. Indeed, I ran into a gentleman named Brian Talbert, accoutred for Battery E of the Third United States Artillery, who reckoned that he turns out in full kit between 25 and 30 weekends each year, mostly for the Civil War but occasionally for the Indian Wars as well. (Union and Confederate officers, who had often been friends at West Point, agreed at least on how to deal with Mexicans and Indians.) The rest of the time he is an aerospace-facilities mechanic for Honeywell in Clearwater, Florida. And he is for Honest Abe, the rail-splitter and country lawyer from Illinois. Most of the serious, hard-core re-enactors are worshipers of J. E. B. Stuart and Robert E. Lee. (They have, you might say, more to win.) Outside a souvenir tent I ran into Tony Horwitz, whose book *Confederates in the Attic: Dispatches from the Unfinished Civil War* is the finest account of this stubborn American subculture. He pointed to the Johnny Reb character on his dust jacket—a distinctly *farouche* individual named Robert Lee Hodge. "His special trick is a brilliant impersonation of a bloated battlefield corpse," Horwitz instructed me. "He might be round one of the bars this evening." Mr. Hodge, I later learned, has patented the term "wargasm" for those "super hardcore" enthusiasts who like their re-enactments down and dirty. Some of these are in need of a life; others are genuine history students; still others tend to regard the movie *Deliverance* as an invasion of their personal privacy. But, for all those who chafe at the redneck jeer, the Stars and Bars is a title and connection to nobility.

Although nobody appreciated the fact at the time, the Battle of Gettysburg was won on the first of its three days, and was effectively over before it began. The Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Mason-Dixon Line into Union territory, in real strength for the first time, but without very much hard information. Its supposed "eyes"—the dashing cavalry of the aforementioned Stuart—preferred to go off on a raiding expedition. So when the Army of the Potomac, under General George Meade, met the advance guard of the foe, it was like two ships colliding in the fog. General John Buford's Union cavalry decided there and then to make a fight of it and to preserve the high ground. Once they had done that, it's no cliché to say, the rest was history. I watched this defining and fateful moment as it was re-enacted under a broiling sun. The musketry rattled and volleyed, and the cannons boomed and gave off a satisfying smoke, and files and ranks and columns advanced and redeployed. Only one element of authenticity was missing. Nobody much wanted to mime the bit where you throw up your arms, or, more likely (given the regular instruction of those days to "aim low"), clutch them terribly and suddenly over your viscera and genitalia. Hardly anybody volunteered to fall. You can understand why in one way, because where's the fun in lying hot and still for the rest of the afternoon? You can see why in another too, because there are many people who truly, madly, deeply want to "be a part of it" and who, as Faulkner understood, half believe that it can still be made to come out differently.



HORSE PLAY
Civil War buffs re-create General John Buford's Union Cavalry defense of the high ground at McPherson's Ridge at Gettysburg, July 3, 1998.

It used to be said of the American Civil War, or "the War Between the States," or "the late unpleasantness," or "the war of Northern Aggression," that it was the last of the old wars and the first of the new. There was still cavalry and dash and individual initiative, in other words, but the low, growling notes of mechanized warfare were to be heard under and over the canter of hooves and the drum taps and the noble call of the bugle. About 55,000 men were blown to shreds or died of appalling wounds or expired from thirst and neglect on the Gettysburg field, and it seemed to me somewhat profane to be strolling this nearby turf and buying kitsch souvenirs, or pamphlets with titles such as *Freemasons at Gettysburg,* or T-shirts emblazoned with the legend IT'S A SOUTHERN THING—YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. (Why is it, when I see a Confederate battle flag flapping from the rear of a pickup truck, that I don't axiomatically make the association with courtesy, gentility, chivalry, and hospitality? Perhaps that's the bit I don't understand.) Anyway, on these occasions there's usually a shortage of volunteers to play the Yankee part.

So it was a shock to see the first black face I'd seen all day. It belonged to a man wearing a Union blue cap with an otherwise denim outfit. He proved to be not a keen re-enactor but a history buff from Baltimore who had put on the cap only as a badge of solidarity. He spoke very knowledgeably of Charles Francis Adams, Lincoln's envoy to London, and of his son Henry, author of *The Education of Henry Adams,* and of contemporary British politicians such as Gladstone and Russell, before he was abruptly drowned out by a band striking up "Dixie." It turned out that we were standing within a few yards of General Lee's tent, and that the Confederate leadership was about to give a "press conference." My new acquaintance declined my suggestion that we walk over together and see what was up. (One of the first acts of the Army of Northern Virginia, on entering Pennsylvania and thus re-entering the Union, was to round up freed slaves and send them south to be reincorporated into the unpaid workforce. Talk about forced integration.) But on presenting myself to Lee's staff I met the one re-enactor I decided to stay with.

He was easy to spot, in his red coat and smart black cap. "Colonel Fremantle, I think?" He bowed politely in response. Lieutenant Colonel Sir Arthur James Lyon Fremantle of Her Britannic Majesty's Coldstream Guards is a notice-

Most of the hard-core re-enactors worship Robert E. Lee.

able figure in Michael Shaara's tremendous novel, *The Killer Angels,* and in the made-for-TV movie *Gettysburg,* which is based upon it. Fremantle attached himself as an observer to the Confederate forces and wrote one of the most vivid, if least intelligent, Civil War diaries. (He believed to the last that the South was unvanquishable.) Had Lee carried the day in Pennsylvania, he could next have moved against Philadelphia or Washington or both, and in that event the British Empire might well have abandoned its rather pro-southern neutrality and intervened on the side of Jefferson Davis. The man who played Fremantle turned out to be Roger Hughes, a jovial Brit from Nottingham who now lives in Orlando and works as a marketing consultant. He's been doing the part for seven years. We repaired to his nearby and well-appointed tent. Almost every passerby recognized him. "Of course, it's partly the scarlet tunic. All the fault of that film. Fremantle never wore his uniform on the battlefield; insisted on a gentleman's shooting suit. But now people expect it of me."

Having been recruited as a bit of a joke to what he ironically termed "the re-enactment community," Hughes has found the role subtly taking over his life. He has researched every detail of Fremantle's career, has written a novel entitled *Fremantle* and had it privately published in leather bindings, has visited the spots where the great man served, and has dug forgotten photographs of him out of military archives in London. "I think," he said gravely, "I've got the best job in the Confederate army." He was free to wander the battlefield without taking part in hostilities. Fremantle had actually heard General Robert E. Lee, after the sanguinary fiasco of Pickett's charge, exclaim, "This has all been my fault." At the time, most southern partisans did not want to hear this. It was one thing for thousands of men to throw away their lives by marching up a slope under heavy fire and insane orders—that's glory for you—but quite another to think of it as a blunder committed by a vain and fallible old mortal. The 1854 charge of the Light Brigade was sound tactics by comparison. (A salient element in Charles Frazier's 1997 novel, *Cold Mountain,* is the way that the footsore Confederate deserter, Inman, comes to the realization that he has been duped, and treated as expendable: "At wide intervals in the valley stood big houses with white columns. They were ringed around with scattered hovels so that the valley land seemed cut up into fiefdoms. Inman looked at the lights in the big houses at night and knew he had been fighting battles for such men as lived in them, and it made him sick.")

Sitting with "Fremantle" under the awning of his tent was the bowler-hatted and suspender-wearing Francis Charles Lawley, correspondent of the London *Times* and a keen partisan for the Land of Cotton. He proved to be another jovial Brit, named John Bottoms, a systems analyst for Cincinnati Bell. The frantic diatribes of the *Times* against Lincoln and the Union, and in favor of the slavocracy, were the despair of Charles Francis and Henry Adams. But this propaganda was regularly answered by Britain's leading pro-Union journalist. In his articles for Horace Greeley's *New York Daily Tribune,* this columnist, Karl Marx by name, who helped lead the pro-Lincoln agitation in England, foresaw the era of ironclad ships, the sacking of the incompetent Union general George McClellan, and the adoption of the Emancipation Proclamation, which declared free those slaves in Confederate hands. He was much admired by Adams *père et fils.* I have often wondered why the Dixiecrat right doesn't make more of this historical fact, which is certainly among those things that they don't teach you in school.

In the main tent at midday, there was an attraction billed as "Civil War Past Lives: A Regression Talk by Barbara Lane." I attended. Ms. Lane, in crinoline and parasol and with a bottle of sarsaparilla no doubt nearby, expounded to a big audience about her belief in the reincarnation of veterans as re-enactors. An understudy of the moderately disastrous Confederate general Henry Heth was produced to share his hallucinations with us. So were some other dubious revenants. Only one man broke the usual rule of the reincarnated, most of whom (you must have noticed) claim to have been kings or demigods in past lives. "I was just a drunken private," this chap announced. His state at the time certainly lent plausibility to the claim. I found myself growing irritated, not merely by the silliness of the business but by its modernism. If I visit blood-soaked and therefore supposedly hallowed ground, I want at least to hear bombastic rhetoric, not subtherapeutic battle.

The very reason for the imperishability of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, delivered four months later on the same hallowed ground, is that it departed from conventional bombast and oratory, while managing both to honor the past and to summon a common democratic future. (This, in under 300 words.) I went straight from the faux event to the real national monument down the road and tried to decide what it is that makes Gettysburg so enduring and intense.

- It could have gone the other way, with the future republic partitioned and partly enslaved.
- The dead don't have a say. I would prefer to hear from Pickett's squandered foot soldiers than from those who conscript them for later speeches and who take their names. Since we can't hear from them, we shouldn't in all decency presume to speak for them. (This goes for most such rhetoric on all sides.)
- Gettysburg lasted only three days, and ended on the eve of the Fourth of July. Before the Civil War, people of all classes and professions would say "The United States are . . . " After 1865, it was "The United States is . . . "
- The Confederate army was the last white Anglo-Saxon Protestant (if not exactly Wasp) army to take the field on American soil, or from American soil. (Its battle flag was the Saint Andrew's cross. Faulkner always considered himself Scottish, and thought yearningly back to the analogous defeat of the gallant clans of the Highlands at Culloden in 1746.) In the Union ranks were numerous polyglot refugees from Europe, many of them veterans of the 1848 revolution. The great melting pot started to bubble only after Gettysburg had been decided.
- The British Empire never again tried to intervene militarily in American affairs, and acknowledged that a continental Union was inevitable, so Gettysburg was a hinge event in the gradual eclipse of Britain by the United States. (In the famous essay collection *If It Had Happened Otherwise,* edited by J. C. Squire in 1931, Winston Churchill gave this as his main reason for wishing that Lee had won.)
- The southern forces were defeated by the very qualities—J. E. B. Stuart's reckless and charming indiscipline, Lee's steadfast faith in God's guidance, General James Longstreet's dogged and unswerving loyalty—that they admired in themselves and had imagined would give them victory. As Bertolt Brecht says in "A Worker Reads History":

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"This was the first war to be chronicled by photographers."



OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN
At the Union center on Cemetery Ridge, re-enactors entrench for the Confederate cannonade at the end of the three-day "battle."

"And even in Atlantis of the legend / The night the sea rushed in / The drowning men still bellowed for their slaves."

• An unheeded warning—about the superiority of artillery over infantry—seems in retrospect to make Gettysburg the premonition of the Western Front, and of the superannuated and stubborn generals who presided over it and surpassed their predecessors in folly.

• Glorious defeats often have a greater emotional effect than muddy victories. The Confederacy continued to make a human sacrifice of its best sons, in the name of General George Pickett, for nearly two years after the lesson of Gettysburg had been ruthlessly driven home. Dunkirk was a glorious and inspiring defeat, but on that occasion the big effort was expended in saving the British army from Hitler rather than throwing it heroically away. And one of the flashiest officers on the Union side was George Armstrong Custer . . .

• This was the first war to be chronicled by photographers. Mathew Brady's stark, chiaroscuro studies of the unburied dead at Gettysburg meant that civilians could see what warfare really looked like, instead of relying on propaganda sheets, instant ballads, and secondhand dispatches.

These were broken thoughts on a stricken field, yet they seemed to connect to one another. (The unexploited and uncluttered landscape helps one's thoughts to jell, even if Three Mile Island is only a day's march away.) Above all, there is the masculinity of the thing. Warfare, they say, is to men what childbirth is to women: the essential and formative and bonding experience. It makes you part of it all, and enlists you in the unimpeachable company of combatants, and defines you as an individual. Here is Michael Shaara's description of the critical scene at Little Round Top—the desperately fought turning point in the Gettysburg struggle—where the men from Maine were told that on no account could they give up the high ground seized by General Buford, because they were the end of the line:

> The men were digging in, piling rocks to make a stone wall. The position was more than a hundred yards long, Chamberlain could see the end of it, saw the 83rd Pennsylvania forming on his right. On his left there was nothing, nothing at all. . . . Chamberlain took a short walk. Hold to the last. To the last what? Exercise in rhetoric. Last man? Last shell? Last foot of ground? Last Reb? . . . He felt the emptiness to his left like a pressure, a coolness.

And here is Ernest Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls:*

> If both flanks ever held I suppose it would be too much to take, he thought. I don't know who is prepared to stand that. And if you extend along a flank, any flank, it eventually becomes one man. Yes, one man. . . . You are going to be the left flank when we have the battle, he thought. . . . Well, I always wanted to fight one on my own. I always had an opinion on what was wrong with everybody else's, from Agincourt down. I will have to make this a good one.

Robert Jordan and the other American volunteers in the Spanish civil war were fighting, of course, in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. I believe that Hemingway must have had Gettysburg in mind when he was writing (and perhaps he was also thinking of Stephen Crane, who described the May 1863 battle at Chancellorsville in *The Red Badge of Courage* to such electrifying effect that people thought he had "been there," when he hadn't been born at the time).

American letters and literature became less flowery, more terse, more ironic, and in a way more modest and understated after Gettysburg and the pungent, economical address that bears its name. Walt Whitman's *Drum-Taps* is nearly prosaic, while Robert Lowell's elegy "For the Union Dead" borrows from the almost Puritan scene that it describes: "On a thousand small town New England greens, / the old white churches hold their air / of sparse, sincere rebellion; frayed flags / quilt the graveyards of the Grand Army of the Republic." Yet, still, more people north and south would recognize the name of Pickett than would know of Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain. A skeptical professor of religion and rhetoric at Bowdoin College, and a friend of Harriet Beecher Stowe's, Chamberlain commanded the 20th Maine at the extreme end of Little Round Top. He did not hurl his Maine troops into senseless or theatrical engagements. He did not commit lethal flourishes. He was frugal with the ammunition. He stoically held the left flank for the Union, and only as a last and meditated resort led a charge downhill rather than up, thus clinching matters in a memorable way. If he'd been more of a bloodbath artist and war-lover, he'd probably be the toast of innumerable men who have never seen a bloated corpse or smelled a chest wound, and who use such episodes for braggartry and beer chasers. But, as it happens, it was the thoughtful Chamberlain who won the day, while those who can't forgive the past are condemned, not without pathos, to re-enact it. □



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The fearless, rumpled New York representative Jerry Nadler, photographed aboard the tugboat *Sandy G* on the Hudson River off Manhattan, February 17, 1999.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

Jerry Nadler

BECAUSE, as the four-term congressional representative of Manhattan's West Side, he's liberalism the way it oughta be, a far cry from both the blanded-out, airport-Ramada right-centrism of Bill Clinton and the naïve, pierced-tongue stridency of the Lollapalooza kids. BECAUSE he called into question New York State's headlong rush to develop the Hudson River's rotting West Side piers into a public-commercial complex, suggesting that the Army Corps of Engineers first issue an Environmental Impact Statement. BECAUSE he wants the Hudson River Park to be a *park,* not the honky-tonk retail strip some developers envision, nor another grim, Robert Moses–style car-culture desecration of urban public space. BECAUSE last fall, despite having no great love for Clinton, he unhesitatingly denounced the House's impeachment of the president as a "partisan coup d'état" while more conciliatory Democrats waited to see what their constituents wanted them to say. BECAUSE, as the ranking Democrat on the Judiciary Subcommittee on Commercial and Administrative Law, he's in favor of giving that horrid independent-counsel statute a good seeing-to. BECAUSE, through his accomplishments and deeds, he has managed to render irrelevant what you can't help but notice about him: his considerable girth. BECAUSE he got wise to Dick Morris, his former friend and roommate, long before the rest of us (they haven't been close since the 1970s). BECAUSE he is a Yankees fan, yet, unlike another blustery New York City politician we know, he has made no attempt to claim the team's successes as his own. BECAUSE he takes New York wit, causticity, and intellectualism to a place where they are acutely needed: Washington, D.C.

—DAVID KAMP

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


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HERE I COME... Carrey as Kaufman, lip-synching the theme song from *Mighty Mouse* on *Saturday Night Live.*

THE LIFE OF ANDY

With an excerpt from the script for *Man on the Moon,* based on the life of subversive comedian Andy Kaufman, the screenwriters of *Ed Wood* and *The People vs. Larry Flynt* preview their new movie, opening in November, directed by Miloš Forman and starring Jim Carrey, Courtney Love, and Danny DeVito

BY SCOTT ALEXANDER AND LARRY KARASZEWSKI

Young audiences today, if they know Andy Kaufman at all, might recognize him as Latka, the tongue-tied, vaguely Eastern European immigrant on the television series *Taxi.* Or possibly they've seen him lip-synching the *Mighty Mouse* theme song on an old *Saturday Night Live* rerun. But knowing Kaufman only for his most popular TV work is a bit like knowing Picasso or Miles Davis only for their "Think Different" Apple ads. As a comedian, Kaufman was interested less in amusing audiences than in challenging them, provoking them, even angering them. His legendary performances—the word "routines" hardly does them justice—included reading *The Great Gatsby* out loud (*all* of it) to nightclub audiences; daring women to wrestle him onstage; taking an entire Carnegie Hall crowd out for milk and cookies. Kaufman also loved putting on friends and colleagues, so much so that when he died of lung cancer in 1984, at the age of 35, many in Hollywood suspected him of faking his own death as a kind of ultimate performance piece—something he had, in fact, discussed doing. Was any of this funny? For Kaufman, the question would have been beside the point. As the Kaufman character says in the *Man on the Moon* screenplay, "I want that audience to go through an experience. They love me! They hate me! They walk out—it's all GREAT!"

The film, directed by Miloš Forman and produced by Jersey Films, stars Jim Carrey as Kaufman, along with Danny DeVito as his manager, George Shapiro, and Courtney Love as his girlfriend, Lynne Margulies. Performers who will appear in the following scenes include Gerry Becker as Stanley Kaufman, Andy's dad; Bobby Boriello as the eight-year-old Andy; and the real-life George Shapiro as a nightclub manager who, early on, fails to appreciate Kaufman's . . . genius?

This excerpt from the beginning of the screenplay follows Kaufman's life up to a quintessential biopic moment: his first big break.

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR KAUFMAN HOUSE—1957—DAY

A BLACK-AND-WHITE *image slowly becomes* COLOR. *Great Neck, 1957. An upper-class Jewish neighborhood. In the street, crew-cut* BOYS *play T-ball, laughing and shouting. A fat convertible pulls up to the smallest house, and* STANLEY KAUFMAN, *35, gets out. Still in his suit, he's a well-meaning slave to his job—tired, responsible.*

INTERIOR KAUFMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN—DAY

Baby CAROL *is crying. Mom* JANICE, *32, quickly peels carrots, trying to get dinner made. Stanley marches past.*

STANLEY: Is he in his room?

JANICE: Of *course* he's in his room. (*aggravated*) All his "friends" are in there.

Stanley glowers. He huffs upstairs.

INT. KAUFMAN HOUSE, HALLWAY—DAY

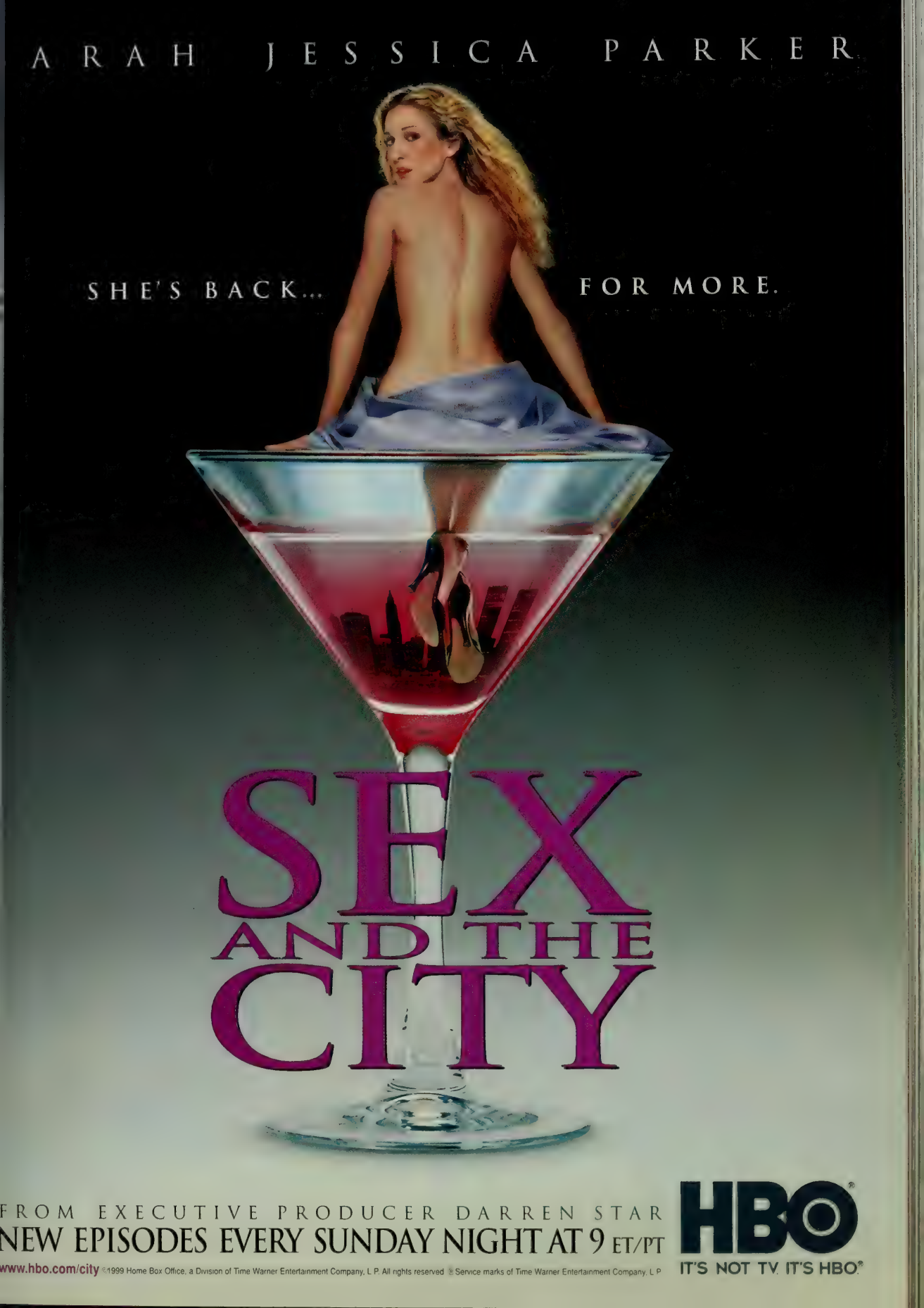
Stanley hurries up to Andy's shut door. We hear little Andy doing VOICES.

ANDY: (*offscreen as* WORRIED GIRL) But, Professor, why are the monsters growing so big? (*now as* BRITISH PROFESSOR) It's something in the jungle water. I need to crack the secret code.



Excerpted from the screenplay of *Man on the Moon,* which will be released in November by Universal Pictures; © 1999 by Universal Studios. The screenplay, which was written by Scott Alexander & Larry Karaszewski, will be published in book form by Newmarket Press, New York.

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Stanley [illegible] eyes. He opens the door.

INT. KAUFMAN HOUSE, ANDY'S ROOM—DAY

[illegible] ANDY, eight, performing for the wall. Andy is happy [illegible] as long as he's acting.

ANDY: (*as* BRITISH PROFESSOR) Maybe I should talk to the natives. (*as dancing* NATIVES) Shoom boom boo ba! Shoom boomboo ba

STANLEY: Andy!

ANDY: (*startled*) Oh!

The boy suddenly turns off, becoming introverted . . . awkward. Frustrated, Stanley stares at his son.

STANLEY: Andy, this has to stop. Our house isn't a television station. There is *not* a camera in that wall.

Andy glances over at the wall. Hmm.



STANLEY: (*trying to cope*) Son . . . listen to me. It isn't healthy. You should be outside, playing sports.

ANDY: But I've *got* a sports show. Championship wrestling, at five.

STANLEY: (*he blows his top*) You *know* that's not what I meant! Look, I'm gonna put my foot down! *No more playing alone.* You wanna perform, you GOTTA have an audience!

ANDY: (*he points at the wall*) B-but I have *them.*

STANLEY: No! That is NOT an audience! That is PLASTER! An audience is people made of flesh! They—live and breathe! *Got it?!*

Andy thinks, considering his options. Then he nods.

CUT TO:

INT. KAUFMAN HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM—LATER THAT DAY

Baby Carol sits in her crib. Andy's hands suddenly YANK *her out.*

INT. KAUFMAN HOUSE, ANDY'S ROOM—DAY

Andy hurries in and plops Carol down on the floor. She dutifully sits there, deadpan.

Andy returns to the center of the room. He resumes his show.

ANDY: (*as* KIDDIE-SHOW HOST) And now, boys and girls! It's time for . . . *TV Fun House*! (*he makes an* APPLAUSE SOUND) Hi, everybody! Are you ready for a sing-along? I'll say the animal, and *you* make the sound! O.K. . . . ? O.K.! (*he starts to* SING) "Oh, the cow goes . . . "

Carol stares, unblinking. Then—

CAROL: Moo.

ANDY: (*he smiles, pleased*) "And the dog goes . . . "

CAROL: WOOF!

ANDY: "And the cat says . . . "

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. N.Y. NIGHTCLUB—MID-70s—NIGHT

TIGHT *on* ANDY, *now* GROWN UP, *26 years old, still performing the song.*

DRUNK AUDIENCE: Meow!!

WIDE—*It's a small, hip New York nightclub.*

ANDY: "And the bird says . . . "

DRUNK AUDIENCE: TWEET!!

ANDY: "And the lion goes . . . "

DRUNK AUDIENCE: ROAR!!

ANDY: "And *that's* the way it goes!" (*he grins*) Thank you. Good-bye!

Andy waves and bows. There's faint scattered applause.

Andy sighs. An irritated MANAGER *steps onstage. He shoots Andy a disgruntled look, then takes the mike.*

MANAGER: The comedy stylings of Andy Kaufman, ladies and gentlemen!

In the background, Andy starts packing up his props: hand puppets, conga drums, a phonograph . . . it all goes into a big bulky case.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y. NIGHTCLUB—LATER THAT NIGHT

The club is empty. At the bar, the Manager cleans up. Andy eagerly comes over. Offstage, his presence is soft, placid—his voice barely above a whisper.

ANDY: So, Mr. Besserman, same slot tomorrow . . . ?

MANAGER: (*awkward*) Eh, I dunno . . . Andy. I'm . . . thinkin' of letting you go . . .

ANDY: You're firing me?? (*beat*) You don't even *pay* me!



MANAGER: Look—I don't wanna seem insulting. But . . . your act is like amateur hour: sing-alongs . . . puppets . . . playing records . . .

A stunned beat. Andy is hurt.

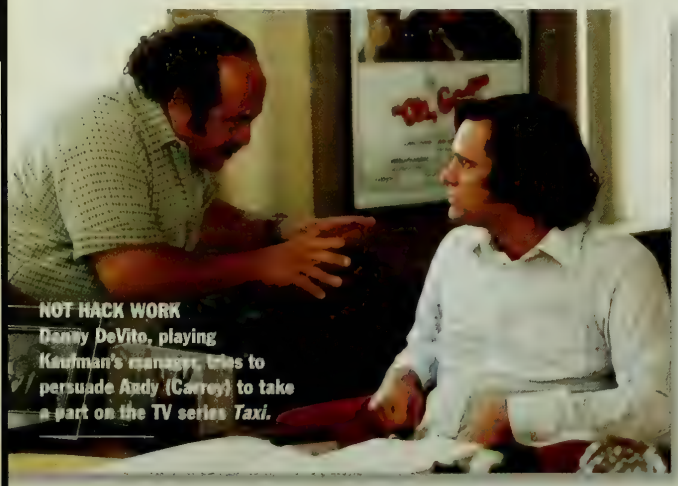
ANDY: What do you want? "Take my wife, please"?

MANAGER: Sure! *Comedy!* Make jokes about the traffic. Do impressions. Maybe a little blue material . . .

ANDY: *I don't swear.* I—I don't do what everyone else does!

MANAGER: Well, everyone else gets this place *cookin'!* Pal, it's hard for me to move booze when you're singin' "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Andy stares, disheartened.



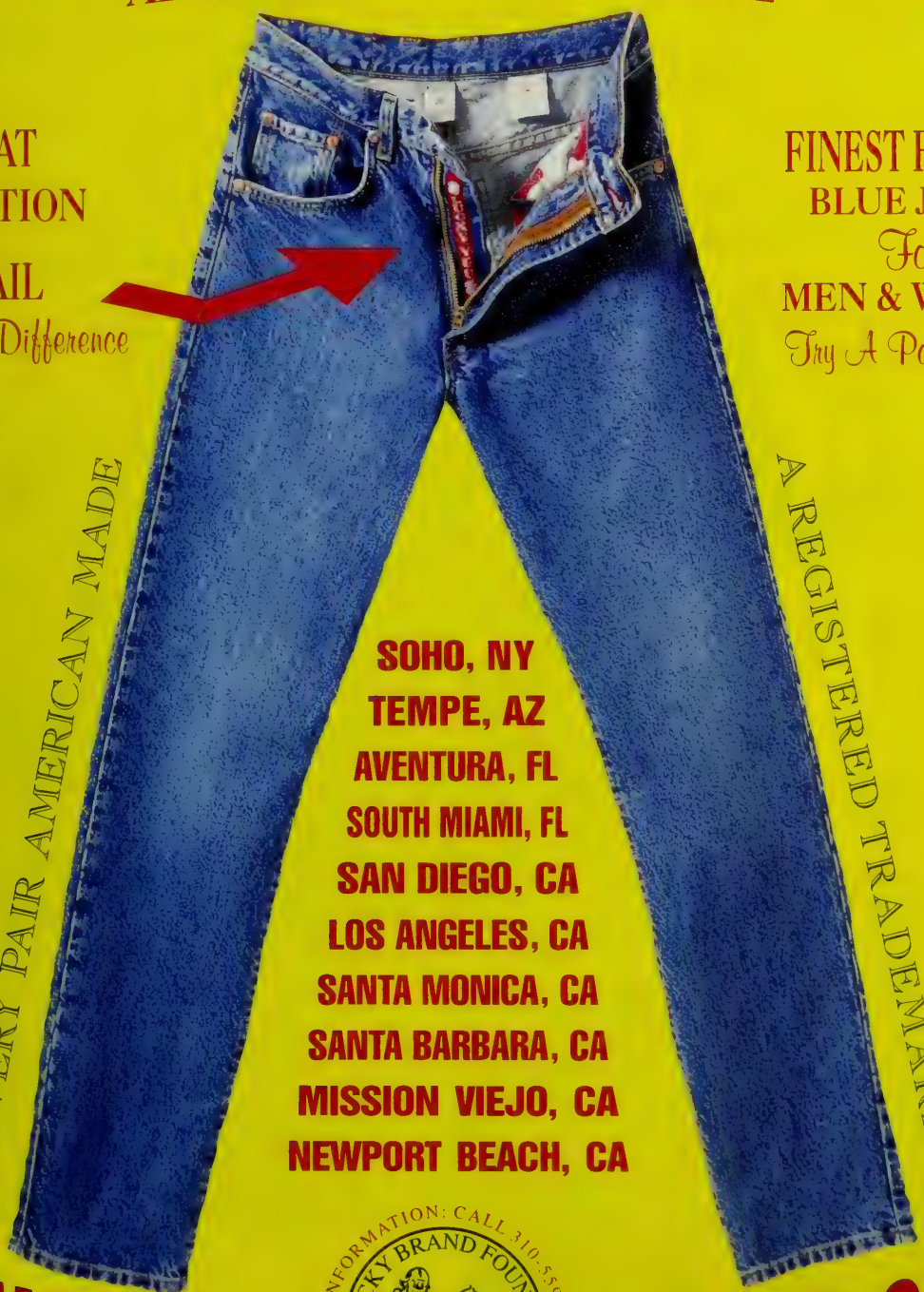
NOT HACK WORK
Danny DeVito, playing Kaufman's manager, tries to persuade Andy (Carrey) to take a part on the TV series *Taxi*.

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MANAGER. I'm sorry. You're finished here.

[illegible] beat—and then Andy starts crying. The Manager is dumbfounded. He doesn't know what to do. Tears [illegible] pitifully down Andy's cheeks. The Manager is concerned. Andy is totally disoriented. Shamed, Andy covers his face, then runs out. Silence. The Manager stares after him . . . having no idea what just happened.

EXT. N.Y. NIGHTCLUB—NIGHT

Sobbing, Andy bursts out the door. He steps onto the sidewalk—and IMMEDIATELY STOPS CRYING. *Just like that.*

Andy lifts his big case and starts walking. He shakes his head angrily. He turns down a dark street, hurrying alone through an unsavory New York neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. N.Y.—NIGHT

The Improv, the biggest comedy club around. People are lined up, waiting.

*A man walks up—*GEORGE SHAPIRO, *a Hollywood talent manager. George is old-school: Bronx accent, schmooze, and a hug . . . but with a surprising sweetness that is quite disarming.* A DOORMAN *sees him, grins, and waves George in.*

INT. N.Y. IMPROV, BAR—NIGHT

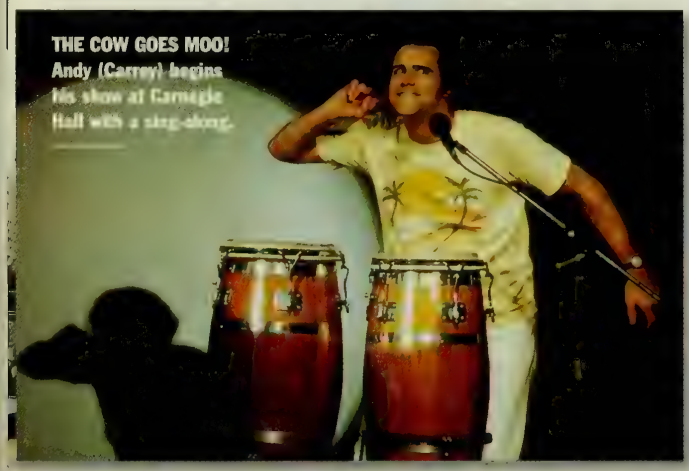
The bar is packed with COMICS *and* SHOWBIZ TYPES. *A few turn and smile—"George!" "Hey, George!" George shakes a couple hands, whispers to someone else, then drifts into the . . .*

INT. N.Y. IMPROV, SHOWROOM—NIGHT

. . . where the show's in progress. Owner BUDD FRIEDMAN *sees George and gives him a bear hug. Then he hustles George to a table. George sits—and gives the stage his undivided attention. Up there is a* WISEASS COMIC.

WISEASS COMIC: So I'm getting my mother-in-law a special Christmas present: a pre-paid funeral! The mortician asked me if I wanted her buried, embalmed, or cremated. I said, "Make it all three! *I'm not takin' any chances!*" (*the crowd* LAUGHS) Thank you. Good night!

The comic waves and exits. APPLAUSE. *George politely claps.* A PIANO PLAYER *jumps in with an upbeat show tune. We think there's a break . . . when Andy suddenly, awkwardly steps onstage. He is in character as Foreign Man. Pink jacket, tie, hair slicked back. Frightened like a deer in headlights. He puts down his big case, pulls out various junk, and arranges it on chairs.*



The room hushes, uncertain as to who the hell this guy is. Andy tentatively grabs the mike. The stage fright is agony.



ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) Now? Now . . . ? (*looking around*) Tank you veddy much. I am very happy to be here. I tink—this is a very beautiful place. But one ting I do not like is too much traffic. Tonight I had to come from, eh, and the freeway, it was so much traffic. It took me *an hour and a half to get here!*

Andy chuckles, as if this were a punch line. Silence. The crowd is baffled.

ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) But—talking about the terrible things: My wife. Take my wife, please take her.

Yikes. A few NERVOUS LAUGHS. *Andy gestures, as if they got the joke.*

ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) No, really, I am only foolink. I love my wife very much. But she don't know how to cook. You know, one time, she make steak and mashed potato. Ehh, and the night before, she make spaghetti and meatballs. Her cooking is so bad . . . is *terrible.*

People are embarrassed. Some avert their eyes. A couple of hipsters laugh mockingly. George leans forward. Andy wipes sweat from his brow.

ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) Right now, I would like to do for you some imitations. So, first, I would like to imitate Archie Bunker.

(*no change in his voice*)



"You stupid, everybody ees stupid! Ehh, get, get out of my chair, Meathead . . . go in the, eh, Dingbat, get into the kitchen, making the food! Ehh, everybody ees stupid! I don't like nobody, ees so stupid!" Tank you veddy much.

(*pleased, he proudly bows*)

Now I would like to imitate Jimmy Carter, the president of the United States.

(*no change in his voice*)

"Hello, I am Jimmy Carter, the president of the United States."

Some people BOO *and walk out. A few* GIGGLE, *getting in the groove. George is intrigued.*

ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) And now . . . I would like to imitate the Elvis Presley.

A woman LAUGHS *caustically. Andy grins stupidly, then turns his back to us. He presses "Play" on a* CASSETTE RECORDER *. . . and the* THEME FROM "2001" *starts playing.*

Houselights dim dramatically. With a flourish, Andy pulls tape off his pants—revealing rhinestones. He removes his pink coat and puts on a white jeweled jacket.

He combs his hair.

Then he brushes his hair.

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Then [illegible] his hair some more.

Finally, [illegible] up a guitar, strikes a pose—and spins around.

He [illegible] CONFIDENT SEXY LIP CURL. DEAD-ON PERFECT.

The crowd is blown away. Vegas Elvis INTRO MUSIC *suddenly stops. Indy Elvis swaggers stage left and takes a bow. Then he goes stage right and takes a bow. Then he returns stage left for another bow. Music* STOPS.

ANDY (as ELVIS) Thank you very much.

Wow. Flabbergasted, people APPLAUD. *This man is Elvis. Suddenly—*"BLUE SUEDE SHOES" *guitar kicks in.*

ANDY: (as ELVIS, SINGING)

"WELL, IT'S ONE FOR THE MONEY
TWO FOR THE SHOW
THREE TO GET READY
NOW GO CATS GO!"



ANGLE—GEORGE

He is astonished. George cannot quite figure out what's going on . . . but he wants in.

He waves Budd over. Budd leans down, and George WHISPERS.

GEORGE: Psst. What's the story with this guy?

BUDD: I think he's Lithuanian. None of us can understand him.

George nods admiringly.

GEORGE: He does a hell of an Elvis.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y. IMPROV, BACKSTAGE—LATER THAT NIGHT

Andy is packing up his things. He very methodically folds each item of clothing, then checks the creases.

George strolls up.

GEORGE: Hey, I really enjoyed your set.

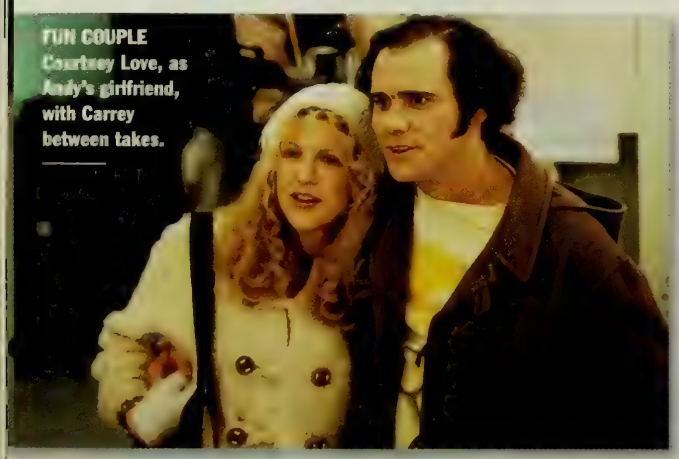
ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) Tank you veddy much.

GEORGE: So I understand you're from Lithuania?

ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) No. Caspiar.

George is puzzled.

GEORGE: Caspiar? I haven't heard of that.



FUN COUPLE Courtney Love, as Andy's girlfriend, with Carrey between takes.

ANDY: (*as* FOREIGN MAN) It's a veddy small island in de Caspian Sea. (*beat*) It sunk.

GEORGE: Oh. Hem. I'm, uh, sorry. (*beat*) Well, look, I'm probably out of my mind—but I think you're very interesting. If you ever need representation . . . we should talk.



George hands him a BUSINESS CARD. *Andy reads it—then his eyes pop. He* DROPS *the accent.*

ANDY: Mr. Shapiro, *it's an honor!!*

George realizes it's all been an act. He laughs heartily.

GEORGE: Caspiar, huh?!

CUT TO:

INT. SOHO HEALTH-FOOD RESTAURANT—NIGHT

Andy and George sit in a bohemian health-food restaurant. Hippie waitresses in sandals mill around.

Andy and George are trying to get a sense of each other.

ANDY: You see, I want to be the biggest star in the world.

George is surprised at this hubris.

GEORGE: People love . . . comedians.

ANDY: I'm not a comedian. I have no talent. (*he shrugs*) I'm just a song-and-dance man.

George looks up at Andy—and inexplicably there is a giant MOIST BOOGER *hanging from Andy's nostril. George cringes. He doesn't know what to say. A waitress brings over two plates of awful 70s* HEALTH FOOD—*beans, sprouts, seaweed. Andy beams. George is skeptical.*

Andy pulls out a little Handi Wipe and cleanses his hands. Then he starts arranging the food in compulsive little piles: Beans in pinwheel shapes. Sprouts in piles.

George peers at the bizarre food behavior.

GEORGE: You show a lot of promise . . . but . . . my concern is I don't know where to book you. You're not a stand-up. Your act doesn't exactly translate to films. It's not a series . . .

ANDY: I've always wanted to play Carnegie Hall.

GEORGE: Yeah, ha-ha. That's funny.

Andy dips his silverware in the water glass. Two dunks, then he dries it with his napkin. George stares, perplexed. He looks back up—and Andy's booger has suddenly switched nostrils.

Huh?

ANDY: See, I don't want easy laughs or polite applause! Any bozo can get those!

Andy's about to eat—but first bows his head in silent prayer. George raises an eyebrow. Andy snaps his head back up.

ANDY: I want gut reactions! I want that audience to go through an experience. They love me! They hate me! They walk out—it's all GREAT!

Andy triumphantly sticks a bean in his mouth. George smiles.

GEORGE: You're insane. (*beat*) But—you also might be brilliant. (*sincere*) All right, Andy . . . let's do it.

George warmly extends his hand. Andy slowly smiles, then takes George's hand. The men shake. A moment of supreme importance. □

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TWO ANGRY MEN

The five-year game of chicken between Disney C.E.O. Michael Eisner and his former lieutenant Jeffrey Katzenberg has come to this: a humiliating courtroom battle hinging on a dead witness. Katzenberg will get a hefty cut of such Disney hits as *The Lion King*, but just how much will it cost both men?

BY KIM MASTERS



KATZ AND MOUSE Hollywood has been riveted by the legal drama in which Disney chairman Michael Eisner, *top*, and his longtime associate Jeffrey Katzenberg are clashing over a bonus package potentially worth hundreds of millions.

It was the spectacle that many in the entertainment industry never thought they'd get to see. After five years of legal backing-and-forthing, Hollywood's own trial of the century got under way in earnest this spring. If there had been a poll, virtually anyone who rates a reserved parking space at a studio would have said that *Katzenberg* v. *Disney* would be settled at the last minute. And that seemed more than a fair bet, precisely because of such embarrassing evidence as the notes that celebrity biographer Tony Schwartz diligently typed into his laptop while co-writing *Work in Progress,* the 1998 autobiography of Disney chairman and C.E.O. Michael Eisner.

Thanks to Schwartz—and to Eisner's inexplicable impulse to write an autobiography while sitting as chairman of a major public company—the keeper of the Mickey-and-Minnie flame was forced to acknowledge in front of God, man, and an assemblage of slack-jawed reporters that he had once uttered a rather inelegant phrase in a fit of anger at his former longtime associate Jeffrey Katzenberg. He also said—in what may be one of the least credible pieces of sworn testimony ever given—that he didn't know whether he or Disney had paid Schwartz, who toiled for almost 10 years. (Disney won't comment, and Schwartz says he doesn't know, either.)

Though Eisner's book was relatively sanitized, Schwartz's research notes offer some fascinating details that haven't been discussed during the trial. For example, there were hints about exactly when, in his stunningly successful 19-year working relationship with Katzenberg, Eisner began—as he now famously put it—to "hate the little midget."

Katzenberg is suing for a mega-bonus that he says was owed to him after he ended his 10-year run

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HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

Merrill Lynch

as C[illegible] the Disney studio, in 1994. In the [illegible] phase of the trial he won a crucial [illegible] when the court ruled that Disney had breached his contract and Disney must pay interest on whatever he is owed. The exact figure will be determined in the second phase of the trial—if Disney doesn't end this debacle and settle.

A subject still untouched in the courtroom is the infamous state-of-the-industry memo that Katzenberg had written a few years before his departure. It is a document well remembered by anyone in the entertainment business who is old enough to shave. The memo was meant to be a declaration of purpose, an effort to get Disney—whose live-action films were going from bad (*Taking Care of Business*) to worse (*Mr. Destiny*)—back on track. But the memo itself was a flop, widely seen as a pretentious piece of self-promotion. Perhaps only now is the magnitude of Katzenberg's error becoming evident.

The funny thing is, Katzenberg actually seemed to have been imitating his brilliant boss, Eisner. Years earlier, when he was part of a now legendary dynasty at Paramount, Eisner had written a similar screed. His memo, replete with sports metaphors, suggested that Paramount had to re-evaluate its strategies, and that making an expensive picture such as Warren Beatty's *Reds* might be "not worthy of the risk." Katzenberg's memo, replete with sports metaphors, said that Beatty's 1990 detective picture, *Dick Tracy,* had proved so expensive and time-consuming that when the next such vehicle came along the company should "soberly conclude that it's not a project we should choose to get involved in."

Eisner's memo was discreetly distributed to the Paramount board; Katzenberg's was "leaked" all over town—to the point where it was reprinted in *Variety.* In the Schwartz notes, Eisner explains exactly how he responded to Katzenberg's stunt, as he termed it. "[He] was so proud of it . . . he wanted me to read it. . . . [He] thought it was so brilliant," Eisner fumed in the notes. "So I read it and say Jeffrey, this is dynamite, putting down a lot of actors. It is also self-serving. I wrote for Paramount board. There were 7 copies. And I threw them out."

If, as Katzenberg's attorneys argue, Disney's refusal to pay Katzenberg his bonus has been driven by the "personal animus" of Eisner, these notes—coupled with the "midget" remark, which also comes from Schwartz's files—suggest some hostility. There may, however, have been subtle but powerful reasons for Eisner's outrage. When he wrote his memo to the Paramount board, it was perceived within the company as a play to raise his own profile: at the time, he was in the shadow of studio chairman Barry Diller. Eisner's memo was seen as an effort to wrest turf from Frank Mancuso, who was then Paramount's powerful head of distribution (and such a natural enemy of Eisner's that he was known in-house as "the Sicilian"). The memo failed: Mancuso got the top job, and Eisner got the gate.

In 1991, when Eisner saw that Katzenberg had written a memo of his own, perhaps he got a notion about just how ambitious Katzenberg might be. It was right around this time, trial records seem to indicate, that Eisner began to mull the possible repercussions of Katzenberg's departure. On the witness stand, Eisner denied hating Katzenberg. But he also acknowledged that he had told Schwartz that he, Eisner, was the "cheerleader," while Katzenberg was merely "the end of my pom-pom."

Even before he gave his unforgettable testimony, Eisner was having a rather bad week. Disney's stock was dragging. Earnings were down 41 percent in the second quarter, and projections for the immediate future weren't good. The Anaheim Mighty Ducks, a Disney franchise, had been blown out of the N.H.L. playoffs in four straight games. And at trial Eisner was having his perennial sartorial difficulties, which date back to his tenure as a rumpled junior executive at ABC. Producer Gary Pudney—one of Eisner's first supervisors—once told me that the network bosses constantly pleaded with Pudney to "do something about him! Fluff him up!" Many years later, after attending the 1997 shareholders' meeting, *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd tartly suggested that Eisner needed to address the matter of his socks. And during a break in the Katzenberg proceedings, one of the courtroom artists gazed upon Eisner with a look of shock. "He's wearing a new jacket," she whispered with a grimace, "and he hasn't removed the stitching from his vents!"

So maybe clothes don't make the man after all. Despite Disney's woes and Eisner's socks, *Forbes* had just—for the second time—anointed him the highest-paid chief executive in America. By earning $589 million in fiscal 1998, Eisner beat out the runner-up, CBS president and chief operating officer Mel Karmazin, by almost $400 million. There may be some solace in that.

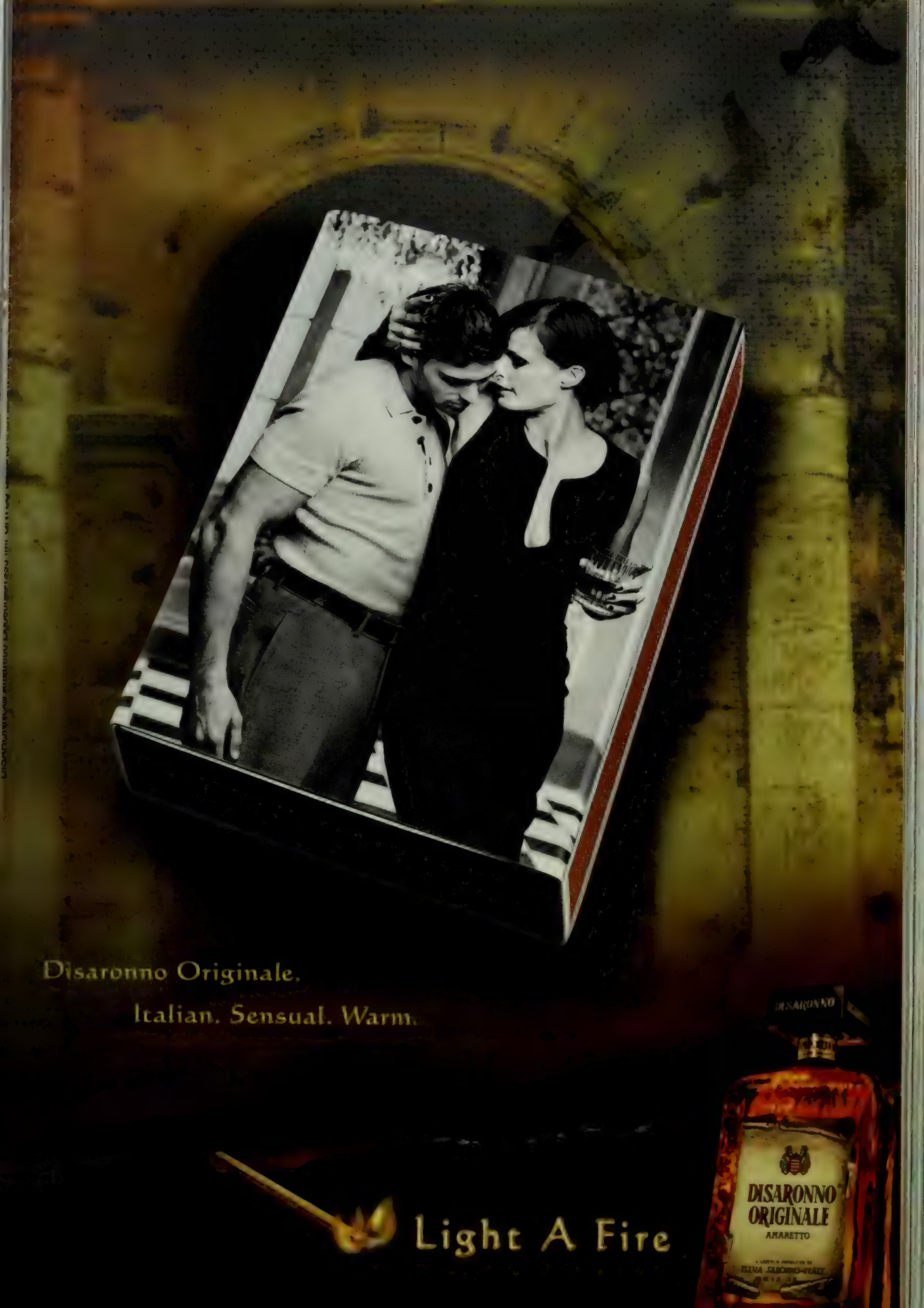
"He's wearing a new jacket," a courtroom artist said of Eisner, "and hasn't removed the stitching from his vents."



THE WEALTHY WORLD OF DISNEY
Photographed in June 1986, Eisner and Katzenberg would soon turn Disney into the No. 1 studio.

In a literal way—as opposed to the metaphorical way in which Katzenberg's legal team would like to present it—*Katzenberg v. Disney* is a battle of small-versus-large. The bantam Katzenberg is represented by Bert Fields, the renowned attorney to the rich and famous (who also, I should add, is representing me in a dispute with Broadway Books, which recently canceled a book I have been writing about the Disney empire). Fields is not tall, and he's thin to the point of gauntness. Disney has a six-foot-three chief executive, and although its lead counsel, Lou Meisinger, is hardly obese, he has complained that he looks fat on television.

Eisner has put in only one courtroom appearance. Katzenberg has showed up day after day, flanked by his wife, Marilyn (a low-key dresser who favors flats), and Helene Hahn, a top DreamWorks executive. With Steven Spielberg handling about five movies a year and Katzenberg tied up in litigation for weeks on end, one might wonder who's minding the DreamWorks store this spring. No Hollywood insider can readily imagine the third DreamWorks partner, David Geffen, doing all the heavy lifting. At least Katzenberg, the poorest of the DreamWorks trio, knows that when the trial ends sometime this summer Disney is going to write him a


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[redacted] according to Disney's [redacted] will be "enormous"—[redacted] there may be [redacted] that.

Katzenberg left Disney on bitter terms after being passed over for the number-two job in 1994. Two years later he sued, seeking about $250 million. He contended that Disney owed him a lump-sum payment representing 2 percent of future profits from all the projects that he had put into production during his tenure as studio chairman.

Without reams of financial information and the testimony of expert witnesses, you can't even begin to do the math. But the final tally, as they say in Toontown, is bound to be a lot of simoleons. Included will be a cut from live-action hits such as *Crimson Tide* and *The Santa Clause*, plus a percentage from animated hits, including *The Little Mermaid* and *The Lion King*. And while there was certainly a string of astonishing live-action flops during the last years of Katzenberg's tenure at the studio (*Billy Bathgate, Blame It on the Bellboy*), the animated pictures were such mighty engines of profit that they erased the sins of a multitude of *Cabin Boys*.

Katzenberg has argued that he's entitled to a piece of every Disney lunchbox, plush toy, and T-shirt sold related to his films and television shows—as well as a share in the future use of his programs in technologies that haven't even been invented yet. At first, Disney contended that Katzenberg wasn't owed a nickel. He had forfeited the money, the company insisted, by opting to leave in 1994 instead of staying until his contract expired, in 1996. But on the eve of trial, in November 1997, Disney agreed to pay Katzenberg 72.5 percent of his final lump-sum bonus. Disney has already reportedly forked over $117 million, apparently as a kind of down payment. Now retired judge Paul Breckenridge Jr. has the daunting task of figuring out what 2 percent of all those movies, television shows, Broadway musicals, and Simba toys is actually worth.

In court, Disney's attorneys have suggested that not only is Katzenberg "greedy" but he has also been a credit grabber about the animated hits. All that, however, is beside the point. Disney has already acknowledged that Katzenberg will be paid. The first phase of the trial, which ended in mid-May, involved what may appear to be a lot of hairsplitting. But they were multimillion-dollar hairs. Must the studio pay Katzenberg for all T-shirts, plush toys, and other Disney-manufactured items as well as products licensed to companies such as Mattel? (Yes.) How should inflation be applied when calculating the future value of Katzenberg's "product"? (Still to be determined.)

These are not the biggest-ticket questions, but allegations that Disney may have hidden some of the money may prompt actors and filmmakers who had pieces of various Disney films to take another look at their profit statements. And at least one of these issues has already had major repercussions. From the outset, Disney has stood firm on one point: whatever the sum that Disney would have to pay, the company wouldn't throw in the interest. Katzenberg claimed that he was owed interest dating back to 1996, when the lump-sum payment was actually due to him. Disney said it had agreed to pay Katzenberg, but never admitted that it had breached his contract—and therefore owed him *no* interest.

That opened the door for Katzenberg's lawyers to try the breach-of-contract issue that Disney had, in theory, put behind it in 1997, when the company first agreed to pay Katzenberg. Had it not been for this sticking point, plenty of potentially damaging evidence—including the "midget" quote and various allegations of fraud—would not have been raised. Considering the stakes involved—and the brevity with which the court dispatched Disney's position on this point—the 10 percent annual interest on Katzenberg's final judgment seems an odd price for Disney to have set on its own reputation.



When Wells suggested that Katzenberg forget about the final lump-sum payment, Katzenberg testified, "[I] rejected it out of hand."



MEN IN BLACK
***Top,* Eisner, vice-chairman Roy Disney, and president and C.O.O. Frank Wells in 1987. *Above,* Katzenberg and Wells in Los Angeles, 1986.**

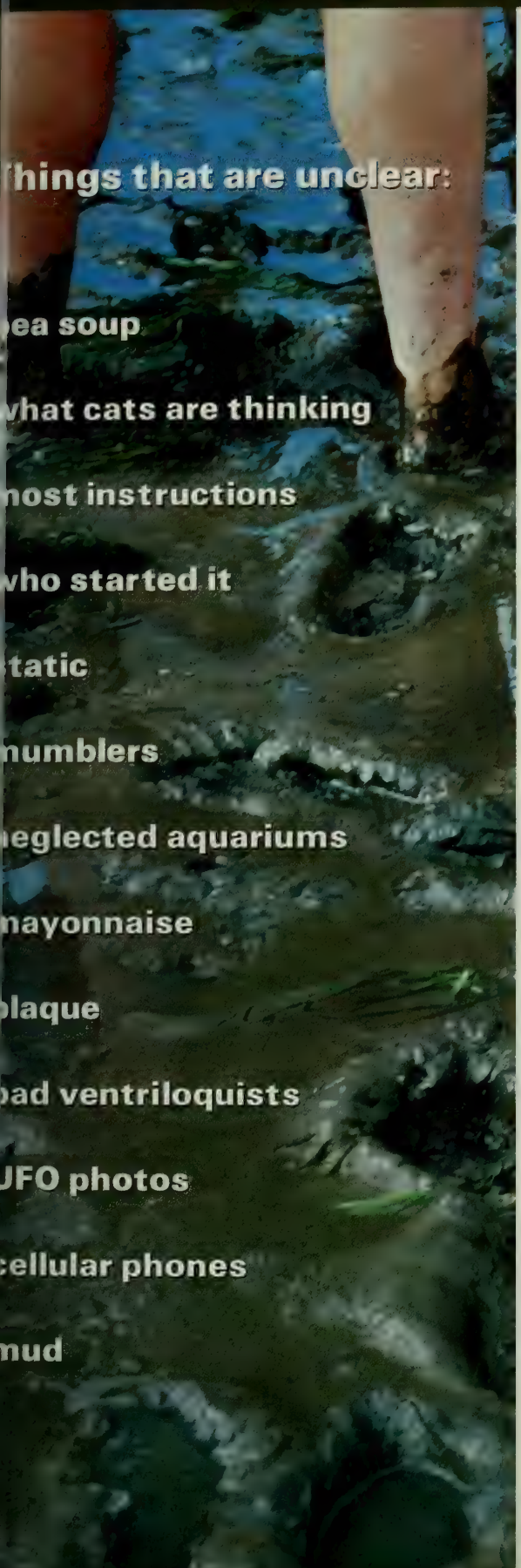
Underlying the tedious legalities of the trial is the compelling story of how two of the entertainment industry's most famous players came to this extraordinary pass. It begins in 1984, when Katzenberg sat down at the Beverly Hills Hotel with Eisner and his number-two, Frank Wells, to discuss Katzenberg's original Disney contract. Eisner and Katzenberg had been together for several successful years at Paramount. Then Eisner got the top job at Disney, and Wells, a former senior executive at Warner Bros., became president and chief operating officer.

The late Frank Wells is a figure of some mystery in this drama. The tall, patrician executive had recently returned from his Seven Summits expedition—an attempt to become the first person to climb the tallest mountain on each continent. Although an inexperienced climber, he nearly pulled it off, missing only Everest. He was a man of considerable charm and guile. Perhaps as challenging as Everest, his friends would later say, was the task of managing Eisner, the impulsive chief executive who provided the creative spark that Disney so desperately needed.

In those days, Disney was a tattered, limping company that wasn't even counted among the major studios. It had no shows on network television. Its once vaunted animation division was in the umpteenth year of working on the dark and doomed sorcery tale *The Black Cauldron*. Nothing from its priceless library had been released on home video.

At deal time, Katzenberg asked for some-

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[illegible] of the big stock option [illegible] Eisner and Wells had de[illegible] themselves. Wells said the Dis[illegible] couldn't go for that. Instead, [illegible] was promised 2 percent of the profit from "all forms of exploitation" of the projects that he would put into production. He'd get 2 percent of each year's profits, if there were any, and when he finally left, he'd get a lump sum that would cover the future value of everything that he had done at Disney. According to Katzenberg's testimony, Wells described it as an "annuity" for Katzenberg's twins (who were then 18 months old, but are now old enough to drive).

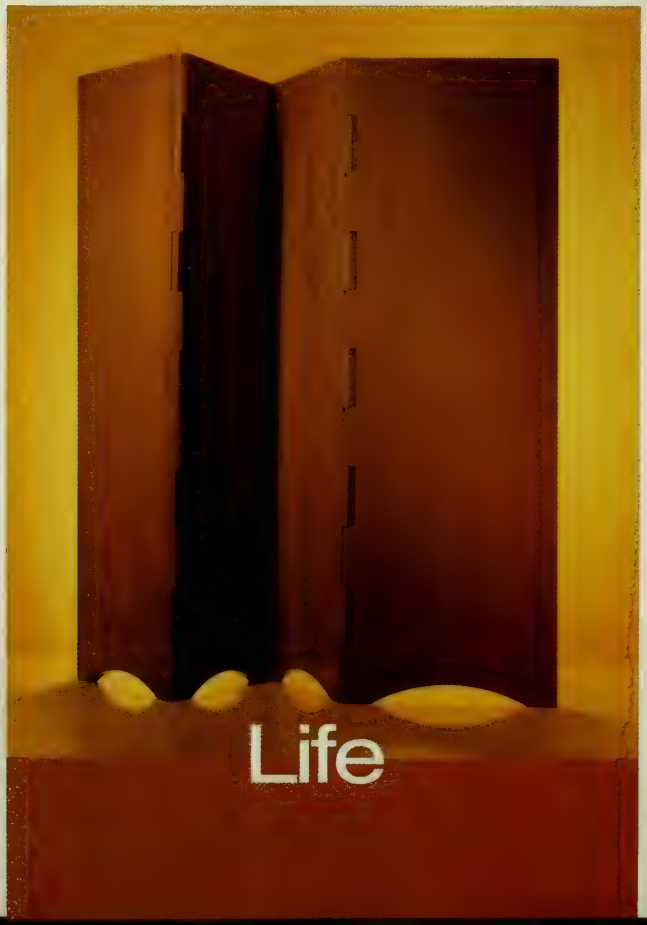
Everything went swimmingly for a while. Eisner and Wells oversaw one of the most dazzling turnarounds in the history of business, building Disney into a $5.8 billion corporation by 1990. (If you had invested $58 in Disney stock in 1984, it would be worth more than $1,400 today.) The studio started to belt out hits such as *Ruthless People* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. By 1988, Disney had become the No. 1 studio, and the company's operating income had shot from $242 million to more than $884 million. Disney's accounting is conservative, however, and Katzenberg discovered that it was going to be a long time before he saw any real money from that 2 percent bonus.

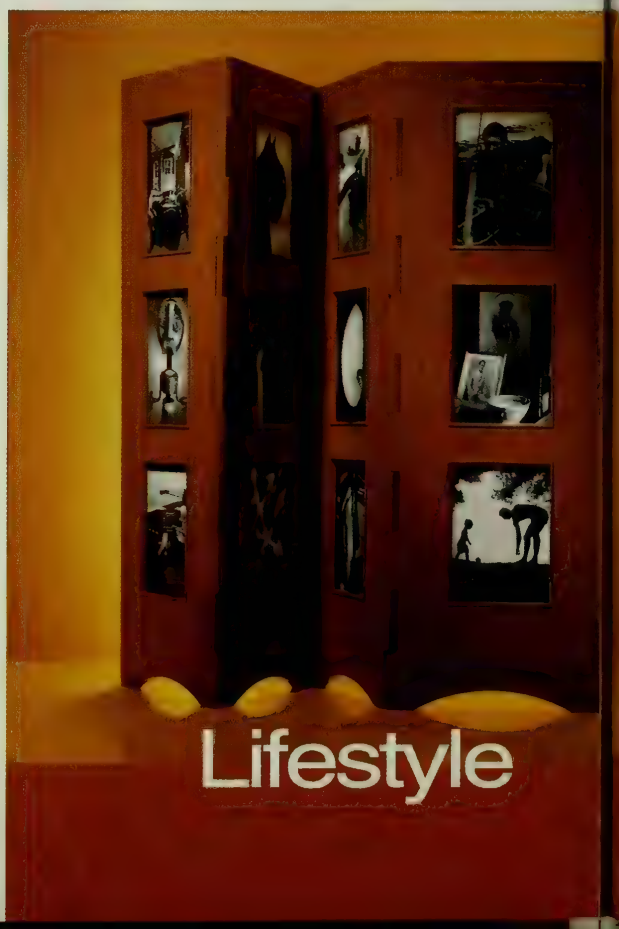
According to documents filed in the case, Katzenberg was told that his division was running in the red through 1988. In October of that year, Wells addressed Katzenberg's disappointment in a letter. Noting that Katzenberg's optimistic expectations had been "perfectly reasonable" given "the enormous success" of the studio, Wells urged patience. He added that the final payout was likely to be big. As he wrote, "Many of these pictures still have substantial revenues forthcoming ... and of course, will continue 'forever.'" The company was expecting to reap at least $100 million from the television series *The Golden Girls* alone, he said. (This letter, incidentally, was copied to Eisner with a handwritten note from Wells: "Probably worth a quick read.")

Meanwhile, Wells had been working hard to renew Katzenberg's contract, which would expire in 1990. Eisner wanted to retain his services through 1996. The company offered to pay for Katzenberg's Charles Gwathmey–designed beach house and proposed to give him a bundle of stock options. But Wells suggested that Katzenberg forget about that lump-sum payment. "[I] rejected it out of hand," Katzenberg testified. "I was not going to give up ... what had been the most important element of my original deal." Katzenberg did offer to take 70 percent of whatever Eisner would get. As Disney stock soared, it was apparent that Eisner's compensation would be titanic. (According to those who calculate the Forbes 800 annual rankings, Eisner has collected close to a billion dollars since he took over.) But Wells rejected the idea of tying one executive's compensation to another's.

Finally, according to Katzenberg, the parties agreed to leave much of the 1984 deal intact—including the big final payout. Katzenberg won a key concession: the right to opt out of his contract by 1994—two years earlier than Eisner had wanted. In notes of a June 19, 1988, conversation with Katzenberg's attorney, Wells wrote in his all but indecipherable scrawl that the final bonus—still apparently part of Katzenberg's package—was "a tremendous concept," and that the payout "should increase by big amount" in the coming years.

Several subsequent documents seem to confirm that this was the arrangement to which the parties had agreed. On July 1, 1988, Wells sent a deal memo to Katzenberg reflecting an "ongoing participation in the 2 percent bonus." And there was





that October letter, copied to Eisner, which assured Katzenberg that he could expect handsome future bonuses that would continue "forever."

Wells also briefed board member Irwin Russell, who was then a member of the compensation committee, on Katzenberg's deal. Notes taken by both Wells and Russell reflect that Katzenberg would lose a third of the money for the beach house (as well as some stock options) if he decided to leave in 1994. But Wells's notes of the conversation state: "2 percent bonus continues." Russell's notes seem to track those taken by Wells. He wrote the word "bonus" and then "cont[inuation] of original deal."

Katzenberg, meanwhile, was about to release *The Little Mermaid* and was working on *Beauty and the Beast* and *Aladdin.* The size of the final bonus—and the stakes involved—began to grow.

At trial there were three key witnesses—described by Fields as "the three faces of Disney"—all of whom disputed that Katzenberg was entitled to receive the bonus that Disney has already agreed to pay. Eisner asserted that in 1988 Wells was constantly assuring him that Katzenberg's final bonus would never be worth anything. In one deposition,

Katzenberg's account of Eisner's conduct, Disney said, revealed "a conspiratorial mentality that would make Oliver Stone proud."

Eisner was asked why Wells would have told Katzenberg in writing that the same bonus should "increase by a big amount."

"He [was] selling," Eisner replied. "Seems to me."

Earlier, Irwin Russell had taken the stand. Why did his notes from his 1988 conversation with Wells suggest that Katzenberg's bonus would continue even if he left in 1994? Simple error, he swore. Nervously chewing his glasses, Russell said that he had forgotten to write the word "loses" before the word "bonus." While Katzenberg's side argued that this testimony seemed hard to believe, it certainly put Russell on the same page as Eisner—which is just as well, since Russell is also Eisner's longtime personal attorney.

Eisner testified that despite the various notes and deal memos that seemed to support Katzenberg's contention that he was still entitled to his final bonus if he left in 1994, there was no such agreement. Sometime during Katzenberg's 1988 contract negotiations, Eisner said, he had instructed Wells that Katzenberg could not get that final 2 percent payout unless he stayed until 1996. Eisner was fuzzy on dates but insisted that Wells would never have countermanded his instructions in this or any other regard. Further, Eisner said that sometime during this period he had had a chat with Katzenberg, who agreed to give up the bonus if he left. Katzenberg denied that the conversation ever took place.

So now Eisner had put himself in the position of having insisted that Katzenberg be stripped of a supposedly worthless bonus. It seems like a strange call, but Eisner said emphatically that he had made it. There was one scrap of evidence that seemed to support his version of events.

Katzenberg's side conceded that the final 1988 contract contains an "ambiguous" provision—one that Wells never pointed out in correspondence with Katzenberg's attorney. While setting out a schedule for



paying Katzenberg his bonus, the provision stated that if he departed in 1994 Disney was obligated to pay Katzenberg "all bonuses due" in respect of years prior to September 30, 1994, which is payable after such date by company."

Disney contended that the language restricts the bonus to profits realized before 1994 and effectively eliminates the lump-sum payment based on future income. Fields countered that the provision is murky to the point of meaninglessness. The many letters and notes from Wells to Katzenberg's lawyer, from Wells to the board—make it clear, he successfully argued, that Katzenberg would not forfeit his bonus if he opted to leave in 1994.

Fields concluded that someone had to be lying. Either Wells had tried to pull a fast one by slipping unfavorable language into Katzenberg's contract—which would be "garden-variety, half-truth fraud"—or the provision was never meant to strip Katzenberg of his bonus. (The court found no evidence of fraud.) Wells, who died in 1994, was spared the awkwardness of testifying on this point. And while Fields chose to focus on the "personal animus" of Eisner toward Katzenberg, perhaps the story is more complicated than that. Maybe Wells did slip ambiguous language into the contract to cover himself. Could Wells have told Eisner that he had taken care of Katzenberg while simultaneously assuring Katzenberg that he was taking care of Eisner? Some of those familiar with the ways of Wells would expect nothing less.

Meanwhile, Katzenberg's annual 2 percent share of Disney profit from his projects began to pick up considerably. In 1990, stoked by *The Little Mermaid* and *Pretty Woman,* he collected a $3.9 million bonus. He earned $4.9 million in 1993 and $7.1 million in 1994. As Katzenberg's annual payments grew, Disney started its Project Snowball—an effort to calculate the ultimate value of Katzenberg's final bonus. A former Disney employee named Cheryl Fellows testified that this project was to remain confidential—"very confidential"—even from Katzenberg.





TOONTOWN U.S.A. ***From above:*** **Simba from *The Lion King,* Ariel from *The Little Mermaid,* Aladdin from *Aladdin,* and the Beast and Belle from *Beauty and the Beast.* Overseen by Katzenberg, these animated features grossed more than $770 million for Disney.**

"I don't have to read the contract, Frank," Katzenberg's lawyer angrily told Wells. "It's not the deal that we made."





Fellows said that she made up the name Project Snowball simply to describe the ever growing amount of work that she would have to do. When Eisner took the witness stand, he stated—as he had in an earlier deposition—that he had never heard of Project Snowball. But Katzenberg's evidence included a memorandum that Wells had sent to Eisner, with the title "Project Snowball" written on every page. In that memo, Wells took the position that Disney could "voluntarily" pay Katzenberg if he left in 1994.

Disney contended that Project Snowball was simply an effort to keep track of a complicated accounting process—and that Katzenberg should have been glad that it was kept secret. Katzenberg's lawyers tried to paint a darker picture. Project Snowball, they said, showed that Disney had become aware that Katzenberg's final bonus would be huge. They suggested that the company was very quietly looking for an escape hatch. One solution was to argue that Katzenberg wouldn't get the money if he left in 1994. And then, by implication, all Eisner had to do was make sure that Katzenberg was gone in a timely manner. In court, Disney described Katzenberg's arguments as having "a conspiratorial mentality that would make Oliver Stone proud." In his May 19 ruling, Breckenridge did not address the question of Project Snowball.

When Katzenberg won the right to leave Disney in 1994, it certainly was not an option that anyone—not Eisner, not Wells, not even Katzenberg himself—seriously imagined he would exercise. Katzenberg was so closely identified with Disney that it seemed he would have to be surgically removed. Besides, he had fallen in love with animation. Thanks to *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* and *The Little Mermaid,* which grossed a combined $237 million, Disney seemed to be his natural habitat.

But he had a large appetite. In April 1993, an increasingly restless Katzenberg asked to see how much his 2 percent would be worth if he did leave the following year. This was a rattle of the saber. Katzenberg was asking for more responsibility, and Eisner couldn't figure out how to satisfy him. So he hinted, with little subtlety, that he might leave in 1994 after all.

A month later, Disney's lawyers responded with a letter expressing the company position that if Katzenberg left in 1994 he could forget about collecting his final bonus. Katzen-



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being [illegible] assumed this was an error. He went to Wells, who he claims said he would look into the matter. So far, Katzenberg said, the discussion was [illegible]. He assumed that Wells was implicitly agreeing that the threatened forfeiture had been "a mistake."

In August, however, Disney followed with a letter asking Katzenberg to state his intentions. Katzenberg, who hadn't heard back from Wells, asked his lawyer, Arthur Emil, to get clarification of Disney's position on his bonus. Wells told Emil to "read the contract." At this point, Katzenberg said, "Arthur got very angry ... and said, 'I don't have to read the contract, Frank. It's not the deal that we made.' Frank said, 'Listen, it's not going to be an issue. Jeffrey's going to stay these next two years.'"

Now Katzenberg went to Wells in high dudgeon. "I [said that I] didn't understand why a game was being played with me, that if the point of this was to somehow or another leverage me into staying with the company, that this would certainly cause me to do exactly the opposite.... If I had now worked for this company for 10 years under a lie ... I couldn't possibly stay there another day. I was furious."

Wells told him to look at the contract. "I know what the deal is, Frank," Katzenberg replied. Finally, Katzenberg testified, Wells said he had had a "misunderstanding" with Eisner about Katzenberg's deal and that Eisner believed that if Katzenberg left in 1994 he would get nothing. Katzenberg said that Disney would hear from his lawyer. But Wells asked him to hold off, assuring him, "I will handle this with Michael Eisner." Or so Katzenberg says. The matter was left unresolved for months while Eisner and Wells offered new responsibilities that might keep Katzenberg at the studio through 1996. Eisner claims that Katzenberg even made a play for Wells's job, which Katzenberg denies. But he has long insisted that in 1993 Eisner had promised him the job if Wells weren't in the picture. With Wells a fit 61 at the time, that wasn't a scenario that anyone expected to confront in the immediate future.

But in April 1994, Wells was killed in a horrific helicopter crash. Katzenberg says he awaited the big call from Eisner. It never came. Instead, Eisner announced that he would assume Wells's position. Disaster followed tragedy. Three months after Wells's death, Eisner was stricken with pains in his arms during Herbert Allen's annual Sun Valley retreat of media moguls.

"[You're] going down a direction that I think is not in your client's best interest," Eisner warned Katzenberg's attorney. "Or mine."



GOING UP
Former Paramount chairman Barry Diller with his protégés Eisner and Katzenberg in a Los Angeles elevator, 1993.

As he lay in his hospital bed following emergency quadruple-bypass surgery, Eisner became convinced that Katzenberg was campaigning in the media for the number-two job. By August, it was over. To the shock of the town, the two agreed that Katzenberg would leave by the end of September.

In two subsequent meetings, Katzenberg pleaded with Eisner to pay him promptly. But for the following year Disney responded with letters saying that it had not decided whether Katzenberg should be paid. "Once and for all," Sandy Litvack, now Disney's chief of corporate operations, wrote in November 1994, "no one—not me and not Michael—has 'repudiated Jeffrey's right to his contractual incentive bonus.' We have made no decision!"

But in court Litvack testified that the letters did not say what they appeared to say. Disney was not declining to take a position, he said—the company had taken the position that Katzenberg wasn't owed any money. But with "a dead witness on my hands," as he untenderly described Wells, the company was facing legal uncertainties and was considering paying Katzenberg anyway. Meanwhile, Michael Ovitz was hired, briefly, as Disney's president, and he made fruitless efforts to negotiate a settlement. Finally, in April 1996, Katzenberg went to court.

When the "midget" issue was raised, Eisner made what sounded like a pointed threat: if pushed any further, he would damage Katzenberg even more seriously than Katzenberg's lawyers had just damaged him. "If you pursue this line of questioning, it will put in the public record those things that [should not] be in the public record," Eisner told Fields ominously. "[You're] going down a direction that I think is not in your client's best interest or mine, but particularly your client's." Fields later told the court that it was the first time in his 45 years of practicing law that he had been threatened from the witness stand. Eisner's attorneys argued that Eisner's rhetoric was "a plea, not a threat." Exactly what Eisner might have disclosed remains one of the central mysteries of the case.

But Katzenberg and Eisner have been playing a high-stakes game, and damage has been done to both sides. Aside from suffering an expensive loss in the first round, Eisner has faced an avalanche of devastating press. One prominent Disney shareholder expresses concern that the case "tears at the fabric" of Disney's invaluable reputation and distracts Eisner at a time when the company could use his attention. Eisner must also suffer the consequences of ignoring pleas to settle from a wide array of powerful associates, including former Capital Cities/ABC chairman Tom Murphy and Disney board member Stanley Gold—a man who essentially functions as Roy Disney's financial brain. Sources close to Disney say that settlement efforts have been hampered by Katzenberg's unreasonableness.

Katzenberg has taken his chances, too. He has been portrayed in the most negative possible light by Disney, which argued that he was boastful, disrespectful, and awfully weak when it came to live action. And the day after Eisner's "midget" testimony, one cheeky DreamWorks assistant answered the phone, "DreamWorks SMG." The real name is DreamWorks SKG—the final three letters referring to the surnames of Spielberg, Katzenberg, and Geffen. On the day following Eisner's testimony, however, it was DreamWorks SMG. Get it?

But Katzenberg has his consolations. During the trial, the litigants had computer monitors before them, on which they could read an instantaneous transcription of the testimony. Someone had taped a message—a scrap from a Chinese cookie—on Katzenberg's. It read, "You will be coming into a fortune." □

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PIED PIPER

Name and occupation: Piper Perabo, actress. **Age:** 22. **Provenance:** Toms River, New Jersey. **Planning to catapult to fame from out of nowhere in:** *Whiteboys*, starring Danny Hoch, playing the girlfriend of a gangsta-rapping Iowa teenager, and *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*, starring Robert De Niro, Rene Russo, and Jason Alexander. **In *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle* you play a patriotic F.B.I. agent battling De Niro's [illegible]. Were you at all intimidated by his legendary intensity?** "At first, I was so stunned I couldn't say anything. But he was very kind to me. He even sat down with me a couple of times and talked about the process." **Why, if she's not careful, Piper may soon be contacted by Vincent Gallo:** "What I'd like to do next is a real gritty independent film. I've played the cheery, all-American type, and I like that, but I'd also be happy to get away from her for a while." **How a soothsaying techie gave Piper a glimpse of her future:** "One day while I was filming *Rocky and Bullwinkle*, Marvin, the boom op, said, 'You know, your whole life is going to change when this movie comes out.' It was so frightening. But, who knows, maybe no one will like me, so I'll have nothing to worry about."

—JOHN GILLIES

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORENZO AGIUS



In the Twilight *zone: Pavement (from left, Scott Kannberg, Mark Ibold, Bob Nastanovich, Steve West, and Stephen Malkmus) releases its sixth album,* Terror Twilight.

Grooved Pavement

Since the release of its debut album, *Slanted and Enchanted,* in 1992, Pavement has been held up as an avatar of all manner of socio-musicological movements—slackerism, lo-fi, anti-grunge, neo-garage. But, to tell the truth, Pavement occupies a homely universe quite apart from any youth culture. After seven years and five albums, Stephen Malkmus, the band's lead singer–guitarist, says simply, "We've got a good Protestant work ethic. We've had our influences, but now they're more hidden. . . . We just sound like Pavement." The role of blasé underground antihero rather suits Malkmus, who founded the band in 1989 with guitarist Scott Kannberg, a childhood friend from their hometown of Stockton, California. A lanky, bookish sort, Malkmus looks and acts more like a grad student than a rock star. While his alternative-nation peers croon about suburban disaffection and suicidal longing, Malkmus waxes obliquely about summer flings and shady lanes, lifts lyrics from John Ashbery poems, and is not afraid to flex his sardonic side. "It's good that there are wordy people that are still into rock," says percussionist–Moog technician Bob Nastanovich. "We are kind of dependent upon them." For a band so unassuming, Pavement has attracted a surprising degree of reverence. Its underproduced, distorted-but-kind-of-pretty sound has elicited awe from some of the brighter lights of the alternative scene, who have willfully tried to pare down and master Pavement's bare-bones formula. Ironically, this is a sound Pavement is moving away from. For its sixth album, *Terror Twilight,* which comes out this month, Pavement enlisted the services of an outside producer for the first time (Nigel Godrich of Beck and Radiohead fame), and the result is the most polished and accessible Pavement record to date. "It's an experiment for us to be working with a producer," says Malkmus. "We wanted to see if we sound good big. But that doesn't mean that the next album is going to sound like Whitney Houston."

—JOHN GILLIES

Night-Table Reading



J. K. Rowling
author, Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets

Corelli's Mandolin, *by Louis de Bernières (Vintage).*
"It is beautifully written, stunningly evocative, and made me both cry and laugh aloud."

Ron Insana
anchor, CNBC's Street Signs

All Too Human, *by George Stephanopoulos (Little, Brown).*
"It allows history-lovers a compelling, contemporaneous account of one of history's most enigmatic figures. It offers a fresh perspective on our sometimes confusing and curious times."





Yefim Shubentsov
author, Cure Your Cravings

Rudyard Kipling's Verse, *by Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday).*
"'If'—a blueprint for a successful life—is required reading for anyone aspiring to be whole."

Hanif Kureishi
screenwriter, My Son the Fanatic

I Married a Communist, *by Philip Roth (Houghton Mifflin).*
"He started off as a great writer, and his work keeps getting better and better."





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Neurotically Yours

Seeking help with Ben Stiller and Janeane Garofalo

From their first collaboration, on the Emmy-winning *The Ben Stiller Show,* to their dysfunctional superheroics in the upcoming film *Mystery Men,* Ben Stiller and Janeane Garofalo have become the neurotic wondertwins of their generation. This month, with their psychobabble satire, *Feel This Book,* in stores, GEORGE WAYNE helps them get in touch with their inner children.

George Wayne: *I have to say, Ms. Garofalo, after reading* Feel This Book, *I thought your part of it was far more substantive and had more weight to it than Ben's did.*

Janeane Garofalo: You are really asking for it. I think you're just attracted to Ben.

Ben Stiller: Well, Janeane did write more words than I did.

G.W. *I liked best the part where you say, "The most important person to control is the person you have sex with."*

J.G. That's my id talking. It certainly is important, but I don't mean it.

G.W. *Of late, Ben, is it true you are releasing your chakras with Calista Flockhart?*

B.S. Oh, my Lord. Let me tell you something—Janeane's been with Calista Flockhart. If you want the dirt, it's Janeane and Calista.

G.W. *Oh, c'mon.*

B.S. I'll admit nothing to you.

G.W. *Janeane, what's Ben's strongest sexual asset?*

J.G. His sense of humor, and the fact that he actually broke the headboard on his bed.

B.S. [*Blushing.*] When did that happen?

J.G. You were playing a sex game.

B.S. No, no, no.

G.W. *Yes, yes, yes.*

B.S. Do not print that out of context, O.K.? As a joke a friend gave me this board game. You spin the dial, and it has different sexual positions on it.

J.G. I think the headboard broke when he was playing the game.

B.S. That's sheer conjecture! I've never even opened the box of the game. It's still shrink-wrapped.

G.W. *Janeane, is it true you called models "genetic freaks"?*

J.G. Yes, I did. I meant that, actually, in a way, their pituitary glands are so overactive genetically. I do not like the culture that perpetuates the worship of high fashion.

G.W. *But I can tell, Ben is a fashion bessie.*

B.S. No I'm not.

J.G. Yes he is!

G.W. *Janeane, another pet peeve of yours is that you hate the trappings of fame. You rage constantly against the fame machine, so why court fame?*

B.S. Good question.

J.G. It's not really courting fame. But I do enjoy the lifestyle it affords you by being a working actor. And I do enjoy the times when people recognize you and you can cut to the front of the line. What I don't participate in is: "It's Puff Daddy's birthday . . . blah, blah, blah." And I always ask to go in a back way, instead of down the red carpet.

G.W. *Ben, did you know that your ex-girlfriend played field hockey in high school?*

B.S. Who, her? We were never boyfriend-girlfriend.

G.W. *Janeane, he won't admit it!*

B.S. We were, like, intimate for a very short period of time.

G.W. *You know, Ben, you were actually born one day after G.W. I'm older than you, but you look older than I do.*

J.G. I really, really do think you're attracted to Ben. You have that cutting thing.

B.S. What year were you born?

G.W. *The same year as John-John Kennedy. Go look it up in the archives, darling. You're the son of showbiz legends Stiller & Meara. You never had to suffer any hard knocks.*

B.S. Everybody has their own set of obstacles that they have to confront when they're trying to make it in this business. There are plenty of stories of showbiz kids who end up "behind the music," or whatever.

G.W. *Janeane, your vital statistics: you were once named funniest person in Rhode Island; your favorite Spice Girl is Sporty Spice—*

J.G. I'm in love with Sporty Spice.

B.S. I know Mel C. I know her through our mutual friend Guy Oseary.

G.W. *Please! G.W. is quizzing Janeane, Ben! Have you ever thought about being a Sandra Bernhard single mom?*

J.G. I used to think about being a single mother. Until I started getting dogs, and then I realized I was not ready to be a single mother. So I just take care of my dogs, Dew and Kid.

G.W. *Well, because there are two of you there is no more room, so G.W. thanks J.G. and B.S.*

B.S. B.S.? I never heard that one before!

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John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy

Ron Howard and M.C. Hammer

Sherry Lansing and Sumner Redstone

Howard Stringer and Scott Berg

Georgette Mosbacher

D.C. CONFIDENTIAL

"Last year Sid Blumenthal swore he could get me into the *Vanity Fair* party," said President Clinton at the 85th annual White House Correspondents' Dinner, held at the Washington Hilton. "What a difference a year makes. This year I have to take *him*." Here's who did show up at *V.F.*'s sixth annual after-party at the Russian Trade Federation: Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn, Henry Kissinger, British ambassador Sir Christopher Meyer, Peter Jennings, Steve Rattner, Sumner Redstone, Senator Russ Feingold, Senator Robert Torricelli and Patricia Duff, Barbara Walters, Christopher Buckley, Portia de Rossi (whose blindingly beautiful hair was fashioned in a much-admired cornrow/dreadlock extravaganza), M.C. Hammer, and 300 others who helped inject Washington with a little glamour–Veuve Clicquot–style. And

Ben Bradlee, Bob Squier, and Sally Quinn

Bennett and Jim Kelly

Portia de Rossi

Val Kilmer and Jaycee Gossett

Michael Bloomberg and Bill Richardson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

Vanities



Ron Silver and Jack Valenti

Claire Danes

Kate Driver

Dominick Dunne

what would the Establishment be without a splinter group? Sean Penn, tieless and chain-smoking, held court in the garden with Claire Danes, Tom Ford, State Department spokesman Jamie Rubin, and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy and John F. Kennedy Jr., who stayed until the champagne ran dry at 2:30 A.M.

—EVGENIA PERETZ

Barbara Walters and Dominick Dunne

Gerry and Imaging Spence

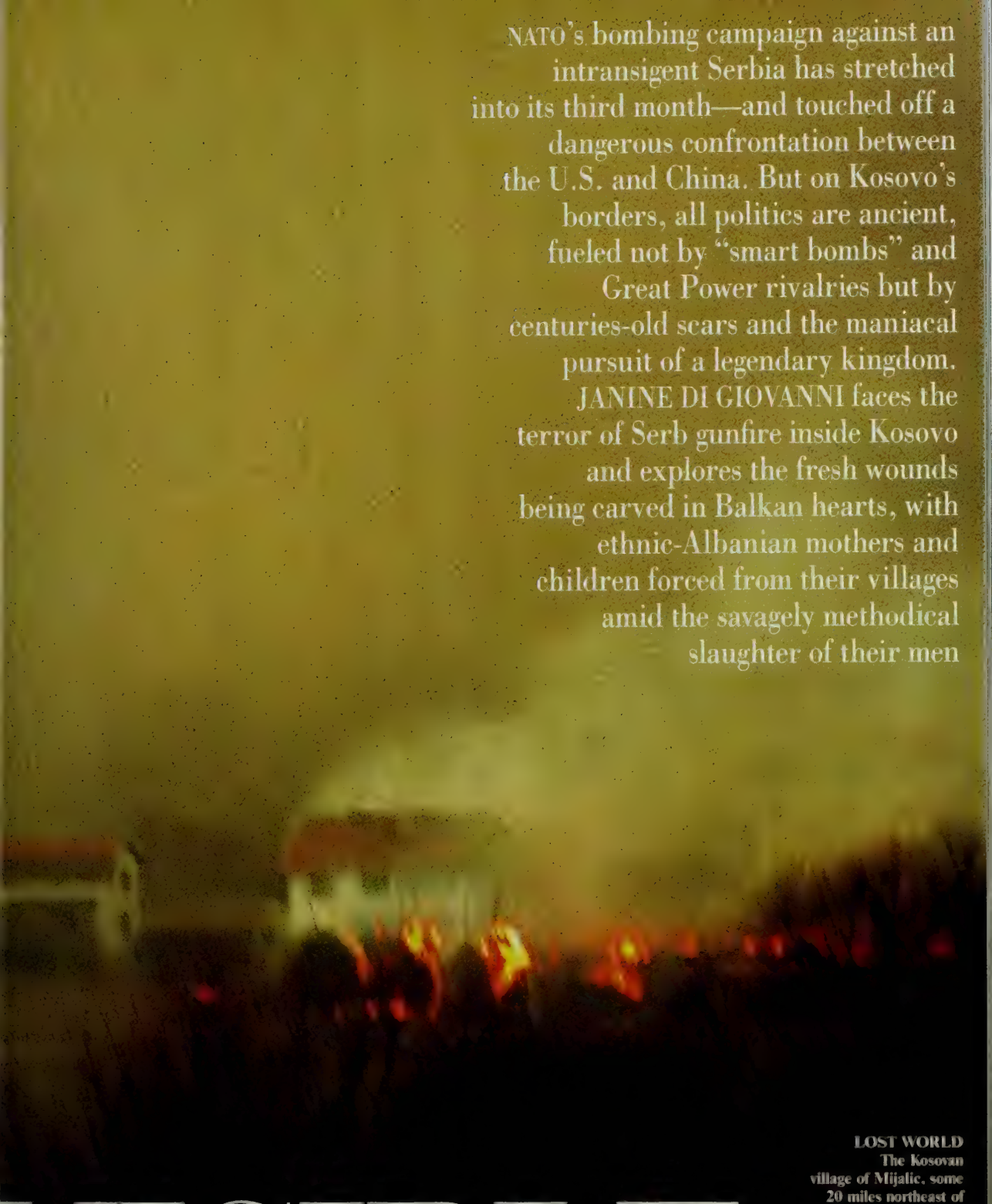
Sean Penn and
Carolyn Bessette Kennedy

Richard Johnson and Eleanor Mondale

Elizabeth Saltzman
and Tom Ford


MADNESS

NATO's bombing campaign against an intransigent Serbia has stretched into its third month—and touched off a dangerous confrontation between the U.S. and China. But on Kosovo's borders, all politics are ancient, fueled not by "smart bombs" and Great Power rivalries but by centuries-old scars and the maniacal pursuit of a legendary kingdom. JANINE DI GIOVANNI faces the terror of Serb gunfire inside Kosovo and explores the fresh wounds being carved in Balkan hearts, with ethnic-Albanian mothers and children forced from their villages amid the savagely methodical slaughter of their men



VISIBLE

LOST WORLD
The Kosovan village of Mijalic, some 20 miles northeast of Priština, under Serb attack, March 15, 1999. According to witnesses, muzzle flashes from heavy artillery were visible through the smoke; automatic-weapon fire could also be heard coming from the village.



EXODUS
An overcrowded train in the Kosovan capital of Priština collects ethnic-Albanian refugees en route to Macedonia, April 1, 1999. More than 800,000 people have fled Kosovo since fighting began in 1998.



Rožaj, Montenegro,
on the Kosovan Border,
April 5, 1999

Mehije has the deadest eyes. She sits on a pile of old blankets in the corner of a converted factory and silently watches me cross the room. Except for her eyes her face is still. When I kneel next to her, she stares wordlessly, oblivious to the whimpering two-year-old at her feet—her daughter, Duka.

It is cold in the factory, but Mehije wears only a sweater, muddy bedroom slippers, and thin cotton socks, pink ones. She has a long messy plait running down her back. She does not return my tentative smile; instead, she reaches behind her back and hands me a package of loose rags tied with a blue ribbon. She motions for me to open it, and when I do, I see that the bundle of rags is alive, a tiny baby with gaping bird mouth. It makes no sound. It is Mehije's seventh child, a boy, born four days before in the woods while she was fleeing the Serbs.

Mehije registers my shock. Then she begins to talk about her flight from Kosovo. She is an ethnic Albanian from the village of Mojstir, and she has to think to calculate her age: 38. Married to Abdullah, a farmer. When she left Mojstir, it was burning. It is now a place that will cease to have any history, like the more than 800,000 people who have trudged over the mountain passes out of Kosovo, leaving behind a gutted country.

Before March 1998, when the war escalated in Kosovo, Mehije had a simple life that she did not question: pigs, cows, the children in school, Abdullah earning a meager living. But in the past few years, as Serb forces grew more prevalent in the area and Serb civilians more antagonistic, it became harder for Albanians to find employment, and there was an increase in tension. Throughout this last pregnancy, she had a nagging, ominous feeling.

"We felt something different, something strange in the air" is how her sister-in-law, Senia, who is sitting on a blanket next to Mehije, describes it.

Mehije does not understand military

[illegible] maneuvers, political instruments. They don't know that 4,000 people in Mitrovica are pouring over the Kosovan border and will probably never return to their villages. She does not remember Yugoslavia's president and Serb leader Slobodan Milošević's rabid speech to the Serb minority in Kosovo on April 24, 1987. It was a speech that played to the Serbs' many resentments, recent as well as ancient. It was a speech that set in motion a hideous cycle of nationalism and ethnic hatred, first in Slovenia and Croatia, then Bosnia, and now spiraling wildly out of control in Kosovo.

She doesn't care about any of that. The only things Mehije ever knew were how to be a wife and a mother, how to bake bread, milk cows.

This is what happened: Sunday, March 28, was the fifth day of the NATO bombing, a campaign that does not make sense to her and her neighbors ("Our lives were easier before NATO got involved"). It was also Bajram, an important Muslim holiday, traditionally a day when children are scrubbed and dressed in their best clothes and families gather to eat special food, like roast lamb. Mehije was in her kitchen when the door burst open and her Serb neighbors—people she had known all of her life—pointed guns in her face and ordered her family out of their house. Her neighbors were not masked. She saw their faces, saw the anger and the determination.

"Take nothing. Just go quickly," they said, waving their guns. Mehije and Abdullah rounded up the children, put some bread in their pockets, and ran. "I had the birth pains when I was running," she tells me. But despite the warning of an imminent labor, "I ran anyway."

The family did not have a car, but found neighbors who were fleeing on a farm tractor. They stopped in a sheltered forest near Mojstir and tried to build temporary huts from branches. Other villagers—Mehije thinks around 200—were there, too, foraging in the snow for wood to make a fire, for small animals to eat, for water. Families were separated; there was the sound of wailing children. People kept asking: Have you seen my father? Have you seen my sister? Most of them were lacking papers: the Serbs had liberated them of their documents, making sure they would never return to Mojstir, in the same generous way that Serbs are charging refugees to cross the border out of Kosovo.

In the forest, Mehije's group heard reports of what was happening in their village. Their houses were on fire. Everything they owned had been either destroyed or loaded onto trucks and driven away.

Mehije stayed in the forest for three days. Her labor began. The temperature dropped to freezing. Then the same Serbs who had ordered them out of their village came back and ordered them to march up the mountain and over the border to Albania, a walk which would take three days. "Go back to your country!" they jeered. "Your village is burned! You have nothing left."

"I had never been to Albania before," Mehije says. "My family has always lived in Kosovo." But she did not argue. She gathered her six children and began to walk. She started to time her contractions, which were coming closer together.

The baby, whom she called Leotrim, came while they were wading through waist-deep snow. Mehije walked until she could not walk anymore and then she dropped to her knees. The men cleared a space for her in the snow, and she lay on twigs. Senia, who has an eighth-grade education and no nursing experience, acted as midwife. There was no water, no blankets, no food, no privacy. Mehije says the baby came quickly, within three hours. Senia cut the cord with a knife. Afterward, when her sister-in-law handed her the baby, Mehije remembers thinking that this last child came into a world of confusion, of terror, born under a strange, foreign sky. He will never know his home.

"He won't remember this," Mehije says now, holding Leotrim. She is still in shock: she has the look of a raw, bleeding animal that someone has kicked and beaten. She repeats herself, as if by saying it she can make it reality: "He won't remember any of this."

She says the baby has nothing, not even diapers. She says she has not seen Abdullah since the family arrived in Rožaj, a town on the Montenegrin-Kosovan border about 50 kilometers from her home. She is worried for his safety.

"We heard they were taking away men and boys," another one of the women sitting near her on a mattress says in a frightened voice. It is a chilling thought, because everyone in the room remembers what happened in Bosnia, at Srebrenica, when the supposed U.N. safe haven finally fell in July 1995: the men were rounded up and sent to the forest and never returned.

I stand and say I will go to the village to try to find Abdullah (who, it will turn out, is fine; they had been inadvertently separated in the chaos of the march) a to get some things for the baby at t apothecary. On the way out of the facto I pass an old man with a bloody stun instead of an arm. He wears a beret a is sitting upright in a wheelbarrow, smo ing. He is talking to himself, muttering t same thing over and over in Albanian. N one is listening to him.

This is what it is like: no matter h many times you listen and record so one's story, no matter how many refuge you see crossing over mountaintops we ing plastic bags on their heads to prote themselves from the freezing rain—y don't ever really get used to it. And y when there are so many, it is easy to d humanize them. They have the sa faces, the same stories; they come do the road with their lives in two carri bags. And by the time they get herd into abandoned schools or warehous you forget that once they had lives a read books, that they have birthdays, we ding anniversaries, love affairs. You forg they had a favorite television show, a d or a cat that they loved.

This is what ethnic cleansing means f them: they lose their history, their iden ties, their sense of belonging. Nothing fe safe anymore. Anything can happen.

TRAVNIK, CENTRAL BOSNIA,
OCTOBER 12, 1992

A different conflict, the same wa The intensive-care unit of a mak shift hospital. The smell of bloc and urine. A low, primal moa ing, like that of an animal. I follow it find a 12-year-old boy with his torso ripp open from chin to pubic line, writhing agony on a bed. Shrapnel wounds in his i testines. A Muslim, he was trying to escap from Turbe, his burning village, when t Bosnian Serb army lobbed a shell into t fleeing column of people.

The boy, named Salko, got separate from his father in the confusion. Someo got him to the hospital, but he's been alo for nine days, and the exhausted doctor h only enough painkillers to give him an i jection once a day. "You cannot imagi the pain he is feeling," the doctor says.

I sit by his bed. Salko has a long, th face, gray eyes, lank blondish hair pla tered to his face with sweat. His mouth gaping with pain. It seems unlikely h will live.

"What do you expect?" says a passin nurse, not unkindly. "He barely has stomach left."

The bundle of rags is alive, a tiny baby, a boy, bo

ZAGREB TO DUBROVNIK,
MARCH 25, 1999

The day after the first NATO bombs fall, I catch a flight from London to Zagreb, the Croat capital. Despite the pilot's announcement that plane has been diverted to Slovenia be- ıse the airspace over Croatia is closed, do land in Zagreb—the first plane in ɔ days. Outside the airport, there are ous taxi drivers waiting.

"At last! Passengers!," Marko, my driver, 's, rubbing his hands. Having lived through ee wars in eight years, he knows that war vays brings profit to the lucky ones. y destination is the rder between Kosovo d Montenegro, a 10- -so-hour drive through oatia, Bosnia, and ontenegro. Marko says could also drive me wn the highway toward lgrade and leave me the Croat-Serb bor- r if I want. "You can ılk over the border to rbia," he says. "Me, l never go there again." The Croats are fright- ed. Not only have the r strikes ruined their ances for a decent tour- season, but they are rified of being sucked to that black hole ɔm which they recent- emerged. They are only now, six years ter their cease-fire with the Serbs was de- ared, starting to recover psychologically. ıe Croats were not blameless in their ar—in 1995 they ethnically cleansed the rajina region of an estimated 170,000 rbs who had lived there for generations— ıt they have also suffered. The mental im- ges from the Croat war are indelible: air ids in Zagreb; vicious battles in eastern avonia; 400 men taken from the village ɔspital in Vukovar, 260 of them executed ıd dumped in a mass grave.

Marko drives me as far as the Croat ty of Dubrovnik. Residents of this me- ieval coastal town, which eight years ago ithstood a nine-month siege and daily ɔmbardment at the hands of its Mon- negrin neighbors (who are now being ɔmbed by NATO), have more sanguinary elings about the air strikes than do their ɔuntrymen in Zagreb.

"This bombardment comes as the jus- ce of God," Mišo, a former Croat commander who defended the city, tells me. "It comes as a puncture in this awful balloon of evil." He is not a vindictive man, and says that the Croats "are not a bellicose people." But he cannot forget what happened here. Essentially, this is the story of the Balkans. This place is haunted by the dead. There is too much weight of history, too much destruction, too many grudges and blood feuds to forget.

I rise at five A.M. the next day and thumb a lift to Bosnia with a Danish U.N. worker going to Sarajevo via Republika Srpska (the Serb-run territory in Bosnia). Several hours into the journey, a radio report comes in: 20 men in Goden, a remote village in Kosovo, were lined up in front of the school and shot through the head. Clean, methodical killing like the other recent massacres in Kosovo: March 1998, 52 coffins lined up in Prekaz; and in Racak, January 1999, 40 more ethnic Albanians murdered.



BORDER WAR
Serbia and Montenegro make up the Serb-dominated Yugoslav federation. Kosovo is a Serb province. The arrows indicate the flow of refugees out of Kosovo.

We do not know it yet, but today another massacre is taking place in the village of Mala Krusa: around a hundred men executed by Serb forces. At great risk, a survivor, Milaim Bellanica, will record the aftermath on a family video camera. He will smuggle the tape, which depicts gruesome images, to the BBC. He will later say, "I have done this so that my son and my grandson, the next generation, will never forget what the Serbs have done to the Albanian people."

Though the NATO campaign is just beginning, already there are casualties. A Stealth plane is shot down somewhere near the road on which we are driving. In Belgrade they are jubilant with their victory: like winning the lottery. At the demonstrations, they carry placards which say, SORRY, WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS INVISIBLE.

The Dane and I stop to eat. A Serb farmer at a roadside stand is roasting a whole lamb gored through its midsection with an iron stick. He gives us plates of greasy hunks of meat. We eat with our hands, silently. An unsmiling youth brings bread, offers *loza,* a local brandy, preferred drink of the Serb forces. It is around 11 A.M. and the farmers gathered around another wooden table are deep into their *loza.* I remember the Serb gunners dug into trenches high above Sarajevo: they were always drunk by lunchtime. The safest time to get into the city was early morning because they were sleeping off their hangovers.

I turn down the brandy.

We enter Bosnia. The Dane says that Muslims from the Bosnian-Serb border are flooding into Sarajevo on buses, fleeing from the NATO bombing. "They are terrified that once again the Serbs will turn on them," he says. I think of the sick irony of the situation: people finding refuge in Sarajevo. During the siege, I remember families risking snipers and minefields to cross the airfield at night to escape from the place. The first thing you saw when you entered the city was graffiti on a burned-out building: WELCOME TO HELL.

Farther down the road, we pass signs with arrows pointing toward towns in eastern Bosnia. We pass through Olovo, once a front line, blackened, leveled, and we pass the roads leading in the direction of Goražde and Srebrenica. We begin to talk about the recent massacre. The Dane says quietly, "It is not a good thing if they are taking the men away."

In Srebrenica, they separated the men

the woods while his mother was fleeing the Serbs.





It is easy to dehumanize them, to forget they once had lives—a favorite TV show, a dog or cat they loved.

OMELESS
sovars arrive by bus at NATO transit camp in acedonia, April 6, 1999. any refugees had their mes burned, their ssessions either stolen or stroyed, their personal pers confiscated. In sovo, there may be nothing which they can return.

[illegible] women. Despite the fact that then U.N. commander General Philippe Morillon swore "I will never leave you" and the place was called a U.N. safe haven, it fell in July 1995. Five thousand people are still not accounted for. Seven thousand Muslims were slaughtered. It is difficult to imagine 7,000 skulls, 7,000 sets of bones. Counting 10 dead bodies is horrific enough.

NEAR SREBRENICA,
APRIL 17, 1993

Chain-smoking, I am hunched over a ham radio, the only contact a group of fellow journalists and I have with Srebrenica. The Serb infantry has broken the Bosnian front lines southeast and northeast of the town. Fourteen international aid workers and 30,000 terrified civilians are trapped inside.

The voice, desperate and broken by static, comes over the radio describing the town: "like a scene from hell." There are dead in the streets. Hand-to-hand fighting. A U.N. command post was hit by a mortar.

"The Serbs are getting closer," says the voice. Every day for two weeks we have spoken to the voice. I feel as if I know him intimately. Once, he asked if we had cigarettes, and what kind. Now he is being surrounded on all sides by Serbs. Shortly, he will be killed, and we will sit by and listen, unable to do anything. His voice has taken on a new note: high-pitched panic.

"We beg you to do something, whatever you can. In the name of God, do something!" The room is silent. We are paralyzed by our helplessness. "Does the world know about us?" continues the voice. "Does Clinton? Does John Major?"

The lucky ones, the refugees from Srebrenica, the ones who got out, are wandering the streets of Tuzla like the walking dead. Amputees, rape victims, people slowly going mad. And 13-year-old Sead, blinded by shrapnel while playing football. He knows he should have stayed in the basement during the worst bombardment, but it was a beautiful day and he wanted to go outside.

"I wanted to play," he says to me. Then he turns awkwardly in the bed. He has not yet gotten used to this new gift from the Bosnian Serb army, his blindness. "I would give anything to know what happened to my eyes."

ROŽAJ,
MARCH 30, 1999
(DAY SEVEN OF THE NATO BOMBING)

The Kosovan city of Peć, a place of deep historic and mythic symbolism for the Serbs, is burning. It has been bombed by NATO, and simultaneously torched by the Serbs, who are making the ethnic Albanians pay for the bombing campaign by running them out of their surrounding villages. All around the city, the refugees are fleeing, mainly on foot. The weather has turned bitterly cold—below freezing in the mountains—and the refugees are not dressed for it. They are wearing bedroom slippers and hand-knit cardigans. Few have hats or gloves or proper winter gear. When they fled, they took only what they could hold in their two hands. I used to ask people what they took with them when they left. Wedding photographs? Baby pictures? Birth certificates? Most of them would look at me blankly: "We take nothing," they said. Meaning, they took nothing personal, just the closest thing at hand.

I am standing on a border mountain pass while people trudge by on their way out of Kosovo into Montenegro. A woman, Anna, waits for her brother at the crossing. "Where CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Spotlight

KRALL OF THE WILD

Were it not for the crisp, swinging soulfulness of her piano, the throaty allure of her voice, her unfailing taste in the songs that she chooses to interpret, and, lastly, the movie-star elegance of her person, one might be inclined to look upon the meteoric rise of Diana Krall with a touch of suspicion. There is something unearthly about her, some aura that suggests she could be the offspring only of some extraordinary union, like that of Nat "King" Cole and Carole Lombard or even Botticelli's Venus. She isn't, of course, and the truth is refreshingly simple. Diana Krall is an outrageously blonde 33-year-old Canadian who sings and plays jazz piano in a soothingly urgent manner that reflects other voices and times but remains, uniquely, Diana Krall. In the past six years she has established a niche for herself on the jazz scene with such achievements as two Grammy nominations, memorable performances (like the 1996 salute to Ella Fitzgerald at Carnegie Hall), and a small group of CDs that have earned her a fervent audience. Her latest contribution, a moody ballad called "Why Should I Care," which she recorded for the recent Clint Eastwood film, *True Crime*, sounds like the ultimate in neo-*noir* and will be included in her forthcoming CD, *When I Look in Your Eyes*, to be released this month by Verve.

While one hears traces of other female singers in Diana Krall, as one might expect from a young woman who has been developing her chops since she was four (in Nanaimo, British Columbia), her special vocal influences have been two men. First there is Nat "King" Cole, whose attitude and phrasing are so much a part of the Krall mood. And her feelings for songs suggest a full awareness of Bobby Short. Yet, despite the baggage of its origins, she is capable of making a song very much hers. As brilliant young jazz guitarist Russell Malone put it, "The thing I like about her singing is she just sings the song." Like our love, Diana Krall is here to stay. —RICHARD MERKIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

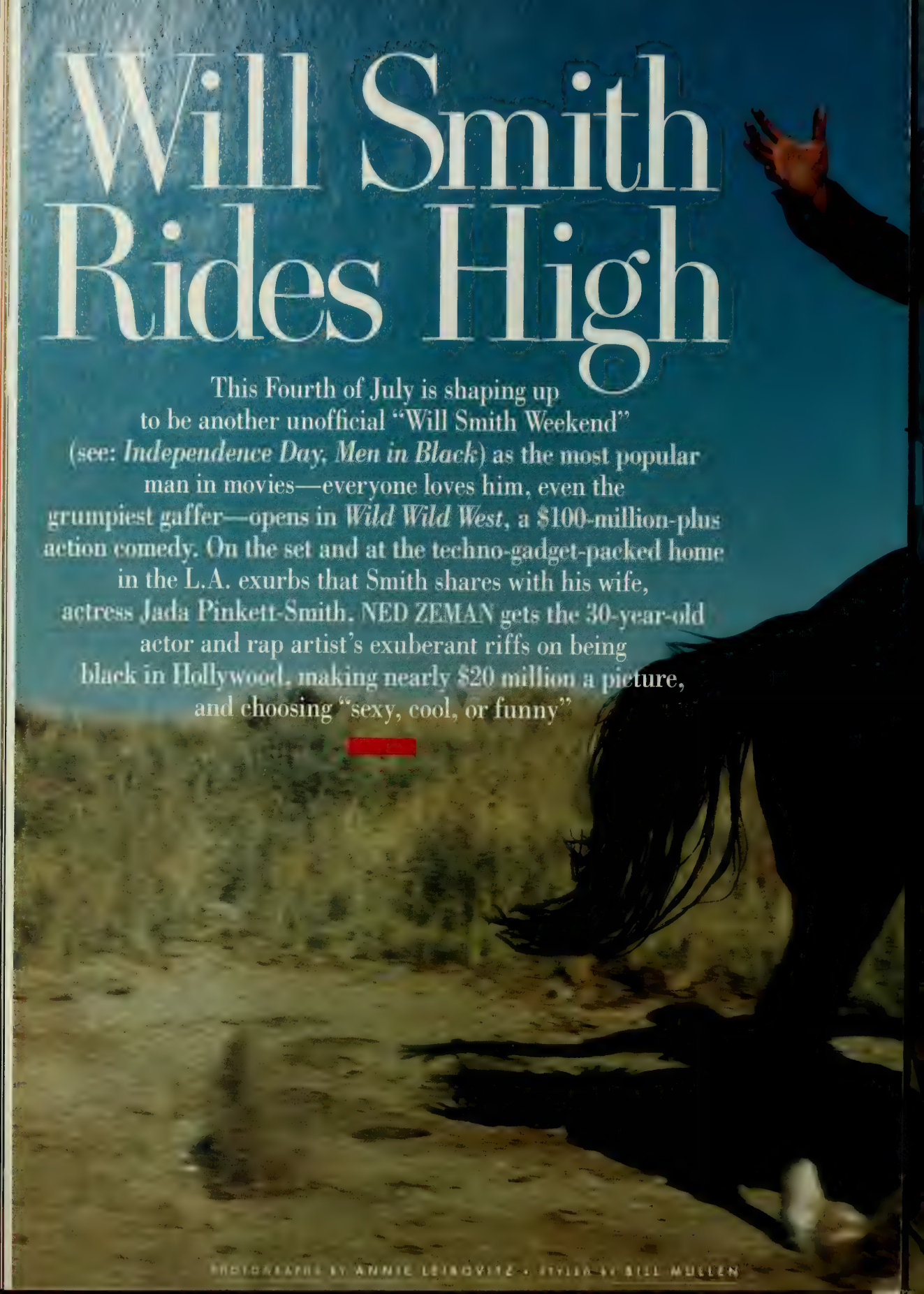


MELODY-MAKER

Diana Krall, photographed
at Golden Beach in Miami, Florida,
February 17, 1999.

Will Smith Rides High

This Fourth of July is shaping up to be another unofficial "Will Smith Weekend" (see: *Independence Day*, *Men in Black*) as the most popular man in movies—everyone loves him, even the grumpiest gaffer—opens in *Wild Wild West*, a $100-million-plus action comedy. On the set and at the techno-gadget-packed home in the L.A. exurbs that Smith shares with his wife, actress Jada Pinkett-Smith, NED ZEMAN gets the 30-year-old actor and rap artist's exuberant riffs on being black in Hollywood, making nearly $20 million a picture, and choosing "sexy, cool, or funny"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY BILL MULLEN



EASY RIDER

Will Smith riding Spiffy near Tucson, Arizona, April 9, 1999. In *Wild Wild West*, based on the 60s television series, he plays the role created by Robert Conrad.

The only thing you can really, truly hate about Will Smith is that he is not your best friend and never will be. He already has a best friend (his wife, actress Jada Pinkett-Smith), as well as several auxiliary best friends, including his former rap partner, DJ Jazzy Jeff, and the comic actor Keenen Ivory Wayans. And the waiting list is full, since *everyone* wants to be best friends with Will Smith—to play golf with him, to watch the Sixers with him, to keep him hidden in your rec room to cheer you up on rainy days. This will never happen. Which is why spending time with Smith tends to prompt a burst of euphoria ("Will called me '*my man*'!") followed by a crushing sense of loss (Will calls everyone "my man").

Director Barry Sonnenfeld, a powerful person with many friends and a lovely family, nevertheless turns to Will in his darkest hours. "I used to say that Tom Hanks is the most normal actor I've ever worked with, but Will is just so special and happy," says Sonnenfeld, the cinematographer on Hanks's breakout film, *Big,* and the director of two Smith films, *Men in Black* and *Wild Wild West,* a big-budget action comedy due out this month. "I was home last year in New York, and I was worried. I went out to L.A. I hung out with him for *10 minutes,* and then I came home happy and my wife said, 'What happened to you? Who did you see?' I said, 'Will.' And she said, 'Oh, O.K., fine.' He really is like a drug."

If you're looking to read an explosive deconstruction of Will Smith, go find another article. And good luck, since no one has ever had a bad word to say about him—well, aside from some malcontent from Smith's early-90s sitcom, *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air,* who accused him of waging a ruthless smear campaign against her. Yeah, right. In Hollywood, it's now axiomatic that wherever Smith goes is the place to be, as evidenced by the scene outside his absurdly large trailer at the Warner Bros. studio, where part of *Wild Wild West* was filmed. When Smith approaches the usual collection of gaffers and grips, it's like de Gaulle returning to Paris. Rarely do you see teamsters reach out for hugs, but they can't help themselves when confronted with all that bright-eyed, jug-eared Will Smithness. Later, when Sonnenfeld happens by, Smith is quick to make introductions. He's big on introductions. "You fellas will have plenty to talk about," he says jokingly, leaning in close. "*You're both Jewish.*"

Smith's trailer is outfitted with, aside from the usual movie-star amenities, a state-of-the-art, eight-component stereo system. Smith sits directly across from it, his body perfectly aligned with a large-screen television on top of the stereo, as he digs into a heaping plate of *chilequiles* and sausages prepared by one of his assistants, an agreeable fellow named Jeff, who, like Smith, tends toward monochromatic athleticwear. Smith himself is a vision in white: white pullover, white Adidas sweatpants, white Nikes. "This," he says, popping a tape into the VCR, "is what I call *bangin'.*" By which he means very, very loud.

For the next seven minutes, Will Smith's trailer is the loudest place in the universe. He is screening, for the first time, his music video for *Wild Wild West,* a lavish, theatrical production reminiscent of Michael Jackson's landmark "Thriller" video. For *Wild Wild West,* Smith has sampled Stevie Wonder's 1974 hit "You Wish" and given it a kind of rap-Western twist (if you can imagine that), thanks to the help of Wonder and rappers Kool Moe Dee and Dru Hill, all of whom appear in the video. You will be hearing this song often in the coming weeks—*very often*—but you will never like it half as much as Smith does. At first, Smith quietly eats and listens, eats and listens; after two minutes, he's eating faster and bouncing in his seat; by the midway point, he's wolfing the food and approaching, in the words of one crew member, "full jiggyness"—"jiggy" being the term, signifying a certain with-it quality, that Smith single-handedly made famous in his 1998 rap hit, "Gettin' Jiggy wit It."

The video still has a few kinks to iron out, but mostly Smith is worried that it's not loud enough. He *never* thinks it's loud enough. This despite the fact that his trailer is convulsing: a bottle of Jergens liquid soap bounces across the counter and falls into the sink. Volume is his life. "The thing I always tell Barry is 'Pump up t bass! Pump up the bass!' When shit plodes, make it explode *for real.* Pop t speakers!" He's moving around the trail "It needs to be loud enough to make not be able to talk and not be able sleep, you know?" In order to commu cate right now, Smith must either pa tomime or yell. "I'm trying to get it ju so it's bangin' and loud!" he screams. understand that women don't need [mov trailers to be loud to enjoy them!" shrugs. "My wife's been saying it forev

He adds, "I turned it down for you!"

You mean, he is asked, you actua play it *louder?*

"Yeah. That was about 75 percent."

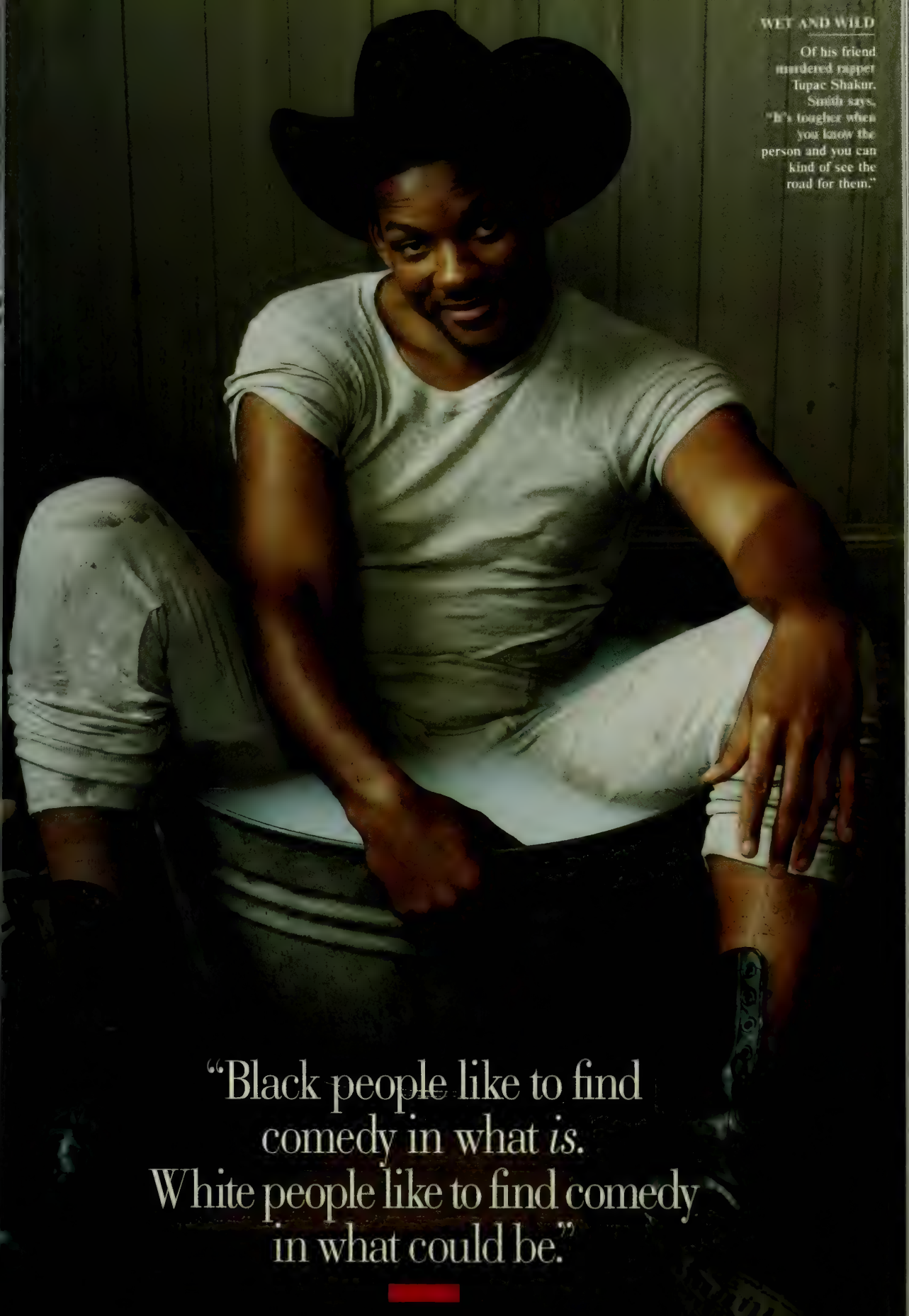
Can they hear it outside?

He laughs his deep Will Smith be laugh. "They can *definitely* hear it outsid

Outside, crew members are staring Smith's trailer as if it's about to give bir He smiles, his eyes still a bit puffy fr sleep. It is 9:30 A.M.

The video is quintessent Will Smith—an exubera carefully mixed, exquisit mainstream cocktail of b budget filmmaking and m sic for the masses; odd as sounds, there is a genius the sheer mainstreamness of it all, a perhaps it would be a kind of evil gen were it not coming from the most lika man in the world. (It's official: a natio survey of teenage girls voted Smith t most admired star anywhere, above To Cruise and Jim Carrey.) Smith has star in just five feature films, but two, the su mer behemoths *Independence Day* a *Men in Black,* each earned more th $250 million; another two, the thrill *Bad Boys* and *Enemy of the State,* co bined grossed more than $175 million; fifth, John Guare's splendid *Six Degr of Separation,* was seen by few, but w the only film in which Smith played dark character bearing no resemblance Will Smith, the multimedia impresa who, in his spare time, has made milli from *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* and h sold about 15 million rap records so che fully unthreatening that he once rapp onstage with the whitest man in the wor Al Gore.

It doesn't get more mainstream th that, and yet it works for Smith beca he's so unfathomably at peace with hims so damn comfortable in his own skin, t he makes the mainstream sound like secret room inside the secret room at S dio 54. "There's different ways that you measure people's greatness," he says. "A



WET AND WILD

Of his friend murdered rapper Tupac Shakur, Smith says, "It's tougher when you know the person and you can kind of see the road for them."

"Black people like to find comedy in what *is*. White people like to find comedy in what could be."

measure greatness is: How many people do you affect? In your time on this earth, how many people can you touch? How many people can you make feel better? Or how many people can you inspire to want to do what you do? Look at Michael Jordan—the number of people that Michael Jordan inspires to just want to *achieve*. . . . People say, 'I want to be the Michael Jordan of the stock market.' Michael Jordan is the standard of excellence, and I aspire to that level."

When Smith says things like this—and he says them often—you brace for a Pat Riley moment, a Tony Robbins infomercial, and indeed there's a fine line between a true believer like Smith and Matt Foley, the sweaty motivational speaker that Chris Farley played on *Saturday Night Live*. But that's what makes Will Smith Will Smith, and he knows it. He knows not only that you want to believe him but that you *need* to believe him.

Smith lives in an 8,000-square-foot southwestern-style house about 45 minutes outside of Los Angeles, in the quiet, hilly exurbs near Calabasas. (He is building a new house on property near Malibu.) The house is luxurious, but not Hollywood luxurious, and the neighborhood is wealthy, but contains orthodontists rather than celebrities. There is a koi pond. There is a par-3 golf hole out back—like all rappers, Will Smith plays golf. The driveway is filled with four gleaming S.U.V.'s, at least one of which contains a custom stereo system, a satellite navigation system, two phone lines, a DVD system, and a Sony PlayStation mounted on the back of the front seats—a perk for Smith's two young children, Trey and Jaden, who, naturally, are charming and well adjusted. Trey says, "I don't know why people laugh at what you say, Dad—you're not really that funny."

Lately Will and Jada have been puzzling over how to raise kids in the kind of privileged environment that they themselves were never raised in. Sticklers for grammar—Wayans calls Smith "Captain Correction"—they have worked hard to make their kids speak what Smith calls "proper" English. "I always hated that growing up," says Smith, who as a student was routinely hassled for carrying books home. "I hated that being intelligent and speaking well was correlated with being white." Then again, you can have too much of a good thing. Just the other day, Trey called him "Father." Smith, who believes that today's young black man should be "bidialectal," was floored. "No, buddy," he CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

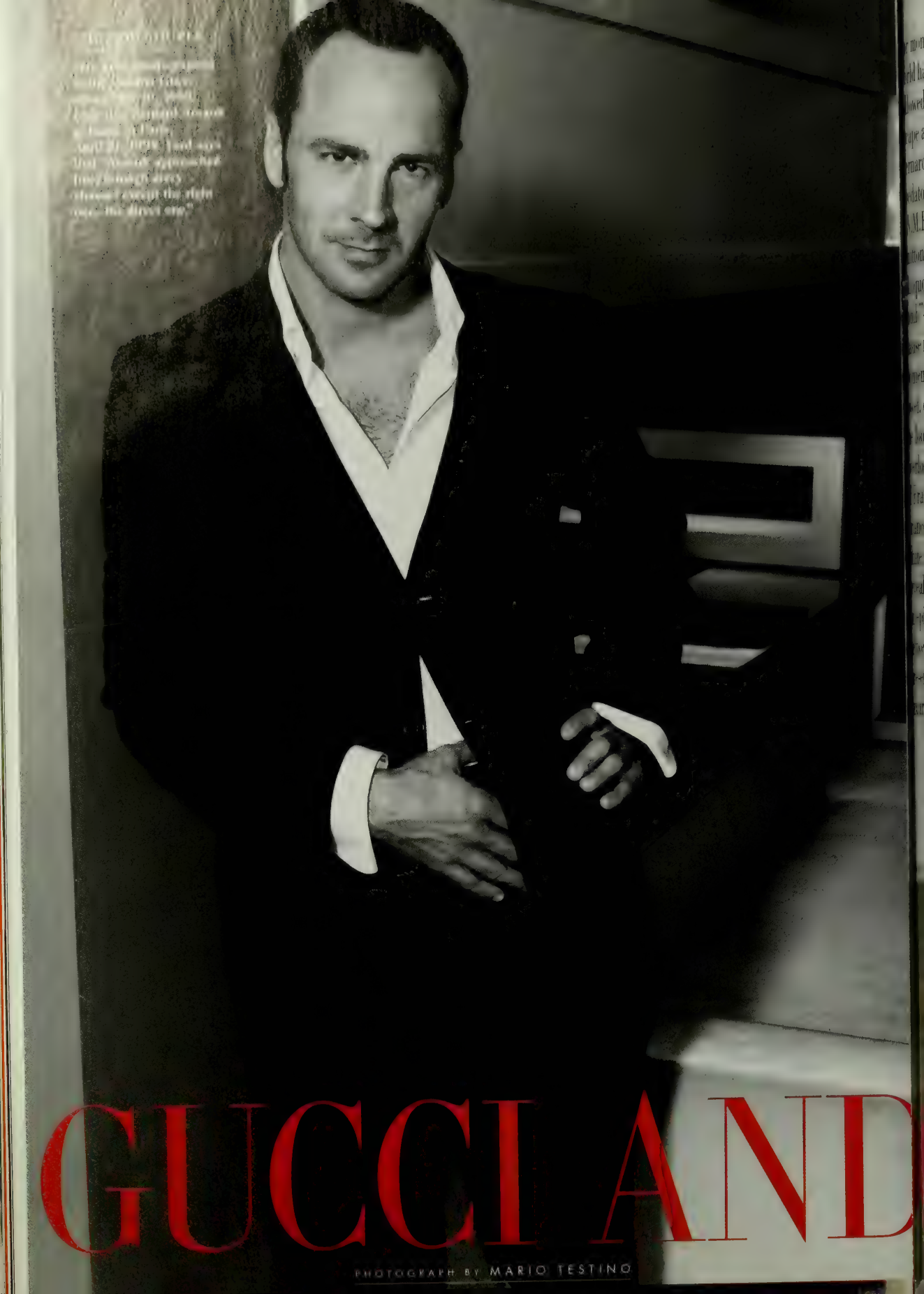


SHIRT AND JEANS BY GUCCI. FROM BARNEYS NEW YORK. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



URBANE COWBOY

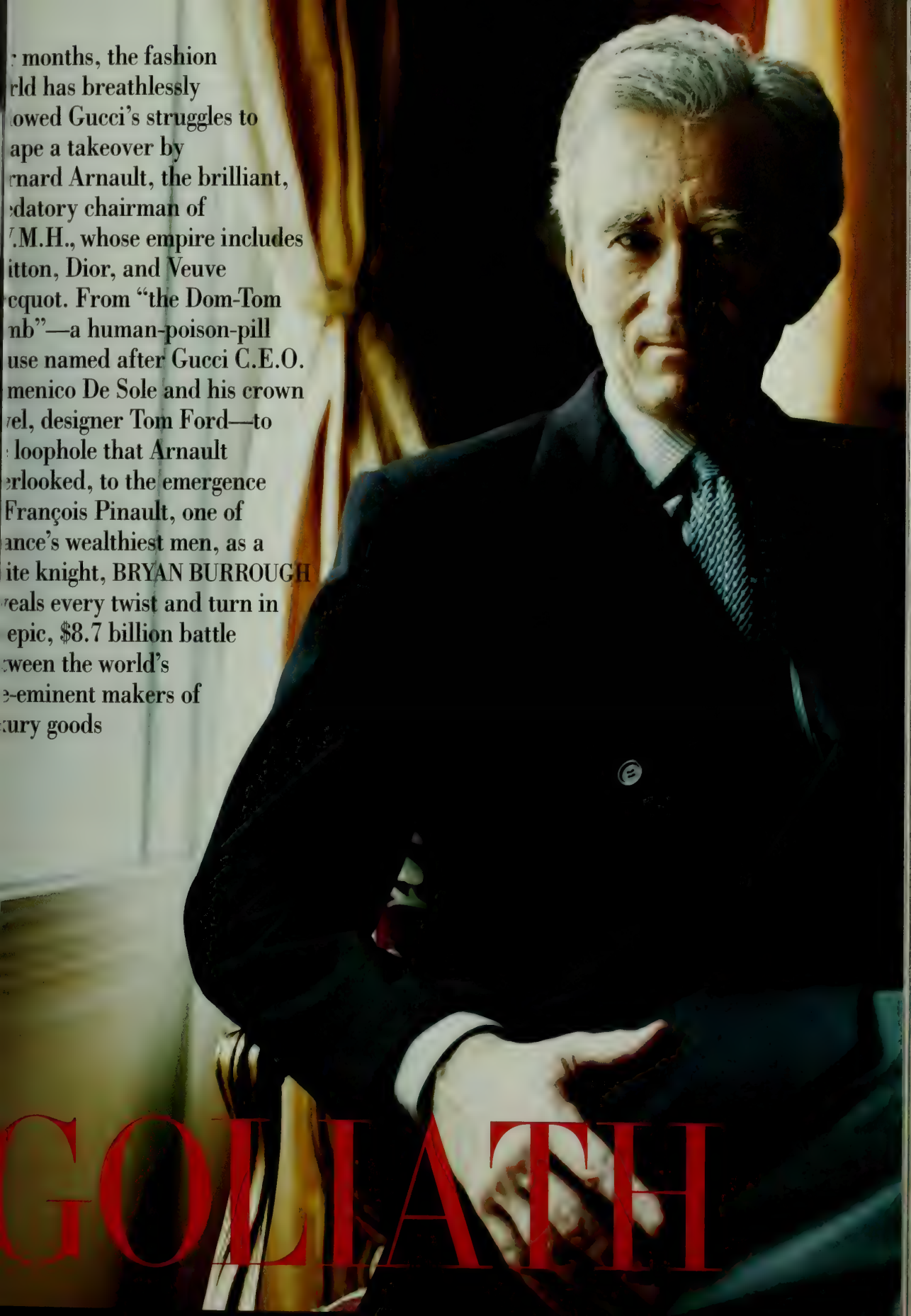
About his marriage, Smith says, "We sacrifice ourselves completely for the other person. *Complete submission*."



GUCCI AND

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO TESTINO

: months, the fashion
rld has breathlessly
owed Gucci's struggles to
ape a takeover by
rnard Arnault, the brilliant,
datory chairman of
.M.H., whose empire includes
itton, Dior, and Veuve
cquot. From "the Dom-Tom
nb"—a human-poison-pill
use named after Gucci C.E.O.
menico De Sole and his crown
el, designer Tom Ford—to
loophole that Arnault
rlooked, to the emergence
François Pinault, one of
ance's wealthiest men, as a
ite knight, BRYAN BURROUGH
eals every twist and turn in
epic, $8.7 billion battle
ween the world's
e-eminent makers of
ury goods



GOLIATH

Domenico De Sole couldn't stop smiling. Reclining in the back of his black Lincoln sedan, speeding toward New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 5, the bearded chief executive officer of Gucci Group N.V. was certain that now—finally—the cloud of takeover speculation that had engulfed his company for two years had lifted. The previous day De Sole (pronounced duh *so*-lay), an exuberant 55-year-old, Harvard-trained attorney, had stood and delivered an upbeat earnings forecast to a crowd of Wall Street financial analysts, and his comments had kicked Gucci stock all the way up to $56 a share, a far cry from the $32 range where it had languished in the fall.

At these heady levels, De Sole felt, no bargain-hunting predator would dare swoop in on Gucci. Actually, De Sole wasn't worried about just anyone. His nightmare had a face, that of Frenchman Bernard Arnault, the shrewd 50-year-old chairman of the acquisition-hungry Paris conglomerate L.V.M.H. Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton S.A., whose taste for European luxury brands made him lord of such names as Louis Vuitton, Christian Dior, Givenchy, Loewe, Céline, and Veuve Clicquot. Rumors had flown for a solid year that Arnault was preparing an attack on Gucci. One of De Sole's most closely guarded secrets—even Gucci's white-hot designer, Tom Ford, didn't know this—was his suspicion that Arnault had silently accumulated a position of nearly three million shares of Gucci stock the previous year. But feeling secure for the first time in months, De Sole dialed Bill Reid, Gucci's investment banker at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. "Well, Bill," he announced, "it looks like we're in the clear now!"

All that night, as his flight crossed the Atlantic to London, De Sole poured out his plans for the coming year to his wife, Eleanore. Now that the Arnault threat had subsided, there were new lines to be launched; Ford's latest men's collection, to be unveiled in Milan later that month, sounded brilliant. Arriving back at his Knightsbridge town house Wednesday morning, De Sole took his wife's advice and lay down for a nap. Before he could fall asleep, though, the phone rang. It was his London assistant, Constance Klein. "You'd better get to the office right away," she told him. There was an urgent call from Louis Vuitton's president, a trusted Arnault aide named Yves Carcelle. De Sole's heart raced. Carcelle was an old friend, but the Gucci chief knew immediately that it couldn't be a social call.

And it wasn't. When De Sole telephoned Carcelle from his bedroom, Carcelle's tone was cordial and reassuring, but his message was anything but. L.V.M.H., he said, had acquired more than 5 percent of Gucci's common stock; an announcement would go out later that day. He wanted De Sole to understand that the investment was purely "passive," that Arnault's intent was nothing but "friendly." Maybe, Carcelle suggested, the two companies could find ways to work togeth

De Sole hung up, stunned. It was the moment he had be awaiting for years. Hustling in to Gucci's whitewashed town-hou offices on Grafton Street, a narrow lane lined with art galleri De Sole first called James McArthur, his banker at Morgan St ley's London office, and here the Gucci chief encountered more what would soon become a torrent of bad news. McArthur, w had worked closely with Gucci executives on their anti-takeo plans, was scheduled to leave the following week for a yearlo sabbatical and wouldn't be able to serve as De Sole's aide-c camp in the coming struggle. Instead, McArthur telephoned boss, Michael Zaoui (pronounced *zow*-ey), a 42-year-old Fren man who headed Morgan's European merger-advisory gro who at that moment was sipping coffee with his wife at a Lond café. Zaoui didn't know De Sole, but, having represented t Guinness brewery in its own fight against L.V.M.H. in 1997, knew Arnault well. He was at the Gucci town house in minute

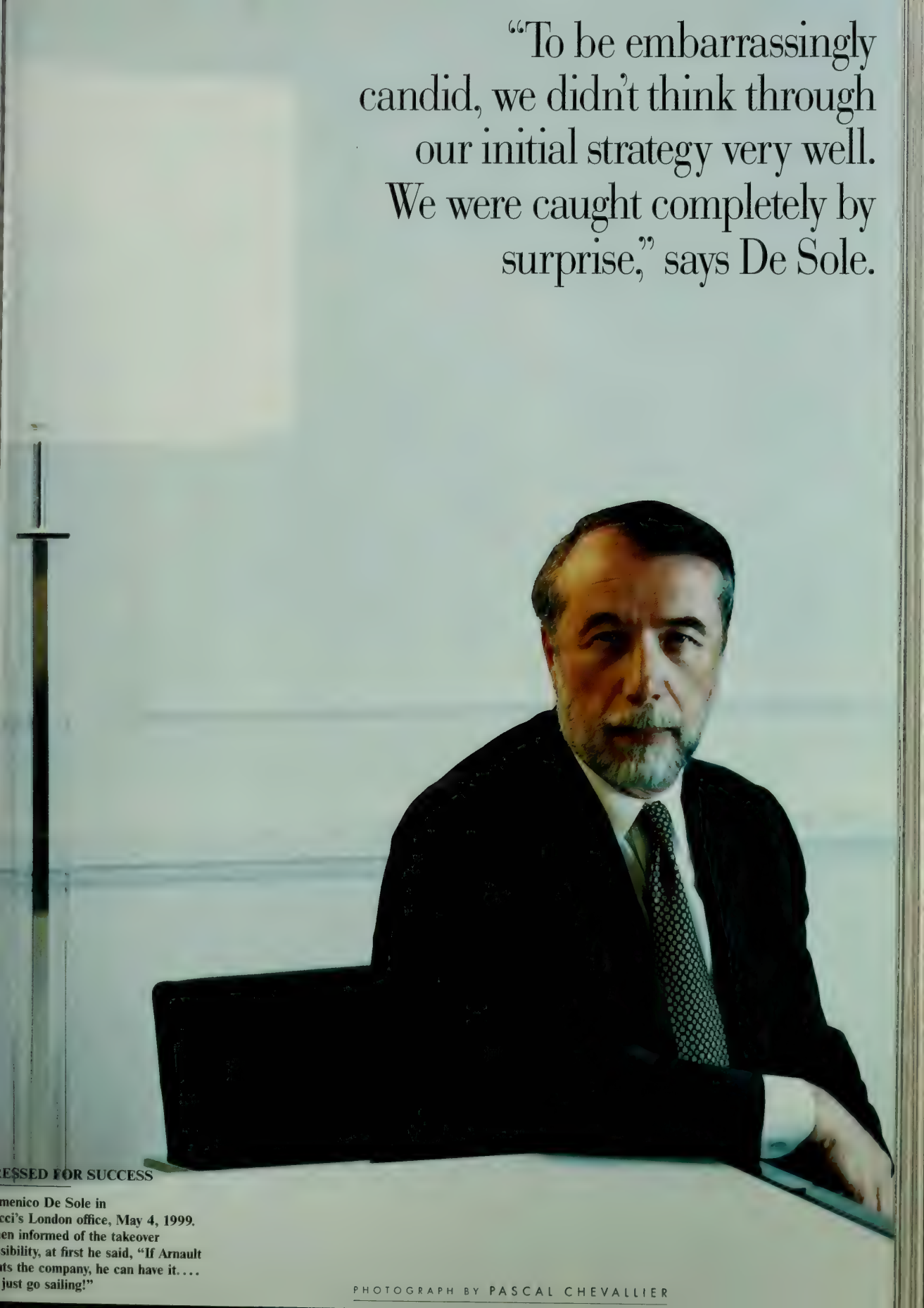
What the senior Morgan banker found left him deeply w ried. De Sole, pacing his third-floor office nervously, was rea to give up even before a fight could begin. "If Arnault wants t company, he can have it!" the Gucci C.E.O. announced, a mark he would repeat often in the next few days. "I don't giv shit. I'll just go sailing!" To Zaoui, the most valuable asset any takeover defense was a C.E.O. with real fortitude. "I nee fighter," he found himself mumbling. "Not a sailor."

Far worse was the state of the company's takeover defens there were almost none. "Where is the fucking defense?" Za asked McArthur afterward. "What have you guys been doing this time?" McArthur admitted that Gucci had only one defe of note, secret clauses in the employment contracts of its t most valuable employees. In the event of a change in corpor control, De Sole's contract allowed him to resign. Tom For contract was more specific; it permitted the all-important desi er to flee Gucci in the event any shareholder gathered 35 perc of the company's stock. Morgan bankers privately called th clauses "the Dom-Tom bomb." Others would take to calling th Gucci's "human poison pill." Zaoui was underwhelmed. "O God," he breathed. "What have I gotten myself into?"

Two days later, on Friday, January 8, after public disclosure L.V.M.H.'s move had electrified fashion circles, Zaoui rose bef a jammed conference room at Gucci's Grafton Street offices outline their options. There were, he suggested, two likely scen ios. Either Arnault would launch an immediate tender offer or, more likely, he would continue buying Gucci shares in "a cre ing takeover" designed to give L.V.M.H. effective if not outri control of the company. Either way, in the absence of r takeover defenses, Gucci would almost certainly have to negoti with Arnault or find a white-knight investor or merger partne fend him off. "Basically what you're saying," observed Rob Singer, Gucci's chief financial officer, "is 'You guys are toast.'"

To the surprise of many of those involved, f months later the struggle between Gucci a L.V.M.H., the world's two pre-eminent luxu goods makers, wears on. From the Janu shows in Milan and New York through March shows in London and Paris and n to the cusp of summer, its myriad twists a turns have kept the runway set rapt; *Wom Wear Daily* hasn't devoted so many column inches to a st since hemlines topped the knee. The blustery, bickering con

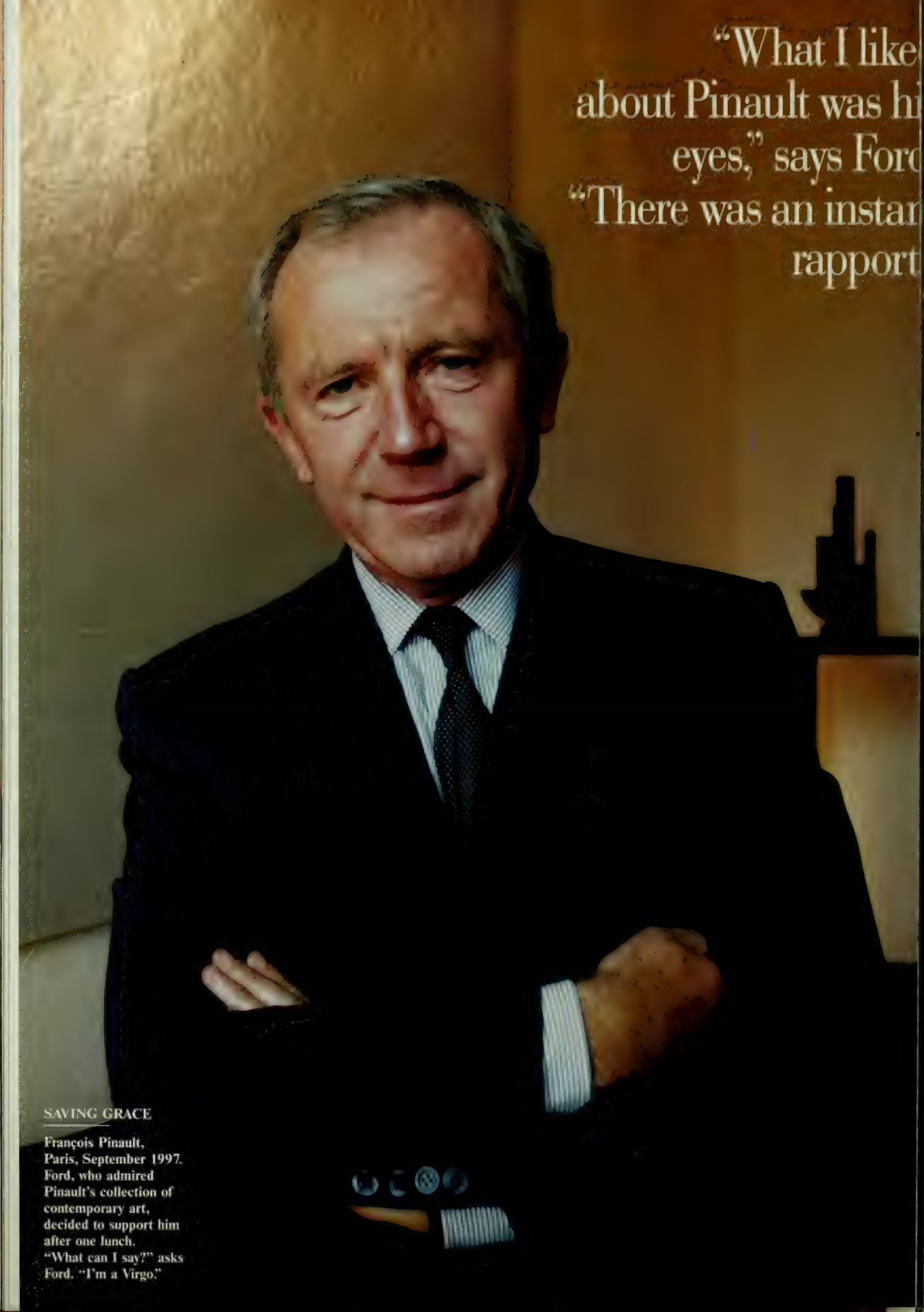
"To be embarrassingly candid, we didn't think through our initial strategy very well. We were caught completely by surprise," says De Sole.



ESSED FOR SUCCESS

menico De Sole in cci's London office, May 4, 1999. en informed of the takeover sibility, at first he said, "If Arnault its the company, he can have it.... just go sailing!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY PASCAL CHEVALLIER



SAVING GRACE

François Pinault, Paris, September 1997. Ford, who admired Pinault's collection of contemporary art, decided to support him after one lunch. "What can I say?" asks Ford. "I'm a Virgo."

an Ali-Frazier fight for the recherché set: In one corner are underdogs, De Sole and Ford, lionized as the second com- of Pierre Bergé and Yves Saint Laurent for their role in nsforming Gucci from the industry's jester to its king. Pacing oss the ring is the frustrated pre-fight favorite, Arnault, an ateur classical pianist whose tactics owe less to Mozart than George Patton.

In its broadest context, their fight for control of Gucci is just e more takeover—and at $8.7 billion a small one at that—in a ve of corporate consolidation sweeping the newly united ntries of Europe. It is a wave that could well inundate the ire fashion and luxury-goods industry, which is thronged with nily-run companies such as Versace, Armani, and Prada, as vy corporate raiders led by Arnault move inexorably forward, e sharks among cute, chattering dolphins.

Much to Arnault's dismay, Gucci has turned out to be one tough dolphin. That De Sole and his tightly knit crisis team of lawyers and investment bankers have not only survived but gained the upper hand may, as De Sole candidly acknowledges, prove the old maxim that it's better to be lucky than good. hind the scenes, amid the legal and financial arcana where rporate battles like this are fought and won, neither Gucci r L.V.M.H. has exactly distinguished itself with brilliant atagems. Arnault charged at Gucci with all the grace of a mo wrestler, betting that by quickly scooping up massive nounts of stock he would scare away any potential rescuers. But worse—far worse—Arnault now admits that he never ew of a legal loophole through which De Sole has driven t one but both of the two major transactions that have so maintained Gucci's independence. Only after a series of issteps and blunders narrowed his options did De Sole suc- ed in using this loophole to arrange exactly the kind of nite-knight rescue that Arnault had sought to prevent. Now, er a Dutch court on May 27 approved the eleventh-hour de- nsive alliance that Gucci has forged with 62-year-old Fran- is Pinault, one of the wealthiest men in France, Gucci has clared victory. But L.V.M.H. vows to fight on.

How it all happened is a story that has little to do with afers or leather. It is instead about arrogance and missed portunities, hubris and crossed signals, and very smart en who made very dumb mistakes. And it begins and ends ith the unassuming De Sole, a man whose ready smile and ferential manner suggest those of a diplomat. Underesti- ated throughout his career, De Sole has undergone a quiet nsformation from bewildered, intimidated cadet to assertive ld marshal.

When I ask Arnault straight out where his designs on Guc- went astray, he sighs. "I wish I understood it myself," he ys. "I should maybe have tried to analyze De Sole more. laybe." He pauses, then looks up. "No?" Arnault's elegant ght-hand man, a towering, ruler-thin attorney named Pierre odé, has his own take on De Sole. "I think," he says, "we ere a little naïve."

No one appreciates the irony of his current situation more an De Sole, a native Italian who runs a wildly mongrelized alian company: Gucci is headquartered in Florence, chartered the Netherlands, and traded on the New York Stock Exchange; De Sole divides his time among London, Connecticut, and Tuscany; Tom Ford is based in Paris and London and socializes actively in Los Angeles; while nearly one-half of the company's sales come from Asia. Just seven years ago Gucci was so wrecked that its previous owner, the Bahrain-based investment concern Investcorp, couldn't give it away. Gucci lost $30 million in 1992 and a year later teetered on the edge of bankruptcy. In 1994, amid rumors that Gucci would be liquidated, Investcorp tried to sell it and promptly struck a deal with, of all people, Bernard Arnault. Set to acquire the company for about $400 million, he backed out at the last minute. In a story that has become lore inside Gucci, the Frenchman told Investcorp officials that the company was worth "nothing." Five years later Arnault is attempting to buy that "nothing" for $8.7 billion.

By now the story of Gucci's fall and rise is well known. Founded in 1923, Gucci thrived for decades on the quality of the subtle leather loafers and pocketbooks its Florentine artisans assembled by hand. Then, after the death of family leader Rodolfo Gucci in 1983, the many branches of the family basically went to war against each other, at one point filing 15 separate lawsuits. By 1989, after a series of infamous incidents, including the alleged boardroom beating of one relative with a portable tape recorder, Rodolfo's son, Maurizio Gucci, emerged as the company's chief executive and largest family shareholder, having sold a 50 percent stake in the company to Investcorp. Maurizio's *consigliere* was De Sole, who after attending Harvard had become a partner in the Washington law firm of Patton, Boggs & Blow, where he handled some of Maurizio's tax issues. In time Maurizio lured him away to become head of Gucci's American arm.

At the time, Gucci's wounds were self-inflicted. Like Perry Ellis and other smart fashion brand names, Gucci badly watered down its image in the 1980s by licensing some 22,000 products, everything from Gucci key chains to Gucci scotch. But Maurizio's decision to cut back on these agreements was disastrous. Cash flow dried up, and the company went into a tailspin. Watching its $160 million investment disintegrate, Investcorp finally took action in 1993, buying out Maurizio, assuming 100 percent control of the company, and two years later naming De Sole its new C.E.O. (In 1995, Maurizio was murdered on a Milan street; after a trial, his ex-wife and two hit men were convicted. Apparently he had been late with alimony payments.) Unable to sell Gucci, Investcorp assigned De Sole the seemingly impossible task of resurrecting the company. For creative direction De Sole turned to the last designer on his payroll, a talented 32-year-old named Tom Ford.

Born in Texas and raised in Santa Fe, the sturdy, darkly handsome Ford attended New York's Parsons School of Design and hung around the Warhol fringe before joining Gucci as a junior designer in Milan in 1990. With the company's survival depending solely upon his eye, Ford's first collection as lead designer, in October 1994, was an embarrassment. But the January 1995 men's and March 1995 women's collections were legendary, "highlighted by patent-leather coats and pants with an almost metallic finish soon seen in knockoffs everywhere," as this magazine later noted. Ford made his influence felt in every corner of the Gucci empire, originating or approving every design, coming up with ideas for the ad campaigns. No

detail was too small. (To this day he insists on reviewing the table settings at company P.R. events.) Suddenly everyone from Madonna to Gwyneth Paltrow was wearing Gucci. There were lines around the block at the stores in New York and Milan. By the fall of 1995, Investcorp was confident enough of the De Sole–Ford team that it sold shares in Gucci to the public, an unimaginable scenario just a year earlier. Worldwide sales soon doubled, then doubled again.

But Gucci's success on the runway masked its vulnerability to a takeover. It was no accident that when Arnault finally attacked, Gucci found itself ill-prepared. From its inception as a publicly held company in 1995, in fact, it was designed to be taken over. Investcorp, which had badly wanted to cash out its majority ownership position, "actually structured the bylaws to facilitate a 100 percent takeover," notes Robert Singer, De Sole's numbers man. "From their point of view, that would have been an excellent exit strategy." But when Investcorp did sell its last Gucci shares to the public in March 1996, it left De Sole and Ford at the helm of a defenseless ship—which grew only more attractive to pirates as the pair transformed Gucci into the world's hottest fashion corporation. "We were just sitting here, waiting for someone to take us over," remembers Ford. "It really bothered me. It was just so frustrating."



In 1996, De Sole, acutely aware of Gucci's vulnerability, began something code-named Project Massimo—the Italian word for "maximum"—a catchall tag for examining any and every scheme that might ward off unwanted suitors. Working with Morgan Stanley and a pair of big American law firms, De Sole looked at all manner of defensive stock restructurings, even partial and total mergers with companies such as Ronald Perelman's Revlon. Eventually, in late 1997, De Sole formally proposed to shareholders that Gucci adopt an American-style poison pill, a device that when triggered floods the stock market with new shares, making any takeover prohibitively expensive. Less than a quarter of Gucci shareholders bothered to vote, however, and the opposition of a large Los Angeles mutual-fund company squashed the proposal. "It was incredibly disappointing," recalls Ford.

In retrospect, the defeat may only have highlighted Gucci's vulnerability. It was in the months immediately afterward, Gucci executives now believe, that Arnault began secretly buying their stock. (The shares in question were traced to a phantom corporation with L.V.M.H.'s Paris address. "Not terribly subtle," notes a Gucci attorney.) But when an outside investor did emerge with a 9.5 percent stake in June 1998, its identity stunned De Sole: it was Prada, the incredibly successful, family-controlled Italian fashion house that was barely half Gucci's size and whose president, Patrizio Bertelli, had little experience in takeover raids. Ford's first thought was that Prada was some kind of stalking-horse for Arnault. It wasn't, but that did nothing to lessen the shock of Bertelli's sudden appearance. De Sole met Bertelli for lunch and listened as he described ways the t could exploit their companies' "synergies."

It was a classic chummy European pitch, one that igno the possible conflict-of-interest allegations that De Sole, C.E.O. of a publicly traded corporation, might face if he vored Prada in any kind of business deal. "I tried to tell h 'We can't make this pizza together,'" De Sole recalls. "[I sa 'Patrizio, this is not my company. I have to talk to my boa He thought I was joking." Thereafter, De Sole turned a c shoulder to Bertelli, who grew increasingly disgruntled Gucci stock, buffeted by last year's Asian financial crisis, s into the $35-a-share range. De Sole's nearsighted failure somehow turn Bertelli into an ally would come back to ha him. "I wish I had," De Sole says today. "In life you mak lot of mistakes."

The Prada situation brought new urgency to De Sole's P ect Massimo schemes. "I was really scared last year, last su mer, [thinking,] Oh, God, these guys [at L.V.M.H.] are re coming," De Sole recalls. "[But] I was really totally stu about it. I didn't know anything [ab takeovers]." By autumn he and F were busy examining a drastic solut to keep Gucci out of hostile han buying the company themselves. M gan Stanley bankers arranged for Sole to meet with Henry Kravis, s the acknowledged king of leverag buyouts, and Kravis spent seve weeks considering a possible trans tion. In the end, however, both Kra and De Sole realized a buyout ma no sense. Given the high profit marg Kravis required to pay off debt ir buyout, there was simply no way fo "financial" buyer such as Kravis compete with a "strategic" buyer su as L.V.M.H.; he would be easily o bid. "The only thing we would ha done," De Sole says today, "is star [bidding] process we couldn't contro

The business world is full of brash, money outsiders who buy their way into establish industries and, by virtue of their outsize p sonalities or nontraditional actions, stir strong emotions. Some, such as Mohamed Fayed and the late Robert Maxwell, spend t rest of their lives trying to buy acceptan others, such as Richard Branson and Ted T ner, begin as buccaneering outsiders but are ultimately embrac for their brilliance. Despite a series of bitter battles in which has tilted against the French establishment, Bernard Arnault well on his way to a senior position in the latter camp.

Arnault's story has been told almost as often as Gucc Raised in the provinces, the son of a wealthy construction ma nate, he was a 35-year-old novice real-estate developer in 19 when he used his first wife's connections to buy a stake in bankrupt French textiles company called Boussac, which cou ed among its assets the Christian Dior fashion house. The Fren government sold him the rest of Boussac after he promised safeguard the company's payroll, only CONTINUED ON PAGI

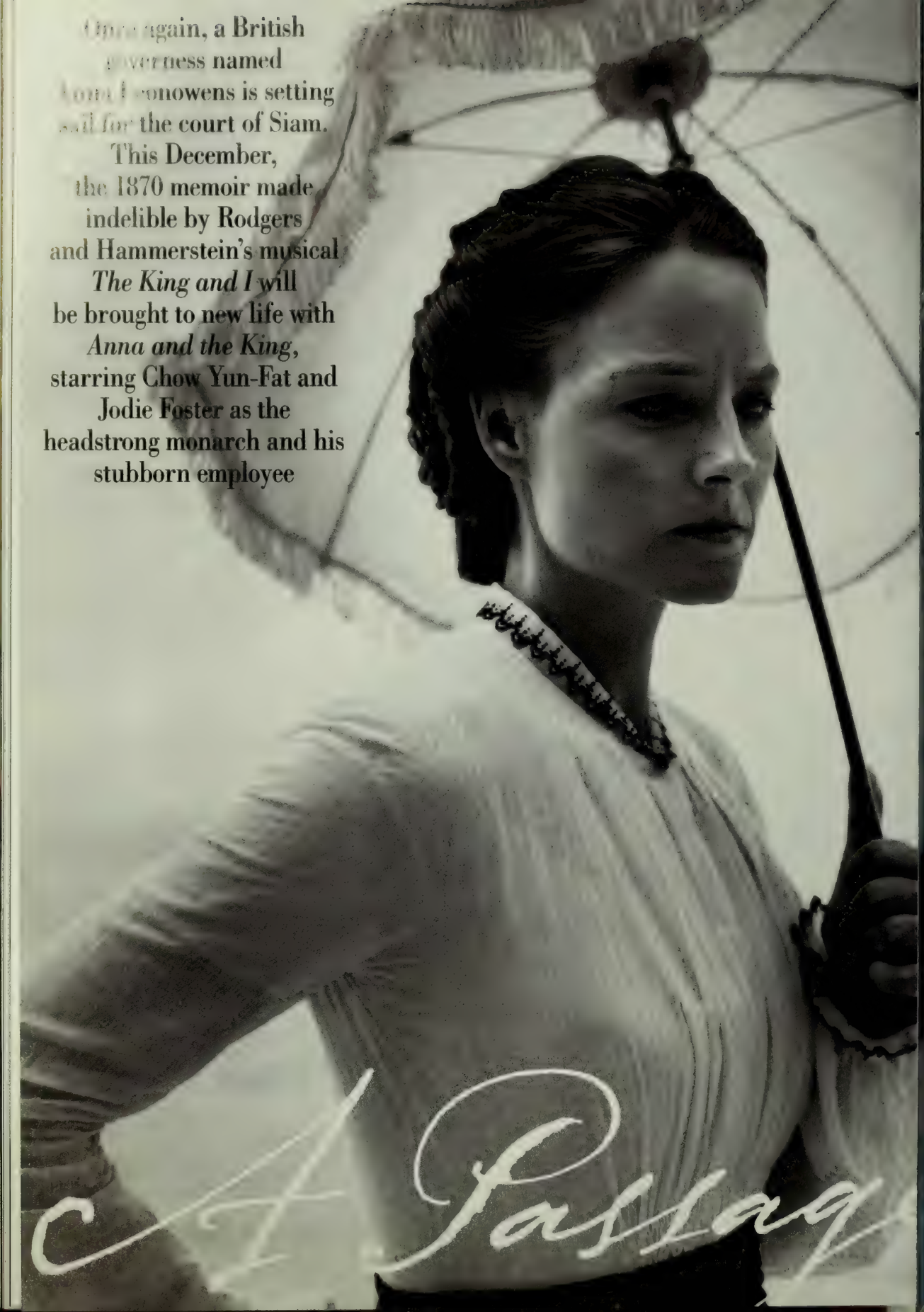
Suddenly everyone from Madonna to Gwyneth Paltrow was wearing Gucci. There were lines around the block at the stores.

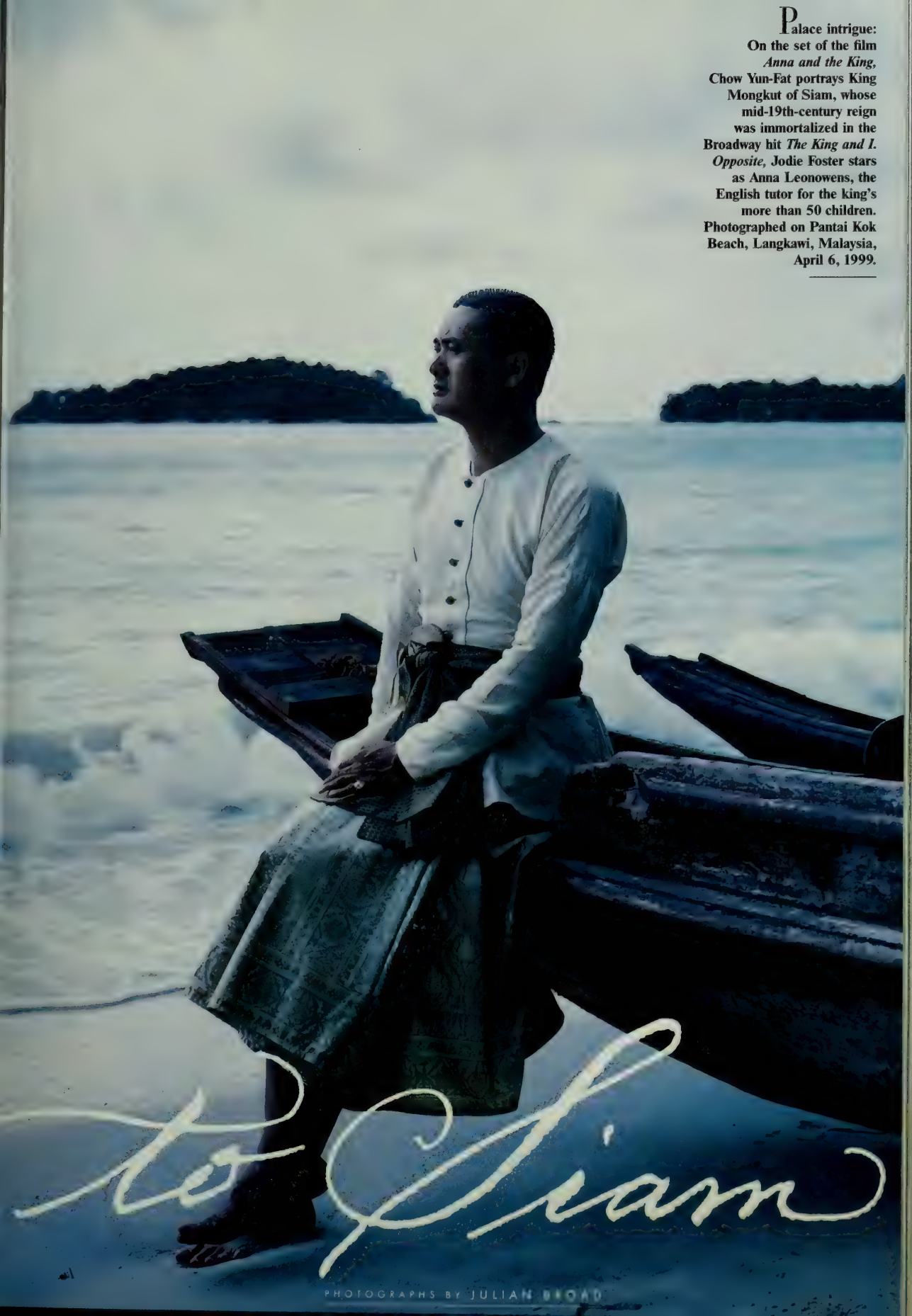


N GET IT FOR WHOLESALE

nterior of the London store, spring 1998. *ite,* Michael Zaoui in his at Morgan Stanley, on, May 4, 1999. Zaoui rminded Gucci's defense gy and also helped in Pinault.

Once again, a British governess named Anna Leonowens is setting sail for the court of Siam. This December, the 1870 memoir made indelible by Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical *The King and I* will be brought to new life with *Anna and the King*, starring Chow Yun-Fat and Jodie Foster as the headstrong monarch and his stubborn employee





Palace intrigue: On the set of the film *Anna and the King,* Chow Yun-Fat portrays King Mongkut of Siam, whose mid-19th-century reign was immortalized in the Broadway hit *The King and I. Opposite,* Jodie Foster stars as Anna Leonowens, the English tutor for the king's more than 50 children. Photographed on Pantai Kok Beach, Langkawi, Malaysia, April 6, 1999.

to Siam

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN BROAD

When Anna Leonowens published her memoir in 1870, it was titled *The English Governess at the Siamese Court.* When the memoir was adapted by Margaret Landon into a novel in 1944, it was titled *Anna and the King of Siam* (a movie of the same name, starring Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison, came two years later). By 1951, Leonowens was the tremulous "I" in Rodgers and Hammerstein's voluptuous musical *The King and I.* Now, in 1999, because Siam is Thailand and heroines are icons, a new movie of this beloved story will be called *Anna and the King.*

How familiar will she be? With Jodie Foster in the title role we can expect a Victorian Englishwoman with real Yankee spine (not to mention that fine, classic jawline). And Chow Yun-Fat (John Woo's avenging angel!) has been cast as the imperious King Mongkut—a brilliant stroke. As for the setting, forget those paper-lantern studio sets of the past. Anna has moved to the outskirts of Malaysia, where a crew of sculptors, painters, and artists have constructed from scratch one of the biggest sets ever: a seven-acre re-creation of the king's palace. It's realism down to the last detail, including intricate wardrobes for 19 elephants! Clearly, Twentieth Century Fox, Foster, and director Andy Tennant (whose most recent film was *Ever After*) are seeking historical accuracy for Leonowens's story.

"It's definitely not *The King and I,*" says Tennant. "Yul Brynner was fabulous, but it was a musical and it was over the top. In reality, King Mongkut was quite a visionary. When you discover what was going on in 19th-century Siam with regard to colonialism, it was amazing that he kept his country independent. And a part of that was his relationship with Anna Leonowens." And was it a romance? "I think you can fall in love with somebody and never touch them." —LAURA JACOBS







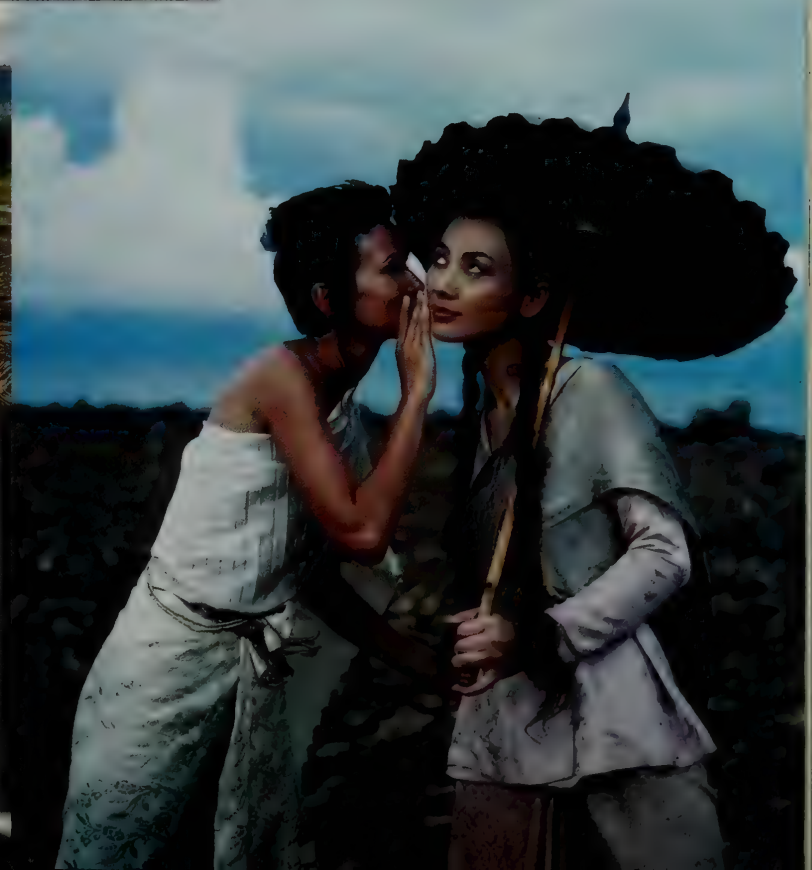
Ardor in the court: *Clockwise from top left,* Tom Felton plays Anna's young son, Louis; the Summer Palace set on Pantai Kok Beach; Jodie Foster as Anna takes a stroll; a Siamese rice festival; Bai Ling as Tuptim (a sacrificial gift to the king) whispers to the head wife, Lady Thiang (Deanna Yusoff); Melissa Campbell as Princess Fa-Ying, the king's favorite daughter; Chow Yun-Fat as King Mongkut in ceremonial costume; monks gather for the rice festival. Photographed on location in Langkawi, Malaysia, April 1999.











BANDS ON THE RUN

The music industry's summer-jobs program will be in full swing this year with hundreds of acts finding seasonal employment in hundreds of venues. Among the most noteworthy:

ODD COUPLES: Bob Dylan hooks up with Paul Simon for a unique co-headlining tour. Unafraid of competition, too, is Alanis Morissette, who'll share a bill with the equally intense Tori Amos. THEY'RE BACK: It's been more than 10 years since Bruce Springsteen took the E Street Band on the road; he'll be with the whole gang, including Clarence Clemons, Steve Van Zandt (on hiatus from *The Sopranos*), Max Weinberg, and Patti Scialfa. Ex–Pink Floyd singer Roger Waters does his first tour in 12 years, Beach Boy Brian Wilson performs rare solo shows, R.E.M. goes out minus original drummer Bill Berry, and Cher takes her act on the road. SAFETY IN NUMBERS: There'll be three days of peace and music for the third time at Woodstock's 30th anniversary, to take place in Rome, New York—180 miles away from Max Yasgur's farm. A diversified lineup includes Aerosmith, Metallica, Sugar Ray, George Clinton & the P-Funk All Stars, Collective Soul, Ice Cube, Willie Nelson, Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Wyclef Jean. This could be the last time for the all-gal Lilith Fair. On board are Sarah McLachlan, Sheryl Crow, Luscious Jackson, MeShell Ndegeocello, Indigo Girls, and Chrissie Hynde's Pretenders. The Beastie Boys host a Tibetan Freedom Concert in Chicago with Live, the Roots, Run-D.M.C., and a solo Eddie Vedder. For those who want to rock, the OZZfest features Black Sabbath, Rob Zombie, Primus, Slayer, and Deftones. REUNITED: Blondie, J. Geils Band, and Bad Company. SUPERSTARS: A truly daunting number of headliners—Carlos Santana, the Allman Brothers Band, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Whitney Houston, Elton John, B.B. King, John Mellencamp, Barenaked Ladies, Jewel, the Offspring, the Goo Goo Dolls, Lauryn Hill, Brandy, the Verve Pipe, Chris Isaak, Mercury Rev, Dave Matthews Band, and Phish—will embark on their own big tours. Tickets available at a box office—or scalper—near you.

—LISA ROBINSON

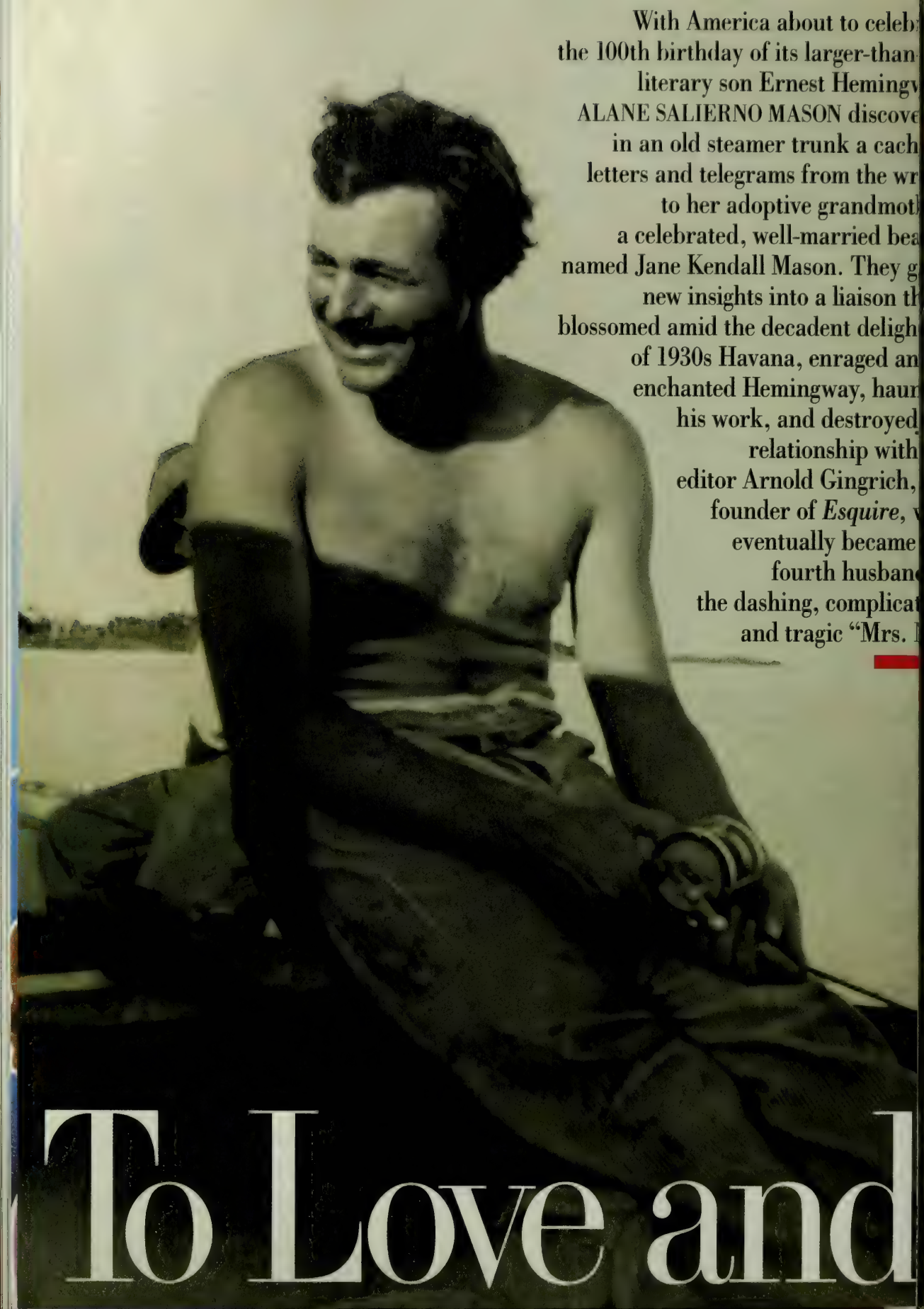
TOURS IN FORCE

The acts traversing the country this summer range from Bob Dylan and Paul Simon to the Offspring and Sugar Ray; musical styles cover everything from punk to P-Funk, Blondie to Brandy.
Turn to page 142 to see who's who.



ILLUSTRATION BY RISTO





To Love and

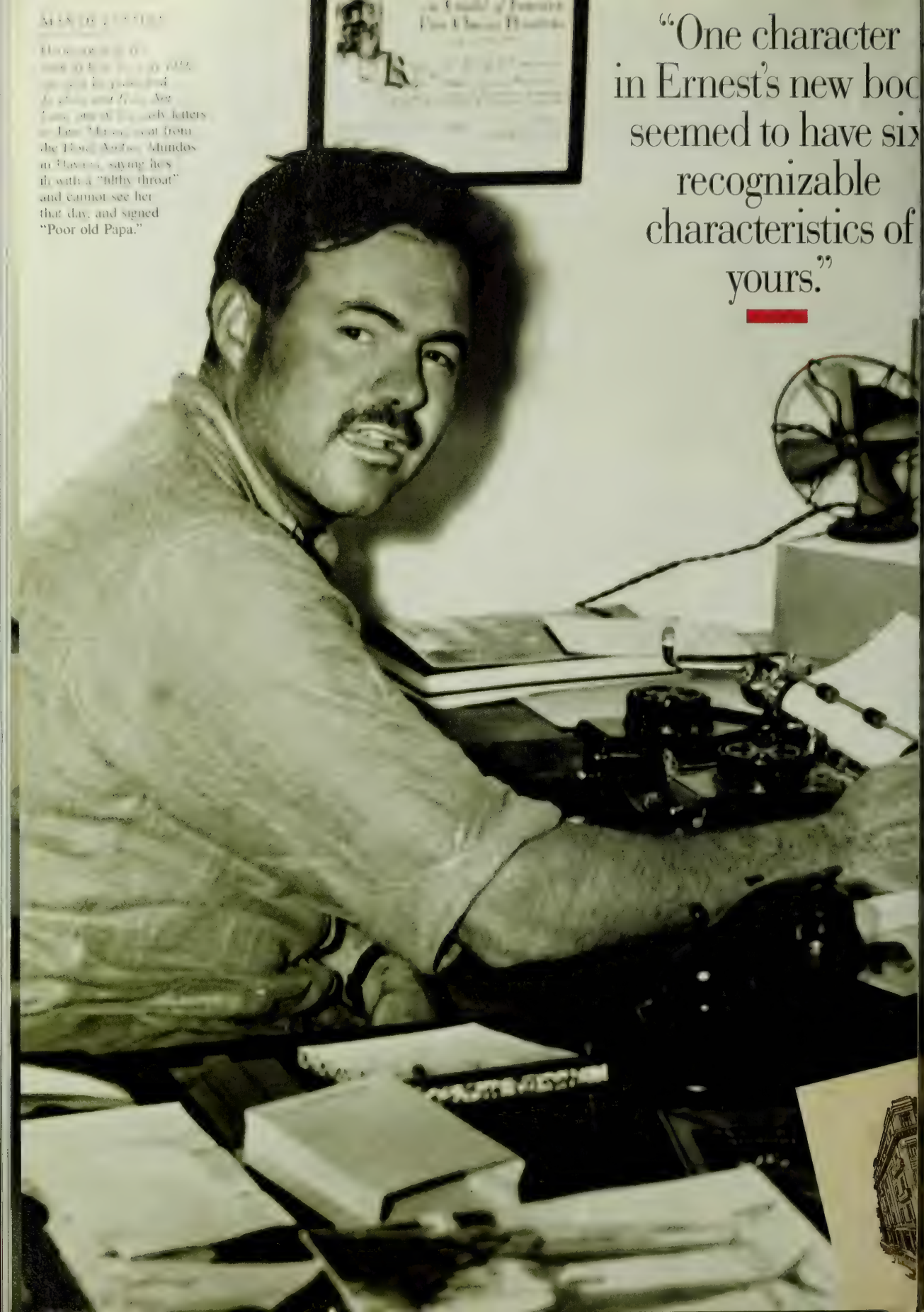
With America about to celeb
the 100th birthday of its larger-than
literary son Ernest Hemingw
ALANE SALIERNO MASON discove
in an old steamer trunk a cach
letters and telegrams from the wr
to her adoptive grandmot
a celebrated, well-married bea
named Jane Kendall Mason. They g
new insights into a liaison th
blossomed amid the decadent deligh
of 1930s Havana, enraged an
enchanted Hemingway, haun
his work, and destroyed
relationship with
editor Arnold Gingrich,
founder of *Esquire*, v
eventually became
fourth husban
the dashing, complicat
and tragic "Mrs.



DANGEROUS GAME

Jane Mason with a lion kill in Kenya, 1935. *Opposite,* Ernest Hemingway fishing off Key West in 1928, three years before he became enamored of Jane, nine years before he turned her into the vixen Helène Bradley in *To Have and Have Not, inset.*

Love Not

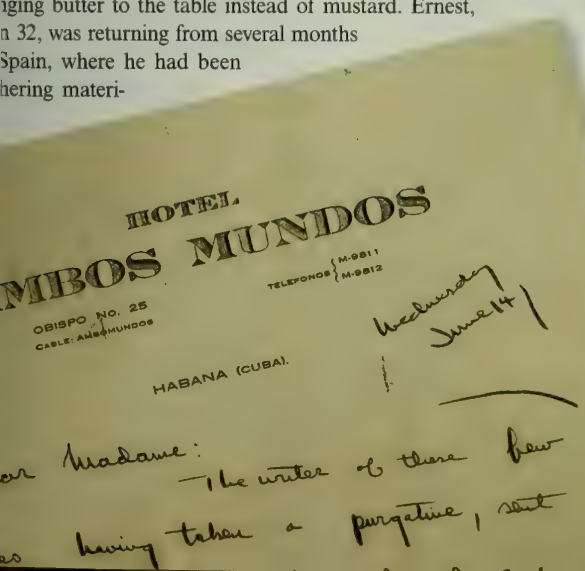


"One character in Ernest's new boo seemed to have six recognizable characteristics of yours."

[illegible] Hemingway [illegible] to [illegible] Mary Welsh [illegible] Hemingway [illegible] Finca Vigía [illegible] Havana [illegible] Mundos [illegible] Havana, saying he's [illegible] ill with a "filthy throat" and cannot see her that day, and signed "Poor old Papa."

In February 1937, after going over the manuscript *o Have and Have Not* with the author, his friend Ernest Hemway, *Esquire* founder and editor Arnold Gingrich immediately te to his lover, Jane Kendall Mason: "I probably made a mess ings with my usual exquisite tact but one character in Ernest's book seemed to me to have six recognizable characteristics of s and I took it upon myself to suggest that these be eliminated, e the character's other characteristics combined to spell bitch apital letters in all civilized languages." I came across this letn February of this year, along with some two dozen affectionletters and telegrams from Hemingway himself and dozens e from other members of the Hemingway family, all adsed to Jane Kendall Mason and buried in a steamer trunk full noldering Christmas cards and bank statements, the paper of her four marriages. Since I am a book editor, it had fallen ne to sift through the legacy of words left behind by a flamant figure I'd known only slightly, who had insisted on being ressed as "Grandmother Jane"—my adoptive father's adoptive her. There were a dozen or so trunks, suitcases, and boxes of papers scattered around a suburban basement and garage, avoided for the nearly 20 years since her death. Now Ameriwas about to celebrate the 100th birthday of one of its favorite s, that paradox of macho posturing and finely tuned sensitivive know as Ernest Hemingway. I picked a trunk at random, in, and a day and a half later, beneath the debris of husband 3, found two old manila envelopes marked "Hemingway."

Ernest and Jane met on the ocean liner *Île de France* in the of 1931, as Jane was on her way home to Havana after soizing with the likes of her mother's friend the Prince of les—who, she noted in her diary, had cursed at a waiter for nging butter to the table instead of mustard. Ernest, n 32, was returning from several months Spain, where he had been hering materi-


HOTEL
MBOS MUNDOS
OBISPO No. 25
CABLE: AMBOSMUNDOS
TELEFONOS { M-9811 M-9812
HABANA (CUBA).
Wednesday June 14/
ear Madame:
—The writer of these few
lines having taken a purgative, sent

al for *Death in the Afternoon,* his book about bullfighting. Ernest's second wife, Pauline, was seven months pregnant and no doubt resting much of the time, and Jane's husband, Grant, likely made himself equally unobtrusive as Hemingway squired the gorgeous 22-year-old Jane around the ship. The following spring, leaving Pauline home in Key West with the new baby, Ernest took a 10-day marlin-fishing trip to Havana which stretched out to two months.

"Ernest loves Jane," someone—perhaps Ernest's sister Carol—wrote in the log of the *Anita,* Hemingway's chartered boat. Loving Jane would not have been hard to do. *The New York Evening Journal* noted in 1933 that her "demure appearance is belied by a breezy, warm, offhand manner that turns you into a lifelong friend within ten minutes after your introduction." Jane was the adopted daughter of Maryland multimillionaire Lyman Kendall, and from the moment of her debut in 1926, when Mrs. Calvin Coolidge described her as the loveliest girl she'd met since coming to Washington, she was a radiant object of attention. She'd been adored in various publications for her "Madonna-type" features, for being "the essence of all that can ever have been meant by Southern beauty," and for being "an ideal bud, not at all the flapper type." The sound-bite version of Mrs. Coolidge's comment—"prettiest girl ever to enter the White House"—followed her everywhere. Her wedding to Grant Mason Jr., former art editor of the *Yale Record,* cartoonist, and heir to the legendary fortune of Wall Street financier James Henry "Silent" Smith, was reported in more than 30 newspapers and magazines.

"Clear cut as a cameo is her Botticelli beauty of pale gold hair and wide set eyes like purple pansies. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone," gushed an advertisement for Pond's Extract creams that featured photos of the celebrated beauty. Hemingway clipped the ad for his files, and later would use it to characterize the sexually aggressive, husband-shooting Margot Macomber in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber": "She was an extremely handsome and well-kept woman of the beauty and social position which had, five years before, commanded five thousand dollars as the price of endorsing, with photographs, a beauty product which she had never used."

Mrs. Coolidge had noted that Jane was a very interesting person to boot. She raced whippets and was a fearless horsewoman. She had serious ambitions to become an artist—her teacher had said that she had the potential for "genius," if it was "not allowed to wither." As Hemingway observed about Margot Macomber, "She had a very perfect oval face, so perfect that you expected her to be stupid. But she wasn't stupid, Wilson thought, no, not stupid."

Grant Mason was working in Havana for Pan American Airways, extending the airline's network in the Caribbean and Latin America. Like their contemporaries Sara and Gerald Murphy, whom F. Scott Fitzgerald fictionalized in *Tender Is the Night,* the Masons were "beautiful people," multilingual, social, and popular with their foreign neighbors. The villa they'd designed themselves, next to a country club and Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim's mansion in the fashionable suburb of Jaimanitas, was staffed with a Chinese cook, a Haitian houseman, a Jamaican maid, an Italian butler, a German gardener, and a Cuban chauffeur. There was also a menagerie of pets, in-

parrots, a Doberman, a Great Dane, a Dalmatian, pigeons, a monkey, a fox, a skunk, and a honey bear.

Dominating her considerable artistic talents, Jane reserved part of the second floor of the house for her studio. Jane's socialite mother was a singer of Negro spirituals known to her drawing-room audiences as Betty Lee, "the Georgia Peach," and Jane herself played the piano and the harp. She organized concerts and wrote sweet melodies with a trademark hint of black humor in the lyrics. She supported Cuban artists, arranged arts-and-crafts classes for children, and opened a shop to sell Cuban art and handicrafts. She made a bust of Hemingway and gave him a little nun's head that she had modeled; Hemingway in return recommended Cuban artists he thought she would like.

When Jane left for New York for a brief hospital stay in the middle of their first season of fishing, a captivated Ernest sent a telegram from all the crew and the sea too:

MUCHA SUERTE DAUGHTER WE BURNING AGUJA ROE AT BOTH ENDS CHURCH AND VOODOO BUT DO HOPE NOT TOO MUCH DAMNED PAIN STOP REMEMBER ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS LOVE ERNEST CHARLES BRA JOSIE AND ALL THE COCKEYED GULF YOUR KINGDOM.

Ernest stayed at the Hotel Ambos Mundos, in a top-floor room he described as looking out "to the north, over the old cathedral, the entrance to the harbor, and the sea, and to the east to Casablanca peninsula, the roofs of all houses in between and the width of the harbor." He would later boast to his son Jack that Jane had climbed through the transom of the window in his room in order to be with him. Standing on the street and looking five flights up, a skeptic might consider this wishful fantasy on Hemingway's part, but there was a wide ledge beneath the top-floor windows, and Jane was agile and daring and completely unafraid of heights. Once, she bet a pilot that she could stand any stunt he performed without getting sick, and she won. Many years later, at the end of a drunken evening, Ernest told a visitor the story of Jane's climbing through the transom, adding, "What's a man supposed to do when a beautiful woman comes in and he's lying there with a big stiff? What would you do?"

Jane never got seasick either, unlike some of Ernest's male fishing partners from up North, and she could hold her liquor—"an accomplishment Ernest openly admired," his brother, Leicester, noted. According to Leicester, after enough daiquiris, Ernest and Jane would take turns driving off-road in Jane's little sports car, playing "chicken" as they dodged ditches, cattle, and oxcarts. Whoever could go longest without saying "Slow down" or "Watch out" was the winner.

"You like action," Ernest wrote her in one letter, telling her about the Cuban riots of 1933. "You'd have had a fine time . . . really there was a lot." When there was no action, Jane created it. She threw parties that old men in Havana would remember with pleasure 30 years later. She had pigeons dyed different colors to flutter around the grounds. She had





UR TIME

ing party on Bimini in 1935 with, eft, painter Henry Strater, Eva von Blixen, ıe and Ernest Hemingway, and Baron Bror lixen. *Inset:* Hemingway on the cover of *Time,* ıer 18, 1937; Hemingway with Jane Mason boat, the *Pilar,* with the day's catch, in the nown picture of them together.

[illegible] fresh flowers onto tablecloths for a party that also [illegible] a ridiculous conga line, with guests carrying lighted torches [illegible] ning over the golf course of the Jaimanitas Club at [illegible] in the morning. Jane and Grant could rumba so well that the [illegible] of Havana nightclubs would clear the floor to watch them.

Providing for other peoples' needs was something Jane did intuitively and well. When fishing with Hemingway, she always arrived with lavish provisions, and often cooked on board. "Bring some sandwiches and don't change your plans," Ernest responded to a telegram from her asking to fish with him again that first spring. A few months later, he was considering having her transport his new fishing rods to Key West, but "felt very badly about ... making you a convenience.... You make a very handsome convenience (French and Italian Vermouths, manzanilla, chicken sandwiches, etc.) however."

While Jane was in the hospital in New York, she sent a pair of pink flamingos to the Hemingways in Key West for their anniversary. In the years to come, she would shower the Hemingway family with gifts. Earrings for Ernest's sister Carol. New shoes for Ernest's eldest son, Jack, nicknamed Bumby. A new coat for Ernest, and then a replacement when that one was lost in a fire, and a matching one for Pauline. Pajamas for Pauline. Bottles of absinthe. Magazines and racks of lamb. Charms for good luck. Caviar, red cabbage, and watermelon arriving on Bimini in time for their Fourth of July picnic. "Don't bother with a lot of dainties," Pauline once wrote her, "as you seem to be the only dainty we haven't got."

The entire Hemingway clan appeared to glow in Jane's presence and to feel bereft when she was gone. "At Key West we missed you like hell and considered you a damned fine girl," Ernest wrote as Jane and Grant were setting off on a business trip through the Caribbean in 1932. And, more tenderly, "Would like to write very funny letter full of splendid cracks but instead find pen (Mr. Chan speaking) wishing you a lot of luck and sending much love ... and take good care of yourself daughter because you are very valuable."

Even for Pauline, life away from the Masons was "tamer now, and less compelling." They were glamour incarnate. "Bring all your jewels, please, Jane, and if you *have* a gold umbrella Grant," Pauline wrote. Indeed, despite Jane's obvious attractiveness to her husband, Pauline addressed her ardently, calling her "Little flower (greatly appreciated)" and "My little girl," and signing off, "Your loving friend." Perhaps it was self-defense. Pauline was also sure to mention Grant warmly in almost every letter, as if to balance the attention Jane and Ernest paid to each other. But Grant (whom Pauline called Jane's "very silent partner") didn't write to Pauline the way Papa wrote to Jane.

Ernest's letters are always full of thanks, but by the end of 1936, when he had created Helène Bradley in Jane's image in *To Have and Have Not,* he had taken a dark view of what it might mean to be the life of the party, to be always "giving." During a party scene (later cut from the manuscript) at a house identical in every detail to the Masons', two characters debate the "whoredom" of writers and others. One blames it on "economic conditions." Nonsense, the other argues, even those with money do it: "whoring" is a talent—"Helène has it"—for pleasing "the right people."

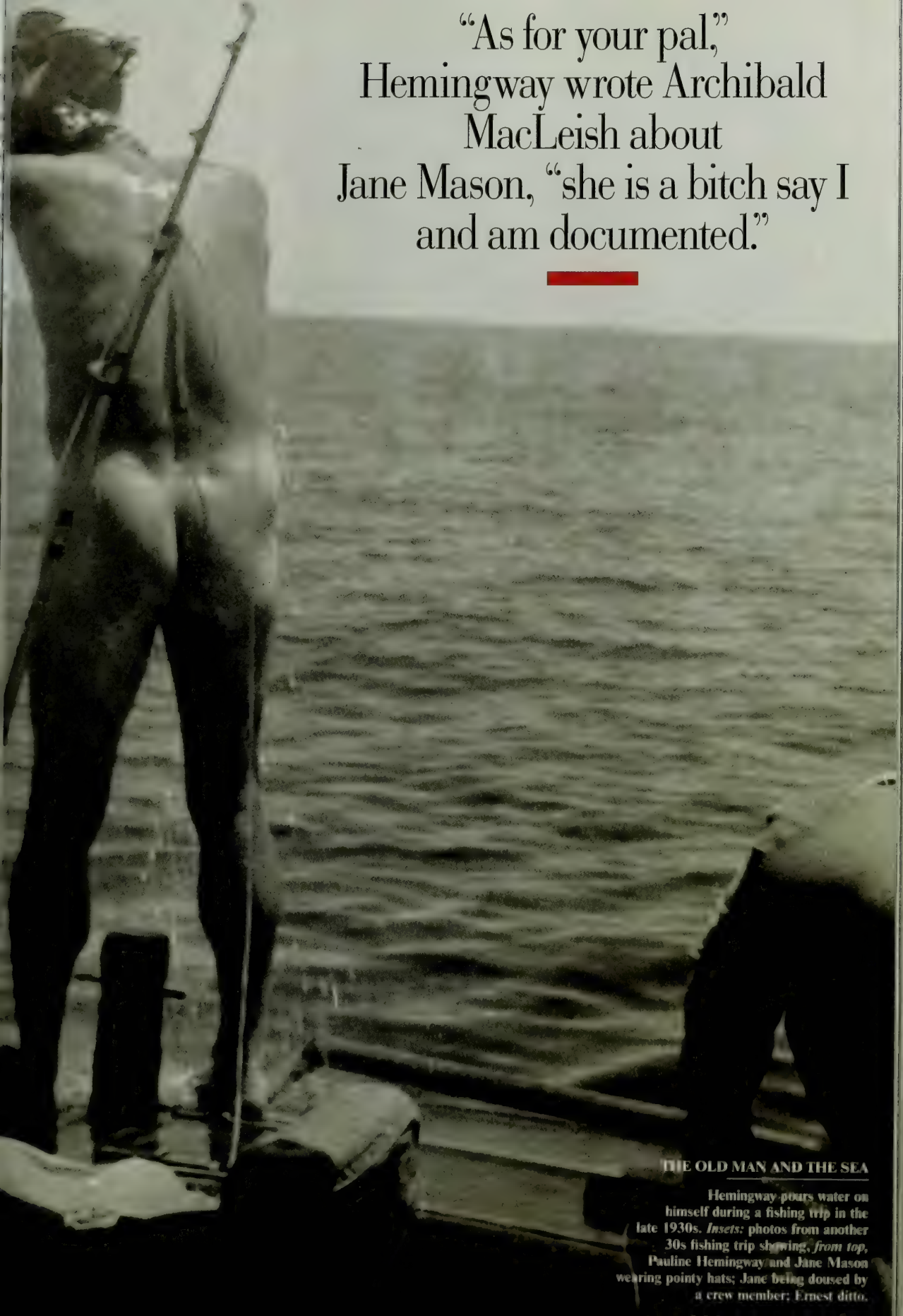
At the end of October 1932, Jane boarded [illegible] S.S. *Europa* with her friends Dorothy Par[illegible] and Robert Benchley, bound for Lond[illegible] where she intended to adopt a child. Grant [illegible] then promoting Pan Am's new Clipper Sh[illegible] which had wood-paneled cabin walls inlaid [illegible] veneer to look like Japanese prints, but wh[illegible] could still not compete with steamship travel to Europe. Th[illegible] long, leisurely, elegant transatlantic voyages seemed to inspi[illegible] sense of erotic freedom and possibility. The previous fall Jane [illegible] met Hemingway; on this trip she met Richard Cooper, a dash-





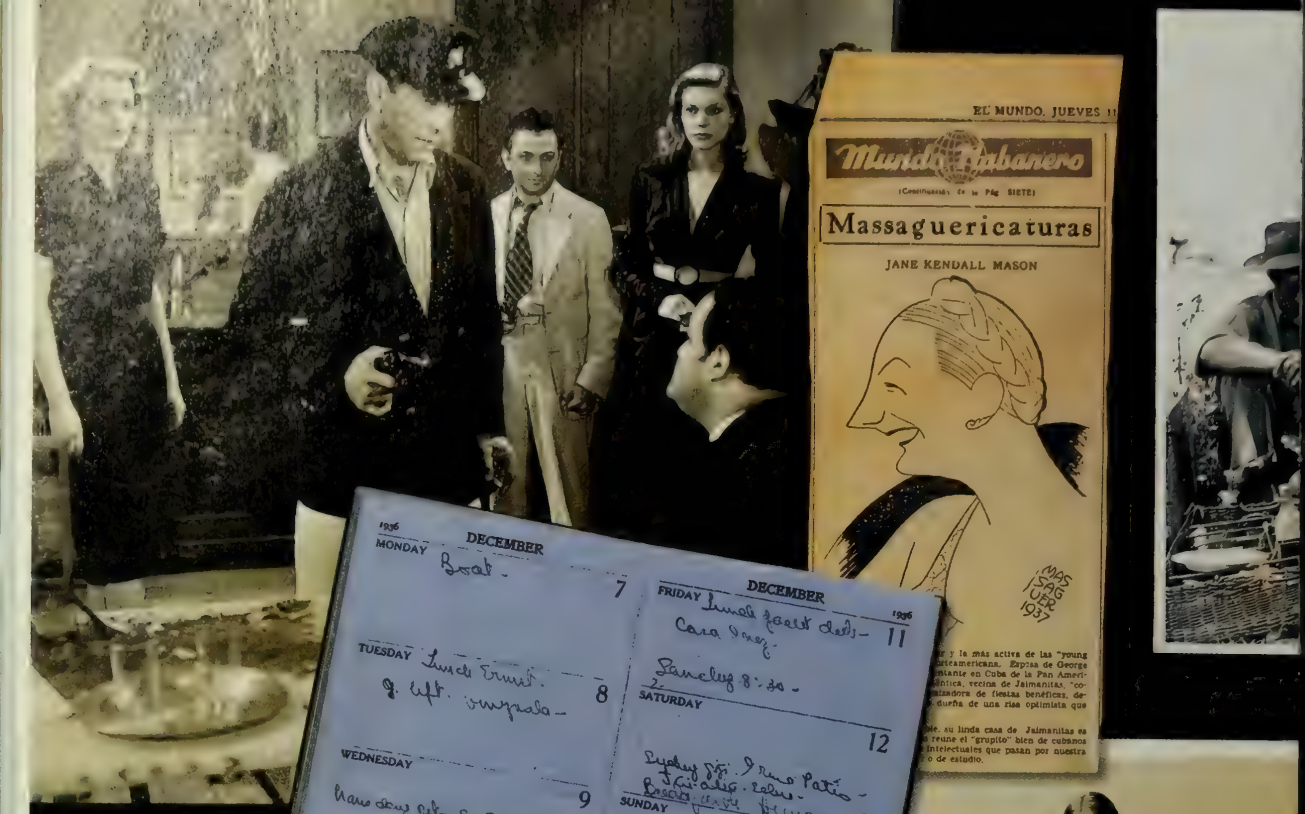


"As for your pal," Hemingway wrote Archibald MacLeish about Jane Mason, "she is a bitch say I and am documented."



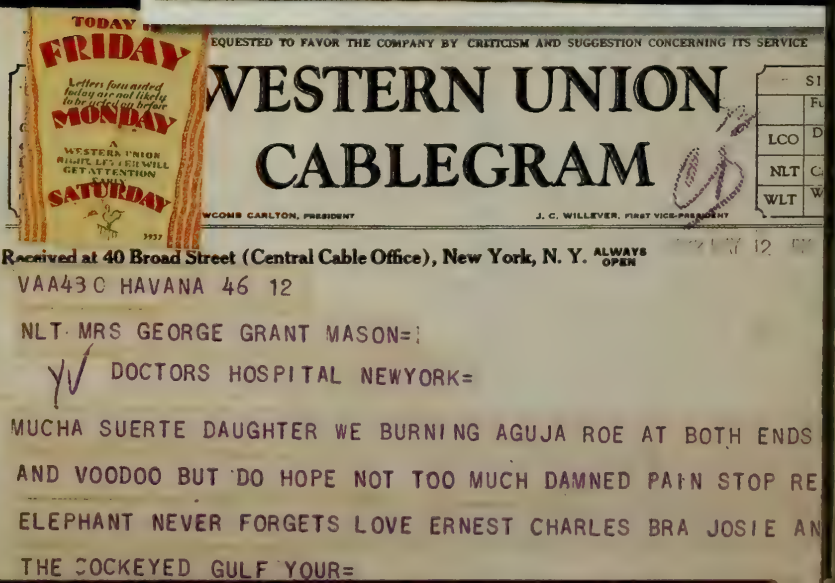
THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Hemingway pours water on himself during a fishing trip in the late 1930s. *Insets:* photos from another 30s fishing trip showing, *from top,* Pauline Hemingway and Jane Mason wearing pointy hats; Jane being doused by a crew member; Ernest ditto.









JANE FEVER

Clockwise from above: a still from the 1944 film *To Have and Have Not,* with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Moran (in the Jane Mason–inspired role); a caricature of Jane in the Cuban newspaper *El Mundo,* 1937; entries in Jane's 1936 datebook showing three appointments with Ernest in one week; Jane as a Washington, D.C., debutante with her Great Dane, 1926; a loving telegram from Ernest to Jane at Doctors' Hospital in New York, May 1932; a portrait of Jane in party dress from a shoot by Cecil Beaton for a December 1937 issue of *Vogue.*

ME TARZAN, YOU JANE

Clockwise from left: Jane and Bror von Blixen, whose first wife was the writer Isak Dinesen, in Kenya, 1935; a 1933 caricature of Hemingway by Miguel Covarrubias done for *Vanity Fair;* Jane and *Esquire* founder Arnold Gingrich, her fourth husband and Hemingway's onetime editor, late 1950s; a still from the 1947 film *The Macomber Affair,* with, from left, Robert Preston, Joan Bennett (in the Jane Mason–inspired role), and Gregory Peck.



Spring. 1935.







[illegible] who owned a coffee plantation in Tanganyika [illegible] pursued all over East Africa. Amid a social whirl in Lon[illegible] including a dinner party thrown for "Prince George and [illegible] Cooper again, and he declared his love for her. [illegible] considered him dangerous enough to ask him to [illegible] to see her daughter again.

Jane returned to Havana with Antony, the little boy she had adopted in London. She had already asked Ernest to be the boy's godfather. (Her own godfather was Mark Twain.) But though she was delighted with the child, maternal patience and consistency did not come naturally. While she tried to settle into domestic life in Havana, her imagination was elsewhere—in the wild with Cooper, for instance, who sent her seven leopard skins for Christmas, volunteering more if she needed them for a coat. A few months later, he wrote that he'd arranged with a friend to "shoot, cure, and sent to you in Havana, six Grevy stallion [zebra] skins. So you must be a terribly patient girl."

In January 1933, Jane got a telegram from Ernest, who happened to be in New York at the time of the gallery opening of Jane's protégé, Gabriel Castagño. Castagño had been a night watchman in a Havana warehouse until Jane discovered and financed his art. Pauline wanted to go to New York, too, but she couldn't get away from Key West quickly enough to keep up with Jane, who arrived for the show two days after receiving Ernest's wire. Once again, Jane was a free agent, enjoying the attention of two men, for Dick Cooper also turned up. Jane introduced Dick to Ernest, and they talked of safaris and big game. But both no doubt had a smaller, lithe blonde mammal in their sights. Soon Pauline would write to Ernest that she wanted to get rid of all her physical imperfections before returning to Havana the next summer: "Thought I better, Mrs. Mason and those Cuban women are so lovely."

Pauline even tried becoming a blonde, and reported glowingly to Jane on the results. "You've reestablished my confidence in the beauty racket," she boasted. But privately Jane herself found the beauty racket "hard and sometimes a little bitter-making," claiming in her writings that she was "fed to the teeth, with being even a minor 'beauty.'" Nonetheless, she was always afraid that beauty would abandon her—that "les Hemingways were witnesses to the last push of pulchritude on the part of Mrs. M." She went on diets and hired a special masseuse to pound the fat off her. She kept a strict record of the circumference of her thighs. When she bragged that she'd gotten down to 118 pounds, Ernest asked her to send pictures, and she did.

Back in Key West after his New York trip, Hemingway wrote cautiously to Jane that he was looking forward to seeing her *and* Grant again: "Would rather see you—the both of youse . . . than to get fine presents sent from a long way away." Yet it seems unlikely that Grant, whom Ernest later characterized to his friend the writer Archibald MacLeish as "Husbandus Americanus Yalemaniensus Twirpi Ciego"—this last, Spanish for "blind"—was someone he was eager to see.

That spring, Ernest was in Havana for another season of marlin fishing. Grant, nicknamed "Old Stoneface" by the Hemingways, was unintrusive even when he accompanied Ernest and Jane drinking, dancing, and gambling at her favorite club, the Sans Souci. When Pauline arrived, they became a foursome, fishing, drinking, and cracking jokes. In their letters, Ernest, Jane, and Pauline frequently made in-jokes about drinking—or not drinking, for Jane was always on and off the CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Spotlight

THE SORROW AND THE BEAUTY

Halle Berry has so[illegible] of the same cinematic qualities as the groundbreaking [illegible] tress Dorothy Dandridge. Cinnamon-skinned and sinfu[illegible] beautiful, each was blessed with the kind of talent that c[illegible] enhance such beauty by highlighting its glittering allu[illegible] while mining its soulful depths. Who better to portray the[illegible] tle character in next month's HBO feature movie *Doroth[illegible] Dandridge*—based on the biography by Dandridge's m[illegible] ager, Earl Mills—than the luminous Miss Berry? A Revl[illegible] spokesperson, Berry last wowed audiences, and Warr[illegible] Beatty, in *Bulworth*.

Dandridge's mother, the actress Ruby Dandridge, l[illegible] her husband, who was a minister, when Dorothy was s[illegible] an infant. Ruby and her lesbian lover, known as Aunt[illegible] raised Dorothy through the 1920s and 30s. A sul[illegible] nightclub singer in the mode of Lena Horne and Eart[illegible] Kitt, Dandridge went on to make more than 20 films[illegible] America and Europe. She was the first African-Americ[illegible] woman to be nominated for a best-actress Acade[illegible] Award, for her 1954 performance in *Carmen Jones*, [illegible] though mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne dubbed her voi[illegible] in this Americanized update by Oscar Hammerstein II [illegible] Bizet's *Carmen*. Her other great success was in the scre[illegible] version of *Porgy and Bess*, but there were also many pu[illegible] lic heartaches: two failed marriages; a complicated lo[illegible] affair with Otto Preminger, who directed her in both *Carm[illegible] Jones* and *Porgy and Bess*; the institutionalization of h[illegible] only daughter; bankruptcy; and drug and alcohol add[illegible] tions which culminated in her death from an overdose [illegible] barbiturates just before she was scheduled to make [illegible] comeback nightclub appearance in 1965 at Basin Stre[illegible] East in New York.

"I was always aware of the doors she opened for bla[illegible] actresses," says Berry. "But so many people don't know abo[illegible] her. She was our Marilyn Monroe." —KEVIN SESSU[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI



BLUES BERRY

Halle Berry on the set of HBO's film biography of Dorothy Dandridge, the first African-American woman to be nominated for a best-actress Academy Award, for her performance in Carmen Jones in 1954.

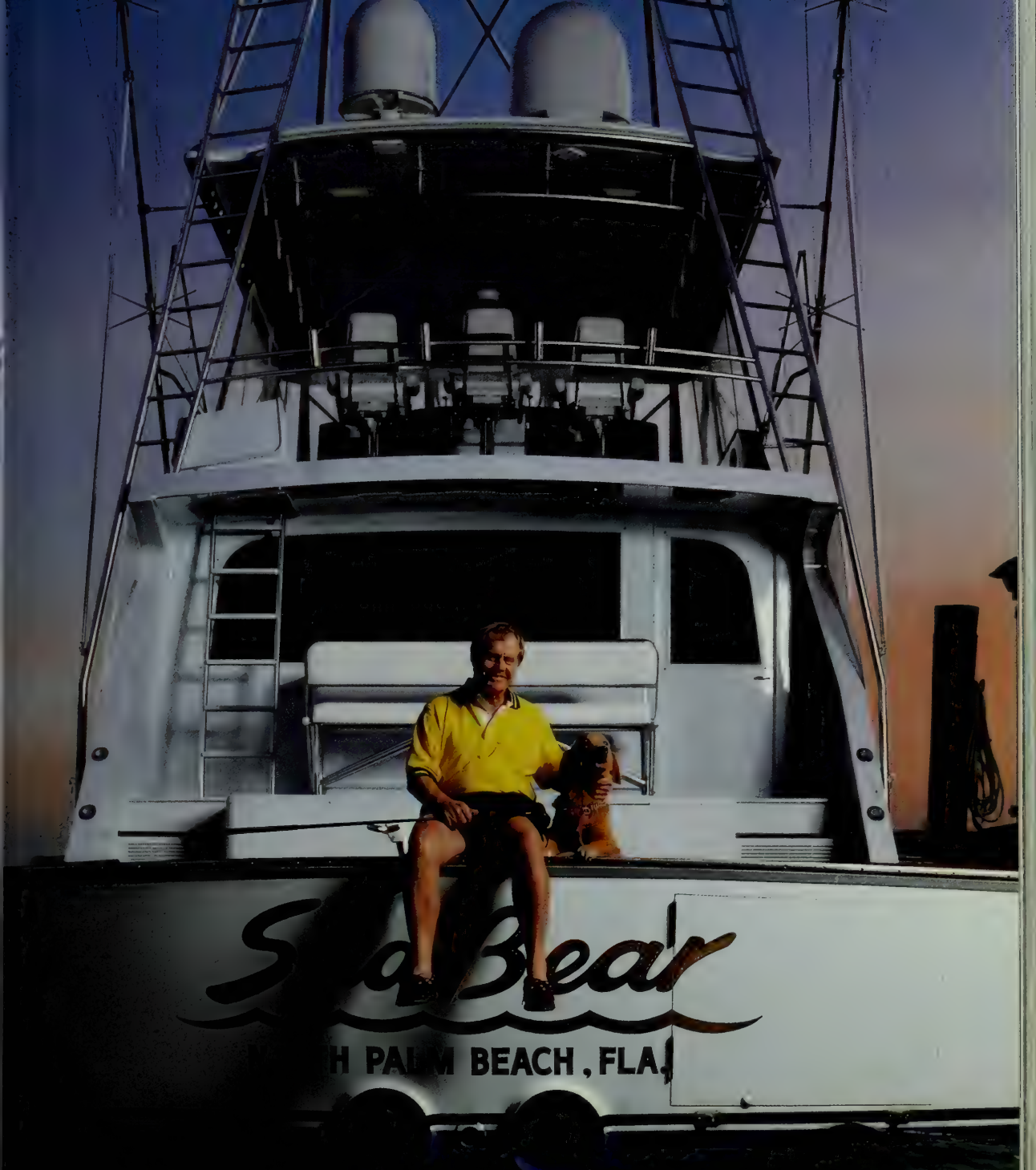
GREEN GIANTS

THE GOLDEN BEAR

JACK NICKLAUS, 59

His grandkids call him PeePaw. To the rest of us, he's the Golden Bear—a nickname he earned as a stocky kid with a tight blond crew cut who brazenly wrested the 1962 U.S. Open from His Majesty Arnold Palmer. Today, Jack Nicklaus is thought of as simply the best who ever picked up a golf club. No one can claim more major titles, including three British Opens, four U.S. Opens, and five P.G.A. Championships. Ask his golden retriever, Cali, how many times Daddy's won the Masters and she'll bark six times. He is also one of the game's most respected golf-course designers (170 in two dozen nations), as well as a world-class fisherman. Check out the 1,358-pound black marlin hanging in his guesthouse. "I don't have any illusions of coming back and competing with the Tiger Woodses and David Duvals," Nicklaus, now on the rebound from recent hip-replacement surgery, has said. "But if I can just scare them every once in a while, that will be fine."

Photographed at home aboard his 80-foot *Sea Bear*, near his private putting green (*near right*) in North Palm Beach, Florida, on March 24, 1999.



Their names form a glorious roster of golf's American Century: passionate pioneers such as Sam Snead, Gene Sarazen, and Patty Berg giving way to fresh legends—Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Nancy Lopez—who are now letting a new generation, led by top-ranked David Duval and phenomenon Tiger Woods, play through. Photographer MICHAEL O'NEILL captures the form of 16 of the game's greatest champions, past and future, while SCOTT GUMMER checks their scorecards

STYLED BY TINA SKOURAS

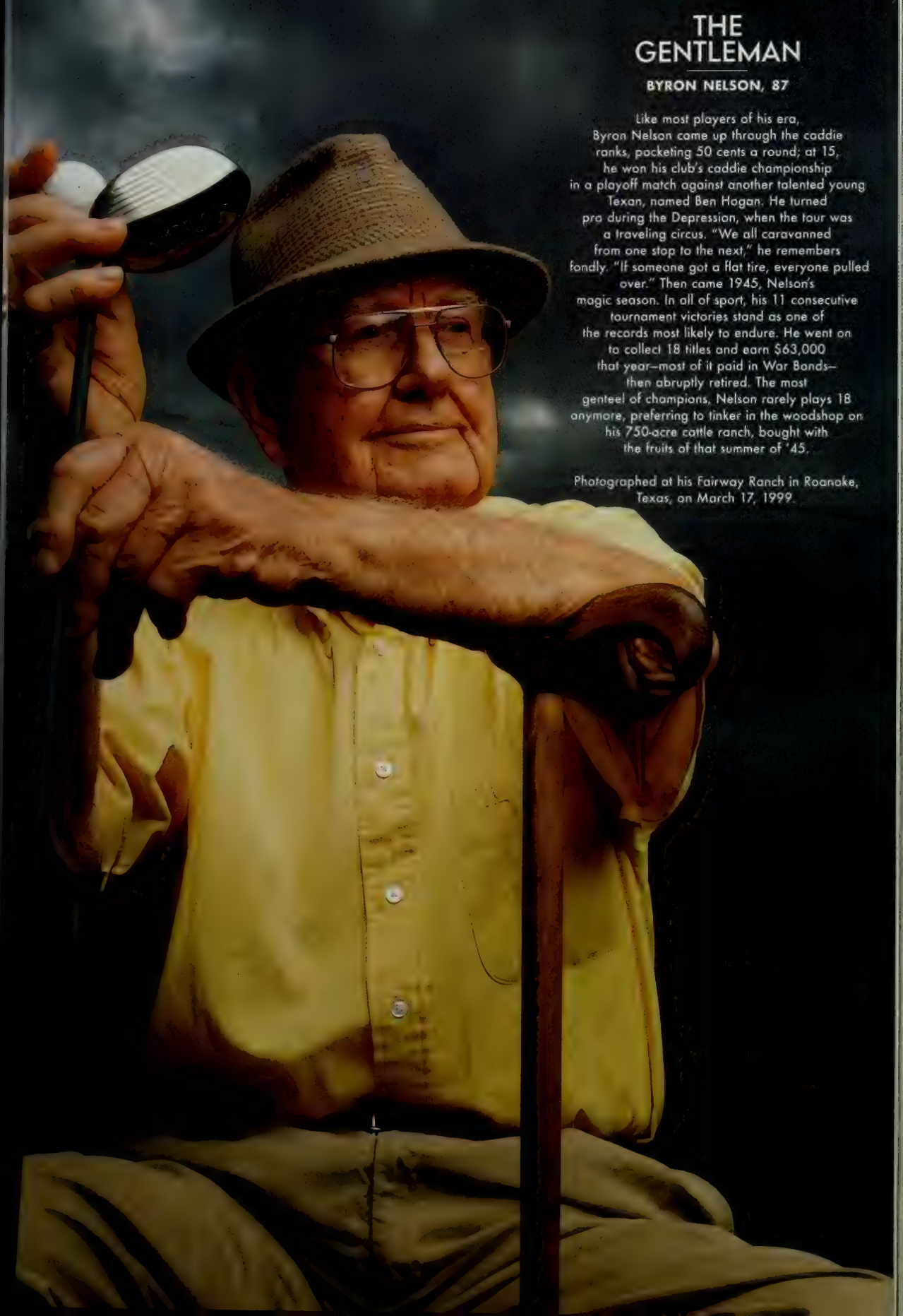


THE BLACK KNIGHT

GARY PLAYER, 63

"I didn't want to be poor." With that goal as motivation, Gary Player worked his way out of an impoverished childhood in South Africa to become golf's consummate international champion. Arguably the world's most traveled athlete, he has spent a total of three years on airplanes over the course of his career, logging more than 12 million miles, equivalent to 25 round-trips to the Moon. Told by his father that he needed a trademark, Player adopted his dashing black wardrobe in the late 1950s, a tribute to his TV hero, Paladin, from *Have Gun Will Travel*. Back home in Johannesburg, he raises Thoroughbred racehorses, runs a school for 400 underprivileged black students, and is an innovator in golf-club design. On a recent road trip, when a reporter asked Player what he would do if he had to choose between Vivienne, his wife of 42 years, and his sleek new No. 1 wood, he replied, "I sure would miss her." Upon returning to his hotel, Player found his beloved club on the bed, draped in a slinky negligee.

Photographed under Balboa Pier in Newport Beach, California, on March 9, 1999.



THE GENTLEMAN

BYRON NELSON, 87

Like most players of his era, Byron Nelson came up through the caddie ranks, pocketing 50 cents a round; at 15, he won his club's caddie championship in a playoff match against another talented young Texan, named Ben Hogan. He turned pro during the Depression, when the tour was a traveling circus. "We all caravanned from one stop to the next," he remembers fondly. "If someone got a flat tire, everyone pulled over." Then came 1945, Nelson's magic season. In all of sport, his 11 consecutive tournament victories stand as one of the records most likely to endure. He went on to collect 18 titles and earn $63,000 that year—most of it paid in War Bonds—then abruptly retired. The most genteel of champions, Nelson rarely plays 18 anymore, preferring to tinker in the woodshop on his 750-acre cattle ranch, bought with the fruits of that summer of '45.

Photographed at his Fairway Ranch in Roanoke, Texas, on March 17, 1999.





THE HUNTERS

ERNIE ELS, 29, AND LEE WESTWOOD, 26

They are young and hungry, from distant shores, ing Tiger and setting their sights on David Duval's No. 1 world ranking. Two-time U.S. Open victor Ernie Els left), a burly, six-foot-three South African, fired a warning shot earlier this year at L.A.'s Nissan Open when he rcame final-round challenges by both Woods and Duval. British upstart Lee Westwood, who won seven tournaments in six countries last year, contends that ing in [more adverse] conditions overseas makes us better fighters" than his Yankee prey. Seemingly at ease in his Florida swamp (home to alligators and poisonous ttonmouth snakes), Els concurs. "International golfers," he says, "are tougher than Americans."

Photographed in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida, on March 23, 1999.

Golf is different. There are no lockouts, as in basketball. Players don't strike and force the shutdown of the U.S. Open the way baseball players scuttled the World Series in 1994. And golfers don't drop their gloves and pummel one another like hockey thugs (although the idea of contact golf is intriguing).

Golf is hot. The game of kings—once an exclusively Scottish pastime, then a rich man's diversion—is now a game of the people. Securing a Saturday tee time on a decent municipal course is about as tough as landing a table at Rao's. Driving ranges are standing-room-only venues. And programs such as the First Tee are introducing golf to inner-city kids, who might otherwise never have the opportunity to experience the gratifying whoosh of a pitching wedge grazing a patch of Bermuda grass.

Pro golf is huge. For the first time, every P.G.A. tour event will be televised this year, and ratings now routinely eclipse those of N.B.A. broadcasts. Tournament galleries have swelled and taken on a distinctly *Happy Gilmore* complexion: Every year, 40,000 fans, mistaking the Phoenix Open for spring break, cram around the par-3 16th hole and howl after each player's tee shot. When Tiger Woods drilled a hole in one there two years ago, the horde littered the tee box with beer cups like hockey fans after a hat trick. Even at stately Augusta National, home of the Masters, ladies and gentlemen in shirts with country-club crests share the rope line with guys in tank tops wearing their ball caps backward.

The more things change, the more golf stays the same. Yes, hickory shafts, persimmon woods, and balls made of feathers packed in leather pouches have gone the way of the horsecar, now replaced, in turn, by graphite, titanium, and liquid fillings. And yet the four-round score of 276 that Ernie Els shot to capture the 1997 U.S. Open is precisely the tally that Ben Hogan carded in winning the same tournament a half-century before.

Golf is special. Its fans can literally put themselves in their heroes' shoes. You and your friends can't play three-on-three in Madison Square Garden or softball in Wrigley Field. But you can shoot a round at Pebble Beach, walking the same hallowed ground and hitting from the exact spot where Tiger tees it up. You can play golf with anyone, at any age, anywhere—from the top of the world (where you can duff under the midnight sun near Alaska's Denali National Park) to the Horn of Africa (where players at Sun City's Leopard Creek share the course with lions and elephants).

Golf is ageless. At that stage in life when many jocks are struggling to squeeze one more year out of their careers, many golfers are just hitting their prime. Michael Jordan, possibly the greatest athlete of modern times (and a certified golfaholic), was praised for displaying rare grace and good sense upon retiring from basketball this year at the tender age of 35. By contrast, golf's Jack Nicklaus, often rated the game's greatest player ever, won 18 tour events, including two Masters, two P.G.A. Championships, a British Open, and a U.S. Open—all after turning 35.

Golf doesn't put players out to pasture (unless you happen to shank your shot onto a neighboring farm). And that, more than anything, is the sport's true beauty. No matter how old you get, you never lose your drive. It just takes you longer to score.



THE FIRST LADY AND THE PATRIARCH

PATTY BERG, 81,
AND GENE SARAZEN, 97
(SARAZEN DIED ON MAY 13, 1999)

He hit the most famous golf shot in history, a 235-yard double eagle at Augusta in 1935 that helped firmly establish the Masters, then in its second year. She won the inaugural U.S. Women's Open in 1946. He was the first golfer to gain a career Grand Slam by taking the Masters, the P.G.A., and both the British and U.S. Opens. She still holds the women's mark for most major victories—15. She locked irons with Babe Didrikson Zaharias. He did battle with Bobby Jones. She was the first president of the L.P.G.A. He invented the sand wedge. Says Patty Berg of her stylish, competitive friend Gene Sarazen, "I watched him play when I was 13 or 14, a little girl in Minneapolis. I asked for his autograph. He inspired me. Gene had this *will* to win." When he passed away in May, following a bout with pneumonia, "the Squire," as he was known, represented nearly a century of dedication to a game invented half a millennium ago.

Photographed outside Sarazen's home on Marco Island, Florida, on March 25, 1999.

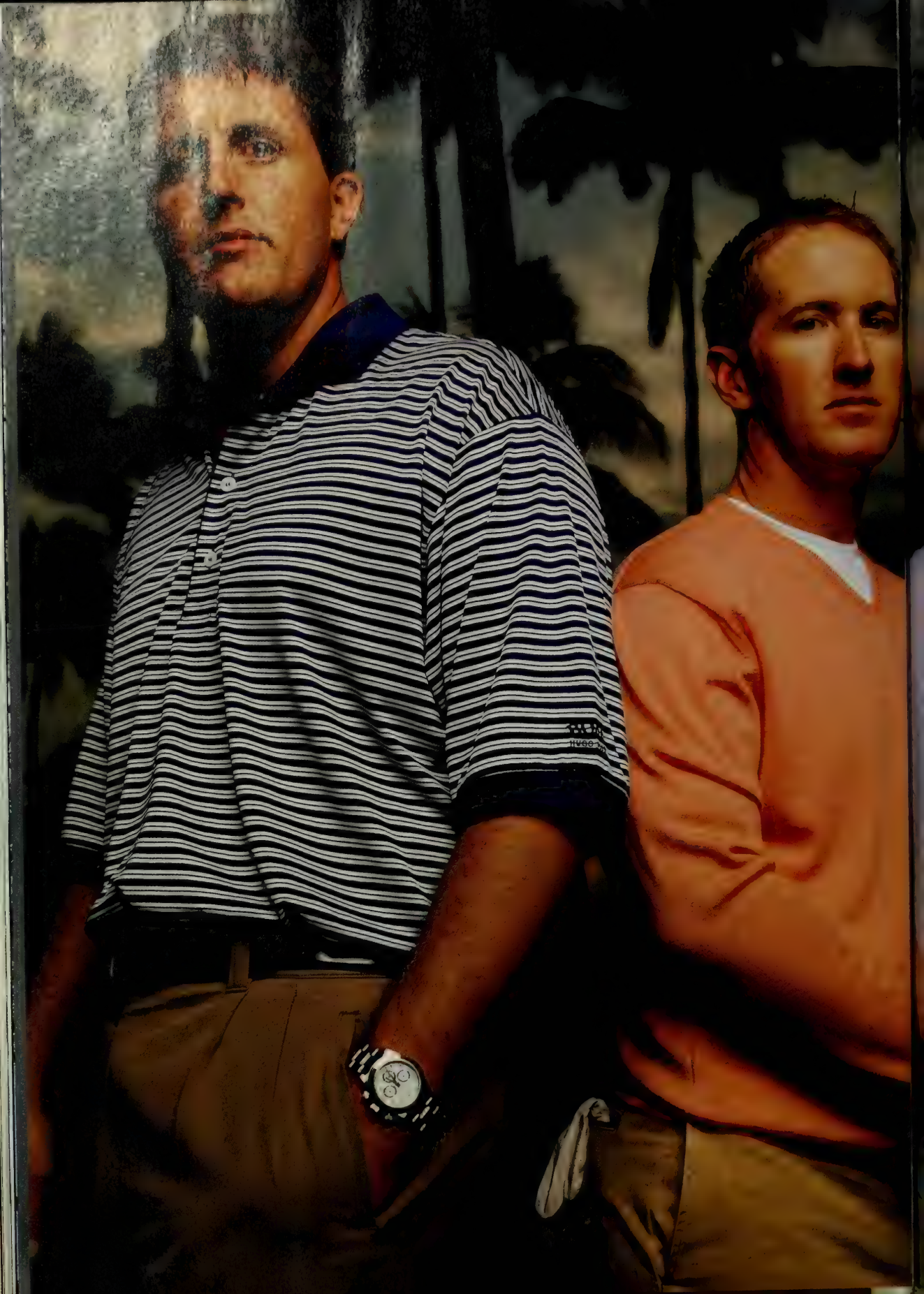


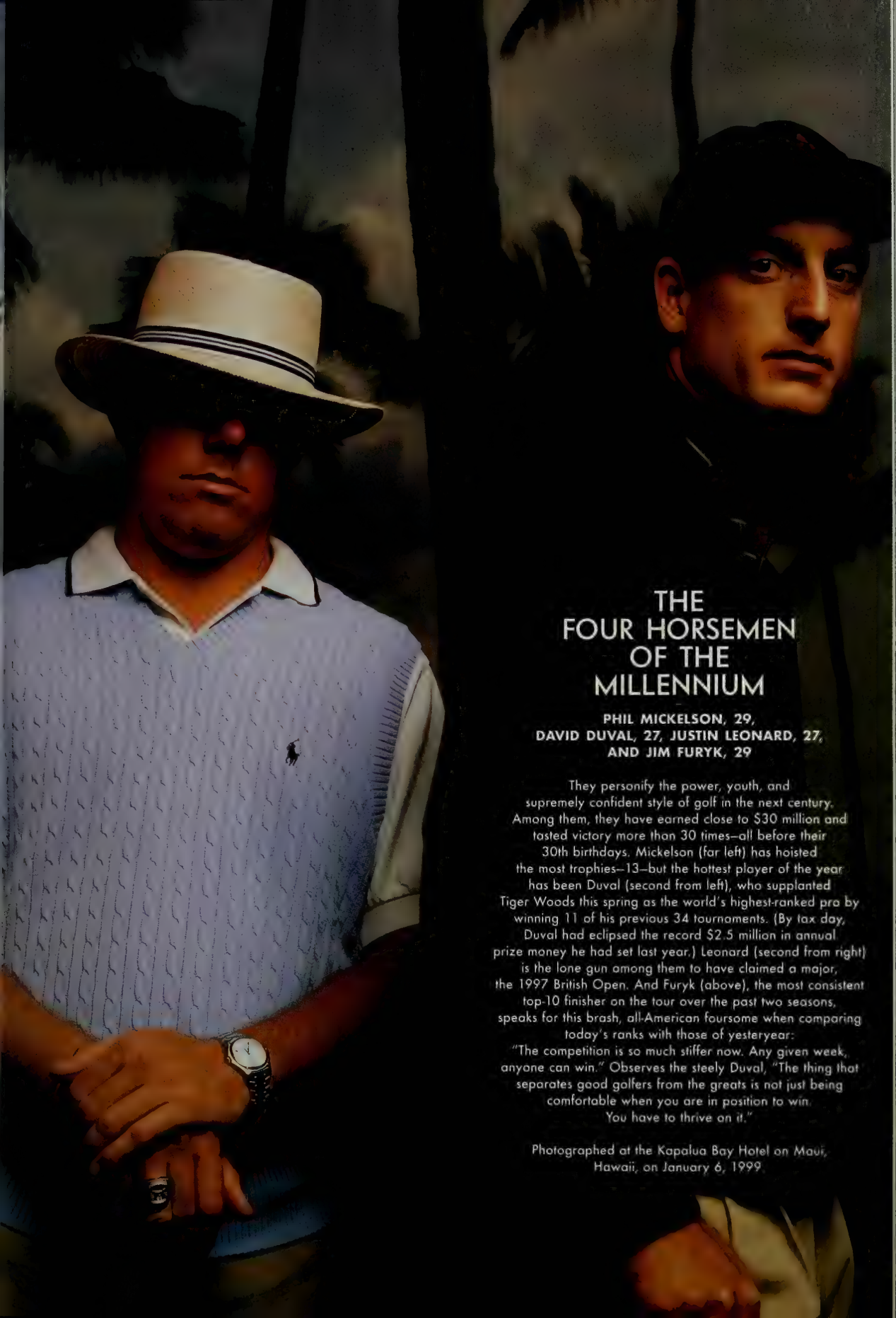
THE LEADING LADIES

NANCY LOPEZ, 42, AND SE RI PAK, 21

In her hands the golf club has been a magic wand, transporting young Nancy Lopez from her New Mexico home to fairy-tale places like Buckingham Palace, where, at 19, she experienced the ultimate tea party with the Queen. Buoyed by an irrepressible game and an irresistible smile, she captured nine tournaments her first full year on tour, including an L.P.G.A.-record five in a row. Today, competing year-round and tending to a three-child, two-jock household (her husband is former New York Mets star Ray Knight), Lopez (above, left) is the dominant female player of her generation. Charging up history's fairway is South Korean–born, Orlando-based Se Ri Pak, who last year won the first two majors she entered. What keeps champions like these from achieving the fame enjoyed by their male counterparts? The tube, says Lopez. "If we were on TV every week, women's golf would be just as popular," she insists. "Probably more."

Photographed at the North Mountain Recreation Area in Phoenix, Arizona, on March 16, 1999.





THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE MILLENNIUM

PHIL MICKELSON, 29, DAVID DUVAL, 27, JUSTIN LEONARD, 27, AND JIM FURYK, 29

They personify the power, youth, and supremely confident style of golf in the next century. Among them, they have earned close to $30 million and tasted victory more than 30 times—all before their 30th birthdays. Mickelson (far left) has hoisted the most trophies—13—but the hottest player of the year has been Duval (second from left), who supplanted Tiger Woods this spring as the world's highest-ranked pro by winning 11 of his previous 34 tournaments. (By tax day, Duval had eclipsed the record $2.5 million in annual prize money he had set last year.) Leonard (second from right) is the lone gun among them to have claimed a major, the 1997 British Open. And Furyk (above), the most consistent top-10 finisher on the tour over the past two seasons, speaks for this brash, all-American foursome when comparing today's ranks with those of yesteryear: "The competition is so much stiffer now. Any given week, anyone can win." Observes the steely Duval, "The thing that separates good golfers from the greats is not just being comfortable when you are in position to win. You have to thrive on it."

Photographed at the Kapalua Bay Hotel on Maui, Hawaii, on January 6, 1999.



THE MAN

TIGER WOODS, 2

He uses the Force. How else can you explai
so many clutch shots that seem to bend toward th
pin in midair or roll that extra tick before tricklin
into the cup? How else can you fathom golf'
most explosive debut: an unprecedented 12-strok
romp at the 1997 Masters by a 21-year-ol
rookie? And yet, like most young warriors, he
raw. On those occasions when the ball doe
not obey, he has been known to pound his clu
into the turf and mutter expletives withi
earshot of a gallery or microphone. With time
he will harness these emotions of the Dark Side
Only then may Tiger Woods fulfill a prophec
made by Jack Nicklaus and go on to wi
more Masters green jackets than Nicklau
and Arnold Palmer combined (1 down
10 to go). Indeed, the force of his personalit
youth, and race have helped invigorat
an entire sport. Not bad for a ki
who started out delighting audience
in a putting contest against Bob Hope o
The Mike Douglas Show. At age two

Photographed in Cypress, Californi
on January 1



THE SLAMMER

SAM SNEAD, 87

As a Virginia farm boy, he learned the game tromping barefoot in a pasture, swinging clubs fashioned from swamp-maple limbs. "One-stroke penalty if you raked it out of a cow pie instead of playing it where it lied," he recalls. Blessed with a supple swing that thundered out drives like cannonade, "Slammin' Sam" Snead was as adept [illegible]und the green as he was long [illegible]se. He won tournaments across six [illegible] and [illegible] marks for most victories [illegible] (untouchable 81); eldest champion [illegible] official tournament (52 years [illegible]); and [illegible] at least his age (67), a feat he still does regularly. [illegible] Snead, "is I came along too soon for the big money these flippy-wristed, flat-bellied [illegible] nowadays."

[illegible] 1999





THE KING

ARNOLD PALMER, 69

Sputnik soared. Elvis shimmied. And golf on TV was about as compelling as a test pattern. Then came Arnold Palmer, giving Americans a reason to watch and a hero to cheer. Like a gunslinger right out of his beloved Westerns, Palmer played with a swagger and an unbridled passion that unnerved opponents and endeared him to fans. To this day, battalions from "Arnie's Army" line fairways whenever he tees off. The first golfer to win $100,000 in a season and $1 million in a career, Palmer practically invented the hyphenate "athlete-endorser." He continues to pursue his other boyhood obsession—aviation—having circumnavigated the globe in a Learjet 36 in a world-record-setting 57 hours 25 minutes. "If it wasn't for flying, I wouldn't be playing golf today," the King remarked at the height of his reign. "I loathe driving 2,000 miles every Monday."

Photographed on Air Force Station 1 in the "Palmer Hangar" at Florida's Orlando International Airport on February 10, 1999.

Will Smith

[illegible] instructed the [illegible] do *more of that.* Dad call [illegible] Dad.

Smith is a mirror image of his own parents, doting taskmasters who never suffered fools. His mother, Caroline, worked for the school board in West Philadelphia, where her four children were actually punished for, in essence, speaking jive.

> YOUNG WILL: What ch'all 'bout to do?
> CAROLINE: Get back in this house.

Will's father, Will senior, spent part of his time as a refrigerator and air-conditioner installer and part of his time hustling. Hustling in the good sense or the bad sense? "A little bit of both," Will says, laughing. "My father will *make it happen.* My father, you know, makes a deal with the butcher.... My father's one of those guys who'll fix it. He'll have a look and say, 'It's gonna be hot soon—you know, that air conditioner may not be working, so get me some *shanks* goin'.'"

Smith attended a largely white middle school, where he excelled at two difficult skills: math and making white people laugh. In 10th grade he moved to predominantly black Overbrook High School, where he excelled at math and making black people laugh. "I wasn't funny in 10th grade," says Smith, who as a teenager idolized Eddie Murphy, the one man who still intimidates Smith. "I started being funny again in 11th grade." That's when Smith's mathematical and comedic skills seamlessly dovetailed into his seminal contribution to the metaphysics of comedy, the Number-One Answer, which he defines as "the joke that's right down the middle—that black people think is hilarious and white people think is hilarious, but for two different reasons," which we will discuss in a moment.

First, a few words about the math, which remains one of Smith's feverish obsessions (others being chess, grammar, and loud music). Virtually everything that Smith does has a mathematical root or by-product, and to him the world is one large equation. "The beauty of math is that numbers are nature's only perfection," he explains. "Numbers are never wrong. Only *you're* wrong. You can make a mistake with the numbers, but the numbers are never wrong. I think about my life and my situations mathematically. There's a comfort in knowing, like, what are the chances of this happening? O.K., the chances are one in a million. If the chances are one in a million that I'll be the president of the United States, the chances are one in a million. If you don't win the presidency, that's what's expected. And if you do, you're the best person in the world." Smith therefore sees no reason why he can't be president, statistically speaking. "I absolutely believe I could be the president of the United States," he says. "I believe that if ... that's what I wanted to do with my life, I could win."

Smith was so good with numbers that his mother wangled him an interview at M.I.T. The interview went so-so, but one problem remained: Smith didn't want to go to M.I.T. (which, conveniently, may not have wanted him). He wanted to ... rap. And here it's important to note that when Smith was a high-school senior, in 1986, rap was still a nascent movement whose top performer was the legendarily underappreciated Kurtis Blow. Smith, whom friends called "Little Willy from Philly" even though he is six feet two, somehow persuaded his parents to give him a year to make good. One year later, under the tutelage of a then obscure producer named Russell Simmons, Smith and his buddy DJ Jazzy Jeff Townes released *Rock the House,* which sold 600,000 copies. By 1992 they had scored two platinum albums and a major crossover hit, "Parents Just Don't Understand," which almost certainly was the first rap song to be regularly played at white suburban keg parties.

Smith and Townes celebrated the way that all young stars celebrate: by blowing their money on jewelry, houses, vacations, cars, a private shopping spree at Gucci. "I don't think you can say that because someone is young that what they did wasn't dumb," he explains. "It was *still dumb.* You were just 19." The idiocy was short-lived, and soon Smith was signed to do a TV pilot called *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air,* about a young rapper from Philadelphia who moves in with rich relatives in Los Angeles.

The night before his first rehearsal, while flipping through bad cable-TV shows, it occurred to Smith that he had no reason to believe he had any acting ability ("No one ever asked"), and Smith's second theory of comedy was born. That would be the Delusional Hook, roughly defined as the one thought or concept that gives you the balls to succeed at something that scares the hell out of you. Predictably, the theory is mathematical. O.K., Smith told himself. The statistical likelihood is that I'm somewhere in the middle of all these lousy actors I'm watching. If there's any luck involved, I'm in the top 40 percent. And then, if I really work hard, I move into the top 30—and *they're* making a living. "A weird comfort washed over me," Smith recalls.

The show was a hit, despite the fact that Smith was so green and excitable that he would mouth other actors' lines while they spoke them—a nervous habit that's plainly visible on reruns. Smith somehow charmed his way into the film adaptation of *Six Degrees of Separation,* Guare's celebrated Broadway comedy, based on a real story about a con man named Paul, who, in order to impress a bunch of pompous Upper East Side swells, passes himself off as the son of Sidney Poitier. Smith's performance was universally praised, but this was no happy time. "It was the only film I ever that I didn't have fun," recalls Smith, who says he became just a bit too consumed with becoming Paul. "Just completely lost myself—to the point that when I came back to *The Fresh Prince* the next year it wasn't funny. I couldn't tell a joke to save my life."

Smith has faced few bouts of measurable controversy in his professional life, but *Six Degrees of Separation* was one of them. In the play (and in the filmscript), Paul indulges in a deep kiss with a male pickup but at the last minute Smith balked and instead insisted on one of those fake, film-from-the-back kisses favored by straight actors playing gay roles. Smith was roundly criticized for the cop-out, which, he explained, was a panic move triggered by his fear that Trey would get teased at school. He regrets it today. "That was a really weird point in my life," he says, perhaps referring to his ill-fated marriage to a woman named Sheree Zampino, Trey's mother. They divorced in 1995, shortly before Smith began seeing Pinkett-Smith, whom he married in 1997.

After that—actually, the whole world knows what happened after that, since the whole world saw his next four films, a pack of ceaselessly explosive crowd-pleasers: *Bad Boys, Independence Day, Men in Black,* and the underrated conspiracy picture *Enemy of the State.* Despite his consistent bankability, until recently Smith was never the first choice of studio executives—for *Men in Black,* the suits (including executive producer Steven Spielberg) wanted to cast ... Chris O'Donnell, the preppyish actor.

This, says director Barry Sonnenfeld, would not stand. "I had to sort of convince Chris that the project was not going to be very good," says Sonnenfeld. "Not that he isn't a great actor—it's just that I needed Will." He explains: "I live in East Hampton, Long Island, and Steven Spielberg has a house there. Will was coming to New York for a wedding, and we arranged for a helicopter to fly in to Long Island. What happened, I think, was that Steven's kids told Steven that Will was a really hip, cool guy."

Since then, Smith and Sonnenfeld have forged an unusually close bond which

ght us their current action-comedy ex-
ganza, *Wild Wild West,* based on the
50s TV Western starring Robert Con-
is retro-cool cowboy James West. Smith,
will never be mistaken for Robert
rad, was cast as West; Kevin Kline
his sidekick, Artemus Gordon, and
ieth Branagh and Salma Hayek also
"Will is the only actor with whom I
worked who is preternaturally chipper
i arriving on the set at six A.M.," says
e. "Will is a great comedy partner,
her he has the set-up
or the punch line."
Eddie Murphy said it
e 10 years ago," Smith
when asked about the
enges presented by his
film. "He said, 'Cool
funny don't mix.'
it didn't dawn on me
this film.... Sexy and
y is an even worse
... I really wasn't pre-
d for that. I got onto
set and started realiz-
that I was having to
e a decision between
cool, or funny." Ulti-
ly Smith attempted
and left it for the gift-
onnenfeld to sort out
e editing room.

ie film will be re-
eased on what has
ficially become Will
h Weekend, July 4,
already there have
rumblings that the
ect went wildly over-
get, that the response from test audi-
s was tepid, that last-minute re-shoots
required. While the last is certainly
—Smith was filming re-shoots during
nterviews with this magazine—no one
confirm how much the film cost (al-
igh both Sonnenfeld and Smith laugh
ports placing the figure at a gargantu-
200 million).
lo matter what happens, *Wild Wild*
will be the ultimate test of Smith's
ribution to the field of semiotics, the
nber-One Answer. Typically, he credits
nenfeld with fleshing this out; typically,
nenfeld says he's never heard of the
nber-One Answer.
i any case, the theory is grounded in
t Smith and his friend the comic
ne Martin call the Comedy Math.
ere's a numerology that works into be-
funny," Smith says. "And the numbers
different. For example, black people
very real, very raw comedy. Black
ple like to find comedy in what *is.*
ite people like to find comedy in what
should be or could be or would be." Meaning? "Meaning white people look more to escape reality in comedy. And I think a lot of it has to do with people of oppression. Because Jews really appreciate raw, real comedy."

Add to this formula one statistical variable, the "pre-laugh," which can be defined as the conditioned mirth reflex prompted by certain rare comedians such as Eddie Murphy, Jim Carrey, Bill Murray, Chris Rock, and Will Smith. "The audience is already smiling in anticipation before they even know where the line is going," explains Sonnenfeld. Therefore, "a little joke becomes a bigger joke, and a big joke becomes a huge joke."



LONE STAR
Actor Eddie Murphy told Smith, "The more you win, the more they're going to want you to lose," and Smith now says, "I'm starting to feel those rumblings.... That's scary."

The Number-One Answer, in other words, is that elusive nexus at which black comedy meets white comedy. Or, translated into an equation: Will Finds It Funny + Barry Finds It Funny + Pre-laugh Variable = Universal Merriment.

"You can't always find it, but you know when you hit it," says Smith, who evidently finds nothing unusual about the intellectualization of jokes. He is wide-eyed, his hand running across an imaginary scale of comedy. "The peak of the Number-One Answer is in the center. But just to the left of the Number-One Answer, you're falling off, and just to the right of the Number-One Answer, you're falling off. So you've got to go all the way one way or go all the way the other way in searching for the Number-One Answer. That peak is higher than the two ends."

If you apply this calculus, the best joke must by definition be the most mainstream. "It's not softening the edges," Smith cautions. "It's sharpening the point.... The Number-One Answer is better than the raw joke, and it's better than the soft joke. It doesn't compromise either strength.... It's the home run."

The mainstream has been so good to Will Smith that he makes more money in a few months than his father made in his entire life. His per-picture asking price is approaching $20 million, and he's earned millions more through TV syndication and music, the latter being a periodic topic of scrutiny within the so-called rap community, whose hard-core loyalists have occasionally accused Smith of, in essence, selling out to whitey. The situation is made more bizarre by the fact that one of Pinkett-Smith's childhood friends was rapper Tupac Shakur, the brilliant self-styled "thug" who was murdered in 1996. Smith liked Shakur, whom he describes as "a prophet that never had the opportunity to blossom," but if his Number-One Answer could be applied to music, they were on opposite ends of the scale.

Still, it is without a whiff of righteousness that Smith reveals the existence of a video-booth tape that Pinkett-Smith and Shakur shot years ago at a Virginia amusement park—a document for the ages, on which the two 15-year-olds break out into a version of Smith's singularly un-hard-core anthem "Parents Just Don't Understand." "He never wanted that tape to be out," recalls Smith, who notes that Shakur desperately wanted to uphold his tough-guy image. "It's tougher when you know the person and you can kind of see the road for them, and they didn't see it or didn't want to see it."

Smith's friend Keenen Ivory Wayans is mystified that the mainstream is even an issue. "It would be one thing if he were selling out who he was to be a mainstream success," he says. "But if you have a quality

Will Smith

[illegible] attractive to a large audi[illegible] wrong with that? There's only [illegible] in our industry who have that . . . We all wish that we had that kind of appeal."

Smith is seated in the middle of his state-of-the-art music studio, located in the back of his house. He is wearing a powder-blue Fubu football jersey; a *Roget's Thesaurus* sits on the mixing board. He spends the next several minutes searching for a tape of his latest song, but he can't find it. This annoys him, since he loves the song and thinks it's a fine example of keeping it real, Will Smith–style. Not that he's out to prove anything. "Once I got beyond 11 million albums," says Smith, who finds it hilarious when white kids use the word "jiggy," "I was cool with it."

Then he just laughs and laughs.

Smith can do this sort of thing. He can say that he's so rich that he doesn't even *think* about money, and for some reason you want to high-five him. He can launch into one of his pet conspiracy theories—he is a card-carrying conspiracy theorist—and the next thing you know, you can't sleep until you resolve the whole Grassy Knoll thing. He believes, despite evidence to the contrary, that "possibly AIDS was created as a result of biological-warfare testing." But when he makes his case, his reasoning sounds so damn *reasonable* that, hey, you never know.

"Why do we think it is so incredibly ludicrous that there are conspiracies that take place within our government?" he asks rhetorically. "President Clinton apologized for one." He's referring to the 1932–72 Tuskegee Study, in which black soldiers infected with syphilis were left untreated for experimental reasons. "I'm not gonna go out on a limb and say I *believe* any of them," he says of the theories. "I believe that the *possibility* exists."

The guy is so charismatic that after a while you actually find yourself seeking his spiritual guidance. Girlfriend trouble? Ask Will. "Complete submission," he suggests. "The way that Jada and I apply that to our relationship is: we sacrifice ourselves completely for the other person. I'll come home from work and give her a massage. She knows I've worked all day, and the next day she wants so bad to do something for me. And vice versa. *Complete submission.*"

Career got you down? Will's your man. "Winners actually do different things than losers do," he explains. "We're all pretty damned even coming out of the womb. I mean, there are certain people that just have certain gifts. There's an 8 percent, 7 percent margin of error. So if we all were committed and wanted to work the way that Michael Jordan works—if it's about time put in—then we can get *pretty damn close.* And it's just the mind—you've got to *believe* that you can actually do it."

"A good friend of mine is a crew member, and he's sort of having some personal problems and trying to decide what to do with his life," Sonnenfeld recalls, "and I said, 'Go talk to Will.' . . . After 10 minutes you feel like you're such a selfish, stupid moron for not realizing that you're the luckiest person on the planet."

"I call that the Bank of Karma," Smith says, laughing. "Got some good Karma goin'. Because, I mean, *something's* going to happen. I'm going to get caught with some hookers in Vegas, you know?" In fact, Smith already detects the distinct scent of backlash in the air—virgin territory for him. "I'm starting to feel those rumblings," he says. "That's scary, and I'm hoping that it doesn't grow beyond this. Eddie Murphy said to me, 'The more you win, the more they're going to want you to lose.'"

Not that he cares terribly—about the backlash, about his few critics, about playing second fiddle to Chris O'Donnell. "I'm *supposed* to be the No. 2 guy," he says. Karmicly speaking. "Tom Cruise's movies are *supposed* to be bigger than mine." If that happens, he says, "then the world is in order. I love being black in America and specifically, being black in Hollywood. It's all gravy. Every single thing that I accomplish. It's *gravy.* It's like I've already won."

For the record, Smith virtually never loses his signature Will Smithness. In fact, it's happened only once in recent memory, and here it is: He is driving down the freeway in Los Angeles, listening to talk radio. A female caller is railing against the influx of illegal aliens from Mexico. Smith gets so irate that he calls the station and, using a talk-radio pseudonym of Mark Jenkins, begins to spew. "The town that we live in is *Los Angeles!*" he cries. "You know what? Because we live in *Mexico!* They're coming *home!* That last lady that called in was probably on *La Cienega* Boulevard!"

"Yeah, I got angry," Smith says proudly. "But that's a different kind of angry."

So, he is asked, when was the last time you really got *angry*-angry? "Um," he says, a bit embarrassed. He thinks hard. "You know, that's tough. Because I do—I *guess* get upset. I'm just blanking right now."

And there it is—the one question that Will Smith will never, ever be able to answer.

Kosovo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 is he? Where is he?" she asks, wringing her bare hands, examining every face that goes by. She is crying; she says she has been standing at the crossing point for four hours and he has not come in with the column of people. "I must find him. My brother. They may have taken him. They were taking away some of the men, and he is young. Please tell me, where is he?"

We drive down the road to look for him. Hundreds of people pass, in groups of five and six. A woman walks by pushing a pram with a baby inside, surrounded by three small children clutching hands. A man rides a bicycle in the snow, falling over every few minutes; stoically, he keeps picking the bike up and continuing on. Anna's brother appears. He is a teenager, pale-skinned, with dark hair. He is wearing a jean jacket and has a teary look. Anna leaps into his arms, hugging and kissing him. Then she begins to kiss and hug me.

Some people walk alone. "A lot of people are crossing, but a lot of people are dead!" a woman screams at me later. She is a teacher, from Peć, and she is hysterical, weeping:

"They are dead! Hospitals are burning! They are killing teachers, doctors, anything alive. They are animals. No—animals do not treat one another like this."

Others are silent. That horrible stillness in the snow. An old woman, heavyset, wearing a scarf, stares straight ahead in deep shock, plodding up and up the mountain toward Montenegro. My colleague, a British journalist, puts her in his car and we drive her to the top of the pass. She stays in the heated vehicle and does not say a word, for hours. A child with Down's syndrome stumbles through the snow, laughing maniacally. He falls face-first into the snow. His mother chases him, tears running down her cheeks. Another mother sits in the snow with her four children, huddled, shivering.

When I offer the old woman sitting in the car a piece of bread she looks at me but does not take it. Nor does she push it away. She seems dead already.

KULA PASS, ON THE MONTENEGRIN-KOSOVAN BORDER,
MARCH 31, 1999

Sometimes there is an arrogance to the profession. When reporters become caught less, we tend to think of ourselves as indestructible. Because we are outside the conflict, observing, it is easy to forget that we are not protected by some higher power.

Sometimes you get strange vibes and you

to trust your instincts. Sometimes, if gnore these instincts, you get into trou- Earlier this day, a photographer said he had seen drunk Serb soldiers at the ing point. Soldiers aren't supposed to andering over the border, inflaming an dy tense situation. Montenegro has in a state of jittery panic all week be- Milošević replaced the local army nander. There have been rumors of an -led coup against the pro-West govern- . (Montenegro is still part of the Serb- nated Yugoslav federation even though are strong leanings among many Mon- rins to pull away.)

ıter in the day, while using my col- es' satellite phone on top of the border ıtain pass, I look up and see for myself or five Serb soldiers: aggressive, unsmil- wearing dark glasses on a cloudy, gray They should not be on this pass. It is a al, menacing sight. But I need to stay ntinue reporting, and, while the other ıalists leave the mountain, I sit in an ar- d car belonging to two French televi- journalists, trying to keep warm.

ne hour later. This time, the Serb soldiers m through the snow very quickly. What r next chills me. It is a man screaming: " When I look out the window, I see of the French journalists, half lying in now. He has been pushed down. His are above his head, in an instinctive f surrender. A Serb soldier has a kalash- cocked and aimed at his head.

ere are about 10 of them, Serb soldiers have come over the border from Kosovo. drag the Frenchman out of the snow egin hitting him, kicking him. I am too ıed to feel frightened. It is the first time ven years covering the Balkan war that I seen Serbs actually strike a journalist. they are beating him up, I think, this is good. In my encounters with the Serb I have seen anger, stupidity, arrogance, ty. But this is different. In Bosnia, I was held for three hours, strip-searched, liberated from the £3,000 they found d down my trousers ("You can get it after the war, in Belgrade").

You can't do this," I had said when sent me walking into the darkness out any transportation or cash.

We can do anything we want," one of commanders said, grinning. "We're win- the war."

ut this time, this is something else: these men are completely out of control. They ı far more emotional and disturbed—this rsonal. We are no longer journalists, ob- ers. We are part of the NATO conspiracy. You bombed Belgrade! You bombed " they scream. One sees me and drags out of the car. They demand our pass- s: two French, one British.

"Mirage! Mirage!" one screeches, a reference to the French fighter jets. "NATO! Clinton!"

I look down, thinking it wise not to make eye contact. One of the journalists tries to explain that we are not responsible for the actions of our governments. The Serbs spit on the ground and scream. There appears to be no officer in charge, which makes them more crazed. One, who speaks Italian with me, vacillates between reason ("We're going to take you to Priština and arrest you for being spies") and madness ("You're going to die like people in Belgrade have died").

They are claiming we have wandered into Kosovan territory. "We'll go now," I say weakly. "We'll go back to Montenegro." (Borders in this part of the world are entirely fluid; there are no signs saying, WELCOME TO KOSOVO. DRIVE SAFELY.)

"You're a NATO spy! Now you're going to know what it feels like to be bombed and burned," the Italian-speaker barks. He shouts orders at a very young soldier. This one has pale red hair, wears a camouflage cowboy hat, and has wild, unfocused eyes. He keeps pulling out his pistol and aiming it at the terrified refugees, who continue walking single file past us, eyes dropped, trying not to be drawn into the situation.

The young one turns to me. "You we arrest," he says, pointing to me and clasping my wrists together as if they were handcuffed. "Because you have Italian blood. But the French, we kill." When they search the car, they find a photograph of one of the French in Bosnia with the U.N. The photo was taken on a rainy day and he had borrowed a soldier's jacket to protect his camera.

"NATO spies! Spies!" the young soldier yells. He appears delighted that they have hard proof with which to abuse us.

Later, looking back, I will realize they don't have a plan, that they have no idea what to do with us. They take all our gear—cameras, sat phone, mobile phones, armored car, passports, other documents—and tell us to turn our backs to them and march down the mountain and into Montenegro. I don't want to turn my back. They fire over our heads. We run, jump into the back of a truck carrying refugees. A Serb-army jeep, coming up the mountain, blocks our truck. These soldiers tell us to get out; we are marched back up to where we started.

This time, they make us sit in the French journalists' car. We hear shots—not fired in the air. When I turn around, I see they have lined up refugees. They are stealing their cars and rifling through their bags. One of the French says to me, "Don't turn around." I see one Kosovar boy who earlier was ferrying refugees up and over the mountain in a flatbed truck. The soldiers are beating him and hitting him with their guns; he makes noises like a whimpering dog. He falls to the ground like an empty sack.

Another shot. Into something. I do not look back this time, out of cowardice and fear. The three of us sit stunned, waiting. Then the soldiers decide to take us to Priština, in Kosovo.

"Follow us," says the Italian-speaker. "Drive slowly. Stay behind us. Now you will see what it is like to get bombed. Our commander will decide what to do. Prison, for a long time." He clasps his wrists together to indicate chains, and laughs.

We drive through the snow, down the other side of the mountain, passing hundreds of refugees going the opposite way. The ride is silent. In my bag, I still have a mobile phone that does not work and my notebook, full of a week of documentation of refugees: phone numbers of their relatives, testimonies, first and last names. I have been searched by Serbs before. I know how they react when they see what is written about them. It is not good to have the notebook with me—neither for me nor for the people I have interviewed.

Very slowly, I rip up my notebook. My colleague throws it out the open door, very carefully, watching to make sure the soldiers ahead of us do not see. It lands in the snow in the middle of the road. It leaves a black mark in the whiteness.

We drive about 30 kilometers. Then, somewhere inside Kosovo, the soldiers get a radio call. We see the Italian-speaker answering. Then he stops the jeep, gets out, and lights a cigarette. He tells us to get out of our car. It will soon be evening and we are now in an isolated spot, away from refugees, away from any witnesses. We are on the side of a freezing mountain. No one with any power to do anything about it had seen us taken. If we disappear, no one will know. The thought of rape has not crossed my mind—I am more worried about getting shot in the back.

The soldier smokes his cigarette thoughtfully while we wait. Then, slowly, he walks to the rear of the jeep. He stands outside the door thinking, then hands back our gear. "Get out of here," he says, in good English. "There are Albanian terrorists [the Serbs' phrase for the Kosovo Liberation Army] everywhere. It's very dangerous. Go away. Never come back."

Then he does the oddest thing. He kisses me on both cheeks. He hugs the French, almost as though he is trying to demonstrate communion: that we are all in a place where we do not want to be. He crushes the cigarette under his heel, jumps in the jeep, and speeds off toward Peć.

We drive back into Montenegro. When we get to Rožaj, we hear that the Serbs on the Macedonian border—on the other side of

[redacted] Montenegro had taken three [redacted] hostage around the same [redacted] The other soldiers got us. A male [redacted] approaches me as I set up the sat [redacted] in the back of the armored car in the pouring rain.

"It's you, thank God," he says, speaking perfect English, touching my shoulder gently. "We saw them march you off. We saw them take you at gunpoint. You were very lucky. God was with you."

His name is Mustafa, and he says he is a professor at the University of Priština. He speaks, in addition to English, perfect French, Italian, and Danish. He has been living with his family in Denmark, and came to visit his sister in Peć when the air strikes began.

As an intellectual who has frequently entertained Western journalists in his home, he says that he was targeted by the death squads, the Serb paramilitary. He says he was worried about Arkan—the indicted Serb war criminal (real name: Zeljko Ražnatović) who, along with his paramilitary squad, the notorious Tigers, has been accused of some of the worst atrocities during the Bosnian war. It is rumored that Arkan and his men have gone down to Kosovo to help their Serb brothers—a terrifying thought.

Mustafa asks me if I can help get him and his wife and four children, who are sheltered somewhere on the mountain, out of Montenegro as soon as possible.

"If Milošević marches into Montenegro, which everyone says he will do soon," Mustafa says in a soft voice, "I will be killed. All of our lives hang on very little here."

We sit and have a coffee in a noisy bar blaring hip-hop music. I cannot stop shaking, from cold and nerves. I say I will phone the Italian Consulate in the morning.

"God was with you today," Mustafa repeats, adding sugar to his Turkish coffee. His eyes have the look of someone haunted. Like all of the refugees on the border, he has seen too much in the past few weeks. "Usually the Serbs just shoot. They don't have a change of heart."

Mustafa will get out. He and his family will take the ferry from Montenegro to Italy and fly to Denmark. He is now safe, and will probably never return to Kosovo.

RAĆE, A SERB STRONGHOLD IN MONTENEGRO,
APRIL 4, 1999
(EASTER SUNDAY IN THE WEST)

"Quite simply, Serbia had already lost Kosovo—lost it, that is, in the most basic human and demographic terms," wrote the British historian Noel Malcolm last year before the Serb offensive began and before the NATO bombing. But he did not foresee, as NATO did not foresee, the die-hard feelings of the Serb people, solidified during the bombing campaign, and how unwilling they are to give up their spiritual heartland, their Jerusalem.

Kosovo, to the Serbs, is more than a political stronghold: it is sacred. Here are some of their greatest monasteries and the remains of their most revered saints. It is also the place of their holy battlefield, Kosovo Polje, which they had lost before, in 1389, to the Turks. The place has taken on mythic proportions. During the Balkan war of 1913, which reclaimed Kosovo from the Turks, one Serb soldier wrote:

> The single sound of that word—Kosovo—caused an indescribable excitement. This one word pointed to the black past—five centuries. In it exists the whole of our sad past—the tragedy of Prince Lazar [who lost the battle of Kosovo Polje] and the entire Serbian people.... Each of us created for himself a picture of Kosovo while we were still in the cradle. Our mothers lulled us to sleep with the songs of Kosovo.

Kosovo's fate was more recently sealed when Milošević gave his April 1987 speech: "Yugoslavia does not exist without Kosovo! Yugoslavia would disintegrate without Kosovo! Yugoslavia and Serbia are not going to give up Kosovo!" In 1989, he would revoke Kosovo's autonomy within the Yugoslav federation, fire Albanians from state-run institutions, and ban the teaching of the Albanian language and its literature.

In Raće, a remote, Serb-dominated village outside of Podgorica, the Montenegrin capital, they support the current push to drive every "Turk" (Albanian, Muslim, the same thing in their eyes) out of Kosovo. Here, there are no "servants of NATO" and no "traitors." This is a hard-core, barren place, a village carved out of a gray mountain. This is Slobodan Milošević country, full of simple people who might not have supported him before but will now go to their graves for a greater, united Serbia.

On the drive out, through the stony mountains, I see graffiti which chill me: ARKAN, the indicted war criminal. And the Cyrillic symbol for "Only unity can save the Serbs," which was often painted on burned-out houses in Bosnia and Kosovo.

In a small café I meet a farmer and his wife and three children. They sit under a portrait of Slobodan Milošević, the adults drinking beer. The children eat sweets and drink Cokes and laugh. The farmer, Rajko, is at first hostile, then buys me a coffee and tries to explain his position: his family has lived in these hills forever and ever. He considers himself a Serb, not a Montenegrin, and he will die fighting for Greater Serbia if the Montenegrin separatists follow the pattern of the other former Yugoslav republics and try to break av

"Someone is going to stay in this co try," he says. "And it will be a Serb. T can't shoot every single one of us." He s that he does not believe what is said to happening in Kosovo to be true. Ther no such thing as ethnic cleansing—pec are fleeing the NATO bombs and the ' banian terrorists." Kosovo belongs to S bia, emotionally, historically, and politica

I leave feeling more depressed than any other day of the trip. Not only these people living in denial, but it is cl that the Kosovo conflict is rapidly dest lizing the rest of the region. That night Podgorica, there is a demonstration in town square by Milošević supporters. I billed as a peace effort, but the squar full of people waving anti-NATO, anti-Clin signs and wearing targets pinned to th chests. Journalists are advised not to go the anti-Western feeling has been build up. All day the city has been rife w tension.

I wander through the crowd, listening the dreadful Yugoslav rock. An aging ro er screams, "Serbia! Serbia!" I listen a try to blend in and not look like a jour ist. Momo, a Montenegrin friend of mi leads me by the hand and tells me not speak English.

I do what he says. But what I feel fr that crowd, standing in the middle of it a naked antipathy toward Westerners th have not felt before, a surging sense of ger, suspicion, hatred.

PODGORICA,
APRIL 7, 1999

It is two days before Serb Good Frid the day after the anniversary of the d astating German air attack on Belgrade 1941 (when, ironically, Serbia was aligi with the Western powers). Milošević a for a cease-fire to respect the upcoming thodox Easter. It is a joke: cease-fire in Balkans means playing for more time.

I meet an 80-year-old man who can give his name, a general under Tito, w drove all night from Belgrade to Podgor when he heard the rumors that a co d'état was imminent here. "I am old, bu can offer some advice," he says earnes He tells me old war stories: In Decem 1941, when he was 21, he led a partisan b talion of 431 men in guerrilla warfare agai the Germans and the Italians. During battle, he remembers "fighting from ea morning to early night." They ambush Italian tanks. They fought hand to hand. the morning, it was his job to count the sualties: 180 wounded, 82 dead. "And t was the saddest morning of my life."

But he believed in something, so fought to the end of the war and was hi

corated. After the liberation of Bel-
, he became a general at 26, and later
ɔected diplomat.
n those days, we lived so close to
that you became older and more
with double speed," he tells me.
ıe next day, I find him drinking coffee
outdoor café. NATO bombs have fall-
ı Montenegro, hitting Serb-army tar-
Belgrade, where his family is, is in
ɛs. The Pentagon has found evidence
ass graves in Kosovo. More refugees
ouring over the border, bearing more
s of atrocities. The war NATO thought
d be over in a few days appears to be
ng into an abyss.
ıe general is distraught. His hand trem-
ıs he holds the coffee
He has lived through
ɛstruction of his coun-
German warplanes,
the renaissance of
herhood and unity"
ll Yugoslavs under
He watched the war
ɔvenia, Croatia, Bos-
Now, aged 80, he has
to offer his services
e Montenegrin sepa-
s who may have to
against Milošević.
s frightened at what
witnessing.
Everything is ruined,"
saying in a shaky
. "Everything is ru-
There is no more fra-
y and unity. The last
ars, everything is ru-
" He pauses and puts down his cup. "I
ɔo many friends during World War II,
ıany young people trying to create a
ɔountry. Now everything is falling down
use of ideas. Who are these people?
they insane? Why are they cleaning
Kosovo?"

OMEWHERE INSIDE SOUTHWESTERN KOSOVO,
MAY 10–12, 1999

ve managed to cross the border into
ɔsovo with a special-forces K.L.A. unit.
ajor Serb offensive is under way to take
territory the K.L.A. won two weeks
It also happens to be the night of the
iest NATO bombing in Kosovo since the
ɒaign began over a month ago. I am
in a muddy ditch with a helmet that
no strap, getting bombed by Serb
ɛs trying to hit us—and by NATO planes
g to hit the nearby Serb ground forces.
s and rockets fall intermittently.
am with a young soldier, an Albanian
in Kosovo who has recently been liv-
n the U.S. and Canada. Dardan is 25 years old, handsome, wearing a Polo Ralph Lauren hat under his helmet. He has also lived in London, where he was so good at mixing cocktails that he was voted the fifth-best bartender in Britain. He's proud of that fact, and proud that he paid for his own plane ticket from Vancouver to arrive here at this front line to fight with the K.L.A.

Dardan has never fired a gun before. Now he's got a Chinese-made kalashnikov to defend his country against the Serb offensive, which has been going on for four days. In the dark there is chaos: every time a plane roars through the sky and drops a bomb with a terrifying dense thud, we do not know where it is coming from.

"Who's bombing us? Who's bombing us?" one of the younger soldiers yells to an older soldier. No one knows, but someone says that four soldiers who died earlier, hit as they lay in their tents, were victims of NATO. There is confusion about how many people are dead, how many are wounded. This is what war is: confusion, uncertainty, not knowing which direction the shooting or the rocket fire is coming from.



LIMBO
Stranded in no-man's-land, refugees await their future in a bus on the Kosovan-Macedonian border, April 3, 1999.

For two nights, we have slept in ditches on muddy slopes covered in soldiers' excrement, surrounded by wounded soldiers whose flesh has been ripped away by hot pieces of shrapnel. I have always thought of myself as squeamish. But when you are under this kind of intense fire, some things become irrelevant. There are people around me dying on dirty stretchers, and they are young.

I once asked a Bosnian soldier how old he was. "Eighteen," he replied. Then he added, quickly, "Don't look at me like that. I know what you are thinking." What I was thinking was this: I don't know if this kid is ever going to reach his 19th birthday. And I hated Slobodan Milošević for making him fight this war when he should be at parties or sitting in a café looking at girls. One of his comrades showed me a helmet with a picture of a model from Victoria's Secret taped inside. "If I ever get out," he said, "my girlfriend is going to look like this."

Lying in the ditch, Dardan and I are talking to each other as if we were meeting for the first time at a cocktail party.

"I left Priština in 1992," he says. "My whole generation left. We didn't want to get drafted by the Serbs and fight against the Bosnians. But I came back to fight for my country. To fight for freedom. To be an Albanian inside Kosovo is no life at all. That's why we're here—liberation." His voice is drowned out: heavy machine-gun fire. The Serbs are attempting to encircle our camp. There are eight soldiers at the end of our ditch who are meant to guard us from an infantry assault.

"Split up! Split up! Fifty meters apart! Move down the canyon!" shouts one commander, who has taken control. Though my night vision is poor, I grab my pack, my helmet—which will do me little good if I get hit by a grenade—and run. I have no flak jacket; neither do the soldiers around me.

"Split up—if one of you gets hit, all of you won't die! I need all of you alive!" the commander barks. A young soldier is crying. Another soldier, his body and face torn up by shrapnel, is squatting in the mud motioning me to bring him water. He is weeping with fear and pain. He is shitting himself. I wipe his forehead, and then throw myself back on the ground as another rocket lands. I am facedown in the mud. Then I run down a ravine, stumbling on rocks until I find a tree. I sit against it, leaning uphill.

The battle continues as day breaks. During a lull in the fighting I wander over some hills and find the wreckage of a Serb plane that has (allegedly) been shot down by NATO. Near the river bordering our camp I find the tents of the four soldiers who were supposedly hit by friendly fire. It may also have been the Serbs, no one really knows. Three were young soldiers, one was an older man with a beard. I see one of the bodies being taken away, in a military jeep, to a morgue in a nearby town.

I see a cow with its hind legs blown off,

[illegible] Then a white horse, star[illegible] bombs, apparently dead of a [illegible] lying on the side of the hill. And everywhere I look are the craters of mortar fire and bombs. In the middle of it all is a small, white, idyllic farmhouse—untouched. Someone has left washing outside, hanging on the clothesline.

I make my way to the front. The soldiers here, dug into their trenches and foxholes, are tired but strong, and I feel oddly confident of their ability, even though we are pinned down by a 15-minute firefight. In an abandoned stable serving as a bunker, I stumble onto a unit of soldiers pumped up by a recent victory. They are high-fiving and hugging one another. I am told the K.L.A. has managed to take out two Serb tanks and kill 60 Serb soldiers. In a David-versus-Goliath war, that is a major victory.

That night, during another pause in the fighting, we eat bean soup and bread for dinner. The tents are eerily quiet. The mood is different than it was before last night's bombardment began, when the soldiers were singing K.L.A. songs. Tonight we sit up in our sleeping bags, tension growing. One of the commanders tells me to prepare for a horrible night.

Someone lays out the plan: when the bombing begins, we are to run out into a ditch because the Serbs will certainly be targeting our tents and can pick up body heat with infra-red lasers. We are to run in the darkness, one by one, and be prepared for aerial, artillery, and possibly even infantry attacks. "Be prepared for everything," one of the commanders tells me. My fear is an infantry attack: what will the Serbs do if they find me inside the camp?

As the night and the wait drag on, one senior commander, whom I know from the war in Bosnia, is sketching plans for an offensive. A soldier, a devout Muslim, is praying. Another, a Swede, a former U.N. soldier in Bosnia who has come to Kosovo as a K.L.A. volunteer, is cursing silently as he tries to fit his boots—which he will need instantly once the bombardment begins—inside his sleeping bag. One of the young soldiers is snoring gently. I can smell the breath of the man lying next to me. At around one A.M. I drift off, forgetting momentarily where I am.

We are all awakened at three by the whine and crash of a bomb dropped by a Serb plane. I too am sleeping with my boots on, and I fumble to sit upright and get out of my sleeping bag.

"Journalist! Where are you?" calls out the Swedish soldier. "Ten seconds and exit!"

"No lights! No matches!" someone screams.

I push the tent flap aside and plunge into darkness, sliding down a hill on my back, unable to get my footing.

From three to six A.M., lying in a muddy trench, I watch the sky lighten, the stars just marginally brighter than the illumination of the bombs. At dawn, some of the soldiers build a small fire. I drift in and out of a painful sleep on the muddy slope, covered by a blanket that one of the commanders has placed protectively over me. As if in a dream, I see an old village woman taking her sheep up to pasture in the middle of the bombardment. She is completely unfazed. I watch her with a mixture of horror and fascination.

Around seven A.M., I wake for good, thanks to the *thud* of a shell landing nearby. I see Dardan, the young bartender, looking out into the sky, which is bright blue flecked with pink and orange—a Turner painting. It is perfectly, painfully beautiful.

Dardan is smoking a cigarette. I can see only his silhouette. He looks like a soldier from World War II with his old helmet and his kalashnikov slung over his shoulder. He is staring at the sky in amazement, his mind far away from this place, this time, this war. He is shouting, to no one in particular, "Look! Look at that beautiful light! Look at that light!"

Then he sees that I am awake and he turns to me: "Janine! Look at that sky! We're still alive! Isn't it wonderful—we're still alive!"

KUKËS, NORTHERN ALBANIA,
MAY 14, 1999

Yesterday I left the K.L.A. and crossed over into Albania. The heavy bombardment by Serb forces is continuing. I hear the K.L.A. is getting shelled by rockets, mortars, and tanks. I hear that there have been many K.L.A. casualties. I keep thinking of Dardan. I don't know whether he's dead or alive.

Eighty-four years ago, the American reporter John Reed, author of the famous account of the Russian Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* traveled throughout war-torn Eastern Europe. Reading his Balkan reports, one has an awful sense of history endlessly repeating itself; no one here has learned from past mistakes. What Reed wrote then could easily be lifted from any newspaper today: "In the Serbian schools the children are taught not only the geography of old Serbia, but of all the Serbian lands, *in the order of their redemption*—first Macedonia, then Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia. . . . Now Kosovo is avenged and Macedonia delivered."

In the Balkans, one is always aware of that weight of history. "We are in a time vacuum here," the Sarajevo poet Mario Susko once told me. "We are trapped i[illegible] terrible cycle of everything happening ag[illegible] and again, and we cannot stop it."

Before crossing into Kosovo I had vi[illegible] ed Cetinje, the capital of old Monteneg[illegible] where I found the onetime summer pal[illegible] of the Petrović family, the last Monte[illegible] grin dynasty. Montenegro was recogni[illegible] as a kingdom in 1878 at the Congress[illegible] Berlin. In 1918, in the aftermath of Wo[illegible] War I—which had started with an assa[illegible] nation in 1914 in Sarajevo—the kingd[illegible] of Montenegro ceased to exist with [illegible] single stroke of a pen. It was annexed[illegible] Serbia, swallowed up into Yugoslavia. T[illegible] Petrović dynasty, which had ruled for 2[illegible] years, crumpled. King Nikola fled to It[illegible] and died in exile.

In his old summer palace, I felt a se[illegible] of tragedy and irrevocable sadness. A lo[illegible] historian let me in and opened up [illegible] shutters, flooding the dusty place w[illegible] weak sunlight. I saw King Nikola's boo[illegible] his Turkish weapons, a medal given to h[illegible] by Queen Victoria. I saw ancient sep[illegible] print photographs, and his wife's silk-a[illegible] lace dresses, and the polished Chippend[illegible] dining-room table. I saw the ghostly pia[illegible] imported from Leipzig. No one visits h[illegible] anymore.

"We do not have a romantic histor[illegible] said the man who gloomily guided [illegible] through the rooms. "We have a tragic o[illegible] We have no freedom to choose our o[illegible] destiny."

"Destiny" is a word that is used of[illegible] here. There is a sense that it is history t[illegible] controls the Balkans and not the other w[illegible] around. But the late British writer Rebe[illegible] West would have argued that point. A[illegible] traveling throughout Yugoslavia on the [illegible] of World War II, she concluded that w[illegible] was done in Yugoslavia was always carr[illegible] out with a fatal plan. "Why did the Yu[illegible] slavs choose to perish? It must be reitera[illegible] that it was their choice, made out of [illegible] knowledge," she wrote. "On none of th[illegible] did their fate steal unawares."

When I look at a map of the old [illegible] goslavia now, what I see are not bord[illegible] but people I knew and loved, or peopl[illegible] met for only a day or an hour. During [illegible] 1991–95 wars in the former Yugoslav[illegible] more than 2 million people out of a p[illegible] war population of 24 million were d[illegible] placed; in Kosovo now, another 800,0[illegible] and counting have fled. I think of th[illegible] empty houses, of the things they left [illegible] hind, or else of the people who are no[illegible] less, mutilated, dead. The dentist living [illegible] derground in central Bosnia, to whom [illegible] once gave a packet of aspirin, causing [illegible] to burst into tears. A young mother walk[illegible] up a mountain path in Kosovo, or t[illegible] teenage champion swimmer who los[illegible] breast during a mortar attack in Sarajev[illegible]

NEDŽARIĆI, SERB-HELD SARAJEVO, DECEMBER 17, 1992

iis is my strongest and most terri-
ole memory: A road gutted with shell
s. Temperature: 15 degrees below zero.
ursing home, ironically called the
er for the Protection of Old People
situated between two front lines. A
sniper situated in a house 25 meters
n old people dead in three days,
n to death in their beds, and no one to
ve the bodies. Most of the staff ran
when the heavy shelling began. The
can't decamp because of the heavy
ing. A 78-year-old man went outside to chop firewood to try to keep the place warm and got shot between the eyes.

I step over broken glass, broken bricks, seared blankets. It is so cold my breath comes out in puffs. The windows are all shot out, replaced by U.N.-supplied plastic.

A long, frozen hallway. Corpses wrapped in dirty blankets. Empty rooms. I open one door and count six dead bodies, still in their beds, not yet wrapped and laid on the floor. Faces frozen in their last expression. They die at night, the coldest time, alone.

The farthest bed is occupied by a pile of rags. I bend over, and a tiny arm, no bigger than a child's, reaches up. A tiny hand grabs my arm. It is not a pile of clothes, but an ancient woman, still alive, with lavender-colored eyes and broken teeth. Her skin is translucent with the cold.

"Zima," she whispers. Her lips are split. She does not have enough calories in her system to focus, to concentrate on my face. "Zima." *Winter.*

Exhausted by her effort, she drops my arm. I try to talk to her. Speak to me, I say. Stay alive, at least until a doctor gets here. But I know, as she does, that there is no doctor coming.

The woman says she once played the violin. She doesn't remember if she is Muslim, Serb, or Croat. She is from Sarajevo, that's all. Then she pulls the covers over her head and retreats under the blankets. She becomes, once again, a pile of clothes. □

ıcci War

INUED FROM PAGE 100 to watch him lay
,000 people in the next five years, for
h he was criticized by the French press;
overnment ultimately forced him to repay
million of its investment in the company.
ut the events that defined Arnault's ca-
began in 1988, when he launched his
year struggle for control of L.V.M.H.,
er of Louis Vuitton luggage and Moët
npagnes, which like Gucci had fallen
to warfare among its controlling fami-
First working with, then turning against,
M.H.'s patriarch, a French business leg-
named Henri Racamier, Arnault tri-
hed only after a high-profile fight in
h he leveled against Racamier charges,
nproven, of embezzlement, Nazi collab-
on, and ties to the extreme right-wing
ician Jean-Marie Le Pen. The spectacle
iesmerized the French public that at one
t President François Mitterrand dis-
ed its implications in a televised address.
or years the Parisian press demonized
ault, holding him up as the personifica-
of the brash American-style business
cs that have taken hold in Europe dur-
he 90s. His moves at Dior, meanwhile,
re he fired six top managers in four
s, outraged and confused Paris's staid
ion world, as did his selection of a se-
of young English and American up-
s—John Galliano at Dior, Alexander
Queen at Givenchy, Marc Jacobs at
is Vuitton, and Michael Kors at Cé-
—to executive design posts. Still, Ar-
t has now been around long enough—
amassed so much power—that many in
s have embraced him; he and his sec-
wife, who tours as a classical pianist,
fixtures at Dior and Givenchy shows,
re they are avidly fawned over. Howev-
ıeither his dawning acceptance nor the
ping of age has mellowed Arnault. If anything, his more recent deals, including long, drawn-out squabbles with Guinness and his tenacious fight for control of the DFS retail chain, have created an image of Arnault as a man constitutionally incapable of peaceful commerce.

As often happens, all this is difficult to reconcile with the man himself. In person Arnault comes across as a wry, almost whimsical sort whose thick, graying hair and bushy eyebrows offset a boyish grin and pale blue-green eyes; the eyes are notable for the largest, hardest black pupils I have ever seen. Arnault speaks lightly accented English and has a charming tendency to pronounce the *th* sound as an *f;* thus the word "something" comes out "somefing." When we talked he often clasped and unclasped his hands, as if washing them.

The nerve center of Arnault's empire is a nondescript glass-and-marble building on Paris's Avenue Hoche, a few hundred yards from the Arc de Triomphe. Downstairs, a single receptionist and a lonely security guard are the lobby's only adornments. Arnault and his longtime alter ego, Pierre Godé, together with their self-described "utility infielder," a 36-year-old American lawyer named James Lieber, inhabit a dimly lit, gray-walled warren of offices on the seventh floor that are so cramped Godé seems to bend as he enters each room. The only open space is a floor above, where Arnault holds meetings in a boardroom of cinematic proportions. It's said that he loathes excessive noise, and, indeed, few sounds intrude from the streets below.

For much of 1998, as the Asian financial crisis crimped the global appetite for luxury goods, the deal-making machinations hatched on the seventh floor were becalmed. Then last autumn, amid signs that the Asian economy was recovering, Arnault decided it was time to do what he does best: go shopping. Among the first acquisitions he studied in detail was Sanofi Beauté, which includes the legendary couturier Yves Saint Laurent. It had been put up for sale by its French owner, Sanofi, a pharmaceutical company. Arnault was on the verge of striking a deal when, on Christmas Eve, he backed out of negotiations, saying publicly that Sanofi's price was too high. Instead, in their quiet labyrinth above Avenue Hoche, Arnault and Godé finally turned their attentions to Gucci.

The plan, Arnault repeatedly insists, was never to attempt an immediate takeover. Rather, he planned to gobble up vast quantities of Gucci stock—enough to scare off any white-knight rescuers—and put pressure on De Sole to grant L.V.M.H. several seats on the company's board of directors. "It would have been dangerous to take over Gucci," Godé asserts. "We had some doubts; we wondered whether this trend [of profitability], which is wonderful for three years, would go on without any problems." Once he was represented on Gucci's board, Arnault says, he planned to study the company in depth and reassess the situation in three to five years. "Then," he says, "maybe we make a bid."

Common sense told Arnault that De Sole would feel threatened, but he and Godé considered Gucci all but defenseless. Besides, Arnault thought, he held two hole cards. One was Louis Vuitton's president, De Sole's friend Yves Carcelle. "The relationship between De Sole and Yves was good—at least, that is what Yves told me several times," Arnault says. "I thought, Well, why couldn't we get along with him? We really thought that something [friendly] was possible, with no trouble." Even more valuable in Arnault's mind was his second hole card, an expatriate American lawyer named Bill McGurn, a senior partner in the Paris office of Cleary, Gottlieb, Steen & Hamilton. McGurn, who had done work in the past for both Gucci and L.V.M.H.,

Gucci War

[illegible] Domenico De Sole's oldest and [illegible] friend, having known him since [illegible] at Harvard.

In the first week of January, Arnault made his move

"Our options will narrow down very rapidly, because Arnault moves very fast," Michael Zaoui was telling the roomful of Gucci executives in London that Friday, January 8, two days after L.V.M.H. publicly disclosed its stake in Gucci stock. "If I am right," the Morgan Stanley banker continued, "you will see that his next move is to buy the Prada shares. You need to call around [to both Arnault and Prada] and say 'Stop!' before it happens."

To Zaoui's dismay, De Sole wouldn't do it. The Gucci chief thought there was a good chance that Arnault's intentions really were friendly, as Carcelle had emphasized in their phone call, and he didn't want to risk alienating him. "Tom [Ford] says I am too trusting," De Sole says. "It's true." Ford, in fact, had been ready to man the battlements from the outset. "Don't trust them, Domenico," Ford had warned in a call from Milan. "Don't believe anything they say."

De Sole told Zaoui he worried that Arnault would interpret a phone call to Prada as a sign of weakness. The Morgan banker saw, to his irritation, that De Sole was taking the advice of his law-school pal Bill McGurn, who was now representing Gucci, over the counsel of an investment banker he had just met. "Bill McGurn is a good corporate lawyer and a great guy," says a Morgan man, "but I don't know how much deal experience he has."

Zaoui remained resolute. "Call now," he said, "or you'll be sorry."

But De Sole wouldn't call. Then two days later, on Sunday morning, January 10, Zaoui was summoned to an emergency conference call convened by De Sole. Hearing a weekend rumor that Arnault had indeed bought the Prada shares, De Sole had finally telephoned Patrizio Bertelli and, by claiming he knew that the sale had happened, tricked Bertelli into admitting it. In fact, Bertelli had telephoned Arnault's team within hours of L.V.M.H.'s announcement earlier that week, and had flown to Paris to cement the deal the next day. De Sole immediately realized he had been wrong to freeze Bertelli out.

"Shit! Shit! What do we do now?" the Gucci chief fretted on the Sunday-morning call. Zaoui, hoping to improve his standing in De Sole's eyes, decided to rub his new client's nose in his mistake. "I wish w[illegible] called Friday," the Morgan banker said. [illegible] might have made a difference." Belatec[illegible] De Sole realized what Zaoui was say[illegible] was true: it was time to gird for battle. "[illegible] be embarrassingly candid," De Sole s[illegible] today, "we didn't think through our init[illegible] strategy very well. We were caught co[illegible] pletely by surprise. They were [takeov[illegible] professionals.... We spend our time fig[illegible] ing out how to sell more handbags."

The first step was to feel out Arnau[illegible] who apparently now controlled abo[illegible] 15 percent of Gucci's stock. The next d[illegible] Monday, January 11, Zaoui telephoned[illegible] Goldman Sachs banker in London, Je[illegible] Luc Biamonti, who was rumored to [illegible] working with L.V.M.H. Biamonti, wh[illegible] confirming that he represented L.V.M.[illegible] refused to say precisely how many sha[illegible] Arnault had now acquired. "This is an o[illegible] cial message," Zaoui told him. "Stop no[illegible]

The next day, when De Sole called [illegible] late-night strategy meeting, Zaoui attempt[illegible] to put teeth in his message. Gucci's boa[illegible] was scheduled to meet the next morni[illegible] Zaoui told Biamonti in a second call. U[illegible] less L.V.M.H. agreed immediately to refr[illegible] from acquiring more than 20 percent [illegible] Gucci's stock, the directors could [illegible] nounce his actions as hostile, jeopardiz[illegible] any chance Arnault might have for[illegible] friendly takeover. Arnault seemed open[illegible] the idea, but De Sole wouldn't hear of it[illegible]

"What do you mean, 20 percent?" [illegible] Gucci chief said. "I thought he was at [illegible] Twenty is outrageous!"

"I really think you should take it," Za[illegible] counseled. "Twenty is better than wh[illegible] might happen next."

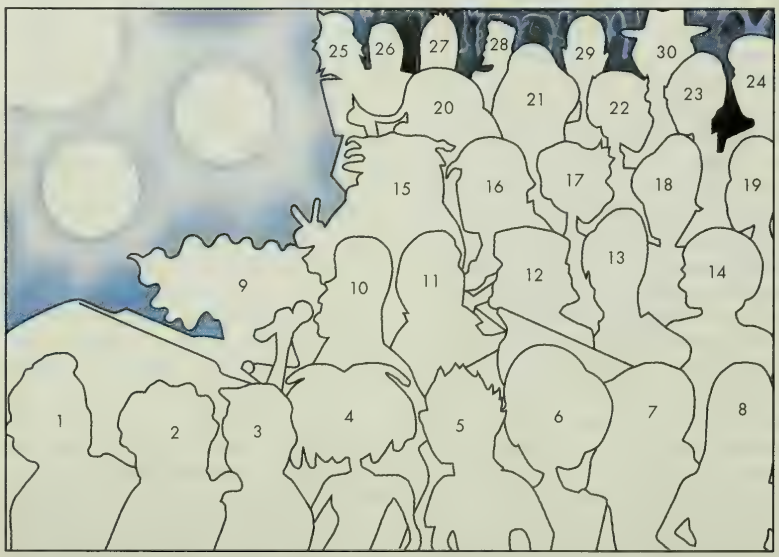
"No! No! That is unacceptable!" [illegible] Sole said. "We can't give one shareholo[illegible] 20 percent."

It was a serious miscalculation. The [illegible] fusal to halt Arnault's stock purchases [illegible] Gucci with one option: find a white-kni[illegible] investor. The next day, after the board re[illegible] firmed the company's decision to remain [illegible] dependent, De Sole got on the phone a[illegible] began calling C.E.O.'s throughout the fa[illegible] ion and luxury-goods industry. By Sund[illegible] he had contacted nine companies and [illegible] lected eight "no thank you"s; a ninth ca[illegible] two weeks later. The problem was obvio[illegible] Directors hadn't yet authorized him to [illegible] Gucci up for sale, and no C.E.O. was p[illegible] pared to buy shares in a company in wh[illegible] he might shortly be a powerless minority [illegible] vestor under L.V.M.H.'s control. The ex[illegible] cise left De Sole despondent. "It looked l[illegible] we were entirely defenseless," he remembe[illegible] "It was incredibly depressing."

Before long De Sole began to feel t[illegible] Arnault knew his every move. On the o[illegible] two occasions in the next several we[illegible]

BANDS ON THE RUN

KEY TO ILLUSTRATION ON PAGES 106–7



1. Bruce Springsteen. **2.** Bob Dylan. **3.** Paul Simon. **4.** Lauryn Hill. **5.** Dexter Holland of the Offspring. **6.** Whitney Houston. **7.** Jewel. **8.** Cher. **9.** Tori Amos. **10.** Alanis Morissette. **11.** Elton John. **12.** Carlos Santana. **13.** Anthony Kiedis of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. **14.** Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. **15.** George Clinton of P-Funk. **16.** Brian Wilson. **17.** Sarah McLachlan. **18.** Sheryl Crow. **19.** Chrissie Hynde. **20.** Brandy. **21.** Debbie Harry. **22.** Adam Horovitz of the Beastie Boys. **23.** Adam Yauch of the Beastie Boys. **24.** Mike Diamond of the Beastie Boys. **25.** Steven Tyler of Aerosmith. **26.** Joe Perry of Aerosmith. **27.** John Rzeznik of the Goo Goo Dolls. **28.** Mark McGrath of Sugar Ray. **29.** Michael Stipe of R.E.M. **30.** Wyclef Jean.

he was able to interest a potential
night in a deal, Arnault struck both
snapping up large blocks of Gucci
a series of moves that soon brought
dings to a stunning 34.4 percent. "It
most like they were trying to send a
e, which was 'If you continue to try
ner with someone else, we will keep
shares,'" says Robert Singer. Ar-
rins when asked about this. "Through
nkers we knew exactly what was
on," he says of De Sole's aborted
. "The people who refused him
us."
sing the desperation in De Sole's
Arnault remained confident the Guc-
d could be coaxed into a friendly
ne of De Sole's board members told
d of Arnault's that what Gucci need-
"a godfather," a larger company to
ts fortunes. "We were encouraged by
Arnault says. But the most promising
ame from Godé's regular chats with
cGurn, the Cleary, Gottlieb lawyer.
hoped McGurn would develop into
ed "back channel" for the two sides
, and he did. During January and
ry, Godé says, McGurn repeatedly
d him that a friendly deal remained
ly possible, but likely. "We were very
aged by what Bill was saying," con-
Godé. "We really thought we could
ne kind of agreement with them."

th his attempts to find a white knight
a failure, there was nothing for De
do but meet with Arnault. With so
egos involved, it took most of the fol-
week to arrange a time and a place.
lt wanted to keep things informal in
of wooing De Sole, but the Gucci
growing angrier by the day, had no
on of being romanced. "I asked him
ner," Arnault recalls, "and he asked
Morgan Stanley."
y first met alone at 6:35 on Friday
g, January 22, in a conference room
rgan Stanley's Paris offices. Summit
gs between the principals in major
er situations are typically as scripted
hearsed as presidential debates—De
as prepped by Bill McGurn in Flo-
-and the 70 minutes Arnault and De
pent together was no exception. Ar-
ctually read a typewritten statement.
ding to De Sole's notes, the French-
avished praise on Gucci's manage-
said it would be "a disaster" if De
nd Ford resigned, and insisted that
t thing he wanted was "to go to war"
Gucci. He promised that De Sole
d do well" under L.V.M.H. control.
ole, at first surprised by Arnault's
onslaught, fell back on McGurn's in-
ons. De Sole urged Arnault, whom
led "Mr. Arnault," either to stop buy-
ing Gucci stock or to make a bid for the entire company. Arnault demurred, saying that what he really wanted was three seats on De Sole's board.

De Sole returned with his own proposal five nights later. He suggested that L.V.M.H. be granted two seats on Gucci's board in return for reducing its stake, now at 34.4 percent, to 20 percent, guaranteeing the company its independence and leaving De Sole and Ford in control. Arnault promised to consider it, but at their third meeting, on the evening of February 8, he rejected all of Gucci's ideas. To De Sole he seemed to gyrate wildly from airy promises to veiled threats. "It was almost dyslexic to me," De Sole remembers. "I thought, This is the weirdest thing I've ever seen. But then he is famous for having no people skills whatever."

Even as De Sole and Arnault continued their talks, Pierre Godé kept up his quiet chats with McGurn. Working closely with De Sole, the American lawyer encouraged Godé's hopes of a friendly deal, even while rattling Gucci's sabers, insisting to Godé that De Sole had any number of traps he was waiting to spring. On February 4, McGurn mentioned something that caught Godé's ear. He said Gucci could issue millions of new shares of stock to any white-knight investor who came along, a prospect to frighten any hostile suitor, whose own shares would be severely diluted.

Godé thought such a tactic was impossible. Before moving on Gucci, in fact, Arnault had asked his New York lawyers at Davis Polk & Wardwell about this very possibility. Davis Polk told Arnault of a New York Stock Exchange rule that forbids any member to issue new shares amounting to more than 20 percent of its capital. After talking to McGurn, Godé shot off a letter to stock-exchange officials in New York, asking to be assured that Gucci could not issue more than 20 percent without a special waiver, and asking to be notified in the event such a waiver was ever requested.

What neither Godé nor his New York lawyers learned until it was too late was that the 20 percent rule did not apply to foreign firms such as Gucci, which, according to a separate set of exchange regulations, were subject instead to laws in their home countries. De Sole's own attorneys, however, knew this loophole by heart, as Arnault, to his regret, was shortly to learn.

In the wake of his third meeting with De Sole, Arnault acknowledges, "I was frustrated." They talked and talked but seemed to be getting nowhere. After conferring with Godé, Arnault decided to turn up the pressure. In a letter to De Sole, he formally notified Gucci that he planned to convene a special shareholder meeting—his right as a large shareholder—to nominate someone for membership on Gucci's board.

Hearts sank in the Gucci camp. "It was not good, just more arm-twisting," a Gucci insider recalls. "It was very clear that we were in a box." Somehow they had to find a white knight who would buy enough Gucci stock to dilute Arnault's holdings. Scott Simpson, an attorney in the London office of the powerhouse New York law firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, had been pushing a far-fetched idea on De Sole for weeks. If they couldn't find a buyer for Gucci shares, Simpson reasoned, maybe they could create one. Simpson wanted to establish an Employee Stock Ownership Plan, or ESOP, by which Gucci's board could grant a huge block of new stock to company workers. Simpson had been corresponding with stock-exchange officials in New York for months and knew about the loophole that made it possible. Still, neither Zaoui nor De Sole was enthusiastic. On Wall Street, ESOP-related takeover defenses are considered gimmicky and legally iffy. A court might easily strike an ESOP down for what it was, a defensive ploy, destroying Gucci's credibility with its own shareholders.

At a Gucci board meeting on Sunday, February 14, Zaoui persuaded directors to try one last time to wring a standstill from Arnault. He also wanted to set the stage in the event Gucci was pushed to adopt the ESOP defense. *Forbes* magazine had speculated that Arnault might be forced to pay up to $100 a share to buy Gucci outright, an outrageous number by most estimates. Zaoui, looking to assure shareholders Gucci wasn't being unreasonable, realized De Sole had to distance himself from such speculation. They needed to put a fair price tag on Gucci, and the next day De Sole passed it on in a call to Arnault himself: $85 a share, and he had to buy the whole company.

The next morning Arnault, who was boarding a plane to New York, gave his answer: No. But, the Frenchman said, he would still entertain a Gucci proposal to swap seats on Gucci's board for a standstill agreement. De Sole was jubilant; it appeared to be a breakthrough. That afternoon Zaoui faxed a version of a standstill agreement to Pierre Godé in Paris. It was a complex legal document, with multiple restrictions on the role L.V.M.H. directors could play on the board. Godé asked for two days to examine it. De Sole refused, saying the matter needed to be resolved at a Gucci board meeting two mornings later. They compromised on five P.M. on Wednesday, February 17.

At 5:01 the L.V.M.H. fax inched out of De Sole's machine. In it, Arnault seemed to backtrack, asking Gucci's board for "a rea-

Gucci's War

[illegible] had entered into a standstill agreement. De Sole, pushed to the edge of his [illegible] by round-the-clock, seven-day-a-week strategy sessions, lost his temper. "He wants a reason? I'll give him a reason!" he fumed.

The next morning Gucci announced the formation of its ESOP, on which it bestowed voting rights for 20 million new Gucci shares; overnight, the move diluted Arnault's stake to 25.6 percent and created in Gucci workers a huge new friendly shareholder. It was a move that would be viewed in both camps as a declaration of war.

Pierre Godé blinked when he saw the Reuters headline cross the computer screen on his desk. He didn't know what an ESOP was. At first he thought De Sole had pulled off a leveraged buyout. Arnault received the news via fax at his New York hotel. He didn't know what an ESOP was, either. "I thought it was a poison pill," Arnault recalls. "I told Pierre, 'Give me a report on it when you understand it.'"

Once Godé understood it, he and his aides immediately told reporters that De Sole's ESOP was a clear violation of New York Stock Exchange rules. Not until later that day did Godé realize that no one at L.V.M.H. had ever followed up on the letter to exchange officials, which had never drawn a response. After urgent calls were made to New York, a senior stock-exchange official explained the new-shares loophole in a fax to Godé the next day. "Our lawyers," Arnault says with a theatrical roll of his eyes, "were very surprised that Gucci could do that." James Lieber's jaw barely moves as he reluctantly acknowledges the importance of the overlooked loophole. "One does not normally expect that a company can double its shareholder base as a defensive mechanism," he notes stiffly. "We would have had a very different understanding of the battlefield."

Arnault had gone to bed Wednesday night believing he was on the verge of gaining the seats he wanted on Gucci's board, and says that to this day he cannot fathom what set De Sole off. He resisted the impulse to telephone the Gucci chief to find out. "You don't call someone," he says, "who has just shot you in the back."

L.V.M.H. lawyers, meanwhile, sued to block the ESOP. A week later a Dutch court, sitting in Amsterdam, handed Arnault a partial victory. It temporarily froze the voting rights of both the ESOP and L.V.M.H. and ordered both sides to begin negotiating in good faith. The court, however, refused Arnault's request to close the loophole, which remained wide open, ready for De Sole to use again at his whim.

The morning after the court's ruling, Godé faxed De Sole a request to begin the court-ordered negotiations. After much back-and-forth (and a well-received Gucci fall women's collection in Milan on March 2, at which rumors were rampant of Arnault or an Arnault spy in the audience), a meeting between the two sides was set for Friday, March 19, at Amsterdam's Hotel Krasnapolsky. Arnault sat back to wait—and worry. He wanted to believe he still had De Sole cornered, but doubts nagged at him. At a March 18 press gathering, Arnault answered questions about De Sole's intentions with a plaintive query: "Are the Gucci people really sincere?"

It was a good question. De Sole, in fact, was eagerly looking for ways to escape. While the ESOP buoyed the morale of his team and bought them some time, it did little to alter the fundamentals of their quandary. Unless they could find a white knight, they would return to the bargaining table in the same hopeless situation in which they had left it. In the last week of February a potential buyer—a European industrial company which Gucci executives decline to identify—emerged, but after three days of furious negotiations the talks fell apart, leaving De Sole as despondent as ever. "We were dead—dead," he recalls.

Then, on Thursday, March 4, Michael Zaoui took a call from a Morgan Stanley colleague, an investment banker named Joseph Perella—the same Joe Perella who for 15 years had served as the partner of famed New York investment banker Bruce Wasserstein, until an early-1990s falling-out landed him at Morgan. Two weeks earlier, Perella told Zaoui, he had paid a regular courtesy call on François Pinault. A garrulous, self-made billionaire, Pinault is a household name in Paris, where he is a confidant of French president Jacques Chirac's. His assets are better known; they include Christie's auction house, Converse shoes, and Samsonite luggage. Running through a laundry list of acquisition candidates for Pinault that day, Perella had mentioned Gucci. Pinault seemed intrigued. After a quick trip to New York, where he strolled Gucci's Fifth Avenue store, Pinault telephoned Perella to ask if he could meet the company's top executives.

When Zaoui reached De Sole with the news that Pinault wanted to talk, the Gucci chief shrugged. "I'd never heard of the guy," De Sole admits today. "I didn't have a clue." He consented to meet Pinault in London that Monday, March 8, but thought little more of it. At the meeting, De Sole gave Pinault and a top aide, Patricia Barbizet, his standard speech, explaining how he and Ford had resurrected Gucci. Pinault liked what he heard. So did De Sole. "Michael," he told Zaoui afterward, "I really like guy. I think we could do something second meeting was arranged for tha day, March 12, at Pinault's Paris house. It was time for Pinault to me man who was Gucci's principal non cial asset: Tom Ford.

Clad in his customary black, Ford sently stirring his vodka-tonic a pick through the details of the tak drama that has taken over his life. I drizzly April evening in London, ar are sitting in one of his favorite M restaurants, Le Caprice, at a corner where, Ford informs me, Princess D used to lunch regularly, her back crowd of people whose eyes followe every move. Ford sits facing the room scanning the other diners. An item i of the London papers this morning re ed that Arnault had hired the vaunted York investigative firm Kroll Associa snoop on Ford. Ford has seen a man ing in a car outside his Paris apartmen last several nights, and he suspects the is a Kroll operative.

"I'm always suspicious, you know says. "Maybe it's because before I ca Gucci I used to work on Seventh Av in the Garment District, and those just screw each other left and right. yeah, from the very beginning, I trust Arnault. Someone doesn't tell yo truth one time, why should you b them again? There was an arrogance

"Frankly," Ford goes on, "I thin could teach Bernard Arnault a few t about this business. His designers know, they're great designers—don't g wrong—but they don't have a vision. vision is not visible in the boutique just not there. You don't see it in the a tising, in the packaging, in anything. don't think Arnault gives them enough port. Maybe not the right kind of supp

Since the first days of the fight in ary, Arnault has been careful to leave public criticism of Gucci management praise for Ford. "It's a transparent att to woo me," says Ford. "You know, nard Arnault actually met with my fr in New York. One of them came to M just to say 'Hi.' Halfway through dinn says that she's really there on beha Arnault. She was supposed to call Ar after dinner." Ford stirs his drink. "He proached through every channel excep right one—the direct one."

While Ford has repeatedly stated pu that he has no intention of allowing hi to be wooed, De Sole and his advise uncomfortably aware that Arnault tempting to drive a wedge between hi Ford. And with good reason: at least during the fight, Ford has found hi

n mixed feelings. Early on he had urged Sole to tell Arnault of the clause in his ployment contract that allowed him to gn if anyone acquired 35 percent of cci stock—"the Dom-Tom bomb"—but n L.V.M.H. brought its buying spree to reeching halt at 34.4 percent, Ford was plussed.

"I was furious!" Ford remembers. "If l gone to 35, I would have been vested. my [stock] options!" While Ford won't how much he stood to make, newspas will later report that he holds options two million Gucci shares at $45 a re; with Gucci stock hovering at $85, designer stood to make roughly $80 ion.

Ford had no mixed feelings, however, n De Sole asked him to meet François ault. At the March 12 lunch in Pinault's h Arrondissement town house, Ford lly took in the collection of contempo- art that lined the walls. He admired man's taste, and as the lunch wore on, warmed to the man as well. "What I d about him was his eyes; there was an ant rapport," Ford remembers. "I liked way he talked to his people. He clearly ned and respected the opinions of the ple who worked for him. One even cor- ed him."

After lunch Ford and De Sole left, alone, airing to a conference room at Morgan ley, where De Sole reminded his young tner that theirs was a momentous deci- , one they shouldn't rush into. But Ford emphatic. Pinault, he said, was perfect. ice man, obviously good to his people. Pinault's greatest asset, as Ford saw it, his ignorance. "That was the key thing: knew nothing!" Ford recalls, smiling. e didn't need his [fashion] expertise. We ded his money. The last thing I need is neone coming into my office giving me ice on what to do. I don't need that at stage in my career. And neither does menico. That was the No. 1 positive nt to Pinault."

De Sole pressed for doubts, but Ford re- ined adamant. "I always go with my gut inct," Ford says today. "Besides, what er options did we have?" But a $3 bil- deal over one lunch? "What can I ?" says Ford, raising his palms. "I'm a go."

y that evening, lawyers and investment bankers were already hard at work at- pting to bang out the financial details of inault-Gucci alliance. Code names were igned. Gucci was "Gold." Pinault was atinum." L.V.M.H. was "Black." Pinault, h an eye on the impending resumption of Sole's negotiations with Arnault, set a rch 19 deadline; if a deal couldn't be ck in one week, there would be no deal.

Despite Ford's go-ahead, steep obstacles remained. By the next afternoon, in fact, with Ford winging west for a trip to Los Angeles and then on to Santa Fe, De Sole was anxiously touring London's Royal Air Force Museum with Bill McGurn, certain that the deal would be stillborn. De Sole was insisting that Gucci representatives retain control of the board, and the two sides were far apart on price. A long conference call between the two sides the next day, Sunday, only confirmed De Sole's pessimism. Still, Pinault arrived at the Morgan Stanley town house in London on Monday morning, intent on talking more. In an intense, all-day negotiating session, during which De Sole doggedly held to his positions, Gucci carried the day. De Sole would control five of the nine board seats, and Pinault—in De Sole's second use of the stock-exchange loophole—would pay $75 a share for 40 million additional new shares of Gucci stock, or 42 percent of all Gucci stock. The new shares would dilute Arnault's holdings to 19.6 percent.

Jubilant, De Sole telephoned Ford in Santa Fe, where he was visiting his grandmother, who was recovering from an illness, and urged him to return to London. Pinault had something else up his sleeve, and on Wednesday he sat down to fill the pair in. At their first meeting, Pinault had mentioned that he might be interested in acquiring Sanofi Beauté with its Yves Saint Laurent division, which remained for sale after Arnault's Christmas Eve rejection. If Ford and De Sole agreed, Pinault now said, his plan was to buy it, announce the purchase in two days at the same press conference in which they were to unveil the Gucci deal, and hand the whole thing to De Sole and Ford to run. "He asked, did I want it," Ford remembers. "I said, 'Yes!' YSL is the No. 1 brand in all the world!"

There was only one catch. Pierre Bergé, YSL's imperious chairman, had retained control of his own board while under Sanofi's aegis and was rumored to have opposed the December deal with Arnault because he refused to relinquish that control. Neither Ford nor De Sole, anxious to avoid offending Bergé, will comment, but one source close to their talks with Pinault indicates that a condition of their agreeing to manage YSL was Pinault's commitment to ease Bergé aside. With that assurance in hand, the Gucci executives walked out of the meeting stunned at the turn in events. One minute they were poised on the precipice of a hostile takeover that could cost them their jobs and the company they had built; now here they were, on the verge of a deal that would give them $3 billion in cash, retain their independence, and launch Gucci on the road to being what investment bankers call a "multi-brand platform." With Sanofi Beauté under its control, in fact, Gucci would be transformed at once not only into a smaller version of L.V.M.H. but also into Arnault's most formidable competitor.

Friday morning, March 19, two hours before he and Godé were finally to resume negotiations with Gucci executives, James Lieber was eating breakfast in the lobby of the Hotel Krasnapolsky when his cell phone rang. Calling from Paris, his secretary had jaw-dropping news. A headline had just crossed the Reuters newswire reporting that Gucci had announced a massive deal with François Pinault. In minutes Lieber was upstairs, conferring with Godé. "What do we do now?" Lieber asked at one point, indicating their 11 A.M. meeting with Gucci.

"We keep our appointments," said Godé.

The meeting, in a downstairs conference room, was predictably short. Gucci's general counsel, a white-haired American attorney named Allan Tuttle, accompanied by a cluster of lawyers, politely declined to give Arnault's men any further information on the Pinault deal. "To have a successful meeting, three things are required: courtesy, transparency, and politeness," Godé finally said. "I regret that this morning you have shown us none of these." And with that the L.V.M.H. men rose and left.

They were back in Paris by 2:30, sharing sandwiches with Arnault in an L.V.M.H. conference room. Arnault had been doubly startled when he learned the news that morning, just moments after delivering the opening speech at an L.V.M.H. management conference at Euro Disneyland. His outside public-relations person, a Frenchwoman named Anne Méaux, also worked for Pinault. She had called, told him of the Pinault-Gucci deal, and in the same breath resigned to work more fully for Pinault. "I thought at first, It's a joke, it's impossible," Arnault admits. "After 10 minutes we got a communiqué with all the [details]. I said to everybody, 'That's incredible!' And then I said to Yves Carcelle, 'Well, come with me, we'll see what to do.'"

By the time Godé and Lieber returned from Amsterdam, Arnault had made his decision. As he saw it, he had but two options: remain a large but powerless minority investor in a company now controlled by hostile parties, or attempt to buy Gucci outright. He decided to bid, announcing a staggering $8.7 billion offer for Gucci that same afternoon. He also sued to block the Pinault deal, claiming that Pinault's 42 percent stake in Gucci doomed the very bid L.V.M.H. was now making. The following week the Dutch court, while again instructing L.V.M.H. and Gucci to engage in talks that both camps now realized were point-

Gucci War

[illegible] would rule on all Arnault's [illegible] on Thursday, April 22. Once [illegible] sat back to wait.

"I feel better, lighter, you know," Robert Singer is saying. "More rested."

"I know," De Sole says. "Me too."

It is a relaxed band of Gucci executives who tromp down the Jetway at London's Heathrow Airport for the short flight to Amsterdam, where they will attend what they all fervently hope will be the long battle's climactic scene.

"I think we've got them in a box right now," De Sole says after nestling into a coach seat. His American and Dutch attorneys have assured him there is little chance the Amsterdam court will overturn the deal with Pinault. "I'm not that concerned," he continues, sipping a glass of sparkling water. "Still, it's not over yet."

The moment De Sole deplanes in Amsterdam, reality intervenes. His cell phone bleats, and for several minutes, as he paces the baggage-claim area, he remains deep in whispered conversation. "They've leaked to the papers!" he says finally, thrusting the phone to an aide. "They say Tom canceled."

It is Ford on the phone; he has been trying to reach De Sole for an hour. This morning's *Financial Times* reported that Ford, as part of the court-imposed "negotiations," had agreed to a meeting with Arnault. But the article also reported details on the stock options in Ford's confidential employee contract; to review the contract, L.V.M.H. executives had signed a confidentiality agreement, and De Sole is certain they broke it by leaking to the *Financial Times.* Ford, irate, then canceled the meeting, as L.V.M.H. was now telling reporters.

Outraged, De Sole stalks to his waiting Mercedes. "They're trying to poison the well," Scott Simpson, the Skadden, Arps attorney, tells De Sole as they drive toward downtown Amsterdam. "Then, when we get all pissed, they can use it as another excuse why they can't bid [the $8.7 billion]." Gucci executives remain convinced that Arnault will never actually bid if he can gain effective control of the company for far less money.

De Sole glares out the window. "Tom is very upset," he says. "But we're pretty calm. We know their game by now."

The Amsterdam court that presides over Gucci's fate is a Tower of Babel–like monument to both the potential and the confusion of doing business in the new, unified Europe. Every fourth person in the bland, chapel-like courtroom, it seems, is a translator scribbling notes, into English for the American attorneys, French for the French attorneys, or Italian for the burly Gucci union leaders who have flown up from Florence. All day long, as the five black-robed judges preside in their guttural Dutch, the Gucci unionists pass yellow sheets of paper among themselves, trying to follow what is going on. Even De Sole is never totally sure. "Who is that guy sitting on the left, the clerk?" he asks the Gucci group over breakfast at the Hotel de l'Europe. No one knows. "Does he get a vote?" De Sole breaks up. "This is hilarious," he says, laughing. "No one can understand a thing that goes on here."

Seagulls dive and shriek outside the courtroom's high windows as the Dutch attorneys representing L.V.M.H., Gucci, and Pinault take turns making their arguments. In this, as in most takeover battles, the court assumes the character of a parent impatiently attempting to mediate among bickering children. The attorneys' arguments quickly take on a numbing sameness—*He hit me first! He won't play fair!*—and generally bear little connection to reality. For eight stultifying hours, [illegible] spectators fight to remain awake, [illegible] L.V.M.H. attorneys argue, among other things, that Arnault is a kinder, gentler C.E.O. who would never lay off Gucci employees. Gucci attorneys, meanwhile, insist that their deal with Pinault was not "defensive" in nature and had nothing to do with L.V.M.H.'s attack.

In the end everyone is disappointed. After De Sole, Godé, and one of Pinault's executives stand and deliver brief remarks, the judges note that they will have no final decision for more than a month. In the meantime they leave in place an earlier order freezing Gucci's transaction with Pinault.

"Another six weeks—I dread it," De Sole tells me. He rolls his eyes in disgust. "I can already see it. We will get nothing done and they will continue to torment us."

On the morning of Thursday, May 2, De Sole returned to the Amsterdam courtroom to hear the Dutch judges' final decision on his handiwork. To his delight the verdict, while annulling the ESOP, amounted to a ringing affirmation of De Sole's new partnership with Pinault. The first person De Sole called was Tom Ford, whom I woke up in California.

"It was a complete victory, and we are delighted," De Sole told me. "It was a very trying time for us, and we're going back to work, building what will be the largest, most profitable luxury group in the world." The Gucci chief said that Arnault and Godé had not been in the courtroom but that the Dutch attorney for L.V.M.H. "came over to me and shook my hand, which was a very nice gesture, I thought." Nevertheless, L.V.M.H. threatened to sue once again.

Even in defeat, Arnault remains Gucci's second-largest shareholder, and an angry one at that. De Sole may have won this season's battle, but he may yet face a long cold war.

Hemingway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 wagon. In one letter, Ernest recounted how he was tallying his "score" on a bottle of scotch disappearing by fourths as he listened to a Yale-Princeton football game on the radio. Final score: Papa 4, Scotland 0. "This letter is handicapped slightly," he wrote, "by a tendency to dip the pen in the highball glass and drink the ink."

Far away from Prohibition in the States, Grant would stop at a traffic light near a particular bar on his way home from the Pan Am office. A policeman he knew would watch the car while Grant popped out, tossed down a drink the bartender had made when he saw him coming, and hopped back into his car before the light changed. Leicester Hemingway, in his 1961 book about his brother, recounts the time that "Ernest and Grant got an entire suburb of Havana cockeyed." Ernest and his fishing crew dropped in to Jaimanitas unexpectedly; Jane was away and Ernest was in a bad mood, so to lubricate an awkward evening Grant broke open five dozen cases of Castillon cognac salvaged from a shipwreck and instructed Ernest in "*carbinación*": swishing the cognac around in one's mouth, then inhaling the fine mist of alcohol. Ernest and Grant demonstrated the technique to the neighborhood, distributing cases of cognac in a party that "lasted two solid days and into a third."

At the end of Pauline's visit in the spring of 1933, Jane and Grant went to Miami for 10 days, then returned to host the two older Hemingway children and their nanny in Jaimanitas. One day when Jane was driving her son Tony along with Patrick and Bumby by Hemingway, her Chevrolet was forced off the highway by a bus. The car tumbled 40 feet into a ravine, turning over three times as Jane clutched her son to her. According to a fragmentary manuscript by Jane's, Bumby "piped up in his plaintive nine-year-old voice and said: 'It's quite all right, Mrs. M., I am not hurt and Patrick isn't either; he's *just* frightened.'" After an interview at the local police station, she got the children home in time for supper and, trembling, went to tell Ernest about it.

s' "near massacre." In her account, he sured her, "Well they have got to have a or accident sometime in their life and I very glad they started with you, Mrs. Then, her spirits "soaring," she contin- on to a large diplomatic dinner, where recounted the story of the accident to mbassador, who laughed at it. Furious, slapped his face.

soon became clear that Jane had done mething to her back in the accident, Grant hired a battle-ax of a nurse to after her. According to Jane, the com- nds of "gaunt, sex-starved" Miss Duffy, petite hurricane of forced cheerfulness," w the whole household into rebellion, four servants quit. In an agitated state, ain, and possibly incorrectly medicated, wrecked her back further by jumping a balcony high enough to be "reason- impressive as an effort at suicide but high enough to cause death or serious ry," Grant later recalled. He added, "I not think the accident was directly relat- o anything currently happening with Er- or me or with anyone else." Whether not Jane was in any kind of romantic noil over Hemingway, the strain was ag- ated by her being nearly responsible for n to the children. Grant chalked it up one of her changeable fits of elation and ression" and thought she was bidding attention. "In case she tried another n stunt," he wrote, "I arranged for con- t nurse attendance and then shipped to New York on a Ward Line vessel n special bars on the portholes."

Rumors flew that she had been shot in back by a revolutionary or had jumped a dare. Ernest, no stranger to suicidal ulses, believed he knew the truth. "Can take it?" he said to his godson years r. "She tried to take her life." Earlier spring, Hemingway had finished "A You'll Never Be," a story he said he te to reassure "a hell of a nice girl going y from day to day." According to biog- ner Carlos Baker, Hemingway implied Jane's instability "arose from a frustrat- ove for himself." Hemingway reportedly e made the crude crack to the writer n Dos Passos that Jane was the girl fell for him literally.

At the time, however, Ernest's sympathies e with Jane. He blamed Grant for ne- cting her, but he also blamed Jane for ng married to Grant. As he wrote to hibald MacLeish, "All women married wrong husband are bad luck for them- es and all their friends. c.f. Mr. Bench- s pal and Mrs. Parker's confidante. Mr. is a man of great wealth and will have re none ever as yet having been spent. ple seem to put up longer with a rich n a poor twirp. Also people put up with

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Will Smith's Tommy Hilfiger Collection leather shirt by special order from Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills; Gucci jeans from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for Justin boots, call 800-3JUSTIN.

Page 8: See credit for pages 92–93.

Page 22: Bottom, Hermès coat from Hermès boutiques nationwide; Tommy Hilfiger Collection leather shirt and pants by special order from Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills; Brown Beauty Stetson hat from Cavender's Boot City, Dallas; for Justin boots, call 800-3JUSTIN;

Page 26: Chris Garrett styled by Kimberly Debus for Jam Arts.

Page 71: Piper Perabo's Versace shirt and skirt from Versace boutiques nationwide.

Page 72: Top, styled by Jennie Lopez; **Scott Kannberg's** sweater by John Bartlett, from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; **Mark Ibold's** blazer by Dolce & Gabbana, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; **Bob Nastanovich's** shirt by John Bartlett, from selected Barneys New York stores; **Stephen Malkmus's** blazer by Dolce & Gabbana, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Yefim Shubentsov** styled by Tina Skouras; Ermengildo Zegna sweater from the Ermengildo Zegna boutique, N.Y.C.

Page 74: Ben Stiller styled by Kevin Robinson; jacket by Prada, from Prada boutiques nationwide; sweater by Marc Jacobs, from Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C.

Page 87: Ralph Lauren Home Collection sheets from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.

Pages 88–89: Will Smith's Tommy Hilfiger Collection leather shirt by special order from Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills; Tommy Hilfiger Athletics T-shirt from Macy's stores nationwide; Gucci jeans from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for Justin boots, call 800-3JUSTIN.

Page 91: Prada top and pants from Prada, N.Y.C.; Brown Beauty Stetson hat from Cavender's Boot City, Dallas.

Pages 92–93: Gucci shirt and jeans from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Pages 102–5: Costume design assisted by Anna Kot.

Page 121: For **Jack Nicklaus's** Jack Nicklaus Golf Apparel shirt and shorts, call 800-776-7268.

Page 123: Byron Nelson's Nautica Golf by David Chu shirt and pants from selected Macy's stores.

Page 124: Ernie Els's Alfred Dunhill sweater from Dunhill Golf by Alfred Dunhill, N.Y.C.; for Adidas Golf shirt and pants, call 888-765-4054. For **Lee Westwood's** Lyle & Scott turtleneck and pants, call 011-44-145-037-3361. For LaCrosse Footwear Wellingtons, call 800-671-BOOT.

Page 127: For **Nancy Lopez's** Izod Club shirt, sweater, and pants, call 800-522-6783; for FootJoy shoes, call 800-225-8500. For **Se Ri Pak's** LizGolf by Liz Claiborne vest, call 800-555-9838; for Lacoste shirt and pants, call 800-4-LACOSTE; Brooks Brothers socks from Brooks Brothers, N.Y.C.; for Nike shoes, call 800-352-NIKE.

Page 128: Phil Mickelson's Hugo Boss shirt, pants, and belt from the Boss Hugo Boss boutique, Short Hills, N.J.; for Rolex watch, call 800-36-ROLEX. **David Duval's** Tommy Hilfiger sweater, T-shirt, and pants from Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills.

Page 129: Justin Leonard's Polo Golf by Ralph Lauren shirt, vest, pants, and hat from selected Polo Sport stores; Ray-Ban sunglasses from Sunglass Hut stores nationwide; Ebel watch from selected Neiman Marcus stores. **Jim Furyk's** Johnnie Walker shirt, sweater, pants, and cap exclusively from selected Bloomingdale's stores.

Beauty and Grooming

Page 26: Chris Garrett's hair and makeup by Gita Bass for Susan Prince, Inc.

Page 46: Congressman Jerry Nadler's grooming by Kat James for Garren New York.

Page 71: Piper Perabo's hair styled with Paul Mitchell the Shine. All makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On her eyes, Eyeshadow Duo in Metro/Twilight; on her face, SmartWear Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Cream. Campbell for Profile; Maital Sabban for Artists.

Page 72: Pavement's members' hair by Antonio Prieto for the Antonio Prieto Salon; grooming by Renata Helfman. **Yefim Shubentsov's** grooming by Tatijana Shoan.

Page 74: Janeane Garofalo's hair and makeup by Tatijana Shoan; **Ben Stiller's** grooming by John Caruso for Garren New York.

Page 87: Howard Fugler for the Agency; Kay Montano for Chantecaille.

Pages 94–100: Tom Ford's, Domenico De Sole's, and **Michael Zaoui's** grooming by Mira for Public.

Pages 104–5: Hair by Lisa Pickering, Muriel Bell, Catharyne Le Blanc, and Mark English; makeup by Marilyn MacDonald; makeup assistance by Deborah Jarvis and Miri Ben-Shlomo.

Pages 121–29: Jack Nicklaus's, Gary Player's, Byron Nelson's, Ernie Els's, Lee Westwood's, Gene Sarazen's, Phil Mickelson's, David Duval's, Justin Leonard's, and **Jim Furyk's** grooming and **Patty Berg's** hair and makeup all by Lori Guidroz for the Rex Agency.

Page 127: Lori Guidroz for the Rex Agency.

Pages 131 and 133: Sam Snead's and **Arnold Palmer's** grooming by Karen Panoch for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Rick Floyd for Smashbox NYC.

Page 12: All, courtesy of Antony Mason; © by the Ernest Hemingway Foundation and John, Patrick, and Gregory Hemingway; copy work by Eileen Travell.

Pages 48–52: All, courtesy of Universal Studios.

Page 56: Both from Globe Photos.

Page 62: Top, from Globe Photos.

Page 66: All from Photofest.

Page 72: Bottom right, by Nigel Parry/C.P.I.

Pages 78–79: From Sygma.

Pages 80–81: From Reuters/Archive Photos.

Pages 84–85: From Sipa Press.

Pages 88–89: Horse from Arizona Stunt Specialties, Scottsdale.

Page 98: From Sipa Press.

Page 108: From the Ernest Hemingway Collection/John F. Kennedy Library, Boston.

Page 109: Large photograph courtesy of Antony Mason; copy work by Eileen Travell. Inset, © by Scribners; from the Ernest Hemingway Collection/John F. Kennedy Library, Boston; copy work by Allan Goodrich.

Page 110: From the Ernest Hemingway Collection/John F. Kennedy Library, Boston.

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Page 115: From the Ernest Hemingway Collection/John F. Kennedy Library, Boston.

Page 116: Top left, from the Kobal Collection. All others courtesy of Antony Mason; copy work by Eileen Travell. Bottom right, © by the Ernest Hemingway Foundation and John, Patrick, and Gregory Hemingway.

Page 117: Top left and top right, courtesy of Antony Mason; copy work by Eileen Travell. Center, from the Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.; courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, from the exhibition "Picturing Hemingway: A Writer in His Time." Bottom, from Photofest.

Pages 120–33: Production by Kristen Kish for Pictorial Productions.

Page 139: From Reuters/MAXPPP.

Editor's note: In the June issue, a credit for pages 182–83 was inadvertently omitted. **Ricky Martin's** hair was styled by Max Pinnell for Bumble and Bumble.

Also in the June issue, on page 202, the sculpture in the photo of Barbara Sinatra is by John Kennedy; it was donated by David and Connie Katz of the Coda Gallery.

[illegible] beyond our understandings. . . . I [illegible] very short story about it by [illegible]. Every spring Mrs. M wanted to marry someone else but in the spring of 1933 she broke her back. That's a little too simple too."

While Pauline wrote cheery notes to the hospital, Ernest took Jane's pain personally, as if he were partly responsible for it: "I feel so terribly damned bad about them having to operate on your back that I cant write you," he said in one letter. And, later, "It's too damned awful. . . . As explained once feel too bad about you to write to you. What can you say to the troops. Nothing." Even his wisecracks sounded strained, like the one about the new magazine he was writing for, "called of all lousy titles Esquire. Esquire my derrier. My derrier, Esq." When he wasn't calling Jane "Janie" or "Daughter"—as he called many younger women he was fond of—he addressed her as "Madame." In a postscript to one of Pauline's letters, there is a drawn face labeled "Monsieur Kiss."

He assured Jane that he thought of her "very often (some of every day)." In a burst of sympathy with her daredevil character and recent trauma, he wrote, "So how are you you poor bloody Diving Contest Winner take Nothing?" (About the same time, he wrote his editor Maxwell Perkins that he had finally found the title for his new collection of stories: *Winner Take Nothing.*) Pauline, meanwhile, let Jane know that she did not discuss with Ernest whatever might have led Jane to the balcony: "While I think of it, neither Ernest nor I have ever mentioned the fall—only the fruit thereof."

In Doctors' Hospital in New York, Jane had Tallulah Bankhead for a neighbor, at least one visit from Dorothy Parker, and a few from MacLeish, who came at Ernest's bidding and reported back that there were no close relatives around when Jane made decisions about her surgery. Archie was "upset" by this, Ernest wrote Jane, but more likely it was Ernest who was upset. He ended up communicating with Jane's doctor directly.

As her months in the hospital wore on, Jane wrote the Hemingways that she was being kept company by a tiny green Brazilian monkey (sent by Grant), two white mice, and an excellent bottle of sherry. Her pets made the New York society columns: hospital interns were humiliated at having to give sunlamp treatments to a rich patient's monkey, and when Jane complained that her mice, Samson and Delilah, didn't hit it off in an amorous way, a celebrated specialist was overheard to say: "My *dear* woman. . . . You ought to realize that mice are not like some people we know. Mice have to get acquainted." Ultimately a third mouse, named Gigolo, was brought on the scene.

From her hospital bed, Jane helped Hemingway plan a safari with Pauline in Africa. Ernest wrote with boyish enthusiasm: "Would like to ask D.C. [Dick Cooper] about taking guns out. I can't take my rifles through Cuba and Spain. . . . Would rather have something can hit with and am familiar with than more powerful double rifle wouldn't be used to. Maybe wrong. . . . But an old pal, Hall Smith, killed elephants for ivory for money with this Mauser and liked it on them." Jane cabled back with detailed counsel from Cooper: SHIP WITH RIFLES SIXTY ROUNDS THIRTY 06 OF 220 GRAINS BULLET FOR ELEPHANT OR RHINO. ONLY USE 220 GRAIN BULLET OTHERWISE WRONG BULLET RIGHT MOMENT.

By the time the Hemingways left for Spain at the end of the summer, with plans to move on to Africa later in the fall, there was political unrest in Cuba. Ernest was fired up to write the first of the Harry Morgan stories—the backbone of *To Have and Have Not*—and reported to Jane in a long letter from Madrid that he'd just finished a 15,000-word story set in Cuba, assuring her, "No you're not in it Madame."

Felt pretty bad about some things about Habana. . . . Thought maybe they had burned your house or looted your husband and that it was sort of like the Civil War. You know me in blue meeting you, my brother, in Grey on the battlefield of Antietam and regretting heartily having just shot you in the back as you ran. Those rebels always run like hell both ways, my Granddad said.

You know. Felt very much un–I told you so. Politically.

So now write humbly. Wish could see you instead. I'm always right on politics and foreign exchange. It's no great comfort.

Jane wrote back peevishly, knowing that she was indeed missing out on all the action, and trying to make a nasty kind of superior virtue of it: "All my windows give on other apartments and I can really say I'm getting a liberal education on the matter of how the other half lives, personally I'd rather *not* have to know. . . . As for the rebels being shot in the back . . . don't go feeling in any way upset over it. It's their revolution and I guess they have to get it out of their system." Meanwhile, Grant had arranged to get President Gerardo Machado and his retinue out of Cuba on a Pan Am plane.

By November, Jane was back on her feet, fitted with a back brace she called her "iron virgin." Her doctors considered it too dangerous for her to return to Cuba. Soon the Hemingways were on safari, enjoying, Pauline wrote, the people accompanyi them, skilled white hunters Philip Percy and "your friend Dick Cooper's frier [Bror] von Blixen. Your friend Mr. Coop is extremely well spoken of in these par Haven't been able to find out anything lou about him at all." Confined to New Yo Jane had fewer adventures, and those we mostly social. She hoped for an exhibiti of her sculpture at the Knoedler gallery, b she had left much of her work unfinishe She continued her art studies with Isan Noguchi, made the season's round of ch ity costume balls, and found her "fr blonde beauty" described as "positive lyric" in Hearst's *Sunday American*—"S seemed a beauty made in Venetian glass."

Jane was also undergoing an intensi course of what she called "psych paralyzing" with Dr. Lawrence Kubie, a N York analyst. "Nothing like it," she wro the Hemingways, "for breaking down a slight ray of ego which might have once lumined an otherwise modest life." Acco ing to Jane, Kubie later said that she w the only patient he'd ever treated whom couldn't help. But she took psychoanaly seriously, and tried to believe it was helpi her, just as she tried to believe that her h band's love was everything she wanted it be. She wrote to Grant in the affectiona baby talk they used with each other, "K bie and I are coming along beautifully a your little half wit is feeling more and mo competent to deal with this here busine of living. . . . I hope you and kwee [an in mate anatomical reference] miss us a lit for we miss you terribly."

Early in Jane's marriage, her mother h written Grant a letter of warning: "She hungry for affection, and love, and if y don't give your best to her, some day s will find some one that will. . . . Try and yourself go and be intense in your emotio with her, remember sex is a very vital a important issue." In the end, Grant m have liked *looking* at Jane more than a thing else. She had once sent him fro London a book of paintings of nak women, which he hoped was a joke as rushed to assure her that on her return "and kwee" would show her "how norm we are and how much we love you." N she wrote to him, "Though I haven't d cussed the matter with Kubie at any gre length, I can't see any harm in your 'm ies' of me, since they could hardly be pected to rouse the heart in anyone."

She probably came to miss Grant l over the next several months as she spe much of her time in the company of Di Cooper. Rumors that she was leaving h husband, that "among the many beau surrounding her there was "one who is t

favored," made the columns. The ru- were denied, but the night after she ıed to Havana, Jane got blind drunk.

ıt summer of 1934, Hemingway made s annual migration to Havana to fish ırlin and spent three months enjoying w boat, the *Pilar,* mostly without Pau- A friend of Leicester Hemingway's that around this time Ernest was ht playing hanky-panky," and that ıe came "rushing over here to protect ıterests." Yet Pauline and Jane still each other warmly.

Ernest's one letter to Jane that year, n at the end of the summer when she ı New York, he speaks about missing Is there any chance you are coming Or when? . . . I wanted to shake dice it—Is that practical? Shakem awfully dice for money, travel, adventure, or ." It is an ambiguous, tentative letter, ich he encourages Jane in her writing, test channel for her artistic energy. He bes a dream window on his own writ- ıxiety: "Woke up at 2 a.m. day before day to find myself sitting up in bed g. Experiment in a hoarse voice—In eam it was part of an arithmetic test ool." As an afterthought, he squeezes en the lines that the last time he saw ıe she was "looking lovely."

ıe would have had to be pretty cold- ed to carry on with the husband of ɔne writing to her as "sweet Jane" and ɜ my pearl." But the Venetian-glass y did not lack for sangfroid. Some- : along the line Jane had become a ın who could write in her diary of one r lovers, "I have given him the small ıs which was necessary to make him imself a man. It cost me little. . . . A ours of mental disturbance caused by datory basic physical desire. A few ents of disappointment. Mild disap- ment. . . . He has not as yet come to really anything to me. He is still un- ıered undominated and therefore an sting problem."

September 1934, Jane wrote to her ngs" the Hemingways to let Ernest that she had put in an order for first ns of his books and wanted him to hem. She also wanted to know if he eady to immortalize her in his work: e you (or are you really going to) start- piece about the strange case of Mrs. She was afraid of angering him, but l of something else too, something was "haunting" her in the night, hav- ı do with what he might write and the ty obviousness" of it.

ıt Hemingway wasn't one to shy away from obviousness. In a section later cut from *To Have and Have Not,* he wrote:

> Richard Gordon did not know that Mrs. Bradley ordered all the books of any writer who arrived in Key West . . . sometimes at considerable expense in the early editions. But Mrs. Bradley never minded the expense because a signed copy was worth more than an ordinary one and Mrs. Bradley's authors always signed. Usually they added something that made the book a worthwhile item and Mrs. Bradley kept these all upstairs in a glass case.

Meanwhile, Dr. Kubie was doing his own analysis of the novelist. In an article he submitted to *The Saturday Review of Literature,* he said that in Hemingway's work "real men" are "lusty, hard-living fellows, who must exhibit their prowess incessantly lest they forget they have it, and who drink noisily to hide from fear and depression." When Jane saw the essay, she panicked, drafting and redrafting desperate cables to Archibald MacLeish at his office at *Fortune:* IF NECESSARY PLEASE SAVE MY SKIN BY DENYING TO ERNEST MY PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE DR. KUBIE STORM BREWING.

After calling his contact at *The Saturday Review,* MacLeish wrote Jane to reassure her: "Your only mistake aside from your original mistake in letting the little kike psychoanalyze you (you remember I WARNED you) has been in knowing too much about what he was up to.... I have already taken steps which will prevent the publication of the article in the Sat. Rev. and will, if you notify me that he intends to go on trying, take steps to see that he never publishes it anywhere."

Kubie received a letter from Hemingway threatening legal action. At first he thought it had been written by his patient, for he found their handwriting "amazingly" similar. He protested that he remembered little about Hemingway from his conversations with Jane other than "a few physical characteristics" and "bits about his fishing." Jane spilled the whole story to Ernest, and then wrote to Kubie, "Stars fell on Alabama all right all right!! When he had more or less calmed down I explained that I really hadn't given you inside information.... But nothing would convince him that I hadn't spent ten months talking exclusively of him."

Given Hemingway's fame, Jane may well have hidden any erotic experiment with him even from her shrink—which would account both for her panic when she saw the sexual innuendo in Kubie's article and for Kubie's surprise that he was suspected of any "uncricket-like dealings." At the same time, the idea that a beautiful woman who was not, in fact, "whoring" might have slept with him and yet *not* be in love with him could have disturbed Hemingway, disturbed him enough to inspire his sharp-edged portrayals of the sexual adventuresses Margot Macomber and Helène Bradley. (In an unpublished section of *To Have and Have Not,* Hemingway even has Tommy Bradley try out the idea that his wife is given money for her services, adding, "She's a very romantic girl.")

Jane probably did devote little time to Ernest in her sessions with Kubie, emotionally preoccupied as she was at that point with the question of whether to leave her husband—whom she now referred to in letters to the Hemingways as "Spouse Ltd."—for Dick Cooper. She'd finally made her own trip to Africa, spent time on Cooper's farm, and gone out on safari, where "besides bringing down several lions and tigers," as one society column reported, she "shot one of the few white zebras in existence." The zebra's foal was shot, too, and sent to England to be made into a rocking horse for Jane's two boys. (She had adopted a second child, Philip.) MacLeish wrote to Hemingway that he had seen Jane in London on her way back from Africa, "& the Prince of Wales had her in for dinner & she tried to fix it up for me to meet the Prince ... & he said he wouldn't meet me socially." He also reported that Jane had been accompanied on safari by 14 men.

When Jane returned to Havana, she wrote to Kubie that Cooper wanted her to "begin thinking *really* seriously about marriage" because he was expecting his oil well to provide a gusher "well up in the millions." In a letter to the Hemingways, she said that Cooper had sent her a new shotgun "so beaut-ifull that I'm like an infant about it. And have to break nails, and sit crooning over it every few minutes." She confided that her "Mr. C" deserved a break regardless of their future as a couple. But Cooper, for some reason, backed away from her.

In a play called *Safari,* Jane created a woman named April who wants to marry a Captain Philip Mitchell and live on his farm in Africa but is afraid to leave her safe social position. Among the other characters are a weak young man being dragged around Africa "to put some guts into him," a dopey girl whose favorite author is Ernest Hemingway, and a hunter modeled on Baron Bror von Blixen-Finecke—whose first wife, Karen, wrote under the pseudonym Isak Dinesen. (Jane was probably inspired to try playwriting by her friend Clare Boothe Luce, who spent her honeymoon with Henry in December 1935 at the Mason house in Jaimanitas.)

For Jane, to return from Africa to Havana and the roles of wife and mother was to "revert to the ancient rôle of amoeba (you know those little creatures who go on dividing and sub-dividing themselves indefinitely)," she wrote to an unnamed friend or lover. Home again, she felt herself "succumbing to the local brand of poison ... turning me slowly into a cow." Admitting that "sometimes ... I look on my own fem-

[illegible] she described herself [illegible] print, tied down to a [illegible] feminine carcass."

She continued to find relief in the companionship of the Hemingways, who invited her to join them for partying and fishing on Bimini. Bror Blixen was there, and Arnold Gingrich, the editor of *Esquire,* dropped in. As Gingrich put it, he found Jane securely ensconced as "a member in high standing of the Hemingway camp," and fiercely loyal. When Gingrich began pontificating on the literary virtues of F. Scott Fitzgerald, she scolded him: "We don't say things like that around here."

Soon Gingrich and Jane began arranging rendezvous in New York. Jane wrote him a "letter to the editor" at *Esquire* using a pseudonym and a playful numerical code: "4ever th9 @tentive & ar10 Reader." He responded (in a letter typed and signed by his secretary) with "priv8 D lite" and "a n-vi-ta-shun 2 cum laude & lusTlee over 2 R house agane." At some point Jane scrawled, but probably didn't send, a telegram to the Hemingways: MISSING YOU BETWEEN REELS STOP GO FUTURE UNLIKELY PAST IMPROBABLE. OUR PRESENT LOVE OR IS THIS TOO TENSE. REPLY URGENT EDITORO AND THIEF YOUR MAGAZINE. On the same page, she drafted one to Grant in Miami: PLEASE COME HOME ALL IS FORGIVEN WILL GIVE YOU FIGHTING CHANCE. CONGRATULATIONS YOUR TWO VOTES AHEAD POPULARITY CONTEST.

Hemingway had encouraged Jane in her writing before she left for Africa, but now he warned her it was "a tough racket." He told her that Gingrich's book, which he'd sent Hemingway so proudly, was terrible. Jane may still have sent him, or wanted to send him, her play, *Safari,* because at about this time Pauline's sister, Jinny Pfeiffer, wrote her: "Mr. H seems to be in a deadly state of condemning manuscripts. So Mrs. Mason beware." Jane had recently had a short story rejected by *The New Yorker,* and told Hemingway, "I suppose I shall have to wait until I am (if ever) better known and then get it published. No insult to you intended." Hemingway himself, "full of all the juice in the world to write" but procrastinating, was on the verge of producing some of his best work. In *Green Hills of Africa,* he had made passing mention of a woman named Margot, the definition of "a beautiful woman." Now, in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," he made Margot the heroine, or antiheroine, of her own story:

> When she left, Wilson was thinking, when she went off to cry, she seemed a hell of a fine woman. She seemed to understand, to realize, to be hurt for him and for herself and to know how things really stood. She is away for twenty minutes and now she is back, simply enamelled in that American female cruelty.

Hemingway also drew on his impressions of Grant in creating Francis Macomber, who, like Grant, knows about fishing and motorcycles. Macomber also knows "about sex in books" and has "a great tolerance which seemed the nicest thing about him if it were not the most sinister."

"The strange case of Mrs. M" preoccupied Hemingway creatively through much of 1936. In April he finished a draft of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," along with "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (in which biographers see the signs of the breakup of his marriage to Pauline). He also wrote Dos Passos that Jane would be joining him and his buddy Josie Russell on the *Pilar* for a night crossing to Havana. "Mrs. Mason is almost as apt at going places without her husband as Mr. Josie is without his wife. But then Mrs. Mason has also had her husband for a long time too although Mr. Josie I believe there is no doubt has had his much oftener as well as longer than Mr. Mason." Once they arrived in Havana, there was a swank party at the Mason home in Jaimanitas which included John and Katy Dos Passos and Sara Murphy, who were visiting Cuba.

Later that spring, Hemingway fished again on Bimini, accompanied by Jane and Pauline and Jinny. "Jinny thinks you're a wonderful girl," Ernest wrote Jane. "I told her you were and are and that she had been seeing the best of you; the part we all use to see. Don't think I've seen you by yourself to talk to more than about a couple of times in two years." Since the summer of 1934, before Jane's trip to Africa, Hemingway had, for the most part, seen her only when she was surrounded by other admirers, on Bimini or at the party at Jaimanitas with Dos Passos (which probably inspired the scene in *To Have and Have Not* in which Helène Bradley seduces the character based on Dos Passos). He described Arnold Gingrich, "the old Mennonite," to Jane as "one of the nicest human beings I've ever known." He would soon reverse that opinion.

The letter continues in a conciliatory tone: "I paid your liquor bill at the new la Bodega. He swore you hadn't, so I figured you'd want us to, but if you did I'll be delighted to break his brown neck for him. It didn't amount to anything.... I'm not sore at you and I'm damned sorry I was cross to you. There's some things I don't like but it's a long time since I liked or disliked everything and I'd rather not be stuffy and get along." He even ruminates about his weight, suggesting that some of his "crossness" came from feeling physically unattractive around Jane: "Have taken off 13 pounds.... H[illegible] decided to abandon slobhood. Feel so g[illegible] with weight off not going to put on any mo[illegible]

Still, he was more cross than ever a mo[illegible] later, when Archibald MacLeish wrote [illegible] "Mrs. Mason you will be glad to kno[illegible] telling visitors from the North that she c[illegible] understand how any woman can have [illegible] but sisterly feelings toward myself." Ernes[illegible] sponded, "As for your sisterhood pal sh[illegible] a bitch say I and am documented. And [illegible] documented and am documented."

In a section that would later be cut f[illegible] *To Have and Have Not,* he created a bitt[illegible] inspired vision of Jane:

> But toward him through the crowd moved [illegible] beautiful Mrs. Bradley herself, tall, blo[illegible] lovely, her perfect features, her famous s[illegible] upper lip, her unbelievable brow, her shi[illegible] copper-coloured hair drawn back like s[illegible] early madonna, and her medieval coc[illegible] gown, trailing behind her as, preceeded [illegible] that more medieaval bosom, she moved t[illegible] periodless hips that were, as she move[illegible] swishing promise to any man who pai[illegible] wrote, played or sang, raced yachts, m[illegible] cars, played polo, shot beasts, birds, ra[illegible] office, flew his own or anyone else's pl[illegible] could read or write, or lacking any of th[illegible] was kind and agreeable. Although there [illegible] some who had enjoyed success by sin[illegible] being rude and brutal and others poor I[illegible] Bradley had not even caught their names[illegible] that was long ago when Mrs. Bradley d[illegible] too much which now she never did, and i[illegible] people thought it a great improvement[illegible] though there were others liked her better t[illegible]

Pauline's sister, Jinny, was smitten [illegible] Jane when she met the Masons, fin[illegible] it hard to "adjust to the rest of the dr[illegible] world" afterward, she wrote. Without J[illegible] there were "no rollicky bandy nights," [illegible] mourned. Jane added Jinny to her gift [illegible] sending her shoes, pants, a bag, and a [illegible] In the summer of 1936, Jinny visited Jan[illegible] Havana, accompanied by a letter from [illegible] nest saying, "Of all the things I havent[illegible] never will have value this shipment the l[illegible] est." Hemingway adored Jinny, but he w[illegible] never in fact "have" her, not only bec[illegible] she was his sister-in-law but also because [illegible] was a lesbian. On her return, Jinny [illegible] have informed Ernest of Gingrich's rom[illegible] with Jane; Gingrich thought so. She [illegible] also have hinted to Ernest that somet[illegible] had happened between Jane and he[illegible] Ernest recounted in a letter to MacL[illegible] Jinny, having "unfortunately always wh[illegible] the word loved" Jane, had "poxed he[illegible] while easily made drunk as who is not.[illegible]

If Dick Cooper and Arnold Ging[illegible] and Jinny and who knew who else had [illegible] to bed with Jane, Hemingway realized, [illegible] he was getting very short shrift. Hi[illegible] sponse was violent. In his letter to MacL[illegible] he said he "would like to give [her] a do[illegible] burst" of gunfire. But first he had to dis[illegible]

leasures of being with her: "O.k. for ıge but only worth the 5000 to Ponds ct or am prejudice." He also worried being involved with a woman whose oanalyst wanted to write about him: :ooled the scientists ardour but once a ist always a potential contributor to the lay review," he wrote.

e thing to remember with "living bitch- e concluded in the letter to MacLeish, .at when you see them they will con- you that they never said any such things :by stare undeviating they have con- d me for years, but papa you wouldn't e that, tears, you know I wouldn't say tears, papa you know I love you more anybody in the world and you know I never would have been able, no mat- hat, no matter if drunk, nor how drunk that (substitute Archie for Papa) beau- ovely bitcheating bitches."

another section later cut from *To Have Have Not,* Hemingway pours a similar of furious and tender feeling about into his description of Helène Bradley:

matter of record, Mrs. Bradley never ed any expense . . . nor small motor acci- nor really anything except boredom, on-arrival of guests and anyone or any- interfering in any way with anything she d to do or any plans, or not getting who anted at the exact moment she wanted Mrs. Bradley was lovely and generous beautiful and she was only twenty-six. vas really even more beautiful than she upposed to be.

nest returned to Havana in early De- er to check some "site information," pent several days with Jane while Grant ıway in Venezuela. He had lunch and r in Jaimanitas, and they swam together ike old times. It was his good-bye. He ıed to Key West and within a week met ıture wife Martha Gellhorn, a lovely le as full of energy and talent as Jane, ith more focus, in both work and love.

month later, Hemingway invited his law- yer, Moe Speiser, and Arnold Gingrich ey West for a few days to go over the ıscript of *To Have and Have Not* for po- l legal problems. He may have relished ıance to confirm any goings-on between ld and Jane while having the pleasure atching Arnold squirm. Gingrich later of their "riot" of arguments over the ıscript. Knowing all the principal char- s, he felt that Jane and Grant Mason ohn Dos Passos were "libelled right up eir eyebrows," and when he urged that dentifying details about Jane be cut or rked, Ernest exploded: "Goddamn edi- comes down to Bimini and sees a le, and he hasn't been the same since!" rich later confessed in the pages of *Es-* "I was on a sticky wicket and afraid I showed it." Hemingway once wrote that whenever his sons asked why Papa no longer wrote for *Esquire* he always said it was because he and Gingrich could not "see eye to eye over a blonde." Nearly 25 years later, when Ernest found out that after two intervening marriages Jane had ended up married to Arnold Gingrich, he was flabbergasted. "I can't get over it," he said. "I can't believe she married that little turd."

Gingrich wrote to Jane that, during their dispute over the manuscript, Hemingway argued that she "would have liked the [Helène] character immensely," and he may have been right. Ernest believed Jane was flattered to have been the model for Margot Macomber. Clearly she had wanted him to write about her, and she shared his black sense of humor. She could be at least as bitter about herself as Hemingway could be about her or about himself—that was one of the things that drew them together, and perhaps one of the things that kept them apart. Of more concern to Hemingway and his lawyer may have been the character of Tommy Bradley, for if Helène was with "pretty obviousness" Jane, Tommy could be identified as Grant. And portraying a Pan Am executive, about to be appointed by President Roosevelt to the first Civil Aeronautics Authority, as a man who got his kicks from watching his wife in bed with other men had to be seen as a legal risk.

Also deleted from the original draft of *To Have and Have Not* was Ernest's playful peekaboo about whether or not he had slept with Jane:

"Where's the old slob [Hemingway]? If he were here we could drink." . . .

"The old slob," said the bearded man [Bradley]. "You know I believe he's the only writer who ever had a book sell over a hundred thousand copies that never slept with Helène."

"How do you know he never slept with Helène?"

"That's so," said Bradley meditatively. "Must look upstairs in that glass bookcase."

In his letter to Jane about the edits, Gingrich pleaded with her to be "a damn fine actress about the whole thing" and not make "any kind of pass at Papa about it," or else he would look like "a louse" and Ernest would probably "get his back up" and restore the excised material. Soon after Jane got the letter, Ernest was on his way to Spain via Paris. "Mr. H is fou to get over to Spain and is only held up by his book," Jinny had written to Jane. "He does love a bit of killing." In January, another friend had written Jane, "Ernest has been snooping around the Red Expedition for Spain. Can't you stop him?" Hemingway, however, was gone from Jane's life for good. There were a few hurried notes from Pauline, and a birthday telegram to the Hemingways from Jane in 1938, and Jane had a clipping service send her mentions of Ernest in newspapers until after his death. But the ties that bound the group together had disintegrated.

The bowdlerized version of *To Have and Have Not* was published in 1937. Hemingway's exploration of the "whoredom" of writers and the rich—of wanting too much to please, and wanting to be protected from the harsher realities of life—was seriously crippled by the pared-down portrayal of the Bradleys. Gingrich himself acknowledged that without new writing to replace the cuts—without more of the Bradleys to represent the "haves"—the title of the book "applied about like the 'fifty-fifty' recipe for hamburger: one horse, one rabbit." Whatever he told Jane about the manuscript hurt her terribly, but the splinters of the Helène Bradley character that remained were probably more painful than the complex, clearly exaggerated whole. For although it was full of vitriol—which applied as much to "the old slob" as to Helène—much of the missing material was darkly hilarious, in the spirit of the old drinking and wisecracking days on the boat in Havana.

In Spain, Hemingway continued writing Jane out of his system. In his play *The Fifth Column,* Dorothy, the leading lady, is situated in the hotel room next to Philip, the leading man, just as Martha Gellhorn was in Hemingway's life. But the woman's character is closer to Jane: pampered, idealistic, restless, always meaning to work and never working, breezily exchanging one man for another—in short, personified with the same blend of nastiness and admiration that went into Helène Bradley: "She's lazy and spoiled, and rather stupid, and enormously on the make. Still she's very beautiful, very friendly, and very charming and rather innocent—and quite brave." The protagonist points out that American girls who go to Europe are the kind who, among other things, "open shops," as Jane had done in Havana, and in an echo of Ernest's early letter calling Jane "a very handsome convenience," Philip tells Dorothy she is "a very handsome commodity. The most beautiful I've ever had."

Hemingway wrote in his introduction to the play that Dorothy was the figure of "Nostalgia"—nostalgia, perhaps, for his own infatuation with Jane: "Have you ever been out to the Sans Souci in Havana on a Saturday night to dance in the Patio under the royal palms? They're gray and they rise like columns and you stay up all night there and play dice, or the wheel, and drive in to Jaimanitas for breakfast in the daylight."

Jane and Grant moved back to Washington, to the social world Jane knew so well. She was soon being diligently pursued by John Hamilton, head of the Republican National Committee, for whom

Hemingway

[illegible] Grant. As Mrs. Hamil[illegible] the campaign trail for [illegible] wearing a jeweled elephant [illegible] everyone assumed was a gift from her husband but that was actually a love token from Dick Cooper. She bought a farm in Pennsylvania with the money from her divorce settlement, and continued to encourage such local artists as Horace Pippin, an important African-American folk artist who did a fine painting of a room in her home called *The Den.*

A few years later, as the Hamiltons' marriage foundered, Jane was introduced to a *Reader's Digest* editor named Paul Palmer, with whom she indulged the fantasy of a marriage-free zone of satisfying sexual and creative partnership. When the war was over, Jane went to Madrid as a stringer for her friend Cissy Patterson's paper, *The Washington Times-Herald.* If it was too late to be with Hemingway, she could at least play the role of a minor Martha Gellhorn.

Palmer never joined her as they had planned, so for the first time in her life Jane was really on her own. She had been married since she was 17, always someone's dependent. Now she wrote everyone saying that she loved paddling her own canoe, and that she would forever stay away from the treacherous shoals of "mirage." Arnold Gingrich offered her the job of Paris editor of a new spin-off of *Esquire,* called *Moment,* addressing the current situation in Europe for the benefit of an American audience. But *Moment* was too aptly named: its finances never came together, and the small editorial staff dispersed. Jane was soon married again, this time to the European bureau chief for *Time-Life,* George Abell, known for his column, "Ready, Willing, and George Abell," for being one of the "Ten Best Dressed Men in Washington," and for composing dirty limericks. The marriage turned sour, and when Jane fled in 1955, her fourth and last husband was waiting for her at the airport in the States: Arnold Gingrich.

They settled into a life of bohemian gentility in a 12th Street town house in Greenwich Village. After a session with a Ouija board at her aunt's house, Jane came to believe that she was a spirit medium. She filled dozens of notebooks with automatic writing—more writing than she'd ever done on her own—and ultimately found herself struggling against sometimes violent possession by multiple personalities. Leicester, the only one of the Hemingways still in touch with Jane, wrote to Grant, "Janie, when in shape, can be the most entrancing female in a roomfull of people. But Janie, when full of a number of personal devils, can be a serious contender for an unprintable title." While Ernest was caught in the downward spiral that would lead to his suicide, Jane's spirit visitations became so harrowing that she and Arnold moved from their haunted house into the Lowell hotel. Deliveries from the Sherry Wine & Spirits Co. arrived frequently, and the Gingriches were kicked out when Jane started a fire by falling asleep with a lit cigarette.

Several of Jane's poems made it into *Esquire* under pseudonyms such as Proctor Farwell and James Matheson. Arnold encouraged her to collaborate on a book about her experiences in the spirit world with the research director of the New York Committee for the Investigation of Paranormal Occurrences. But the book never found a publisher, nor did her memoir about her childhood, nor did an epistolary novel called *Dear Meg,* in which the main character exists only in the various distorted ways her correspondents see her. Both the novel and the automatic writing can be seen as bitter commentaries on Jane's ultimate relation to the literary world: she was not a writer, she was a conduit, an impressionable personality to be written to, or about.

Jane Kendall Mason and Ernest Hemingway shared a dark side, a capacity for bitterness; both recognized something of themselves in the other. Jane, the quintessence of femininity, was as insecurely preoccupied with her womanhood as Hemingway, a paragon of machismo, was with his manhood. They were sensitive people who experienced their time's sex and gender confusions more acutely than most of their contemporaries. Both were torn between self-expression—even self-glorification—and utter self-erasure. In Jane, easily discouraged, the two tendencies kept canceling each other out, while Hemingway managed both with more conviction and more success. His ultimate self-erasure, with a shotgun in 1961, was brief and final, while Jane's took another 20 years of drinking and nervous collapse and a stroke.

Jane seems a woman emblematic of her age—at once too modern and too traditional, too free and too dependent, for her [illegible] peace of mind. She was a beautiful ref[illegible] tion of others' ideals and fears. In the 192[illegible] society pages saw a demure but mod[illegible] debutante who could provide a comfort[illegible] bridge to the past ("not at all the flap[illegible] type"). A few years later, in the early 193[illegible] *Vogue* featured her as one of "the [illegible] American type . . . active and keenly aw[illegible] of the world they live in." Hemingway bi[illegible] raphers Carlos Baker and A. E. Hotch[illegible] writing in the 1950s and 60s, quoted Er[illegible] alluding to Jane as the model of a rising [illegible] of aggressive female sexuality. According[illegible] Baker, Hemingway told him that Mar[illegible] Macomber had been invented "comp[illegible] with handles from the worst bitch I kn[illegible] (then) and when I first knew her she'd b[illegible] lovely. Not my dish, not my pigeon, not [illegible] cup of tea, but lovely for what she was, [illegible] I was her all of the above, which is wh[illegible] ever you make of it." Hotchner wrote t[illegible] Ernest had told him "in detail about [illegible] real-life bitch who was the prototype [illegible] Margot Macomber, a woman whose s[illegible] virtue was an overeagerness to get laid [illegible] that's a virtue in your book.'" Yet as H[illegible] ingway's letters to Jane make clear, [illegible] "bitch" was initially the object of a wa[illegible] if frustrated, tenderness.

Toward the end of her life, though[illegible] validated by a stroke, Jane was still a [illegible] matic figure with strawberry-blond braid[illegible] her waist. She reduced everyone she [illegible] known to "he" or "she." "He's dead no[illegible] Or "She was crazy, poor thing." When [illegible] discovered that my birthday was in July, [illegible] announced, "My husband Ernest's birth[illegible] was in July." With Hemingway biograp[illegible] Bernice Kert, Jane "replied haltingly to q[illegible] tions" that she might have married Erne[illegible] neither of them had been married at [illegible] time. They never argued, she told Kert, [illegible] teased each other. Yet whatever happe[illegible] between them, Jane probably never re[illegible] wanted to marry Ernest Hemingway. [illegible] wanted to *be* Ernest Hemingway.

Jane died of complications from th[illegible] cancer in 1980, four years after Ar[illegible] Gingrich's death from the same dise[illegible] Their tombstone is an open book mad[illegible] marble. On her page is written: "Tal[illegible] too many, not enough of any." In the [illegible] she would be remembered not for her [illegible] talents, but for Hemingway's. □

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VANITY FAIR AGENDA

Abboud's Hole in One

ph Abboud helped bring fashion to the fairway at Bryant Gumbel 10th Annual Celebrity Golf Classic, ebruary 26 in Orlando, Florida. ng a dinner and fashion v sponsored by the designer, prity tournament players eled clothing from the newly ched Joseph Abboud Golf ection, while comedian Tom eson and Mr. Abboud himself vided commentary on each t. The show's grand finale was a ial musical performance by Bennett and his orchestra.





muel Jackson looks dapper in his newest role. L to R: Joseph Abboud and Gumbel watch from the sidelines.

Giorgio Armani Parfums

April 7, *Vanity Fair* joined **Giorgio Armani Parfums** utives and Robinsons May beauty advisors to celebrate aunch of two new fragrances, Emporio Armani For Her and orio Armani For Him.

cocktail reception for 400 was held at Los Angeles hot The Gate.





L to R: Toria Garrett, ssistant Vice President of arketing, Giorgio Armani rfums, has her hands full. Dave Mullen, CEO of obinsons May, enjoys the vities with Dick Roderick, Senior Vice President Sales, Cosmair's Designer Fragrance Division.

The Ultimate Drive

BMW of North America and the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation invite you to help find a cure for breast cancer by participating in the Ultimate Drive. Two fleets of BMWs will tour the United States, making stops at over 200 local BMW centers. In an effort to raise $1 million, BMW will donate $1 to the Komen Foundation for each test-drive mile taken.

To participate at a location near you, please call toll-free 877-4-A-DRIVE or visit www.bmwusa.com for more details about this exciting driving experience.

First Look Film Series

The **First Look Film Series** is a bicoastal monthly screening program, founded by the Tribeca Film Center and Eastman Kodak and supported by *Vanity Fair*, Evian, and Grand Marnier. The series provides a premiere platform for emerging filmmakers and gives influential members of the independent film community a "first look" at promising new work. Each screening is followed by a reception, where filmmakers can mingle with the who's who of the film industry. The April premiere of Nisha Ganatra's *Chutney Popcorn* was standing-room-only and received unanimous acclaim.





L to R: Cast of *Chutney Popcorn*, Eliza Foss, Sakina Jaffrey, and Madhur Jaffrey. *Right:* Director of *Chutney Popcorn*, Nisha Ganatra and First Look's co-chair, Trina Wyatt.

Drink of the Month

Bombay Sapphire Martini–you've never had it like this

Crisp, distinctive, and delectably dry, **Bombay Sapphire Gin** lends a singularly exquisite taste to this classic favorite. Bombay Sapphire always lives up to its reputation as the gem of gins.

2 ounces Bombay Sapphire Gin, dash of Martini & Rossi Extra Dry Vermouth, green olives or lemon twist

Place gin and vermouth in a shaker filled with ice, shake vigorously, and strain into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with green olives or a twist of lemon.

Planetarium

Michael Lutin urges Cancers not to fear a walk down Memory Lane

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Cancers tend to cling to memories longer than other people do. It should not take any great effort for you to think back to where you were living in 1982 and 1983. With Mars making a station down in your 4th house at the point of the Saturn-Pluto conjunction of the early 1980s, you need to revisit the place you lived in back then. Bear in mind that the reason for returning there is to put some ghosts to rest and to try to understand the events that changed your family forever, *not* to torture yourself with thoughts of days gone by.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

It's good that you still have a friend or two you can call up and talk to once in a while. For that you should get on your knees and thank God. Pressure on you is building from all directions, and will most likely continue to do so for the rest of the summer. With a new moon in your solar 11th house and the ruler of your 9th in the 3rd, communication is your greatest asset. The only way to enjoy a moment of peace is to keep everybody else talking to one another. That requires you to talk out of both sides of your mouth now and then, which shouldn't be much of a stretch.

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

You're spending money now as if you had it. You're also probably kicking yourself every time you slap down your credit card or write a check. You don't have much choice, however, when a new moon in your midheaven trines the ruler of your 8th house in your 2nd. Your public image forces you to get off your little gerbil's wheel and play the big shot. You certainly would never want to turn into a blowhard, but when you're surrounded by a group of people who look up to you, you have to be gracious and professional. And that usually costs money.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Now that Mars is changing direction, every Libra could be the subject of a song that goes something like this: "Though you try to be nice, the soul of gentility, / You're exuding an ocean of hidden hostility. / One could get diabetes from that smile on your face, / And you're packing a rod under your hankie of lace." However, if you can channel your pent-up energy into creative projects, you don't need to feel thwarted or frustrated. More important, once you are up-front with people and quit the passive-aggressive garbage, everybody will be a lot happier, including you.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

One reason you have not been operating on your usual 48 cylinders is that Mars has been retrograde in your sign since last March. When this occurs, it's tantamount to being whacked in the stomach with a two-by-four. Now Mars is starting to move forward at the end of your 12th house, and it will re-emerge in Scorpio on July 4. For you that will truly be Independence Day. Until then, move cautiously. Keep your eyes directed toward the light. Do not obsess about secret enemies. Above all, try to be spiritually correct. And don't go getting yourself arrested.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

In your noble recent efforts to maintain control in complex situations where maintaining control is a virtual impossibility, you have had to close yourself off from some of your old cronies. Pluto's continued transit through Sagittarius is making it extremely difficult in general for you to relate to loved ones as warmly and openly as you once easily could. With a new moon in your 7th house, in trine aspect to your 11th, however, you must crawl out of your cave and socialize. And, frankly, relating to people is the best antidote for self-obsession.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

It's usually a good omen when any planet comes to the solar midheaven in a Capricorn's horoscope. It helps you to work more zealously in general and also gives you the juice you need to bring creative projects to fruition. Since this is a work time, take advantage of it. With Pluto in your 12th house, you've probably found that no matter how much zest you put into a job of any kind your enthusiasm flags after a while and you start wondering what the hell you are exerting yourself for. At the moment, Mars should be giving you a jolt of energy. Savor it.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Owing to your private aches and personal pains, you may feel that you are falling apart at the seams. Nothing, it seems, can turn you from the stubborn belief that your days on this earth are numbered. During a grand trine in air signs, though, so much happiness is all around that not even you can spoil the party with pronouncements about the brevity of human life. Your current flash of enlightenment may allow you to see that nothing lasts forever, but does that mean you have to broadcast the news just as everyone else is starting to feel groovy?

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Stop fretting. Your passion is not dead after all. It has merely been asleep. As Mars changes direction in your solar 8th house, it will not only draw you into financial deals and mergers but also awaken any desires and needs for intimacy that you have packed away in mothballs and stored down in the cellar. Ironically, as the new moon occurs at the bottom of your solar chart, your family will continue to make you feel wanted and cared for, no matter how alienated you have sensed you were at times and may someday be again.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Except for the money thing, you have to admit that so far it's been a pretty good year. As Jupiter continues to zoom through your sign, there's no reason to lose momentum and drop into one of your periodic black holes. Your ruling planet is going forward after three months of being retrograde. This will give you an opportunity to reinvent yourself for the thousandth time. You have to be able to handle opposition and challenges, though, because there are some rather provocative figures out there who'd like to knock your block off.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

If you stay healthy and keep your anger at bay, you should start making some serious money now. Provided you don't fall prey to the temptation to meddle in the dirty politics of revenge, the new moon taking place in your solar 2nd house and aspecting your 6th could spur you on to splendidly productive heights. You just need to remain focused on personal fulfillment and determined to restructure your life. You do *not* need to build up a load of resentment toward the idiots who, at times in the past, have tried to make your life miserable.

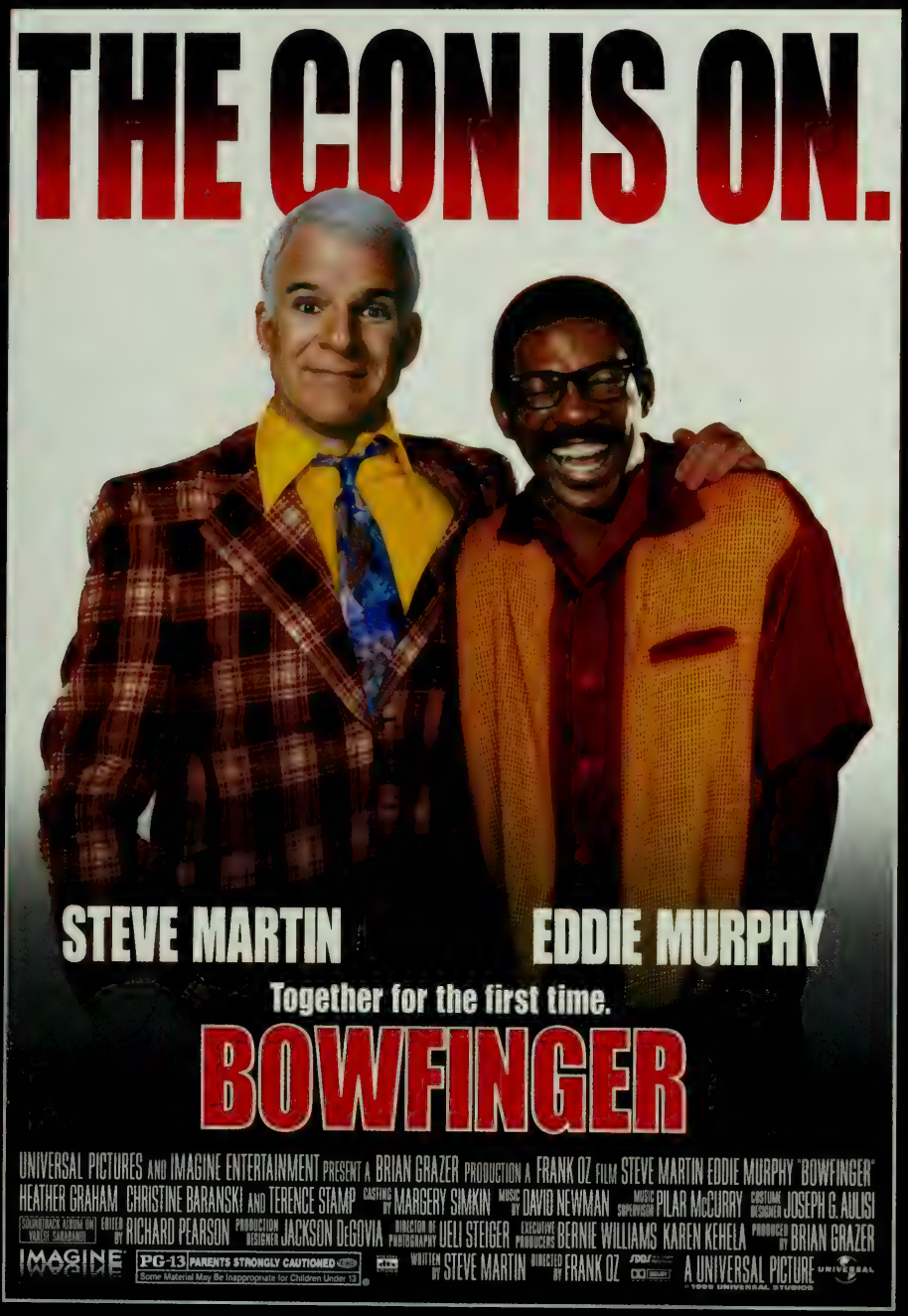
GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Children are about to start screaming for your attention. Even if you don't have kids of your own, they're coming into your life now whether you're ready or not. That's what always happens when Mars moves forward at the end of your solar 5th house. If you're unhappily married and not morally opposed to having an affair, there's one out there now for the taking. On the other hand, if you are in a relationship that is getting old and tired, and you want to keep it alive for five more minutes, you'll have to face the fact that it desperately needs a major injection of *something*.

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.

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Harry Connick Jr.

From his days as a Bourbon Street child prodigy to his meteoric rise to fame with the 1989 hit soundtrack for *When Harry Met Sally . . .* to his current incarnation as a leading man, Harry Connick Jr., at 31, has lived a jazz legend's life. This month, Connick rekindles his big-band sound with *Come by Me* (his 13th album) and reflects here on marriage, true love, and his Louisiana state of mind



What is your current state of mind?
Louisiana.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Healthy, happy family.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Impulse.

What is your favorite journey?
From here to eternity.

On what occasion do you lie?
When the truth is too boring.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
That it matters.

Which living person do you most despise?
Myself.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Confidence.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Jill Connick, Harry Connick, among others.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Hate and love.

What do you most value in your friends?
True love.

What is your greatest regret?
Don't have one.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Motherhood.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My children.

What is your most treasured possession?
My wedding ring.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Lack of faith.

Where would you like to live?
With the fish.

How would you like to die?
I wouldn't like it.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Me—all over again.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Me—I'd try to get it right next time.

What is your motto?
"Be on time and be nice."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PEGGY SIROTA



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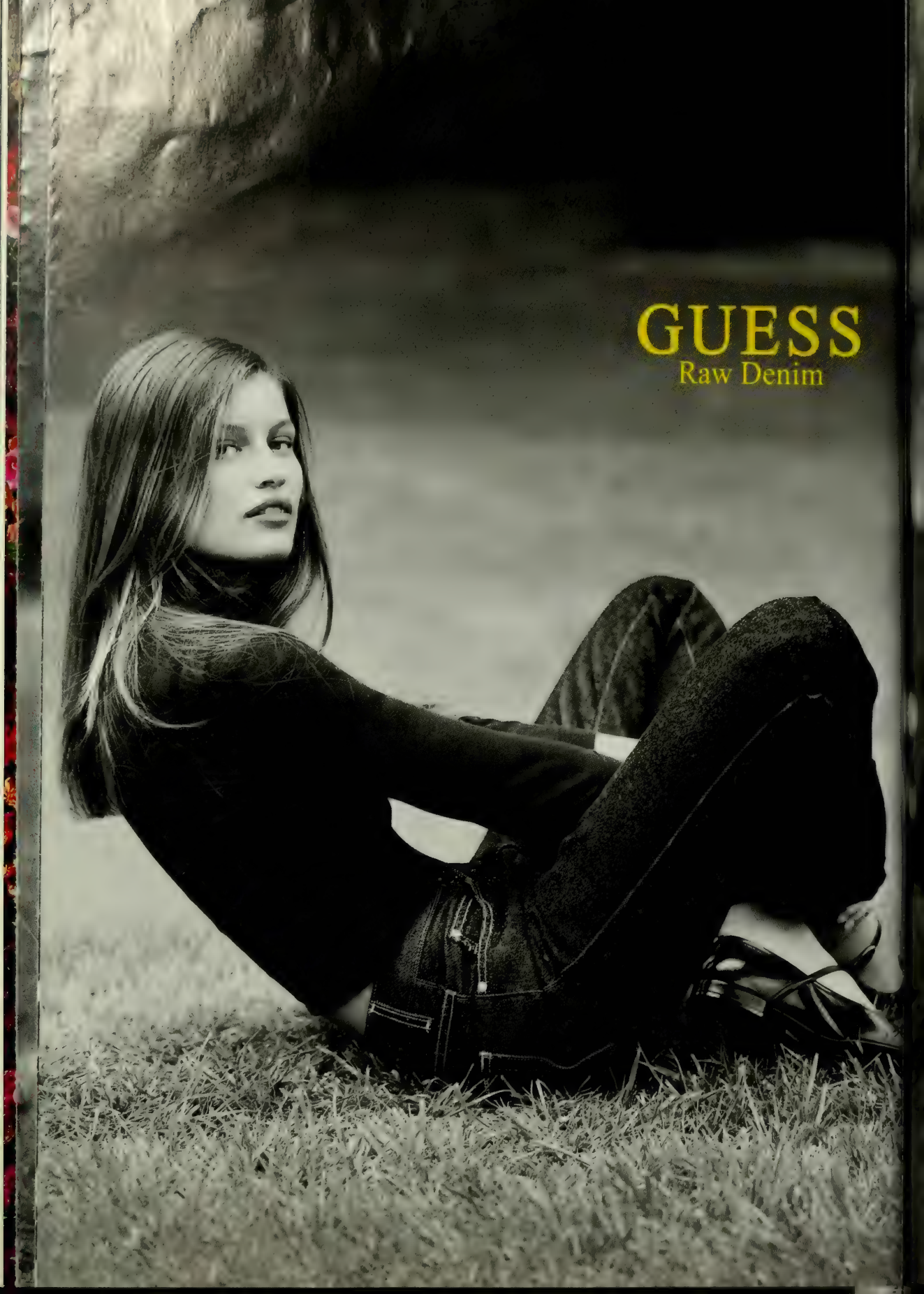
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HOLLYWOOD'S BEST YOUNG ACTOR STARS IN ITS MOST SHOCKING NEW FILM

BY PETER BISKIND

: JAMES WOLCOTT on 'BRILL'S CONTENT'
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BISSINGER on THE ABU-JAMAL CONTROVERSY




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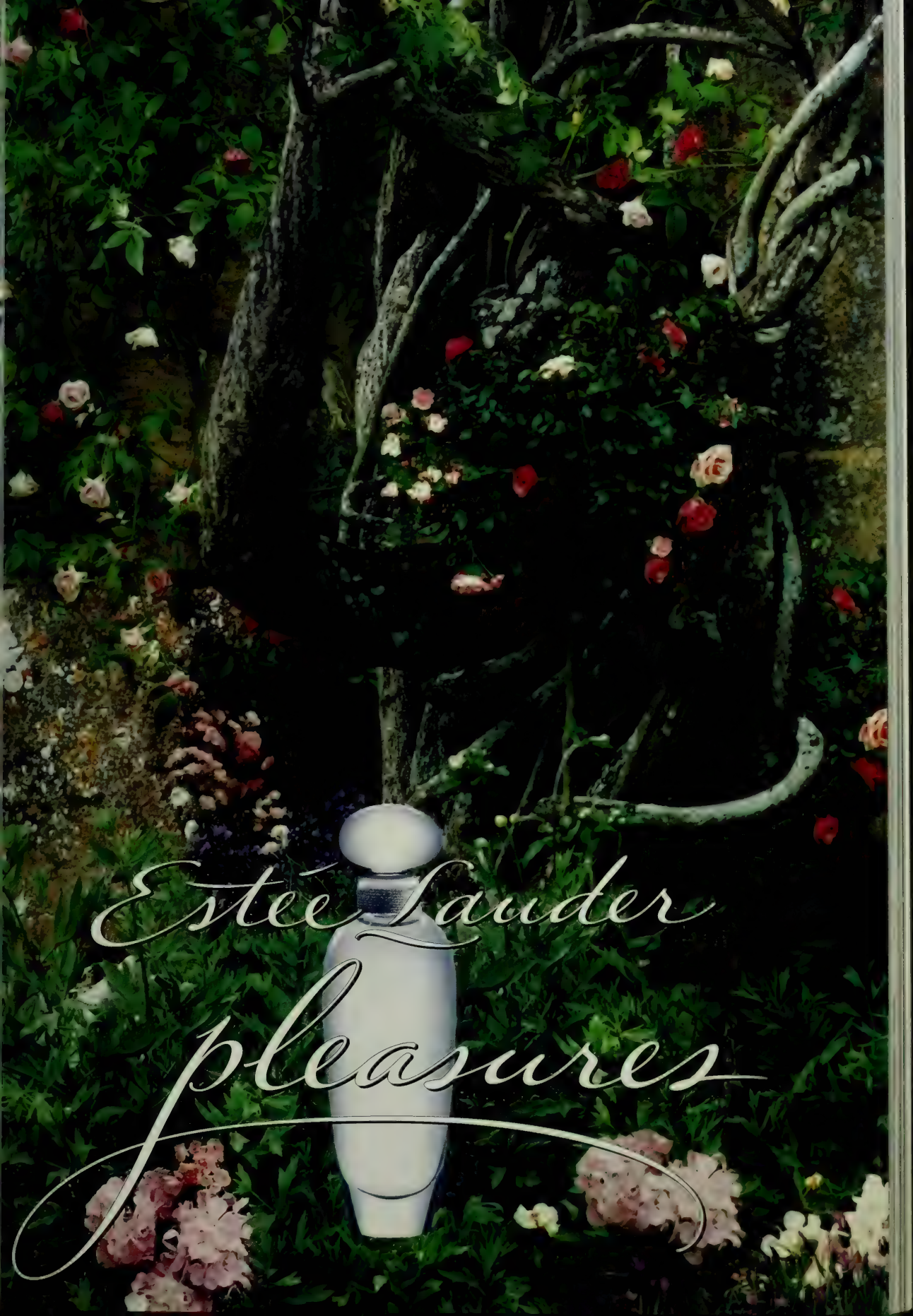

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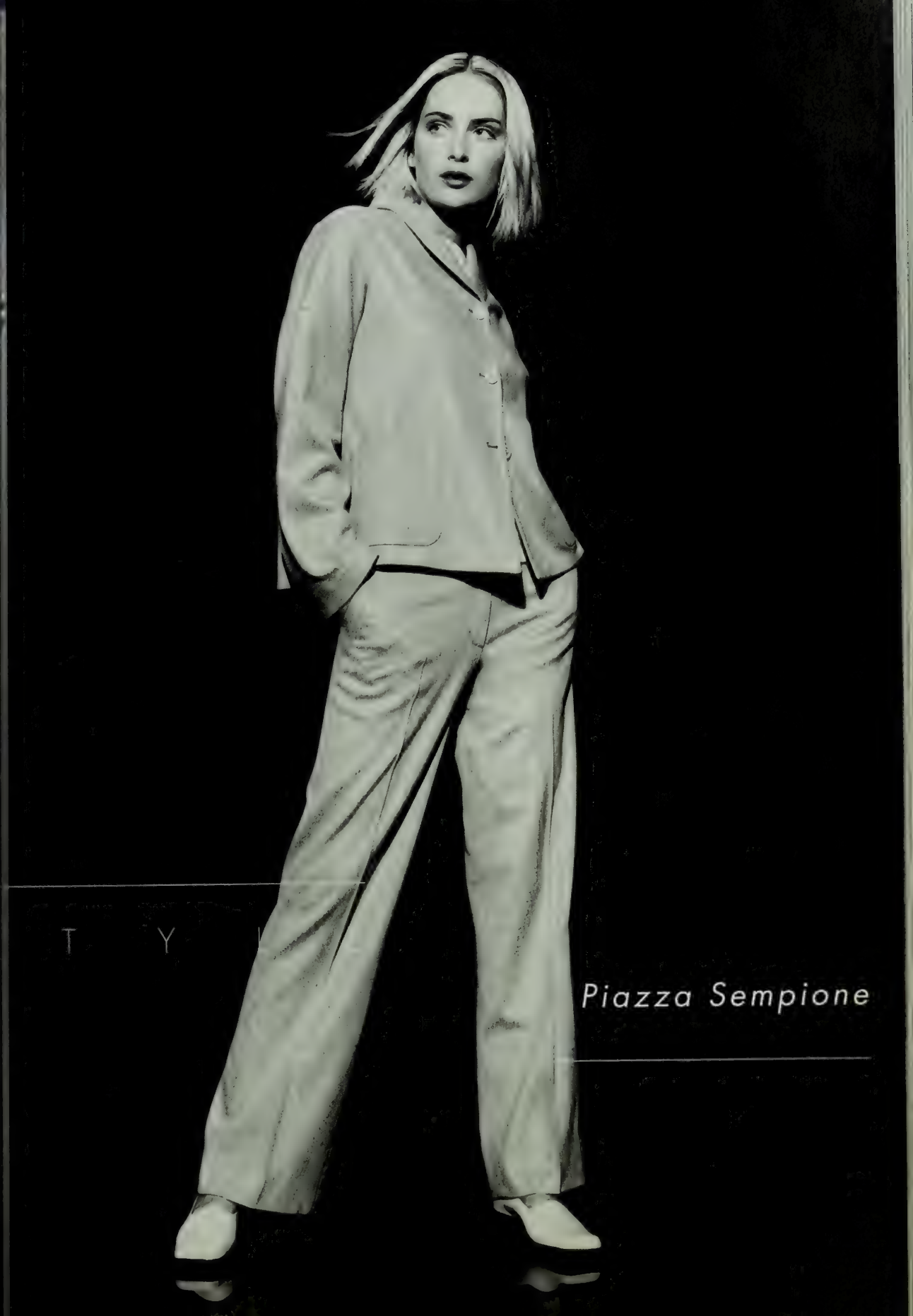
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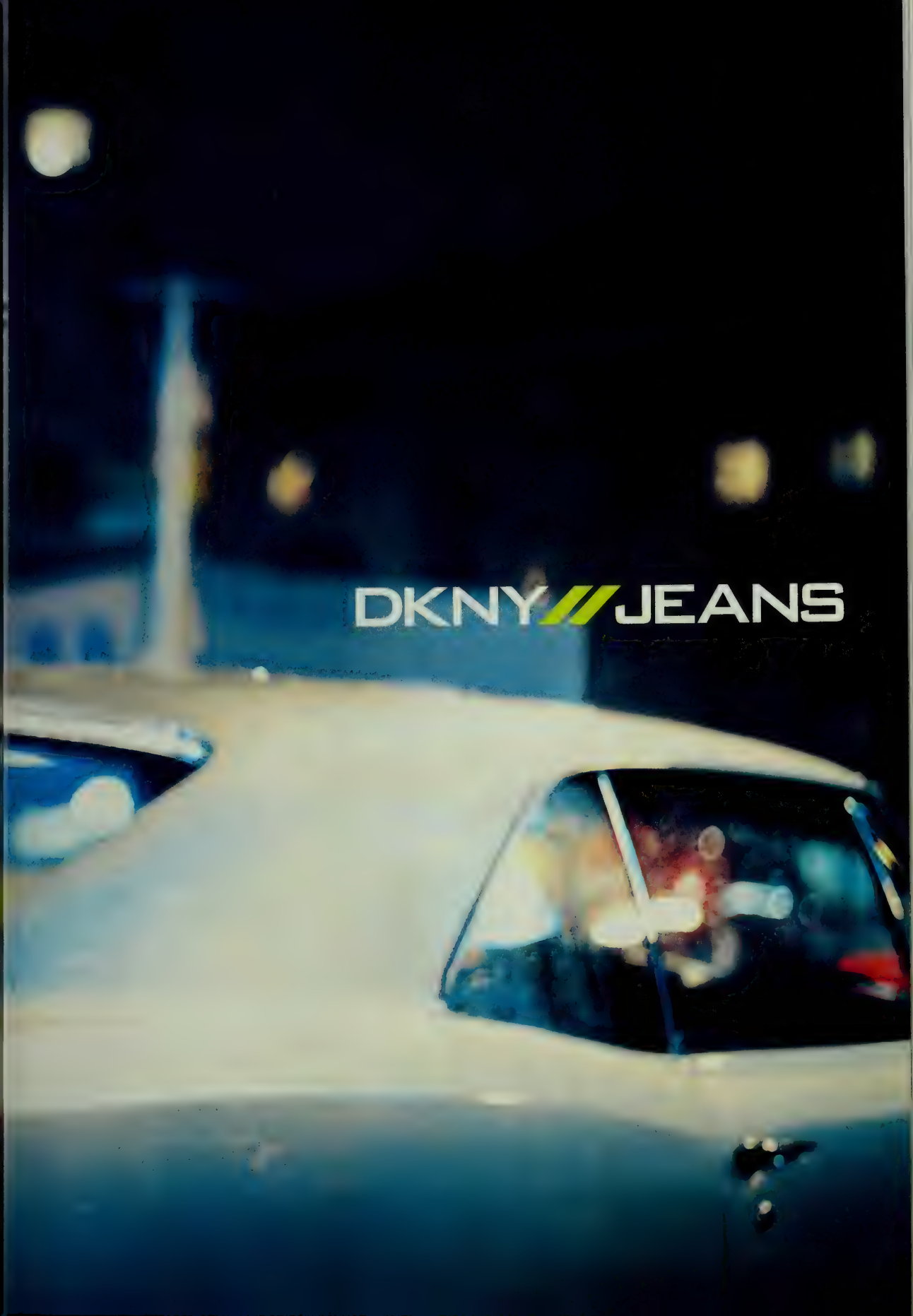
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Features

EXTREME NORTON | 128

Branding each role with a miraculous mix of intellect and instinct, Edward Norton is his generation's answer to Hoffman, De Niro, and Pacino. As the 29-year-old star of *American History X* opens in what may be the decade's most controversial movie, David Fincher's *Fight Club,* Peter Biskind learns how Norton has taken Hollywood to the edge. Photographs by Herb Ritts.

LITHE SPIRIT | 134

Robert Erdmann and Leslie Bennetts spotlight actress Saffron Burrows, a stunning six-footer who takes on biomedically altered sharks in Renny Harlin's action thriller *Deep Blue Sea.*

KUBRICK | 136

In addition to 13 films, including *Dr. Strangelove, 2001: A Space Odyssey, A Clockwork Orange, The Shining,* and this summer's *Eyes Wide Shut,* Stanley Kubrick left behind a legend of near-mad obsession. But as Michael Herr, Kubrick's longtime friend and the co-screenwriter of *Full Metal Jacket,* recalls, those who were drafted into the director's cinematic army found warmth, humor, and a genius that perfectly melded life and art.

DANGEROUS BEAUTY | 152

Patricia Duff's exquisite face and romantic escapades have made her the talk of three towns. Marjorie Williams follows her perilous path from Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles, to New York, where the tabloids are feasting on Duff's courtroom battles with her fourth ex-husband, billionaire Ronald Perelman, and on her latest power liaison, with Senator Robert Torricelli.

A TOUGH GUY IN TAILS | 158

Bruce Weber and Steven Daly spotlight former British soccer sensation Vinnie Jones, whose role in *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* gave him some Hollywood muscle—and a part in Jerry Bruckheimer's latest big-budget production, *Gone in 60 Seconds.*

SEASONS IN THE SUN | 160

Celebrating the 40th anniversary of the Four Seasons restaurant—whose banquettes are filled daily with A-list publishers, pols, and moguls—Mimi Sheraton relives the inspired birth of America's first contemporary restaurant and chronicles its emergence as the mecca of the power lunch. Photographs by Michael O'Neill and Todd Eberle.

MARRIED, WITH TIGERS | 170

How did two young immigrants from Germany turn a love of magic, exotic animals, and flamboyant costumes into the most successful entertainment act in Las Vegas history? Exploring the splendiferous domain of Siegfried and Roy, Matt Tyrnauer discovers what has kept a family of 55 tigers, 16 lions, and two finely chiseled, middle-aged "boys" casting its spell for 40 years. Photographs by Michel Comte.

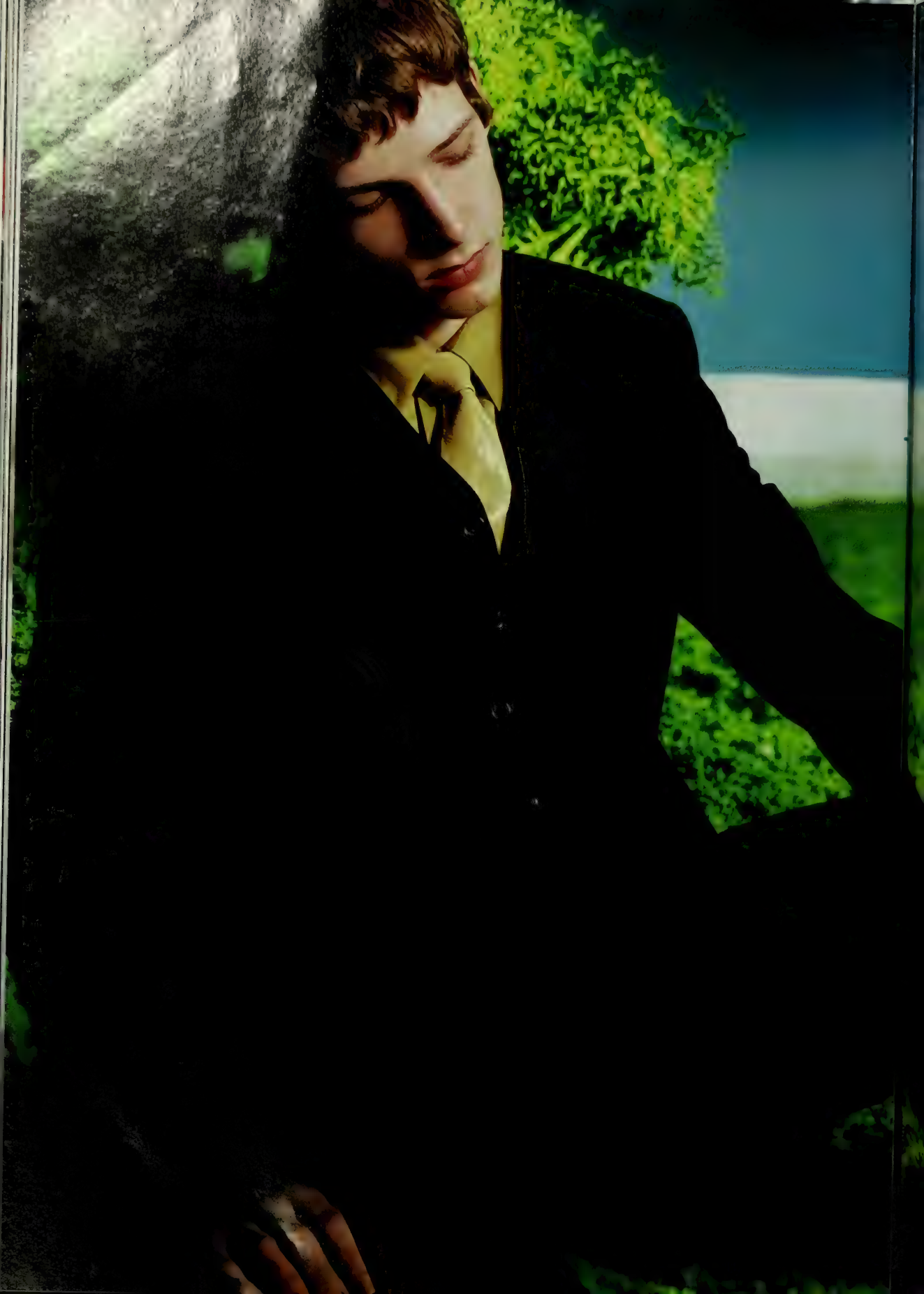
EYE WIDE OPEN | 136

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28


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BEARD AND BOTTLES | 160

VANITY FAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

AUGUST 1999

Columns

BRILL'S BULLY PULPIT | 52
A year ago, Steve Brill debuted his media review, *Brill's Content,* with a sizzle. Since then, James Wolcott argues, Brill's warring roles—journalism maverick and verbose magistrate—may have doomed his magazine to irrelevant mediocrity.

THE FAMOUS AND THE DEAD | 66
The case of former Black Panther Mumia Abu-Jamal has become an international cause célèbre. But, Buzz Bissinger reports, those championing Abu-Jamal's fight for a new trial face a stubborn foe: the widow of the policeman he was convicted of murdering in 1981.

HALL OF FAME | 80
Wayne Lawson nominates the Brooklyn Academy of Music's outgoing president, Harvey Lichtenstein, for luring the world's premier talents to a once unfashionable borough. Portrait by Annie Leibovitz.

THE ESSENTIAL BROOKS | 82
Stewart Shining and Leslie Bennetts spotlight Albert Brooks, whose new movie, *The Muse,* is a comic portrait of Hollywood angst.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS | 84
Artists, lords, lads, and ladies—the camera caught all at *VF*'s toast to its European edition at the Criterion Brasserie in Piccadilly Circus.

MURDER MOST YALE | 86
Following the stabbing of Suzanne Jovin, a brainy, beautiful Yale senior, on December 4, her thesis adviser emerged as a chief suspect. But police have yet to make an arrest. Suzanna Andrews investigates the mystery and its shattering effect on an Ivy League community.

Vanities

DANIEL'S BOON | 113
New York Press publisher Russ Smith proves that the speed dial is mightier than the sword; vicious circle—diagramming the 90s.

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: Grand gestures | 42
CONTRIBUTORS | 44
LETTERS: Little boys lost | 48
CREDITS | 191
PLANETARIUM: Lay off the books, Leo | 198
PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Sandra Bernhard | 200

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Above from left: First Look guests Julie Des Roberts; Jon Ein and Sara Vogel.

Telluride Film Festival

The 26th **Telluride Film Festival** takes place this Labor Day weekend, Friday, September 3, through Monday, September 6. Set against the backdrop of the exquisite Colorado Rockies, Telluride has become known as the world's most intimate film festival, celebrating all aspects of the art—rather than the business—of film.

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Special support provided by the Academy Foundation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences.

Passes for the 1999 program are now available: Acme Passes are $250, Festival Passes are $500, and Patron Passes are $2500. For tickets or to request more information, call 603-643-1255, fax 603-643-5938, email tellufilm@aol.com, or visit the Festival Web site at www.telluridefilmfestival.com.

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A Timely Affair

On May 13, **Tourneau** and **Turner Classic Movies** hosted a picture-perfect evening, in celebration of classic timepieces and classic films. As guests browsed and mingled through the Tourneau Time Machine on Madison Avenue, they were treated to a unique visual retrospective, featuring pictures, movie stills, and memorabilia from Turner Classic Movies' films, such as *Gone with the Wind, Singin' in the Rain,* and *The Wizard of Oz*.



Clockwise from top left: Raymond Weil's Benny Shabtai and Tourneau's Anthony D'Ambrosio; Turner Classic Movies' Tanya Coventry; left to right: The Movado Group's Efraim Grinberg and Baume & Mercier's Maggy Siegel.

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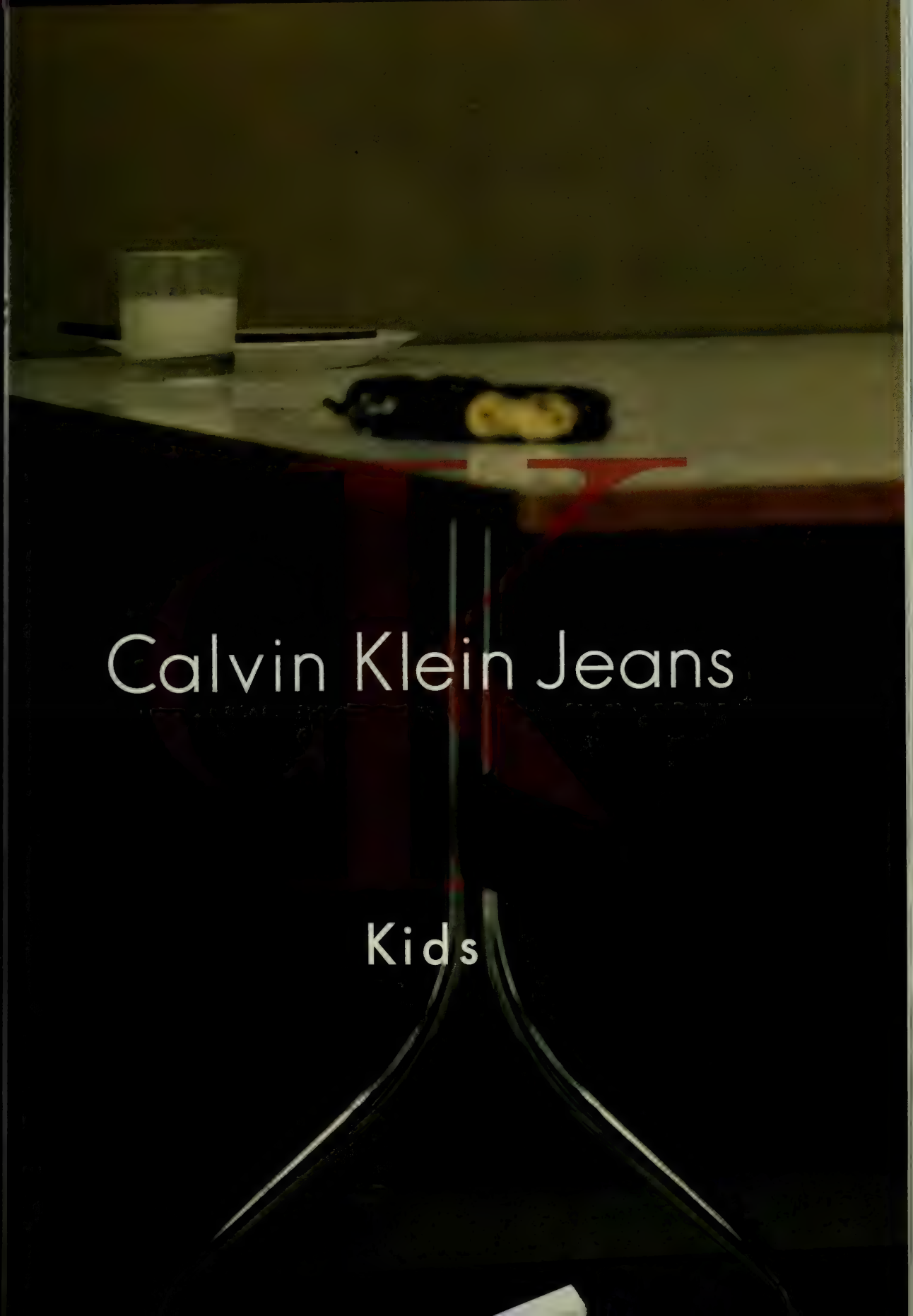
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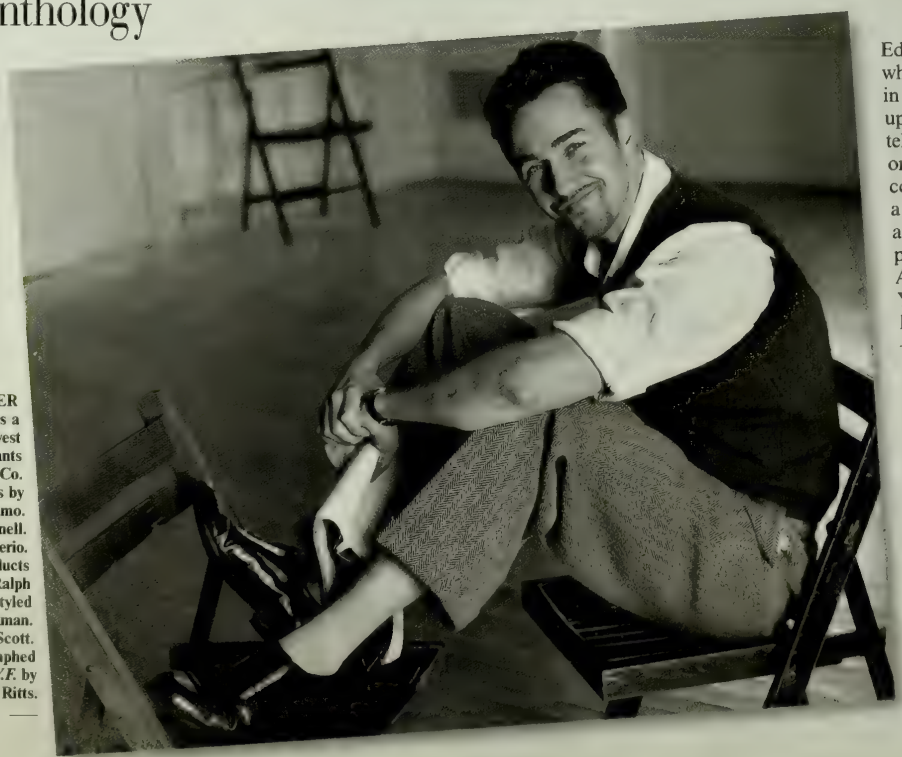


[illegible] who writes under the [illegible] that Michael Herr [illegible] Stanley Kubrick. Cornwell had [illegible] and screening [illegible] a few weeks before the movie opened. Herr's magnificent volume on Vietnam, *Dispatches*, had been published to great acclaim three years earlier, and already it was considered a masterpiece of interpretive reporting—a book for the ages. Kubrick complimented Herr on *Dispatches*. "The second thing he said to me was that he didn't want to make a movie of it," Herr recalls. "He wanted to make sure I wasn't getting any ideas." (This came as something of a relief to Herr, who had recently finished working with Francis Ford Coppola on *Apocalypse Now*.) But after three years of picking Herr's brain in a relentless stream of epic-length phone dialogues—Did Herr know of any good Vietnam books, something with a story? Was he familiar with Jung's concept of the Shadow? What did he think of *Traumnovelle* (the 1926 novella that would become Kubrick's last film, *Eyes Wide Shut*)?—Kubrick asked him to co-write the screenplay for *Full Metal Jacket*. "By then," says Herr, "I knew I'd been working for Stanley from the moment I met him."

After reading Herr's funny, unsentimental, and thoroughly memorable account of their collaboration and 19-year friendship on page 136, you understand why Kubrick left only 13 movies behind when he died last March, why there's no padding of small pictures, studio-inspired mediocrities, forgettable, work-for-hire amusements. He was as obsessed as his legend made him out to be: "Don't think just because you've known a few control freaks in your time that you can imagine wh[at] Stanley Kubrick was like," Herr writes. But He[rr] also saw the devotion, discipline, and intelligenc[e] that harnessed the obsession, creating "a reali[ty] that existed far beyond any question of arr[o]gance or humility." True genius is nearly impo[s]sible to explain; with this, his first major mag[a]zine article in two decades, Herr has capture[d] Kubrick the way he captured Vietnam, in [a] subtle, indelible portrait that drives home ju[st] how much we have lost.

It could be argued that creating a great re[s]taurant has elements in common with makin[g] a great movie. Begin with a dream. Assemble [a] talented crew. Find the right location. Not for nothing does foo[d] critic Mimi Sheraton liken Joseph H. Baum, the man who create[d] the Four Seasons in 1959, to legendary director Cecil B. DeMil[le] in her history of the restaurant, "Seasons in the Sun," on pag[e] 160. Sheraton was part of the culinary team, headed by chef A[l]bert Stöckli and pastry chef Albert Kumin, that Baum assemble[d] to fulfill his vision for the first truly contemporary America[n] restaurant. The location: New York's Seagram Building, designe[d] by Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson. Forty years later, th[e] restaurant's current managers (and part owners), Alex von Bidde[r] and Julian Niccolini, shimmer across the room, seating a contin[u]ous all-star cast that includes Johnson, Brooke Astor, Edgar Bron[f]man (Sr. and Jr.), Barbara Walters, Bill Blass, Sanford Weill, E[d] Koch, Mario Cuomo, Diane Sawyer, and Barry Diller, amon[g] many, many others. Kubrick's vision will live on in the films he cr[e]ated. Baum's will live on in a restaurant that continues to be th[e] gold standard of big-time power spots. —GRAYDON CARTE[R]

Norton Anthology



Edward Norton, who stars with Brad Pitt in David Fincher's upcoming *Fight Club*, tells Peter Biskind on page 128 that he considers the film a Gen X call to arms. Norton was photographed in the Alder Mansion, Yonkers, New York, May 15, 1999.

ON THE COVER
Edward Norton wears a shirt and sweater-vest by Helmut Lang. Pants by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren. Shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo. Hair by Max Pinnell. Grooming by Jorge Serio. Grooming products from Polo Sport Ralph Lauren. Props styled by Stefan Beckman. Styled by L'Wren Scott. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.


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David Seidner at 36, photographed by Annie Leibovitz in her New York studio on April 15, 1993.

David Seidner

1957–1999

David Seidner was 17 and in a hurry when he left Los Angeles for Paris, where he immersed himself in French, Italian, and German, art history and literature, and the scene at Club Sept. At 19 he photographed his first magazine cover; at 21 he had his first one-man exhibition, at La Remise du Parc gallery, and signed an advertising contract with the House of Yves Saint Laurent. Over the next 20 years, his work—which drew on the past to illuminate the present—would be shown at the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Pompidou Center, and the former Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, be published in *Vanity Fair,* French and Italian *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar,* and *The New York Times Magazine,* and be used in advertising campaigns for Claude Montana, John Galliano, and Bill Blass (modeled by opera singer Jessye Norman). Precocious and wise, sexual and intellectual, radical and social, Seidner was as comfortable, and accurate, quoting Baudelaire on aesthetics as he was describing the jewelry of his patroness, Chantal Miller, the wife of duty-free tycoon Robert Miller. His 1995 color photographs for *V.F.* of the Millers' daughters—Pia Getty, Marie-Chantal of Greece, and Alexandra von Fürstenberg—evoked Velásquez, Ingres, and Boldini, just as the luminous black-and-white portraits of contemporary artists he showed at the Robert Miller Gallery in New York in 1993 gave Jasper Johns, Richard Serra, Ross Bleckner, and Philip Taaffe the gravitas of Roman emperors. Seidner's last works, photographs of orchids done in Miami Beach this winter before he succumbed to AIDS in June, will be shown at the Baldwin Gallery in Aspen this month. His seventh and eighth books, *Portraits* and *Artists at Work,* will be published, respectively, by Assouline in October and by Rizzoli in January. Next year, La Maison Européenne de la Photographie in Paris will mount a retrospective. "David's quest," says his friend and co-executor Robert McElroy, "was to experience beauty and then define it for himself in his work."

—BOB COLACELLO

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46


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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42



After reading *Dispatches,* **Michael Herr's** brilliant 1977 book on the Vietnam War, Francis Ford Coppola hired him to write the narration for *Apocalypse Now.* Four years later, Herr was asked by Stanley Kubrick to co-write *Full Metal Jacket*—and the two became lifelong friends. "Stanley had a lot of respect for the formalities [of filmmaking] but none for the formula," Herr says of the late director, whom he commemorates in this issue. "That's what he wanted to change. His films were personal films." For Herr, a cult figure among writers, this is his first major magazine article in two decades.



PETER ROSE

For as long as she has been covering politics, contributing editor **Marjorie Williams** has heard people talk about former Democratic Party fund-raiser Patricia Duff, who is now locked in a custody battle with Ronald Perelman and whom she profiles on page 152. "I remember James Carville doing a riff about going to L.A. with Clinton and *sittin' with Patricia Duff Medavoy,*" Williams says. But as the courtroom spectacle wears on, Duff, as one source described it to Williams, now seems stuck in "a sort of praying-mantis dance to the death."

According to contributing editor **James Wolcott,** the controversy surrounding *Brill's Content* is less about its content than about founder Steven Brill's approach. "*Everyone* has a special interest, but *Brill's Content* wants to think it's above that," says Wolcott, who assesses the self-appointed media-watchdog journal on page 52. Initially an enthusiastic subscriber to the magazine, Wolcott feels that Brill has "too much pride and purpose invested" in the project to abandon it. As for the members of the media establishment, Wolcott says, "I think they're just hoping he'll go away."





MICHAEL O'NEILL

Long before joining *The New York Times,* where she was the restaurant critic between 1976 and 1984, **Mimi Sheraton** was a food researcher on the team that created the Four Seasons, New York's power-lunch mecca, which turns 40 this year. "As a budding food writer, I thought, This is a great opportunity to taste all kinds of things. It turned out to be more than I expected just because everybody was sort of insane—blissfully insane." Her recollection of the restaurant's food-mad personalities and gastronomic achievements begins on page 160.

For contributing editor **Buzz Bissinger,** investigating the 1982 murder conviction of former Black Panther Mumia Abu-Jamal for this issue was something of a return to his beginnings. Bissinger's first job was as a crime reporter at *The Ledger-Star* in Norfolk, Virginia. "There was a murder case in which a husband killed his wife that was quite sensational," Bissinger recalls. "But the really big crime story was that the police arrested a bunny once. So I've either come a long way or a short way—I'm not sure which."





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LITTLE BOYS LOST

[illegible] and Christopher [illegible] a realistic look at the death penalty and minors ["Old Enough to Die," June]. Unfortunately it should be no surprise that we execute our children, and that these children, by and large, have suffered from mental illness, abuse, drug addiction, or neglect. As a nation we should be outraged. Instead, the growing sentiment seems to be that it doesn't matter if an innocent person is put to death as long as, along the way, someone who is guilty is executed as well. Can our collective thirst for revenge possibly be worth the life of even one innocent person?

In the wake of the Littleton, Colorado, school shootings, it has become evident that kids are facing many negative influences these days, and that there is little guidance from parents and other adult role models. We force children to make decisions they are not mature enough to make. Our leaders and Hollywood teach them that an appropriate response to not getting their way is violence, not negotiation. By neglecting our kids today, we set them up for failure, and possibly death row, tomorrow.

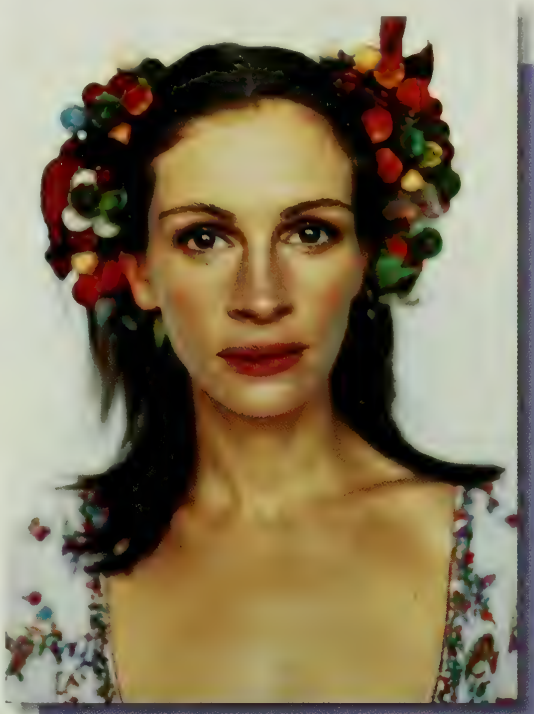
ELIZABETH BUCHANAN
Milton, Massachusetts

WHILE CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS was not a fan of Sean Sellers, the youth recently executed for murdering his mother, Vonda Bellofatto, and stepfather, Paul Bellofatto, I was offended by his depiction of the Sellers family. Particularly offensive was his saying that the Sellers home was "festooned with deadly weapons" and his statement regarding "the educational and cultural level" of the family.

I was married to Paul Bellofatto for 13 years, and I raised his two children. The years we were married were years of turmoil and unrest with the Vietnam War raging. We were indeed an army family. But at no time do I remember having any weapons "festooned" in my home or anyplace else. In fact, Paul Bellofatto did not own a working weapon during the years we were married. The weapon Sellers used to kill his mother and stepfather was kept in the Bellofatto bedroom for Vonda Bellofatto's security. Obviously she never suspected that she would need protection from her only child.

As to the question of the family's educational and cultural level, Paul Bellofatto's natural children both have college degrees and have never suffered from any socioeconomic oppression. And Sean Sellers himself was of very high intelligence and was expected to continue on to college.

LUELLA M. LEED
Lawton, Oklahoma



The Name of the Star

WHILE I COMMEND Ned Zeman's attempt in his profile to highlight the inaccuracies in tabloid journalism ["Canoodling with Julia," June], I found it ironic that he didn't check for accuracy before regurgitating many of the same rumors he condemns. I've never made a habit of commenting on inaccuracies written about me, and I hesitate even now. However, I am compelled to correct something, on behalf of my family. My late father was born Walter Roberts, not Walter Motes, and his children carry the name proudly.

JULIA ROBERTS
New York, New York

I FIND IT DISTURBING that when we finally see that rare image of a black person in the pages of *Vanity Fair* it's a police mug shot blown up on an opening page, as demonstrated in your June article "Old Enough to Die." Subtle racism is still racism. When a regular story needs to be illustrated, you shy away from photographs of black people; when it's a crime story, however, there's no hesitation whatsoever about picturing a black person. I realize that the placement of the young murderer George Stinney on the opener was due to his being the first mentioned in the story. Still, I think your editors should be more aware of how you are portraying black America. God forbid 50 years from now someone unearths old *Vanity Fair*s and other upscale magazines. What kind of portrait would they have of blacks? A very sad one indeed.

DUANE THOMAS
Brooklyn, New York

A Queen's Courage

THANK YOU FOR Leslie Bennetts's moving and perceptive profile of Her Majesty Noor al-Hussein, the Queen Mother of Jordan ["Losing Her King," June]. I have admired the queen for many years, both for her humanitarian efforts and for her commitment to her role in Jordan. Since the death of King Hussein, it has become clear just how challenging, contentious, and often painful that role has been. Queen Noor's stoic and dignified presence throughout King Hussein's illness and her obeisance during his funeral and the mourning period were heartbreaking to see. It was a testament to her courage that in the midst of her enormous personal loss she put a nation's grief first, receiving mourners day after day. It is a great shame that she has been vilified by some factions in Jordan for so long.

INGA WALTON
Melbourne, Australia

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50


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L'original

Crime and Punishment

[illegible] Lon- [illegible] for Au- [illegible] and [illegible], June], I find it [illegible] his most outspoken defender is former British prime minister Margaret Thatcher. Pinochet faces extradition and trial on charges of torture and terrorism, while Mrs. Thatcher insists he be released forthwith.

During the hunger strikes of 1981, 10 Irish Nationalists starved to death in an attempt to achieve political-prisoner status. Mrs. Thatcher's mantra at the time was "Crime is crime is crime," and she refused to engage in any dialogue with the prisoners. Yet she condones the acts of Pinochet, a man responsible for thousands of deaths and disappearances over his 17-year rule.

LIZ KERR
Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

AS A SURVIVOR of Pinochet's coup d'état, I was disturbed by two things in Judy Bachrach's article. First, the author's failure to mention that the U.S. had been involved in orchestrating the coup itself. And, second, he audacity in comparing Pinochet, dictator who became a head of state by killing people and placing himself in power, to democratically elected heads of state. Ms. Bachrach writes: "If an ex–head of state is arrested who is safe? President Clinton after the bombing of Belgrade?" This is a ridiculous comment given the fact that Pinochet was a dictator, not a democratically elected president.

ALEJANDRA AGUIRRE
Vancouver, British Columbia

I AM PLEASED to see the witherin away of Pinochet's immunity. As hi day of reckoning approaches, let thi be a warning to all Fascist tyrants including Slobodan Milošević of Yu goslavia, Nawaz Sharif of Pakistan and Saddam Hussein of Iraq.

YUSUF NASRULLAH
London, Englan

Ford-Tough

BRYAN BURROUGH'S STORY "Gucci and Goliath" [July] contains two misquotes of my comments to Burrough. The first, regarding Bernard Arnault's designers, occurs on page 144: "His designers, you know, they're great designers—don't get me wrong—but they don't have a vision. Their vision is not visible in the boutiques." What I actually said was: "His designers, you know, they are great designers—they *have a vision, but their vision is not visible in the boutiques.*"

The second and more serious misquote appears on page 145. Burrough writes, "But Pinault's greatest asset, as Ford saw it, was his ignorance. 'That was the key thing: He knew nothing!' Ford recalls, smiling. 'We didn't need his [fashion] expertise. We needed his money.'" What I said was: "François knew nothing about *the fashion business.*" This misquote, coupled with Burrough's use of the word "ignorance" to describe my view of François Pinault, is completely inaccurate, as I hold Pinault in the highest regard.

TOM FORD
Paris, France

Money Talks

YOUR PROFILE of Jim Crame ["Wild on TheStreet.com," by Suzan na Andrews, June] suggests that I with drew from Cramer's fund when Mart Peretz did. I'm sorry that I gave your re porter that impression. The amount in volved is small for either of them but bi for me, and it is still entrusted to Jim' care. I have Marty to thank for gettin me in, and he never suggested that should follow him out. Thanks.

MICHAEL KINSLE
Editor, *Sla*
Redmond, Washingto

CORRECTION: In the caption on page 104 of th July issue, Bai Ling and Deanna Yusoff, from th movie Anna and the King, *are misidentified. Ba Ling is being "whispered to" by Deanna Yusoff.*

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BRILL'S BULLY PULPIT

With his year-old media-watchdog magazine, Steven Brill wants to cap his maverick career by making other journalists toe the line. But while his crusade started with a bang, *Brill's Content* has lapsed into a bland and wordy whimper

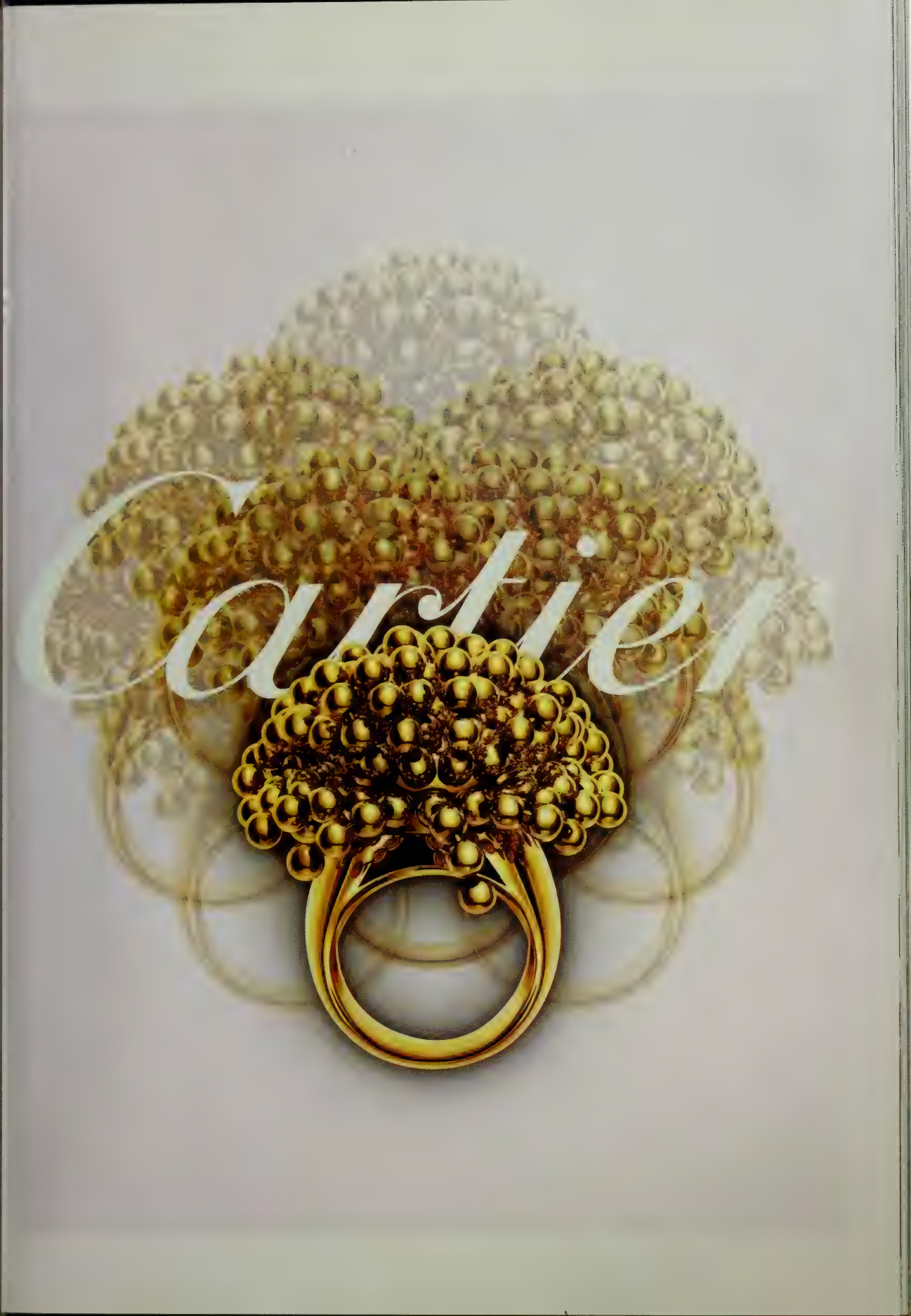


ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

Press critics can be divided into two categories. (O.K., they can be divided into more than two categories, but humor me.) The first group might be called the parade sweepers. Whenever a new carnival rolls into town—be it the O. J. Simpson trial, the Lorena Bobbitt case, the JonBenét Ramsey murder, the Monica Lewinsky scandal—they dutifully bring up the rear, trailing the elephants and holding their noses. Their job is to clean up the mess their tabloid cousins leave behind and put the gaudy spectacle into A Larger Perspective, drawing important lessons which are instantly forgotten once the next freak show lurches in. They're like the Council of Watchers on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* trying futilely to plug up the Hellmouth. The pet words in their catechism are "fairness," "balance," "accountability," "the public's right to know," "glitz" (bad), "pandering" (worse), and "chilling effect" (scary), and the question they ask like a haunting refrain is "Have the media gone too far this time?" The answer, delivered with a weary surgeon's shake of the head, is always "Yes." For them, it's been downhill ever since Edward R. Murrow smoked his last cigarette. The principal outlets for this jury of sober-minded social improvers are the *Columbia Journalism Review, Media Studies Journal, American Journalism Review,* the Pew Center for Civic Journalism, the Project for Excellence in Journalism, Terence Smith's roundtable segments on PBS's *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer,* and CNN's *Reliable Sources,* featuring Howard Kurtz of *The Washington Post* and Bernard Kalb, whose swivel hips put a spin on every hot-air question. To

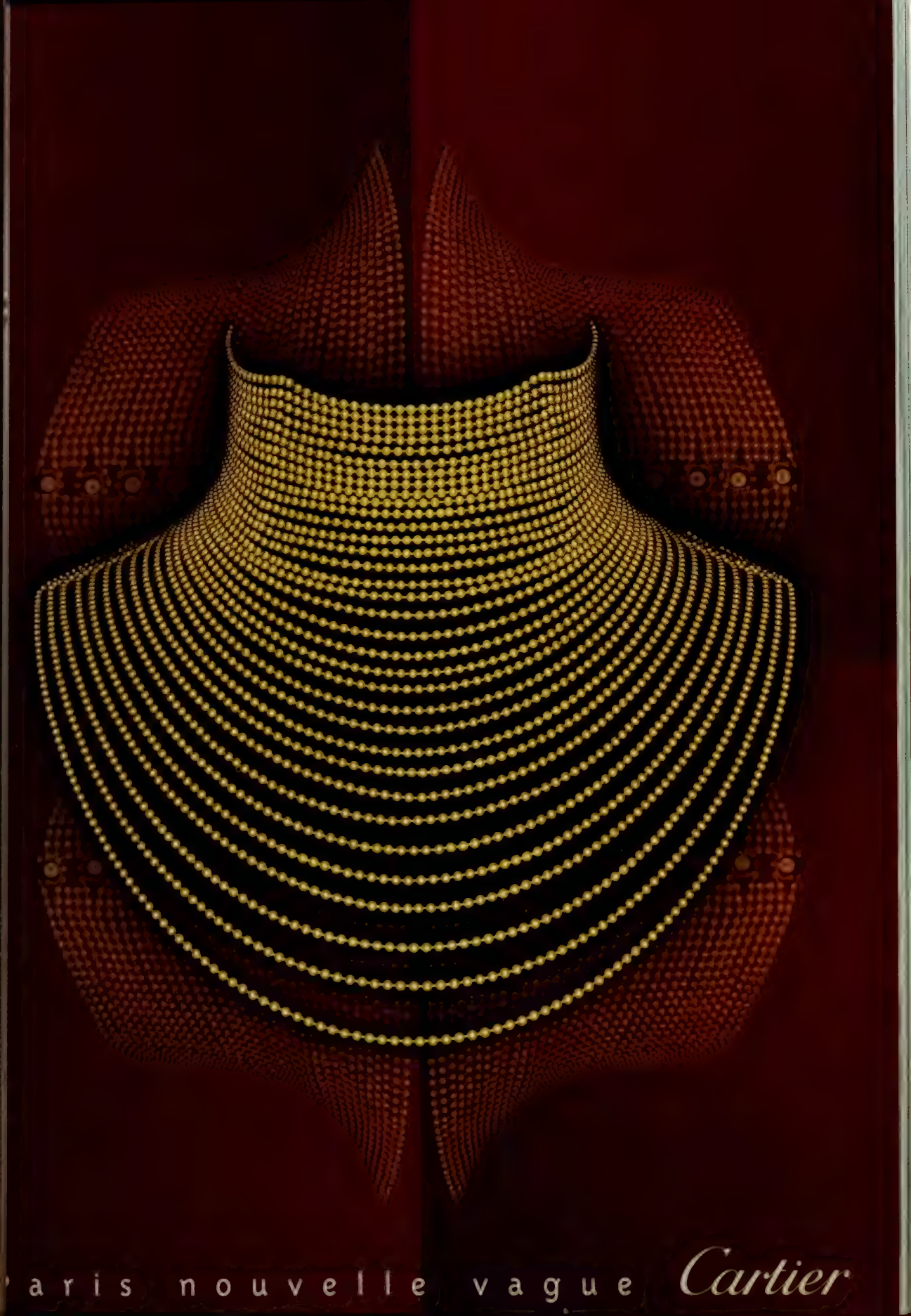
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52 these chewers of old gum, there is no topic or issue so incendiary, so divisive, that it can't be put to sleep by a panel discussion, preferably with C-SPAN cameras present.

The second group of press critics are the peanut gallery. They take a racetrack view of the press's colorful excesses. They don't mind a little spilled ink. Where the parade sweepers grumble about falling standards and cheap sensationalism, the peanut gallery rares back and enjoys the show. They consider scandal a contact sport, not a consensus-building exercise. Their souls aren't troubled by media antics, because they see mankind itself as vain, self-deluded, and full of folly as the stock characters in Roman satire. To them, the daily press isn't a lighthouse beacon of truth but a roving spotlight on the human comedy, of which the press itself is a part. The peanut gallery consists of freewheeling mavericks such as H. L. Mencken, *The New Yorker*'s A. J. Liebling (whose "Wayward Press" column could make even a contributor's photo a baroque subject: "Another landmark missing from the *Journal-American* was Westbrook Pegler's Rhadamanthine face, with eyebrows fiercer than Hussars' mustaches"), Nora Ephron in her *Esquire* days, Alexander Cockburn, who did "Press Clips" for *The Village Voice,* and his successor, Geoffrey Stokes. To these writers, the parade sweepers are naïve paper-pushers. In a 1927 essay called "Journalism in America," Mencken noted "the fantastic codes of ethics that issue from embattled professors of journalism in the great rolling-mills of learning, and from editorial associations in the cow States," declaring: "In such codes, I am sorry to have to repeat, I take no stock. Most of them are the handiwork of journalists of no professional importance whatever, and, what is worse, of no apparent sense." Given such differences in outlook and temperament, could anyone bridge the gap between these two camps of press critics—between the idealistic wonks and the worldly mavericks?

Enter Steven Brill, founder and chairman of *Brill's Content* and self-made superman. A rebel with a cause, Brill has demonstrated that he can build and marshal an organization that adds muscle to his individual zeal. The Rudy Giuliani of the print trade, he has occupied both the sniper's nest of the freelance author and the executive office of the editor in chief, making him the prime candidate to raise press criticism to the power of a counter-institution. Like Giuliani, he rides roughshod over doubters. Raised in a hard-knock neighborhood in Queens, Brill decided he wanted to attend a private school like his hero President Kennedy, and was accepted by the Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts. According to a profile in *U.S. News & World Report,* "In classrooms filled with wealthy WASPs, Brill was a Jewish scholarship kid with a bad stuttering problem, a Queens accent, and—for the first few months—mediocre grades." When he told a group of classmates that he wanted to go to Harvard or Yale like them, they laughed. "'It made me feel terrible,' he recalls. To show them, he cruised through Yale with straight A's, establishing a pattern that would be repeated: Brill would be the professional outsider who bested privileged peers on their own terms." The competitive streak as a species of class warfare.

Brill made his fortune breaking the rules, only to seek to enshrine his own honor code.

Despite taking his degree at Yale Law School, where his fellow students included Clarence Thomas, Brill has never practiced law, finding journalism a guttier arena. At the age of 25, he caused a stir with "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies," a muckraking article for *Harper's* that debunked the future president as a pious hypocrite. In his late 20s he wrote a history of the Teamsters union, not a task for the lily-livered. Instead of continuing as a lone muckraker, Brill saw an opportunity to cover the legal sphere the way *Variety* covers showbiz. The result, in 1979, was *The American Lawyer,* a crossover success which appealed to legal insiders and bystanders alike, four times winning a National Magazine Award. Not only did the magazine's investigative pieces have previously closed-world law firms dodging and defending themselves, they were capable of altering media perceptions and shifting public opinion. Stuart Taylor's article championing the validity of Paula Jones's sexual-harassment claim against Bill Clinton marked a major turnaround in sentiment regarding the case. A boss given to legendary tantrums and scathing put-downs ("Have you ever considered suicide?" he might scribble on a contributor's copy), Brill instilled fear and hero worship in his underlings. From *The American Lawyer* Brill branched out into cable in 1991, creating Court TV, a channel devoted to coverage of ongoing trials and analyses of judicial decisions whose near flatline ratings were given a major boost by the O. J. Simpson melodrama. A number of Court TV personalities were snatched by the networks (most notably Cynthia McFadden to ABC), and some of the juicier trials it covered were repackaged as NBC *Dateline* specials, but the multiple ownership of Court TV by Time Warner, NBC, and Liberty Media was a Rube Goldberg contraption that collapsed on Brill. In 1997, after a protracted power struggle with his partners, he lost control of American Lawyer Media.

With the proceeds of the sale of Court TV to Time Warner, Brill was able to fund his latest project, a critique of the media industry that would bear his name and become his assault vehicle, *Brill's Content.* (His other investors included cable mogul Barry Diller, real-estater Howard Milstein, and Wall Street investor Lester Pollack.) What *The American Lawyer* did to the legal aristocracy, *Brill's Content* would do to the media lords of the New Establishment. He recruited a team of writers and editors who would serve as his truth squad, among them Michael Kramer, formerly of *New York* and *Time,* and Lorne Manly, from *The New York Observer.* But make no mistake, the magazine would bear one man's boot print. Like Eliot Ness, he would bust the media elite's hypocrisies as if they were bootleg barrels. He would turn the tables on pesky reporters and see how they liked the third degree. As one source told Jennet Conant (*Vanity Fair,* August 1997), "Steve Brill just wants to kick some ass." A fearless enforcer, a hard-nosed district attorney, and a hanging judge rolled into one, Brill would apprehend, indict, and convict journalistic perps, and then serve as the court of appeals when they responded with their weaselly letters of complaint. Some wondered: Had Brill gotten too big for his suspenders?

Given the pre-publication drumbeat for *Brill's Content,* many believed the magazine couldn't live up to its hype. They were mistaken. The first issue of *Brill's Content* (July-August 1998) splashed a media-gang-bang shot of Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr on the cover to illustrate Brill's own blockbuster *j'accuse,* "Pressgate." A detective look at the porous relationship between Starr's office and certain favored



TABLES OF *CONTENT*

Clockwise from top: **the premiere issue of *Brill's Content*, July-August 1998, featured a controversial piece on Ken Starr's relationship with the media; in March 1999 the magazine praised *George* editor John F. Kennedy Jr.; the August 1999 issue analyzed media coverage of Kosovo.**

[illegible] of how hearsay [illegible] rumor repeated often enough [illegible] media gospel. Brill's article had the narrative sweep of a mini-epic despite its congestion of details. It stopped the reading off so many prickly face reputations that the result was a flurry of furious bare wiggling. Indignant protests and countercharges came not only from Starr's office but also from those defending the journalists accused of being lapdogs and accessory leakers. Along with factual disputes (Starr's office issued a magisterially picky rebuttal worthy of a William Gaddis novel—"Your selection of the parameters of your Nexis search was apparently intended to prove your point"), Brill's nonpartisanship was questioned after it was revealed he had donated money to the Democratic Party. He was grilled to a toasty brown on NBC's *Meet the Press* by Tim Russert, who repeated some of the complaints of Brill's victims and asked, "Rather a dubious debut for a so-called media watchdog, wouldn't you say?" Yet for all its holes and flaws, "Pressgate" did what Brill hoped it would do—become Topic A on talk radio and put his new magazine on the map. (It was a hot newsstand seller.) It also served notice on the media that a new pair of eagle eyes was now watching their every move. Russ-

about bad people, but rather a magazine directed at a problem we face at the dawn of the new century, a problem of unchecked power among a group of extremely important people who are caught up in a race for ratings and readership." (There are no bad people, only bad problems.) Exercised over Barbara Walters's interview with Monica Lewinsky, Brill began another column, "We all know that we shouldn't rubberneck at car accidents, but we do. We want to look away, but we can't. We feel bad, sometimes even physically sick, if the scene is too grotesque. But we find ourselves stealing a glimpse anyway." Four sentences to reiterate the same obvious point. Brill then went on to christen this phenomenon "car-accident journalism," proving he can't even coin a catchphrase (it should be "car-crash journalism," or something punchier).

Wordiness wends through the whole magazine. Calvin Trillin's column "The Wry Side," a title guaranteed to make one want to remove one's appendix, reads like a curmudgeon rehearsing his one-liners on the putting green. Jon Katz's "The Browser" column is full of refried beans: "A newspaper story recently accused me of being a 'Web enthusiast,' and I plead guilty. I've been writing on and about the

After the first issue of *Brill's Content*, it was tricky staving off a sense of anticlimax.

sert and the reporters on *Meet the Press* scored points against Brill, but they also appeared puffed up—defensive.

After the first issue, it was tricky staving off a sense of anticlimax. Because expectations are so high, editors commit disproportionate attention to a magazine's debut issue, throwing everything into the breach and finding they have weak reserves for the next few issues. It can take a year or more for a magazine to find its true footing after the initial glare. Some publications, such as *George,* continue to skitter on foal legs. (As we shall see, *George* has become *Brill's Content*'s adopted twin.) It's also difficult for a media publication to break original stories since it's so dependent on other media for its material. An enterprise such as *Brill's Content* is inherently "meta," since it doesn't review movies, for example, it reviews the reviewers who review movies. It's always one or two removes from the main action. It's also trying to be heard above the steady din of gossip, competitive potshots, and Condé Nast Kremlinology that's part of the menu each week in *The New York Observer,* the *New York Press,* and Michael Wolff's media column for *New York* magazine, and each day in *The New York Times* and especially the *New York Post.*

Even so, the falling-off of *Brill's Content* was fast and steep enough to induce whiplash. So many tiny antlike words! It was like reading a legal document, each article carefully plucked for loopholes and ambiguous phrases and flattened to a level consistency. Brill's columns are afflicted with self-important gab. Recalling his hot-seat appearance on *Meet the Press,* Brill wrote, "Russert has helped me re-believe in this magazine. He is a metaphor for what it's about. This is not a magazine

Net for years, and I rarely tire of pointing out the marvels of the Digital Age to a skeptical world, particularly a skeptical journalistic world." (He may rarely tire, but the rest of us are bushed.) Along with its roster of columnists, *Brill's Content* contains lighter elements such as the *Spy*-like "Charlie Rose Interrupt-O-Meter" and the pundits' batting-average report, and regular upbeat departments such as "Stuff We Like" and "Honor Roll," which offer head pats for jobs well done. (Good dog, Lassie!)

Since "Pressgate," the feature articles haven't uncapped any gushers, either. The inevitable profile of Matt Drudge bobbed nowhere on a sea of choppy paragraphs and negligible anecdotes. A cover story on *Times* op-ed columnist Maureen Dowd shifted buttocks so hard to maintain a fair balance that each favorable quote or comment canceled out the


RENA LANGE
LILLY DODSON

[illegible] comment, [illegible] special [illegible] fizzled [illegible] gossip about Prince [illegible] a new George [illegible] nobody but and a scroll of profundity from leftist sociologist Todd Gitlin, replete with fortune-cookie non sequiturs ("Juicy gossip serves as social cement"). The "Gossip!" package was an attempt to dispel *Brill's Content*'s image as upper-middlebrow stuffy, but the hybrid nature of the magazine—part public-affairs journal, part consumer guide; part yenta, part swinger—makes finding a hit formula difficult. The more that *Brill's Content* tries to make itself pop and accessible, the more it resembles Frankenstein's monster trying to dance. It can't help planting its foot too hard.

Criticism from without and turmoil from within led several key personnel to parachute from Brill's masthead. The editor, Michael Kramer, rumored to be a bigger hothead than Brill, left in December under a noxious cloud to join the Sunday *Daily News;* managing editor Joan Friedman and co-executive editor Eric Garland also pulled the cord. When publisher Sally Preston resigned in April, complaining to friends about the lack of resources at *Brill's Content* (according to the *New York Post*), Brill responded, "She wasn't selling anything [anyway]."

Look at a magazine like Brill's Content. *Steven Brill's idea is that the media is to operate under the same standard as the court system in terms of proof beyond a reasonable doubt. The Founders would go nuts. They understood that there was a difference between the judiciary and the press. For Brill to encourage people to adopt values like, We don't go with a story unless we know it beyond a reasonable doubt—that's a Stalinist concept.*

—MSNBC anchor John Hockenberry, interviewed in *Mother Jones* (May-June 1999).

The limp follow-through of *Brill's Content* can't be blamed on particular articles or low morale down on the rowing deck. It's rooted in the divided nature of Brill's perception of his role—his split persona as maverick and mogul. Brill made his name and fortune breaking the rules, only to seek to enshrine his own honor code. He wants to be both a disturber of the peace and a strict magistrate. "If we do it right, this magazine really should be *the* magazine of the Information Age," he told a public forum. The debut issue of *Brill's Content* presented a four-point credo of the magazine's "value system," the first and most important point being "Nonfiction Should Be True," "accurate in fact and in context." (You needn't be Pontius Pilate to believe that truth is more slippery and subjective than Brill seems to think.) To make sure his magazine doesn't trespass against its own commandments, Brill hired an ombudsman, Bill Kovach, the curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University, to field complaints and file a regular report to the readers. Brill's contention is that a magazine like his should practice what it preaches and be subject to the same scrutiny to which it subjects others.

Content's hybrid nature—part yenta, part swinger—makes finding a hit formula difficult.

In principle, it's a laudable idea, if you like laudable ideas. In practice, it robs the magazine of forward thrust and immerses it in minutiae. (It's also inconsistent. When *Brill's Content* published the salaries of media movers and spear-carriers, Brill's own income was notably absent.) Like David Foster Wallace's fiction, *Brill's Content* annotates itself so anal-retentively that any semblance of inner life suffocates under a heap of hypertext. One ombudsman report, about the proper identification of oped writers and the advocacy groups they represent, was so torturous that Kovach ended his recap, "I told you this was going to be complicated, didn't I?" In another, Kovach conducted a Journalism 101 seminar for the uninitiated, distinguishing between cynicism and healthy skepticism ("the most important friend a good journalist can have") as a prelude to clearing up the confusion in some readers' minds "about what a columnist is and how columns differ from the other bylined articles that appear in the magazine." Not satisfied to contemplate its own navel, *Brill's Content* has deputized itself as journalism's official buttinsky. In "The Big Blur" column written by Eric Effron, who succeeded Michael Kramer as editor of the magazine, Effron dipped into the mailbag and fished out this helpful pain-in-the-neck suggestion.

One CNN viewer (and *Brill's Content* reader), Phil Weiss of Boise, Idaho, came forward with this observation.

Weiss told us he wrote to the cable network recently that "CNN really should disclose . . . its ownership interest in movies it reviews. For instance, you posted a laudatory review of *You've Got Mail* [on CNN.com]. The review did not disclose that Warner Brothers is the producer and distributor of the film." (Like CNN, Warner Brothers is part of Time Warner Inc.)

Weiss has a good point, and when we asked CNN about it, the network agreed. A spokesman characterized the omission as an oversight and a disclosure was added to the review by the next morning.

In the same spirit of meddling, the Web site for *Brill's Content* has instituted a Complaint Board, where readers disgruntled with other media outlets can file their letters and have them published in full; Brill's crack staff then will contact the outlet in question for its response. *Brill's Content* needs to concentrate on its own editorial problems, not micromanage other publications' or stations' domestic disputes, which are often inscrutable to those not directly interested, and tedious to unravel.

I found myself dragged into a burning non-issue in Lorne Manly's column, "The Cultural Elite" (February 1999). The background: I published an article in the October 1998 *Vanity Fair* about fashion-model fiction which centered on the latest novels by Jay McInerney (*Model Behavior*) and Bret Easton Ellis (*Glamorama*). It was not a book review, as *Brill's Content* seems to think, but a literary-trend piece. Its thesis, buried in plain sight for all to see, was that these Brylcreem boys were chasing supermodels across the page at a time when the very concept of "supermodel" seemed tired, passé. I also suggested that there was something immature and homoerotic about this glittery obsession with fashion divas. My venial sins, according to *Brill's Content,* were (a) I failed to mention my long-standing feud with McInerney, and (b) I neglected to acknowledge that a character in *Model Behavior* named Kevin Shipley was based on me and that *Vanity Fair* was also targeted, ergo my piece may have been motivated by payback. One charge is true and irrelevant, the other untrue and irrelevant. True, I didn't trot out my flying-tomahawk history with McInerney in the *V.F.* column. Not because I was trying to slip anything past the reader but because these skirmishes are all on the public record. It's not as if McInerney and I had a private spat which snaked into print


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the correspondents checking in this month, though not with words of praise. (Praise comes to us primarily from those outside the media bubble.)" In an item for "Stuff We Like," Brill himself indulged in revisionist populism, touting Tom Brokaw's *The Greatest Generation* for celebrating the everyday heroes of W.W. II, whom Brill contrasted with the rat-racers of today. "In the case of Brokaw's subjects, they weren't missing dinners and pulling all-nighters to get a deal done or an IPO launched or to get into an Ivy League school." An odd swipe given Brill's status as a yuppie overachiever who has done more than his participated in. Referring to J.F.K. Jr. as "a whipping boy for the cognoscenti," a description with which Brill himself could identify, Pogrebin's article emphasized the chasm between the Beltway snobs and the "folks" who read *George*. *George*'s circulation numbers were cited as if they were polls indicating a groundswell of support. The special pleading of the piece reached its comic height when *Brill's Content* tracked down actual *George* subscribers to ask them what they thought of the magazine. "Retired librarian Mary Dreksler of Satellite Beach, Florida, says *George* is portable fare. 'If you're watching TV or you're in the

Brill's Content bags small game for minor infractions and lets bigger ogres roam free.

mean, McInerney slurps wine each month for *House & Garden*! He needs a designated driver before he can take the high road regarding glossy magazines.

I do not argue here, of course, that only demonstrable facts are news. There are times and occasions when rumor is almost as important as the truth—when a newspaper's duty to its readers requires it to tell them not only what has happened, but also what is reported, what is threatened, what is merely said.

—H. L. Mencken, "Journalism in America," in *Prejudices: Sixth Series* (1927).

The leak is a news event, the leak being true is a news event, and the leak not being true is a news event. We have to cover all three of those.... Then it's up to the reader or the viewer to judge. The only alternative is that we put the story through the Steve Brill Committee of Truth and Conformity, and I think that's absolutely outrageous.

—John Hockenberry, in *Mother Jones*.

Shunned by the media elite since his debut issue, Brill has attempted to turn their cold shoulders to his advantage by repositioning himself as a populist executive, a Steve Forbes with *Glengarry Glen Ross* gonads. Web-site banner ads and New York bus ads for *Brill's Content* run fuming quotes about the magazine from Sam Donaldson and Michael Isikoff with the payoff line THE MORE THEY SCREAM ... THE BETTER WE SEEM. It's us little bullies versus them big bullies. The précis to the "Letters" section for the *Brill's Content* May 1999 issue states, "Staffers at *The New Yorker, U.S. News & World Report,* the *Forward,* and *USA Today* are among



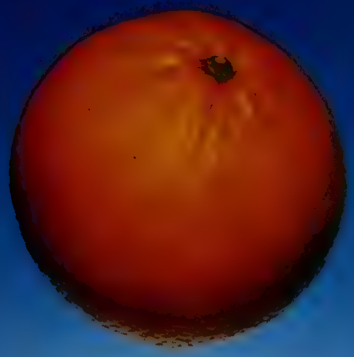
KING OF THE CRITICS
H. L. Mencken, pictured here on July 12, 1935, took no stock in what he called "fantastic codes of ethics."

share of deals. (And to whom getting into an Ivy League school was of paramount importance.)

Brill's brand of pin-striped populism blossomed into romance when he embraced John F. Kennedy Jr. as a soul brother in the *Brill's Content* of March 1999. Brill could relate to how the other had bled. Like Brill, J.F.K. Jr. is a public figure whose magazine, *George,* arrived with much fanfare and then found itself an object of derision and circling buzzards. Both men have invested so much macho identity into their magazines that failure would entail a larger loss of face. Featuring J.F.K. Jr. on the cover, *Brill's Content* conducted a salvage operation of *George*'s reputation and delivered a rebuke to the naysayers. Accompanying an article on *George* by Abigail Pogrebin was a white-noise Q and A with J.F.K. Jr. (trying to get good quotes from him is like checking a burro for gold teeth) which Brill himself

car, you can pick it up and put it down.'" The same could be said of a bottle of Yoo-Hoo. "Elaine Benken, a 34-year-old graphic designer in Indianapolis, says, 'It's intelligent, but not so intelligent that it's hard to get through.'" *George*—the magazine that doesn't tax the old bean. And yet from such endorsements *Brill's Content* drew sustenance. The subtextual message of the J.F.K. Jr. package was: Like *George, Brill's Content* is a magazine that's been dismissed by the pundits but resonates with coupon clippers. Pogrebin: "It looks like *George* has connected on its own terms, winning the following it was after: the educated American consumer—not Joe Six Pack, but Josie White-Wine Spritzer ... " Josie *who*?

It was a theme amplified by Brill when he served as the keynote speaker at a 1999 forum sponsored by *Talkers Magazine,* a publication devoted to talk-radio rabble. Introducing Brill was Michael Harrison, the editor and publisher of *Talkers,* who described Brill as being "very much in sync with the type of attitudes and mentality that we in talk media have," a comment which Brill amen'd: "We have a lot in common.... When it comes to arrogance and power and lack of accountability ... the media are actually the only people in the world who make lawyers look good." Like talk radio, *Brill's Content* bypasses the arteriosclerotic channels of traditional top-down communication to take its message directly to the average American. It has a rate base of 225,000, he told them, and "most of those 225,000 people are civilians," not media insiders. "The media doesn't like this magazine very much, because it challenges them," Brill explained. If he thought he was forging a fellowship



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with these talk-radio personalities, the question-and-answer period must have come as an exploding cigar. The first question emanated from Lester Kinsolving, a blustering Foghorn Leghorn Paleolithic conservative who passes for "a character" in personality-bleached Washington, asking an inane, irrelevant, and tendentious question about the late Walter Duranty of *The New York Times*. Kinsolving wanted to know why "your friends" at the *Times* continue to brag about Duranty's winning a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of the Soviet Union (Duranty having gone down in conservative annals as a Communist stooge). Has that ever crossed your inquisitive mind?, Kinsolving demanded. It has now, Brill said. "I want ideas, even if they come in the form of a public beratement." Another questioner took great umbrage—this was a crowd that specialized in umbrage—at Brill's anti–Ken Starr report, wanting to know how it made Brill feel that "Bill and Hillary" drew such delight from it. "Uncomfortable," Brill said. "Obviously uncomfortable."

He looked uncomfortable, all right—uncomfortable at having questions lobbed at him by this elephants' graveyard division of Angry White Males. (If this is populism, bring back the landed gentry.) Regardless of the overture he had made, these squawk boxes recognized that politically Brill wasn't one of them. They spurned his advances. But to be accepted by the right, or the left, Brill would have to violate his mission statement.

In the four-point credo of *Brill's Content,* Brill affirms that the magazine will not address issues "in ideological terms." It will not choose political sides, because that would impede a disinterested pursuit of the Truth. But an unideological crusader—an apolitical populist—seems a contradiction in terms. True populists tend to veer either left (Studs Terkel, Jesse Jackson) or right (Rush Limbaugh, Pat Buchanan). The liveliest press criticism has always come from various poles of opposition. On the left, *I. F. Stone's Weekly* became the bulletin board of anti–Vietnam War activists, a salty decoding of Pentagon briefings and body counts; Noam Chomsky, an ascetic maverick, taught an entire generation how to onion-peel the mainstream media in *Manufacturing Consent* (with Edward S. Herman), a book which has been spun off into a documentary film and a study guide; Alexander Cockburn is again crowing like a rooster in his spot at the *New York Press.* The right, obsessed with the bugaboo of liberal bias, has shown less range, though William F. Buckley Jr. practiced critical kung fu in *Rumbles Left and Right* (where he put Jack Paar's broadcasts and Murray Kempton's columns under a monocled gaze), and Hilton Kramer's bird-dogging of *The New York Times* in the *New York Post* was a consistently entertaining if cackling column until it was canned by that junior auxiliary gasbag John Podhoretz, the *Post*'s editorial editor. (Full disclosure: Hilton Kramer is the editor of *The New Criterion,* to which my wife, Laura Jacobs, and I contribute. So there.) Somewhere beyond the conventional political spectrum, anarchist spirits such as H. L. Mencken and Dwight Macdonald poked holes in many a dirigible. (In an essay in his collection *Discriminations,* Macdonald belittles the mystique of newspaper writing, a craft he insists any donkey can master.)

Lacking a political point of view, *Brill's Content* bags small game for minor infractions and lets bigger ogres roam free. When it writes about Thomas L. Friedman, the *Times*'s op-ed page columnist on foreign affairs, it concerns itself not with his armchair-bully bombs-away approach to foreign policy (pound the Serbs into the previous century), but with a couple of columns he wrote about Internet commerce. When it covers *The Capital Gang*'s Robert Novak, it focuses on the cash cow he's created through his newsletter, speaking engagements, and expensive seminars, ignoring his long, ugly history of Red-baiting. Like *George, Brill's Content* covers its beat as if it had no stake in the outcome. But in a battle of ideas, a partisan struggle, who roots for the referee? Despite its title, *Brill's Content* isn't really concerned with content, but with process, corporate branding, and inside baseball.

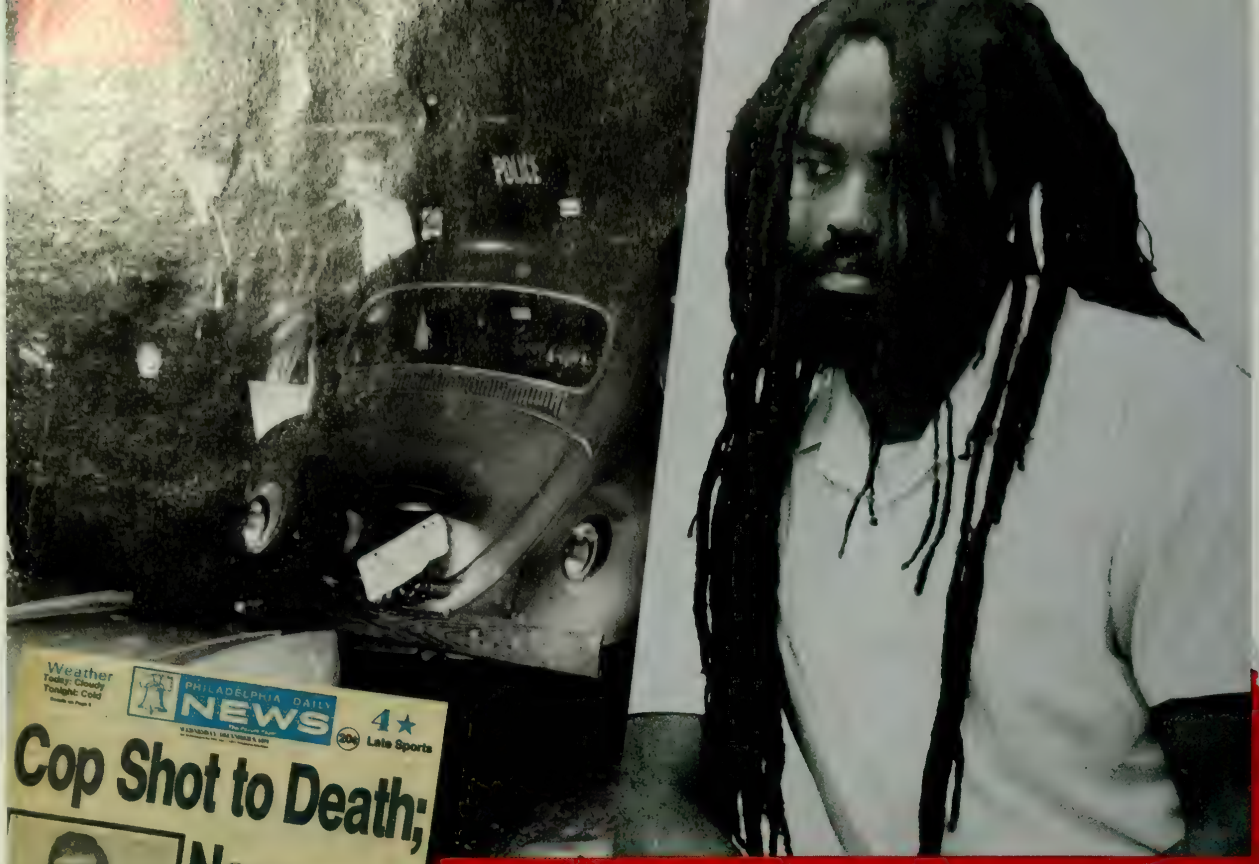
Can *Brill's Content* survive? It has received an infusion of funds from investor George Soros, another skybox populist, a vote of confidence which has been tagged at $10 million. But its subscriber base is flat, and gambits such as offering cut-rate subscriptions to journalism, political-science, and communications students (dangling free subs to their teachers) betray a sweaty upper lip of desperation. Like many other magazines, it's also suffering from newsstand blahs. Yet the magazine is still breathing, and Brill remains a fighter. The drive to prove those laughing preppies at Deerfield wrong seems to animate everything he does. And it must be acknowledged that there are prickly things in *Brill's Content* not found elsewhere. Having Paul Brodeur, a former science writer for *The New Yorker,* challenge the worth of recent *New Yorker* articles downplaying the carcinogenicity of trichloroethylene (the danger of which formed the basis for the movie *A Civil Action*) and the "myth" of cancer clusters was eye-opening. Brodeur's credentials and long association with *The New Yorker* gave his objections disturbing weight. Malcolm Gladwell, one of the writers he was criticizing, seems like a dandy by comparison.

I also got a kick out of Josh Greenfeld's quixotic attempt to get a reprint fee out of *The New York Times* for his 1969 review of *Portnoy's Complaint,* which the *Times* published in its anthology *Books of the Century.* This first-person piece, published in the June 1999 issue of *Brill's Content,* is a cantankerous comedy, with a former *Times Book Review* editor offering to pay $50 out of his own pocket (which Greenfeld rightly judges an insult) and a cameo appearance by Philip Roth himself, the prince of ambivalence first siding with Greenfeld ("He doesn't give a hoot if the *Times* book includes the *Portnoy's* review or not"), then reversing course ("Why should every other shtunk be in it besides me?"). The whole peashooting battle reads like an update of Charles Simmons's witty *roman à clef* about the *Times Book Review, The Belles Lettres Papers.*

Brill's Content has been dismissed by the pundits but resonates with coupon clippers.

The contributions by Brodeur and Greenfeld reminded me of the defunct *[More],* the much-lamented journalism magazine in the 70s briefly edited by Michael Kramer (how ironic!), where writers could duke it out as equals without feeling as if they were answering to a higher authority. (*[More]*'s annual convention was named in honor of A. J. Liebling, the magazine's Jovian inspiration.) A rueful first-person account by Phil Bronstein—the editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* and the man man enough to be married to Sharon Stone—about life in the media fishbowl had some zip when it was published in April. In articles such as these, *Brill's Content* slips out from under Steven Brill's iron thumb and shows quivers of life. Though what Josie White-Wine Spritzer would make of it all, I have no idea. □


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CAUSE CÉLÈBRE
Top left: **Philadelphia police gather around the car that Officer Daniel Faulkner stopped before he was shot to death on December 9, 1981.** ***Top right:*** **Faulkner's convicted murderer, Mumia Abu-Jamal, on death row in 1994.** ***Inset:*** **the murder was front-page news in Philadelphia.**

THE FAMOUS AND THE DEAD

Mumia Abu-Jamal has become America's most famous prisoner, with celebrities including Norman Mailer and Spike Lee calling for a new trial. But Maureen Faulkner wants the world to remember why Abu-Jamal is on death row: the police officer he was convicted of murdering 18 years ago was her husband, Danny

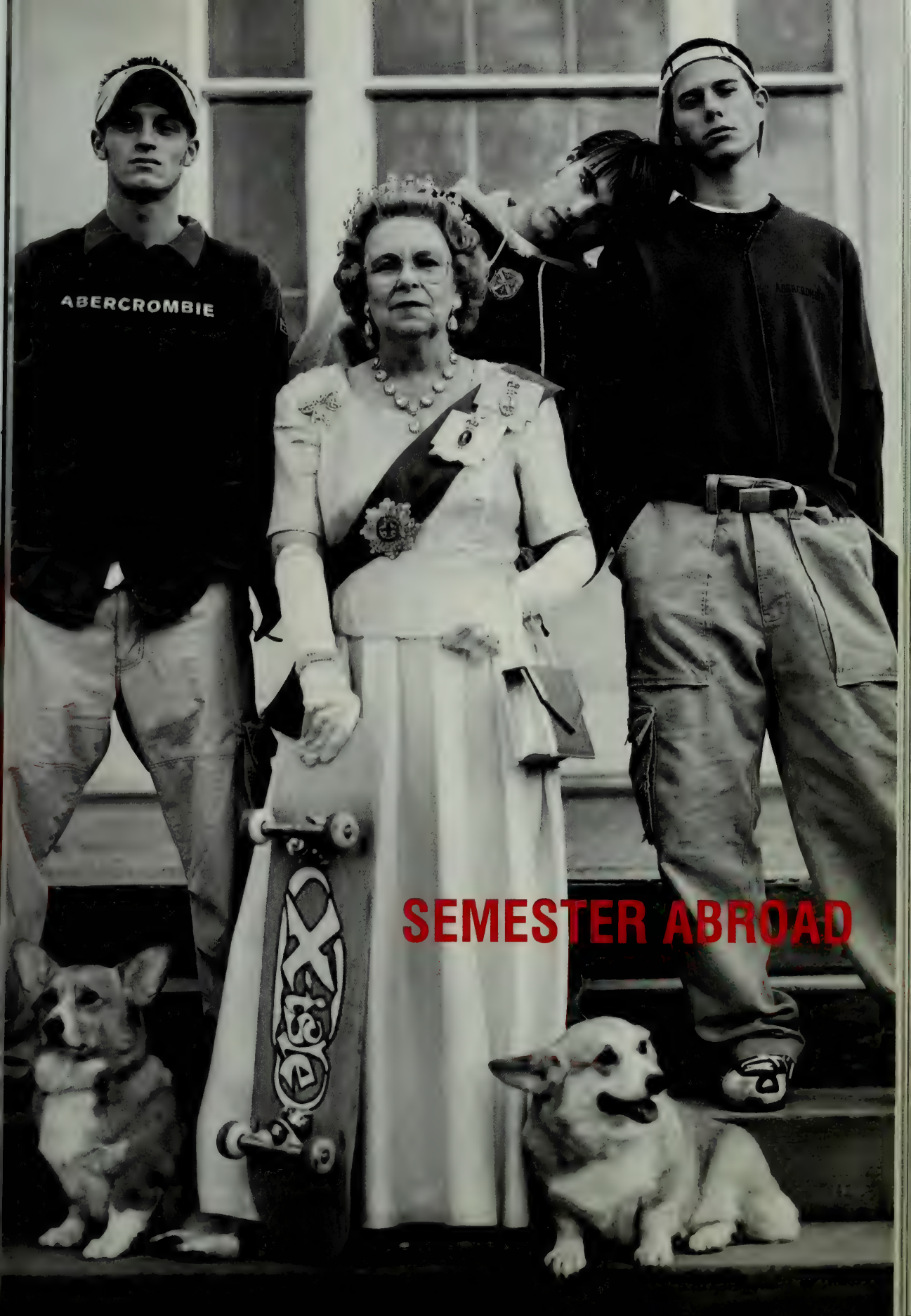
BY BUZZ BISSINGER

Daniel Faulkner was a police officer with a square face and arching eyebrows, an everyday cop riding a patrol car in the quirky and restless hours before dawn. Already that night Faulkner had accompanied a seven-year-old alleged rape victim to the hospital. But this was the graveyard shift in the red-light belly of the city, where the ghosts of the night always came out most vividly—muggers yanking gold chains from necks, runners on 10-speed bikes hired by pimps to make sure the prostitutes were being productive, the flow of beer in sodden after-hours bars.

At 25, he had been a cop in Philadelphia for five years, and he had aspirations that didn't reach too far—maybe a long career as a police officer, maybe a career as a prosecutor in the district attorney's office, maybe a little getaway house in the Poconos if he and his wife, Maureen, could scrape together another $10,000.

There had been talk of kids between the two of them—how many, what sex was preferred. But the marriage was young then, barely a year old. He had adapted to the fact that she was a cook without potential. She had adapted to his life as a po-

TOP LEFT: BY PETE DOLKOFF


ABERCROMBIE
SEMESTER ABROAD

[illegible] the [illegible] wife [illegible] that year when [illegible] Pete Dailey, [illegible] The Faulkner [illegible] him in the hospital, and on the way home Maureen had expressed, for the first time, the fear she felt for her husband's safety. "I love police work," he had said in response. "And if anything happens to me, life goes on." It was the kind of statement that cops like to make—slightly fatalistic, slightly macho—and she didn't take it as an ominous harbinger.

He had cooked dinner that night. Then he had sat at the table, paid bills, and put aside some money for Christmas shopping. Running late, he had decided to dress at home—white T-shirt, blue police shirt, blue uniform sweater to ward off the chill of early December. He left the two-bedroom row house in the southwest section of Philadelphia at 11:30 P.M.

His shift had nearly reached its midpoint when he pulled his patrol car, 612, behind a light-blue Volkswagen Beetle near the dimly lit corner of 13th and Locust Streets. Faulkner had apparently stopped the Beetle for some sort of traffic violation. But at 3:51 A.M. something caused Faulkner to radio for a wagon—a clear indication that he had decided to make an arrest.

612: I have a car stopped . . . 12, 13th and Locust.

Radio: Car to back 612, 13th and Locust.

612: On second thought send me a wagon 1234 Locust.

A police car then swung out in the direction of Faulkner. But as it was doing so, a passerby frantically stopped the vehicle, and an officer immediately put out a broadcast over the radio.

"We just got information from a passerby, there's a policeman shot."

Nine seconds later, when police arrived at the scene, they found that Officer Faulkner was not in the act of making an arrest. Instead, he was sprawled on the sidewalk with two bullet wounds. According to eyewitness accounts and testimony by ballistics experts and the pathologist who examined his body, the first bullet had been fired from approximately 19 inches away. It tore into the left side of Faulkner's upper back, one inch to the left of the midline, almost at the base of his neck. According to the prosecution's reconstruction of the incident, Faulkner returned fire and actually hit the man who had just shot him.

While Faulkner was down on his back, the shooter walked over to him, stood at point-blank range, and continued to fire. One of the bullets hit Faulkner in the face. It erupted in a flash that a witness could clearly see, and Faulkner's entire body jerked from the impact.

The bullet, fired from a distance of approximately 12 inches, entered his face five inches below the top of his head, exploded through his nose, tore through the bones of his face, through the bones above his eyes, through his entire brain, through the right parietal bone in the back of his head, and lodged in the right occipital bone. If there was anything merciful about the way Faulkner died on the night of December 9, 1981, it was this, taken from the testimony of the medical examiner who performed the autopsy: "Complete instantaneous disability and death."

"I love police work," Officer Faulkner said. "And if anything happens to me, life goes on."

The deprivations of death row in Pennsylvania are wrenching by any standard—23 hours of every 24 spent alone in a locked cell, family and loved ones viewed only through Plexiglas, strict rules on the number of personal items that can be maintained. It has been the fate of a former radio broadcast journalist named Mumia Abu-Jamal to have been on death row since 1983—first in a Gothic-looking prison known as SCI Huntingdon and now in a modern facility, SCI Greene, in the southwest pocket of the state, hard by the West Virginia line, which from afar looks like a shopping mall.

For part of this time, there may have been some negligible comfort in the fact that Pennsylvania had not actually carried out an execution since 1962. But in May 1995 the state did execute an inmate, and a second execution followed that August.

In 1995 the governor of Pennsylvania, Tom Ridge, signed a death warrant for Abu-Jamal, who on July 2, 1982, had been found guilty by a jury in Philadelphia of the first-degree murder of Officer Faulkner. The jury, composed of 10 whites and two blacks, deliberated for less than six hours before reaching a verdict in the two-week trial. A day later the jury began deliberations on the penalty phase of the trial at 2:27 P.M. and reconvened an hour and 53 minutes later, returning a sentence of death.

The warrant was stayed by a state-court judge, putting off for the immediate future any possible execution of Abu-Jamal. Various lawyers have been working on his case for years, and a legal team that has now grown to five attorneys and 13 investigators labors feverishly to get from the federal court what, despite exhaustive appeals, the state courts of Pennsylvania have refused to grant: a new trial for Abu-Jamal on the basis that he is innocent, and that he was convicted in a kangaroo-court-style proceeding that was grotesquely unfair.

"Don't tell me about the valley of the shadow of death," Abu-Jamal has written in one of the two books he has had published while on death row. "I live there." Those who have visited him in prison say his spirit and strength are remarkable. But, however harsh, the rigors of his imprisonment are also unique.

Around the world his case has become a cause célèbre, making him the most famous prisoner not simply in America but perhaps in the entire world. And it is clear that even on death row the demands of celebrity are never easy. Too many people who want to visit. Too much mail that needs to be answered.

Take, for example, the foreign-dignitary dilemma.

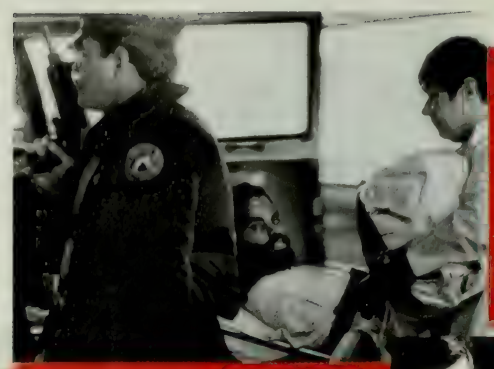
Last April, Danielle Mitterrand, the widow of former French president François Mitterrand, wanted to see the 45-year-old Abu-Jamal in order to express her support and solidarity. So did Dr. Winfried Wolf, a member of the German Parliament. To accommodate them, Abu-Jamal had to juggle his visitors' list. Given that prison officials have a specific limit on the number of visitors—and generally allow an inmate to change that list once a month—it became quite a logistical nightmare, according to Abu-Jamal's lead attorney, Leonard Weinglass.

With an open slot in the visitors' list, Mme. Mitterrand was able to get in. But Winfried Wolf was not so lucky, a fact that Weinglass found particularly awkward due to the importance of what he characterizes as Abu-Jamal's "German support."

If it isn't the foreign-dignitary dilemma, it's the mail dilemma. Some inmates on death row get no mail, but Abu-Jamal gets batches of it, according to Weinglass, and there's just not enough time to answer all of it. It may be because of the master's degree Abu-Jamal is studying for through the auspices of California State University. It may be because of the regular column he writes about world and domestic affairs (distributed over one of a host of Web



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"Don't tell me about the valley of the shado of death," Abu-Jamal wrote. "I live there."

SHOT IN THE HEART
Above: **an injured Abu-Jamal several days after he was shot by Daniel Faulkner.** ***Right:*** **Faulkner's widow, Maureen, flanked by police officers at a commemorative service for her husband in 1981.**

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...the $20,000 that Weinglass says was raised from a benefit concert; the guards who seek his advice on where to send their children to college; the taped commencement message he recently sent to the Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington.

"He doesn't have time," Weinglass says of the mail. "When I go in to see him, he asks me to contact this one, contact that one, apologize, tell them I'm busy."

But Weinglass is hardly complaining, since his days in the cauldron of high-profile cases go all the way back to 1969, when he and William Kunstler represented the defendants in the Chicago Seven trial. "The worst thing that can happen to anyone in the criminal-justice system is to be a number, to be faceless and a number," says the lawyer, whose résumé also includes the Pentagon Papers criminal case; the Angela Davis murder trial; the defense of the kidnappers in the Patty Hearst trial; and a trip to Peru on behalf of Abimael Guzmán, the leader of the Shining Path guerrilla group, whose war with the government led to the deaths of nearly 30,000 people. "The best thing that can happen to anyone in the criminal-justice system is to have outside support."

While efforts to gain a new trial have been rejected by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court on two separate occasions, the support for Abu-Jamal shows no signs of stopping. Last April, rallies held the same day in San Francisco and Philadelphia attracted a combined 25,000 people. Several months earlier, a controversial benefit concert on behalf of Abu-Jamal, featuring Rage Against the Machine and the Beastie Boys, played to a sold-out crowd of 16,000 at the Continental Airlines Arena in New Jersey.

When Weinglass first became involved, in 1992, support for the death-row inmate was still relatively small. But then the mainstream media discovered him, irresistibly drawn to the novelty of a prison inmate—a death-row prison inmate no less—with radio and writing skills too good to pass up.

In 1994, National Public Radio signed Abu-Jamal up to do commentaries on prison life and issues of crime on the popular afternoon show *All Things Considered.* NPR backed off after a vigorous protest. But the swirl of publicity over NPR's flip-flop only made him hotter. In 1995 the Addison-Wesley publishing house, responding to a proposal from a literary agent, published a book of writings by Abu-Jamal called *Live from Death Row.*

Support from Hollywood also picked up in a major way in 1995 after Governor Ridge signed the warrant of execution. Leading members of the literary community rallied around Abu-Jamal as well. In the summer of 1995, a full-page advertisement contending the convicted killer had received an unfair trial appeared in *The New York Times.* It was signed by a glittering array of individuals from the Hollywood, writing, and academic communities, including Maya Angelou, Alec Baldwin, Derrick Bell, Noam Chomsky, E. L. Doctorow, Roger Ebert, Günter Grass, Spike Lee, Norman Mailer, Paul Newman, Joyce Carol Oates, Tim Robbins, Salman Rushdie, Susan Sarandon, Oliver Stone, and William Styron.

Support for Abu-Jamal continued to build on an international basis, much of it fueled by overwhelming opposition to the death penalty. France, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, and Spain are among a raft of countries that have abolished the death penalty during the past 20 years, in contrast to the United States, where executions are carried out with numbing regularity.

As a radio journalist in Philadelphia, Abu-Jamal had enjoyed a certain degree of success, friends and former colleagues say, before unraveling both professionally and personally to the point where his occupation at the time of the shooting was that of cabdriver. But from the canyons of death row his career resurged and skyrocketed, and now Abu-Jamal takes offense at those who describe him as a "former" journalist.

"Calling me a former journalist is like calling me a former human being," he said in an interview in 1995. "I've published more than 90 percent of the Black and white journalists in America."

His cause and his case go beyond writing contracts. There is the honorary law degree he received from the New College of California School of Law in San Francisco. There are the honorary citizenships bestowed upon him by a district of Copenhagen in Denmark and the city of Palermo in Italy. There is the call for clemency by South African archbishop Desmond Tutu, 71 members of the Danish Parliament, Elie Wiesel, Jesse Jackson, and Martin Sheen. There is the sabotage of an edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle,* in which Abu-Jamal supporters took thousands of copies of the paper from news racks and wrapped a virtually identical-looking four-page section around each one demanding a new trial for the convicted killer.

A growth industry has sprouted on his behalf, a mass of merchandising at rallies and college lectures that any movie studio would envy—books, CDs, videos, T-shirts, tote bags, jackets, whistles, candles, buttons, mouse pads ("You can have Mumia or your choice of political prisoner," a woman selling the mouse pads helpfully offered at a recent rally).

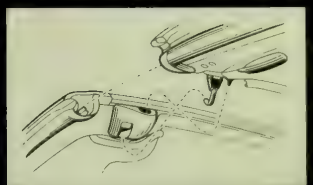
Some support Abu-Jamal because they believe, regardless of his guilt or innocence, that he received a trial riddled with problems before a judge notorious for his pro-prosecution leanings. Some support him because of their opposition to the death penalty. Some believe he is the victim of a frame-up by a Philadelphia Police Department that had a national reputation for brutality and racism in the 1970s.

They have found in Abu-Jamal the perfect spokesman and symbol, and the ingredients of star quality which are an absolute requisite for any cause in the culture of

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...life in incarceration, a man of
...appeal with that interesting chem-
...istry of sultry vibes and hanging dreadlocks
...a man who dices his writings with just the right dash of revolutionary spice so as to be provocative. In the past 12 months, more than $200,000 in donations poured in to just one of his many support groups.

He has been transformed into a mythic figure, canonized at almost every opportunity—an outspoken revolutionary and hero to millions, in the words of one of the band members of Rage Against the Machine; a man similar in spirit to Mandela, in the words of novelist Alice Walker.

Abu-Jamal himself, in a rare interview with a member of the mainstream media in 1995 (attempts, both in writing and through his lawyer, made by *Vanity Fair* to interview Abu-Jamal were unsuccessful), said he was uncomfortable with his role as a symbol. But those who once worked with him wonder. "The guy's a worldwide celebrity," says a former colleague. "I don't know if late at night he says, 'What the fuck have I gotten into? Look at what I've accomplished.'"

Whatever the motivation, the beat of Abu-Jamal goes on. And there may be only one thing to mar it all: compelling evidence that Abu-Jamal ran across Locust Street with a gun in his hand on that December night in 1981 and killed Daniel Faulkner.

In addition to the evidence, a former volunteer for a prison-reform organization who regularly visited Abu-Jamal has come forward with what he says was an admission by the inmate to the killing. In the early 1990s, Philip Bloch was an active participant in the Pennsylvania Prison Society. He was also a student at Juniata College in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, the town where Abu-Jamal was incarcerated. Bloch says that he had at least 10 conversations with Abu-Jamal in prison, and that it was during one of them when he asked the inmate, "Do you have any regrets about killing the officer?"

"Yes" was Abu-Jamal's reply, according to Bloch.

When police arrived at the scene, they not only saw Faulkner with blood pouring out of his face, but also saw Abu-Jamal sitting in close proximity, on the curb.

Raised in a housing project in Philadelphia, Abu-Jamal developed his political-activist beliefs in earnest in 1969, when, at 15, he co-founded the local chapter of the Black Panther Party and became its "minister of information." Known in high school as a strong student, he was also expelled for his radicalism. Those who knew Abu-Jamal say that he never lost his ideological beliefs about the system and the intense degree of oppression against minorities. But Abu-Jamal also became part of the journalistic mainstream, working at a variety of commercial radio stations in Philadelphia. At a certain point in his life, he was highly regarded, with a voice that seemed born for the airwaves—rich, velvety, beautiful. Some saw in him the kind of talent, particularly in his ability to evoke mood and atmosphere, that could have led him as far as he wanted to go in the radio business. Others admired him for the way he had managed to bridge the gap between traditional journalism and social activism by doing stories on the disadvantaged.

But in the months before the shooting, according to colleagues, it was a talent that he had basically jettisoned. His last full-time job had been as a reporter with WHYY, the local public-radio station in Philadelphia. He had started at the station in the summer of 1979, and for some of that time, as a member of a staff putting out a local version of *All Things Considered* called *91 Report,* much of his work had been of high quality.

"The guy's a celebrity," says one of Abu-Jamal's former colleagues. "I don't know if late at night he says, 'Look at what I've accomplished.'"

But he was something of a manipulator, say those who worked with him, particularly since he knew that his talent was in demand. "I wanted it to work," says a former colleague. "I wanted his voice and I wanted the voice he represented on the air. I'm not at all surprised at his ability to get people to buy into what he wants them to, because that's what he did to me."

In January of 1981, *Philadelphia* magazine listed Abu-Jamal in its group of "81 to Watch." But the mention seemed almost silly. Colleagues say that his work habits at the station had begun to deteriorate seriously. Increasingly, other reporters had to cover for him because he could not be found.

Former journalistic colleagues say there were indications that he was having personal and financial problems. And he was increasingly falling into lockstep with a militant and radical group in Philadelphia called MOVE. In May 1980, nine of its members had been convicted in the death of a police officer during a shoot-out. And because Abu-Jamal frequently covered MOVE for the station, there were constant concerns over his reportorial bias, to the point where it wasn't uncommon for entire pieces to be re-edited. "His behavior at the station was really out of control," says a former colleague. "He looked like a guy who was high. He acted like a guy who was high."

Toward the end, Abu-Jamal had become a "virtual no-show," according to another former colleague. Then, after he vanished for three days with the station's staff car, he was asked to resign.

In the media, Abu-Jamal has been portrayed as a journalist whose reportage on police brutality and misconduct, particularly in the aftermath of the MOVE shoot-out, made him an open target for the police department. "To uniformed men in mourning for one of their own," wrote Doctorow, "he was an enemy delivered to their mercies."

The statement is powerful and provocative, and it adds to the legend that has blossomed around Abu-Jamal since his incarceration. Abu-Jamal reported on a variety of topics, including the police, according to Weinglass. In one of his books, Abu-Jamal recounted an incident in which an officer in a patrol car, upon seeing him, smiled and molded his fingers into the shape of a gun.

But by numerous accounts Abu-Jamal did virtually no original reporting on police brutality, and Weinglass acknowledges that he doesn't know whether any of the officers arriving on the scene that night had any idea of who he was.

"I was involved right in the middle of this whole police-misconduct business," says George Parry, who was in charge of a unit of the district-attorney's office that was established in 1978 to prosecute police officers for excessive force. "Mumia Abu-Jamal just was not a factor. I don't have any recollection of having spoken to him. It appears to be a triumph of propaganda over truth. You have to give him credit for that. The notion that Jamal has been framed because he was a critic of the police is just a hideous lie."

William Marimow, whose reportage on police brutality (along with Jonathan Neumann's) earned *The Philadelphia Inquirer* the Pulitzer Prize for public service in 1978, also has no recollection of Abu-

thing on the subject. o everyone who wrote police violence," says managing editor of "This guy didn't reg- adar screen."

In writing on behalf, Abu-Jamal has been described as a "widely acclaimed" journalist when he worked in Philadelphia, a "voice of the voiceless." But after his departure from WHYY, says a former friend, he actually became a "lost voice—his voice was lost." This friend saw in him an increasing grimness as his obsession with MOVE intensified. And while he never saw Abu-Jamal react violently to anything (Abu-Jamal had no criminal record before the shooting), he did sense in him "a lot of pent-up emotion. Some of it was anger. Some of it was frustration. Frustration at his inability to make the media a platform for [his] sociopolitical views."

From time to time, Abu-Jamal visited the city-hall newsroom where he had once been a fixture, but there was less and less to talk about with his acquaintances there. "I wasn't so anxious to see Mumia after a while," says the former friend. "Brief conversations would lapse into this disaffection with the media. By that time he was no longer an effective sounding board for me. He had become so disconnected."

The friend thought Abu-Jamal was basically lost, straddling two worlds. "He found himself neither part of the revolution nor part of the mainstream," he says. "What the hell was he?"

By the time Abu-Jamal was found on the curb by the police, he wasn't working as a radio journalist at all. Instead, he was driving a cab. "Mumia was not an award-winning, crusading journalist when he killed this cop," says a former colleague. "He was a journalist who had lost his job, who was having a personal crisis."

Others who knew Abu-Jamal vigorously dispute that description. E. Steven Collins, a highly regarded radio figure in Philadelphia who became quite close to Abu-Jamal, said he never saw any change in his temperament after the split from WHYY. Several hours before the shooting, Collins said, Abu-Jamal came to his house for spaghetti. He "was in a great mood," said Collins, and stayed until 11 P.M.

When Police Officer Robert Shoemaker approached Abu-Jamal about five hours later, he was sitting at the end of the curb, with a bullet wound in his chest from Faulkner's gun. Abu-Jamal's right arm was crossing his chest, Shoemaker later said in court testimony, and his left hand was on the ground. Shoemaker ordered Abu-Jamal to freeze, but instead, said Shoemaker in court, Abu-Jamal's arm started to move to his left. Shoemaker again ordered Abu-Jamal to freeze. It was then that Shoemaker saw a gun approximately eight inches from Abu-Jamal's hand. When Abu-Jamal did not halt, according to testimony, the officer kicked him in the throat to get him away from the gun. Abu-Jamal then fell backward, saying, "I'm shot. I'm shot."

It would later be determined that the gun Shoemaker saw—a .38 Charter Arms undercover special worn in a shoulder holster—belonged to Abu-Jamal and had been purchased by him nearly two and a half years earlier. The gun had five empty cartridges in its chamber. While subsequent ballistics examination by the prosecution could never specifically match the bullet extracted from Faulkner's skull to Abu-Jamal's gun, it was determined that the bullet's markings—eight lands and eight grooves with a twist to the right—were consistent with the type of revolver that belonged to Abu-Jamal.

Lawyers working for Abu-Jamal have offered a variety of theories about what happened that night, but the one they refer to the most is that Faulkner was shot by an unknown gunman who then fled. But in statements given to the police roughly within an hour of the incident, four different witnesses—none of whom knew any of the others—described crucial stages of Abu-Jamal's actions at the scene. Three of those witnesses made their identification of Abu-Jamal directly at the scene. (The fourth could not identify Abu-Jamal that night, but at trial correctly identified the clothes he had worn.)

The assistant district attorney who tried the case, Joseph McGill, points out, "This is not a situation where someone was arrested and brought back to the scene. In this case, [Abu-Jamal] never left the scene, because he was shot in the chest. You cannot get a better identification than that."

Not all of those witnesses saw every single moment of the fatal shooting. Only one testified to actually seeing Abu-Jamal with a gun in his hand. But another testified that he had heard the shots and then seen Abu-Jamal stand over the officer, with his hand in the clear gesture of firing. Taken together, the accounts of those four witnesses formed a consistent picture of what happened that night:

The driver of the Volkswagen, who happened to be Abu-Jamal's younger brother William Cook, was spread-eagled against the side of the car. Cook, 25, turned to take a swing at Faulkner, and Faulkner responded with force of his own, perhaps a flashlight or a billy club. Abu-Jamal, whose cab was parked across the street, then came running through a parking lot. He fired at least one shot at Faulkner's back and Faulkner fell. Abu-Jamal stood at Faulkner's feet and fired several more times, hitting Faulkner in the face. Abu-Jamal sat down on the curb, obviously debilitated by the bullet wound to his chest. Meantime, Abu-Jamal's brother stood by the wall along the sidewalk with a shocked expression on his face. (When police arrived at the scene, Cook's first—and only—words about what had happened were not in defense of his brother, or about a gunman who had fled the scene. They were: "I ain't got nothing to do with it.")

Of the four witnesses who testified for the prosecution, two were hardly angels. The only witness who said she saw the gun was a woman named Cynthia White, whose record included at least 38 arrests for pros-

"[Abu-Jamal] never left the scene," says Joseph McGill. "You cannot get a better identification than that."





JUSTICE DECRIED
Above: **Abu-Jamal escorted to a hearing at which he requested a retrial, August 15, 1995.** ***Right:*** **more than 3,500 supporters attended a "Save Mumia" rally in Philadelphia on August 12, 1995.**

[illegible] he saw [illegible] motion of [illegible] named Rob- [illegible] on probation for [illegible] into an empty [illegible] vocation, his [illegible] suspended. White's [illegible] made known to the jury. Chobert's conviction was not, because the judge ruled that it was inadmissible on the legal basis that it was not a crime indicating falsehood. Both witnesses were intensively cross-examined by the attorney representing Abu-Jamal, and their accounts of what happened that night remained firm. "I know who shot the cop and I ain't going to forget it," Chobert testified in 1982.

Two other witnesses, a Philadelphia police officer and a security guard at the hospital where Abu-Jamal was taken, testified that they heard Abu-Jamal confess to shooting Faulkner. Officer Garry Bell said he heard Abu-Jamal say in the hospital, "I shot that motherfucker and I hope the motherfucker dies." Bell did not, however, report hearing the confession until 77 days after the crime had occurred, prompting the defense to suggest vigorously that he had concocted what he heard (particularly given that another police officer who had been with Abu-Jamal the night of the shooting filed a report stating that the suspect had made no comments). But the security guard, Priscilla Durham, also testified to having heard Abu-Jamal say at the hospital, "I shot the motherfucker and I hope the motherfucker dies." Furthermore, she testified that she had reported the statement to hospital investigators the next day.

Prosecutor McGill doesn't describe the evidence as simply strong. Instead, he calls the case against Abu-Jamal "the strongest homicide case I have ever tried," during a career that spanned approximately 125 homicide cases before McGill went into private practice, in 1986.

The testimony of the eyewitnesses, says McGill, was "absolutely unavoidable in terms of truth.... [Abu-Jamal] never left the scene. He was identified by witnesses who never left the scene." The only thing more persuasive, he says, would have been a video-camera recording of what happened.

After reading the trial transcript, one could reasonably conclude that, in terms of fairness, there were some potentially troubling developments. There was the fact that the case was tried before a judge, Alfred Sabo, with a reputation for being pro-police and pro-prosecution, raising immediate questions about the impartiality of any trial he presided over. There was the question of whether Abu-Jamal's efforts to represent himself were denied by Sabo in the midst of jury selection (the judge justified the action on the basis that Abu-Jamal was taking too long and scaring potential jurors with his approach). There was the possibility that the resources allotted by the court for Abu-Jamal's representation, roughly $14,000, were simply inadequate by any standard, since he was facing the death penalty. There was the question of why there was no testimony on his behalf either from a ballistics expert or from a pathologist. There was the question of why witnesses who might conceivably have been helpful in advancing the defense theory that another person had shot Faulkner were never called.

There was the question of why a residue analysis on Abu-Jamal's hands was not done on the night of the shooting. A prosecution expert said at trial that such a test becomes invalid as soon as someone touches his trousers or wipes his hands. Because of the way Abu-Jamal struggled with the police during his arrest, there was ample opportunity for loss of residue, but an expert retained by the defense after the trial said that such tests were "frequently performed when a suspect was apprehended immediately after a shooting incident."

"I know who shot the cop and I ain't going to forget it," testified Robert Chobert.

Given that the shooting of Faulkner occurred so suddenly and that Abu-Jamal himself was shot, some observers also wondered why a claim of self-defense was not more actively pursued.

Virtually all of these issues were raised on appeal to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, however, and denied. At the root of the verdict was Abu-Jamal's own conduct—acting out to the point where one newspaper columnist wrote that his behavior was as "bizarre as it was suicidal."

On numerous occasions the judge, after repeated warnings, had Abu-Jamal removed for continued disruptions and verbal outbursts such as these:

"I need the microphone at the table."

"You have ruled, Judge? This is not to my satisfaction."

"I don't care what you believe."

"I'm not finished. We are not finished."

Jamal ever doing any[illegible] colleagues say there "I was very attuned t[illegible] was having person- about Philadelphia [illegible]ns. And he was in- Marimow, now the[illegible]ckstep with a mili- the Baltimore *Sun*. [illegible]p in Philadelphia [illegible]ister a blip on my r[illegible]80, nine of its mem[illegible] [illegible]d in the d[illegible]king com- plete contro[illegible]s on his shoot-out aggressive- ly became a nega[illegible]ed as[illegible]ntly [illegible] his defense."

Weinglass says that Abu-Jamal began to act up in court only after his right to represent himself was taken away. In fact, Abu-Jamal's behavior had been disruptive during the previous proceedings against him. At a pre-trial hearing about a month earlier, he had called the presiding judge a "bastard" and had told him to "go to hell."

Much of what Abu-Jamal's defenders have claimed, however tantalizing, is still unsubstantiated despite nearly eight years of investigation. Weinglass concedes that Abu-Jamal headed across the street that night from the parking lot after seeing his brother grapple with Faulkner. But it is his theory that Faulkner, in the act of trying to subdue one black male and seeing another black male running at him, took out his gun and shot Abu-Jamal. Faulkner in turn was shot by someone else, who fled the scene.

At lengthy hearings in 1995 and 1996 in Philadelphia, lawyers seeking a new trial for Abu-Jamal called six witnesses to indicate that someone else had done the shooting. But three of them, in statements given years earlier or in their own testimony during the hearings, had said they did not witness the actual shooting but saw someone fleeing only after shots had been fired. The fourth, who said that Faulkner had been shot by a passenger in the Volkswagen, also said that there was a helicopter with a searchlight on the scene (no other witnesses saw a helicopter) and that Faulkner, after being shot in the head, whispered, "Get Maureen ... get the children."

If in fact Faulkner had already been shot in the face, as the witness said, it would have been virtually impossible for Faulkner to talk. Furthermore, he had no children. The fifth witness said that Faulkner was shot by two different people, an assertion that was contradicted by all physical and medical evidence in the case. The sixth ended up giving brief testimony that substantiated the prosecution's account of what happened that night.

Much of what Abu-Jamal's supporters point to, while deeply troubling (such as the fact that 115 of the 130 prisoners on Pennsylvania's death row from Philadelphia are members of a minority), has nothing directly to do with the facts of



[illegible] to be too damn much," says Asner, pointing to the two and a half months it took for the police officer to report Abu-Jamal's confession and to the lack of a residue test on Abu-Jamal's hands. "I've been reading selective pieces, but it all smells."

Actor Ossie Davis, who along with actor Mike Farrell co-chairs a committee that raises funds for Abu-Jamal's defense and has been actively involved in a number of death-penalty cases, says that he sees no point in reading the entire trial transcript. "We the people, in a democracy, are not going to be able to read the transcript of all the cases that come before us. I take the word of attorneys, the word of people who have investigated.

"We're not asking, 'Let the man go. Free political prisoners.' We think the facts as we know them merit a new trial for Abu-Jamal."

Alice Walker, who gave an endorsement for Abu-Jamal's first book, says that she has read "tons and tons of everything" about the case, but that it is her recollection that she has read "bits and pieces" of the trial transcript. Nevertheless, she has come to an emphatic conclusion about the case that she says reminds her of the racist frame-ups that took place in the Deep South. "I don't have any doubt that Mumia was framed," says Walker. "None. In fact, what I think happened is that he was actually trying to help Faulkner."

Walker has visited Abu-Jamal twice in prison, and her impression of him is distinct. "He is just beautiful," she says. "He is a beautiful person. He is intelligent. He is compassionate. He has a lot of light. He reminds me of Nelson Mandela."



"He is just beautiful," novelist Alice Walker says of Abu-Jamal. "He has a lot of light. He reminds me of Nelson Mandela."



GARDENS OF STONE
Above: **Maureen Faulkner with her husband's brothers, from left, Kenneth, Thomas, and Patrick, at a fund-raiser to counter Abu-Jamal's public-relations campaign, April 23, 1999.** ***Right:*** **Daniel Faulkner's gravestone at a cemetery near Philadelphia.**

Buoyed by such support, Abu-Jamal's legal team, which has already spent several hundred thousand dollars, continues to scour for new witnesses. It also continues to suggest new possibilities of how Faulkner was killed, including one recently made by Weinglass that the officer may have been set up for execution by members of his own department because of a suspicion that he was an F.B.I. informant in an investigation of police corruption. He offers no concrete proof for this theory—just one loop-the-loop of conspiracy after another. The very fact that he would suggest it conveys a certain desperation on the part of the defense in trying to suggest an alternative version of what happened that night. But it also gives supporters one more theory to disseminate over the Internet and preach on college campuses, a myth that, if repeated enough, could begin to carry the authority of absolute truth.

Philip Bloch says that it was a reaction of "disgust" to Abu-Jamal's supporters that made him come forward several months ago with what he says was an admission by Abu-Jamal to killing Faulkner. Bloch says he learned of Abu-Jamal as part of his volunteer work for the Pennsylvania Prison Society, through another death-row inmate he was working with at the time. He and Abu-Jamal developed an "intellectual friendship" grounded in similar backgrounds in the left-wing movement, says Bloch, and talked on a variety of subjects—philosophy, history, prison life. (Discussion of Abu-Jamal's case never came up, perhaps because Bloch, based on his own examination of the case through newspaper clippings, had concluded that Abu-Jamal was almost certainly guilty.)

It was in the course of one such conversation that Bloch talked to Abu-Jamal about the use of violence and whether it might be an acceptable alternative in the advancement of a cause. It was in that context, Bloch says, that he asked Abu-Jamal if he had any regrets over killing Faulkner, and Abu-Jamal replied with a one-word answer of "yes."

"There was a long pause," Bloch remembers. "I think we probably realized what he had just done."

Bloch did not ask Abu-Jamal to elaborate, and the conversation turned toward other subjects. "It wasn't something I planned in advance," he says of the question. "It was just in the flow of the conversation. The opportunity to ask such a

they would not want some further examination of this whole thing."

Actor Ed Asner, another high-profile supporter of Abu-Jamal's, has also not read the entire trial transcript. "Could I stay awake?" he replies when asked the question.

Like Doctorow, Asner says his involvement in the case has nothing to do with Abu-Jamal's guilt or innocence, but with the issue of trial fairness. "Even if he is guilty, I find the errors and mistakes, the rancor and the severity of his sentencing,



"The static was so strong, it drowned out Emma. Mister, whatever can do that ain't human."

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Even [illegible] he was [illegible] pre- [illegible] ked [illegible] placed in my state- [illegible] one who did it. I [illegible] [illegible] of mis- [illegible] tion.

Bloch, a 47-year-old substitute teacher, kept the contents of the conversation to himself for roughly seven years. But in recent months, he says, the tactics of Abu-Jamal supporters increasingly began to gnaw at him. "Maureen Faulkner is being subjected to such calumny. They're trying to vilify the memory of her husband and make it seem like he was some rogue cop that was out beating Mumia's brother. So I see that. That's disgusting enough. I see the level of hatred that's being aroused in people towards the police. And I think it's just crossed a line."

Combing the Internet one day, Bloch discovered a Web site established by an organization called Justice for Police Officer Daniel Faulkner. He read some of the contents, and sent an E-mail in early April that said: "There is at least one person to whom Mumia has admitted killing Officer Faulkner and that person may be willing to break his silence on the matter." In a second E-mail, Bloch revealed his name and phone number, and has since given a statement to a detective from the Philadelphia Police Department.

Bloch says that his decision to come forward was not an easy one. He has not spoken with Abu-Jamal in roughly five years after letters he sent to the inmate went unanswered. But, says Bloch, "I still have a lot of respect for him. I don't think by any means he's proud of what he did. I'm sure that if he had to do it all over again he'd be somewhere else that night." But in the absence of that, says Bloch, "It's a lot easier to live the life now as a martyr than as a cold-blooded cop killer."

In 1994, Maureen Faulkner asked herself whether she would publicly respond to the swell of support for Abu-Jamal, or whether she would simply step aside. The answer came when she learned that NPR was planning to air commentaries by Abu-Jamal on life in prison. "I believe they were going to make him their poster boy," she says. "That was the beginning of it."

She called members of management at NPR, who, she says, told her that Abu-Jamal had a First Amendment right to freedom of speech. "Well, what about my husband, who is six feet under?" she responded. "He's lost his ability for his freedom of speech."

NPR reversed its decision, but Abu-Jamal's radio commentaries later surfaced on the Pacifica Radio Network. Faulkner was driving to work one day from her home in California and was flipping through stations on the car radio when she suddenly heard his voice. She flipped to another station, then flipped back. She started to shake and had to pull off to the side of the highway.

Since that time, Faulkner has consistently gone to battle with those who have promoted the case and cause of Abu-Jamal. When Addison-Wesley published Abu-Jamal's book, in 1995, she personally hired a plane to fly over the publisher's offices in Reading, Massachusetts, with a banner that read, ADDISON-WESLEY SUPPORTS COP KILLERS. In 1996, when she learned that HBO was planning to air a documentary that would leave out key elements pointing to Abu-Jamal's guilt, she wrote a letter to Gerald Levin, the head of Time Warner, which read in part: "The facts of my husband's murder are brutal and crystal clear. All physical evidence and eyewitness testimony has demonstrated over and over again that Mumia Abu-Jamal shot my husband in the back, and while he lay face up and conscious on the sidewalk Jamal emptied his gun into my wounded husband's face."

"I really felt as though I was putting out the fires of hell alone," Maureen Faulkner says of her campaign against Abu-Jamal.

When she learned that Whoopi Goldberg, who has been a visible supporter of Abu-Jamal's, was helping to host a 50th-birthday party for President Clinton, she wrote a telegram to the president that said, "Do you want someone who supports a convicted cop killer to host your 50th birthday? I know the law enforcement across this country will be appalled." (Two months later she received a letter from then chief of staff Leon Panetta that said, "The President certainly does not want to add to your grief and was very sorry to hear of your concerns. Let me assure you, however, that Ms. Goldberg's participation in the President's birthday party does not imply that he endorses her view on this particular matter.")

"I really felt as though I was putting out the fires of hell alone," Faulkner says. "And they were popping up, these fires, throughout the country, throughout the world, and I kept trying to put them out and put them out."

Faulkner has been subjected to blistering attacks on her credibility as well as E-mail missives from supporters of Abu-Jamal that have said, "Fuck you" and "Nobody cares about you or that piece of shit cop that deserved to die" and "Get your head out of your ass."

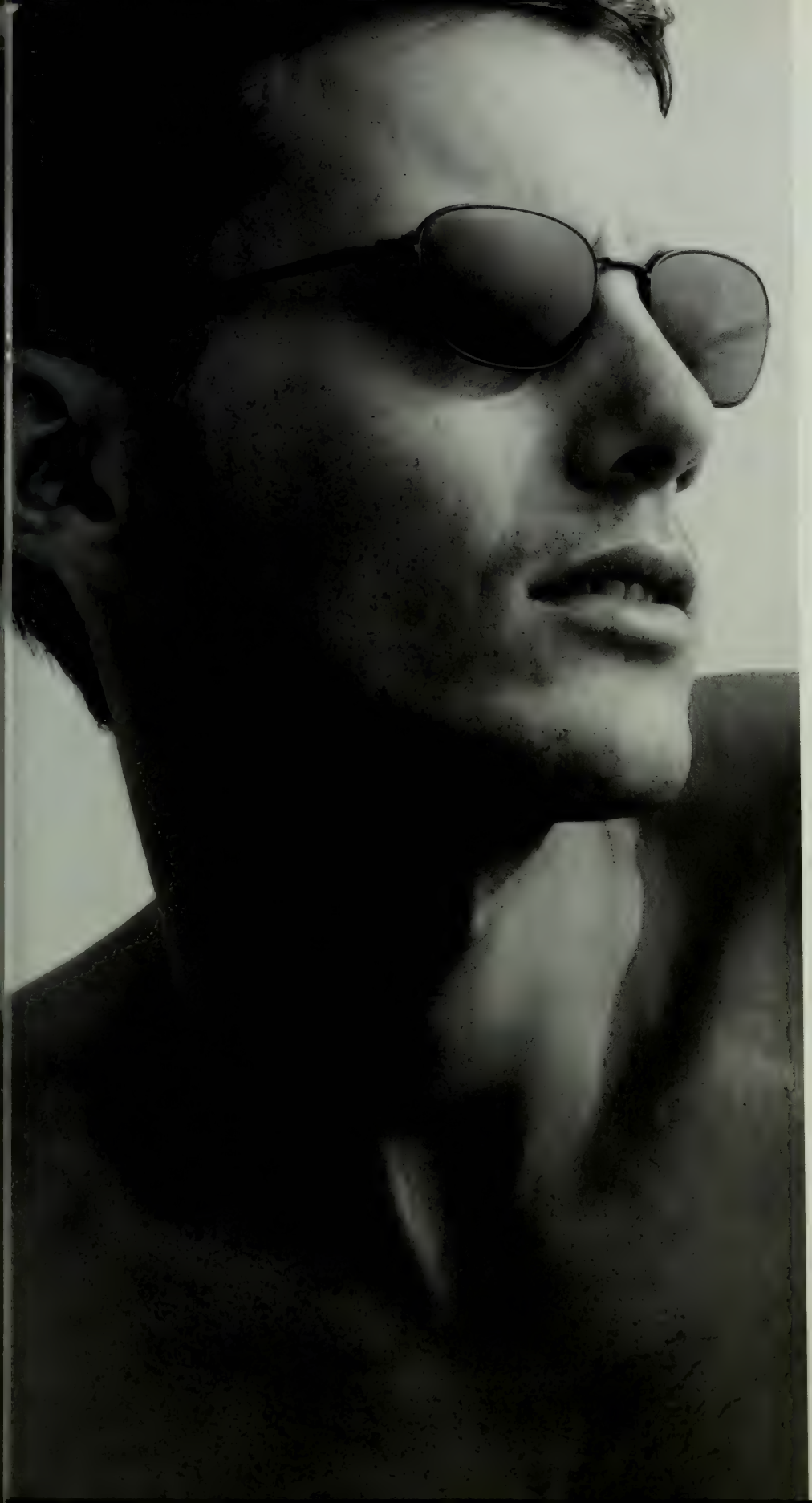
But Faulkner shows no signs of giving up. "I hope someday there is closure, and I just believe the only way that there will be closure is if . . . they follow out what a jury of 12 had decided. I am not the one who convicted Jamal of murder. A jury of 12 did in the city of Philadelphia, where capital punishment is imposed."

In the end, nearly 20 years after the murder of Officer Faulkner, the most intriguing element of Abu-Jamal's case is all that it doesn't say.

There is still the unexplained element of what caused Abu-Jamal and his brother William Cook to be at the red-light intersection of 13th and Locust Streets at close to four in the morning. There is still the unexplained element of why Abu-Jamal, even with a reputation for nonviolence, had purchased a gun two and a half years prior to the shooting. There is still the unexplained element of why William Cook has never publicly said a word about the shooting.

There is also the silence of Abu-Jamal himself. In his books, in his columns, Abu-Jamal has spoken out on virtually everything—the killing of a gay man in Alabama; the killing of Amadou Diallo by police in New York; the bombing in Iraq; Monica and Bill; the brutal treatment he said he received from police the night of the shooting after he was taken to the hospital. But there is one element missing from Abu-Jamal's prolific body of work—any account of what happened that night when Daniel Faulkner was shot to death.

Weinglass insists that Abu-Jamal is eager to tell what took place—as long as it is in the proper legal forum. A hearing in federal court for a new trial would be the appropriate setting, says Weinglass, although he also acknowledges there is no guarantee that such a hearing will ever be granted. "Let's first tell the story the first time in court," says the lawyer. "If we're blocked, we'll see then. Will Mumia go to his execution if it comes to that, without ever telling his story? The answer is obviously no." In the meantime, in the gaping void of that silence, his supporters continue to roar. □



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New York's trustee impresario of cutting-edge theater arts Harvey Lichtenstein photographed in front of the Brooklyn Academy of Music on April 12, 1999

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

Harvey Lichtenstein

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—WAYNE LAWSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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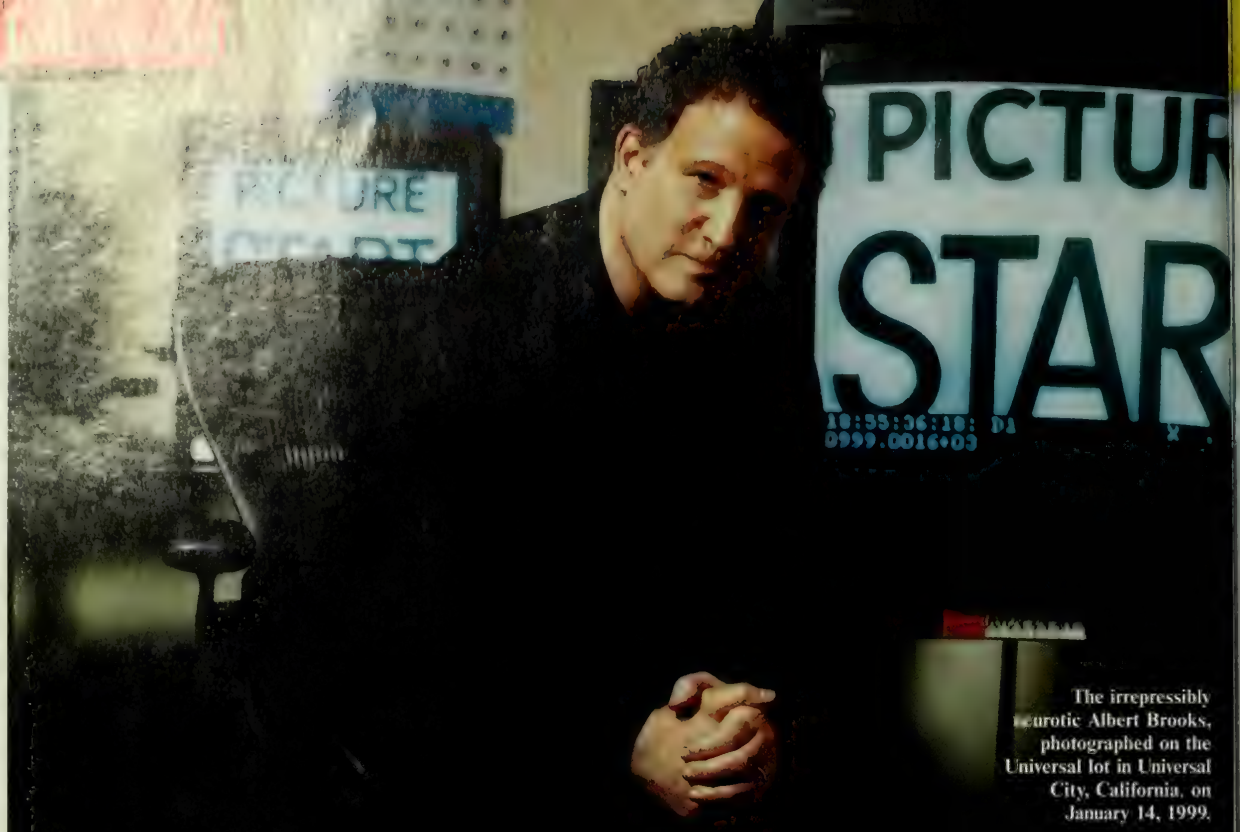
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The irrepressibly neurotic Albert Brooks, photographed on the Universal lot in Universal City, California, on January 14, 1999.

THE ESSENTIAL BROOKS

Despite his own happy ending–a wife and new baby–director Albert Brooks proves he can still turn angst into comedy with *The Muse*, casting Sharon Stone as a goddess of Hollywood burnouts

Albert Brooks fans don't get a fix very often, but "it's not like I'm sitting around," he says. It can take years to raise the money for his movies, which are never box-office smashes but are cherished by smart people who prefer mordant wit to special effects.

And who but Brooks would cast Sharon Stone as *The Muse*, as in daughter of Zeus? This one specializes in Hollywood burnouts like the desperate screenwriter (Brooks, of course) who has been told by a junior studio exec that he's lost his creative "edge."

Brooks's edge was apparent even in childhood. Johnny Carson once asked Carl Reiner who was the funniest person he ever met, and Reiner replied, "A 12-year-old kid named Albert Einstein."

Albert eventually changed his name, but not his uncompromising humor. When he refused to reshoot *Modern Romance* to please test audiences, Michael Ovitz, his then agent, asked why he always took "the hard road." Brooks said, "There's an easy road?"

Chronic angst also characterized his love life, but at 49 he finally married Web-site designer Kimberly Shlain in the kind of happy ending he would never use on-screen. Brooks calls his 10-month-old son, Jacob, "the greatest thing that ever happened to me."

Domestic bliss notwithstanding, the essential Brooks endures. He once fretted that therapy might make him not funny. His shrink replied, "At your very best you're going to have so many problems that I wouldn't worry about it."

Second-guessing his choices isn't one of them. David Geffen once commented that Brooks has "never had the career his talent deserves." Brooks says firmly, "I have no regrets."

—LESLIE BENNETTS

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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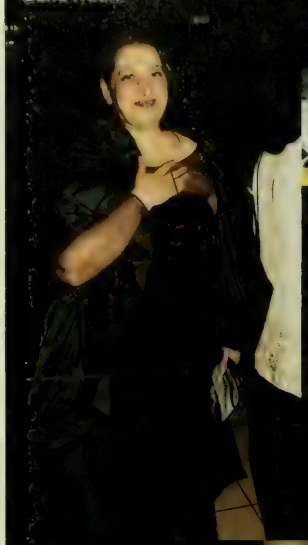
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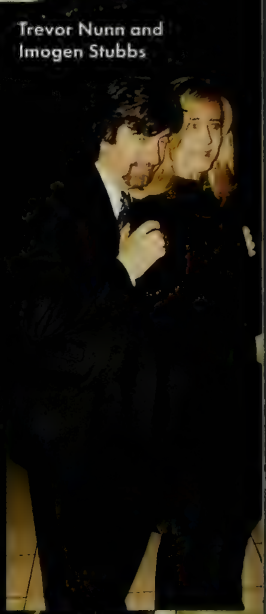
Elizabeth Morden and Nick Moran



Lucy Ferry and David Bailey



Imran Khan and Tsria Cammera



Trevor Nunn and Imogen Stubbs

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

In London, *V.F.* toasted its European edition with more than 100 British friends, ranging from the literati to the glitterati

As a thank-you to the many British friends who have supported *Vanity Fair* throughout the years, the magazine toasted more than 100 guests at the cavernous Criterion Brasserie in Piccadilly Circus. Among those on the rarefied guest list were novelists Sebastian Faulks, Robert Harris, and Auberon Waugh, James Fox the writer and James Fox the actor, and Imran Khan, just off the plane from Pakistan, and his wife, Jemima. Fresh from directing Madonna's new Max Factor commercials was Alek Keshishian, who mingled with Joan Juliet Buck, David Bailey, John Mortimer, Eric Clapton, and *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* stars Nick Moran and Jason Statham. The most popular guest? Gucci C.E.O. Domenico De Sole, whose company's fate would soon be decided by a Dutch court, looking relaxed and making dozens of new friends.

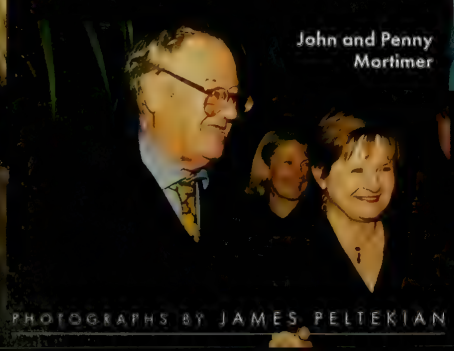
—EVGENIA PERETZ



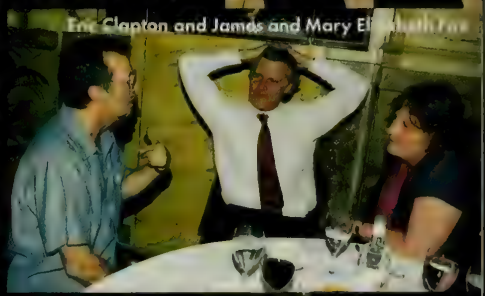
Domenico De Sole and Alek Keshishian



Kate Reardon, Elizabeth Saltzman, and Jemima Khan



John and Penny Mortimer



Eric Clapton and James and Mary Elizabeth Fox



Edna O'Brien and Richard Eyre

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES PELTEKIAN

In a past life, I was an Amazon Queen. Women ruled the land. As for men...
well, as long as they had dinner on the table, we kept them around.



In a past life it was pure, glacial spring water.

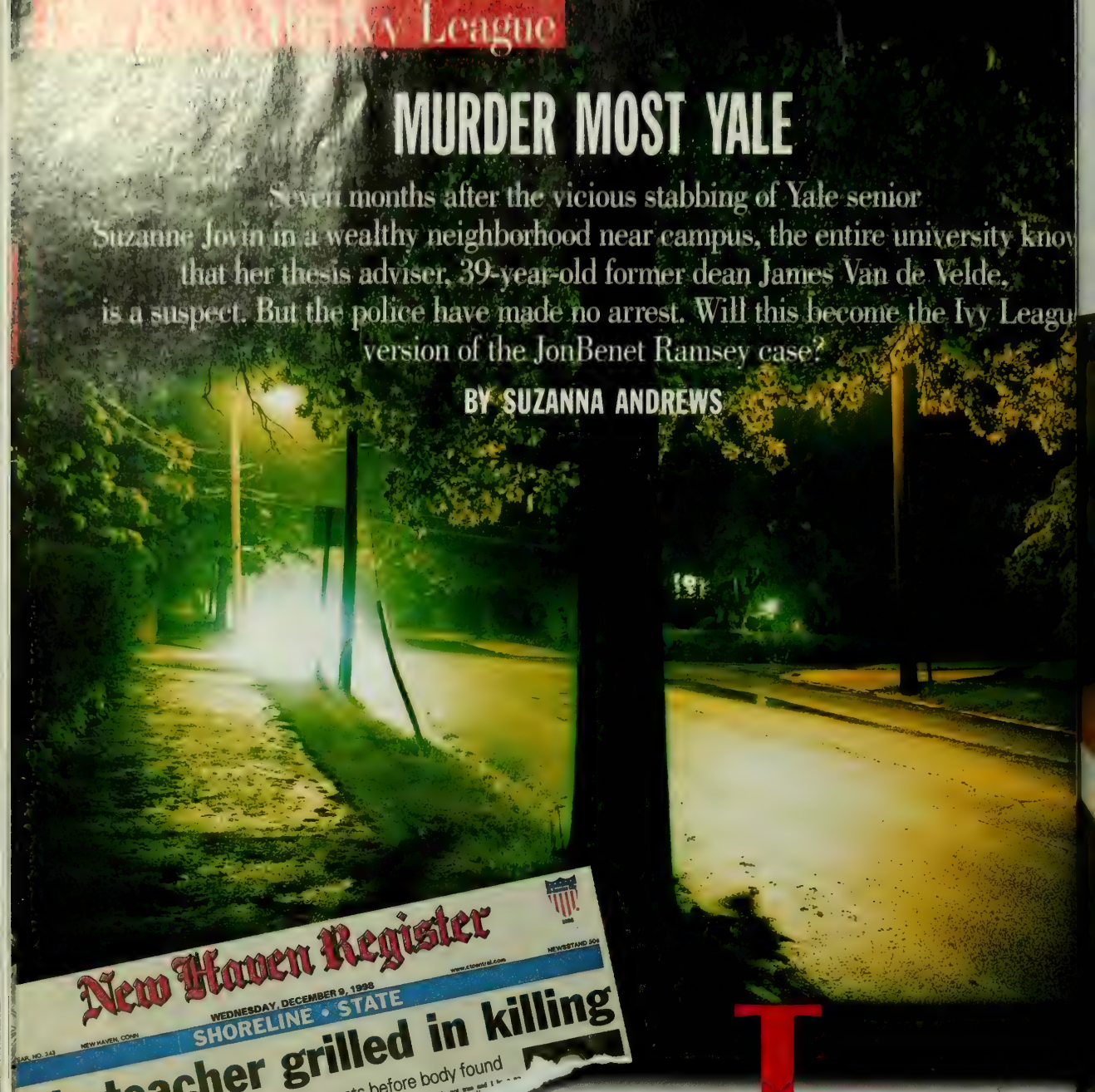


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MURDER MOST YALE

Seven months after the vicious stabbing of Yale senior Suzanne Jovin in a wealthy neighborhood near campus, the entire university knows that her thesis adviser, 39-year-old former dean James Van de Velde, is a suspect. But the police have made no arrest. Will this become the Ivy League version of the JonBenet Ramsey case?

BY SUZANNA ANDREWS



New Haven Register

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1998

SHORELINE • STATE

Yale teacher grilled in killing

Witnesses heard man, woman arguing moments before body found



From top: The grass strip at the intersection of Edgehill Road and East Rock Road where Jovin was found dying around 10 P.M., December 4, 1998; minutes earlier local residents had heard a man and woman arguing, then a scream. The December 9, 1998, *New Haven Register*, which linked Van de Velde with the killing. Jovin, about two hours before her death, at a pizza party for the Best Buddies mentoring program she ran.

The weather in New Haven, Connecticut, was unusually warm the evening of December 4, 1998. Children played in the streets, and people were out walking their dogs. At Yale University, whose vast campus, with its neo-Gothic architecture, sprawls through the center of the city, students were out in shorts and T-shirts, throwing Frisbees on the college's lawns. The balmy weather made it a perfect night for undergraduates to celebrate the end of fall-semester classes before reading week and final exams. Parties were being thrown in several of Yale's residential colleges and in off-campus student apartments. At CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTINE PARSONS

THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR



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n (Pierce Brosnan),
millionaire playboy with an
hobby: high-stakes theft.











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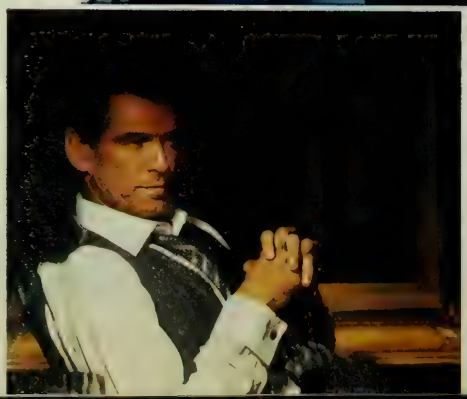




Enter Catherine Banning (Rene Russo),
a brilliant and beautiful insurance
investigator intent on capturing
the charismatic Crown.

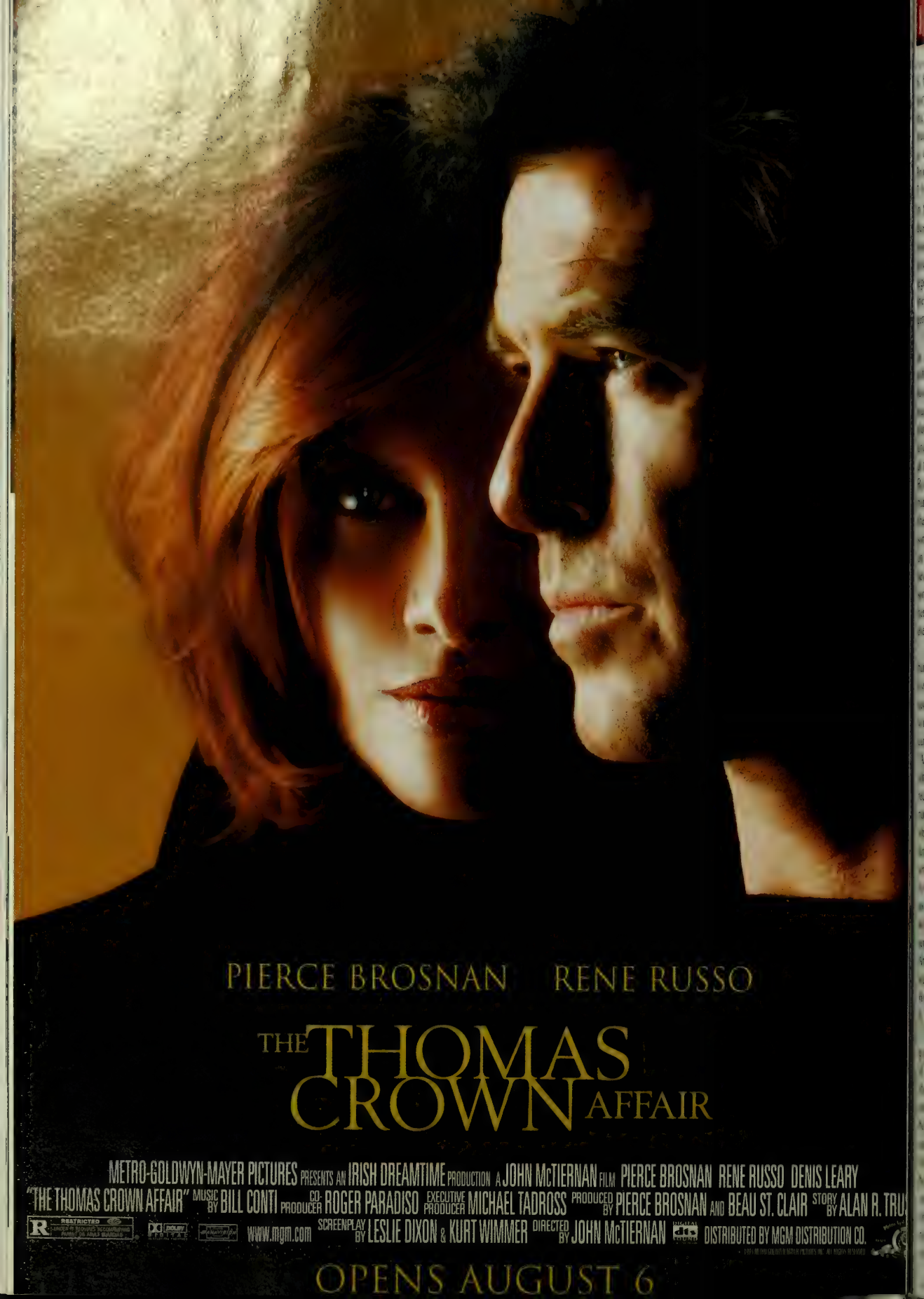






The question is, will he capture her first?


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yachting
MADISON AVENUE AT SIXTY-SIXTH STREET

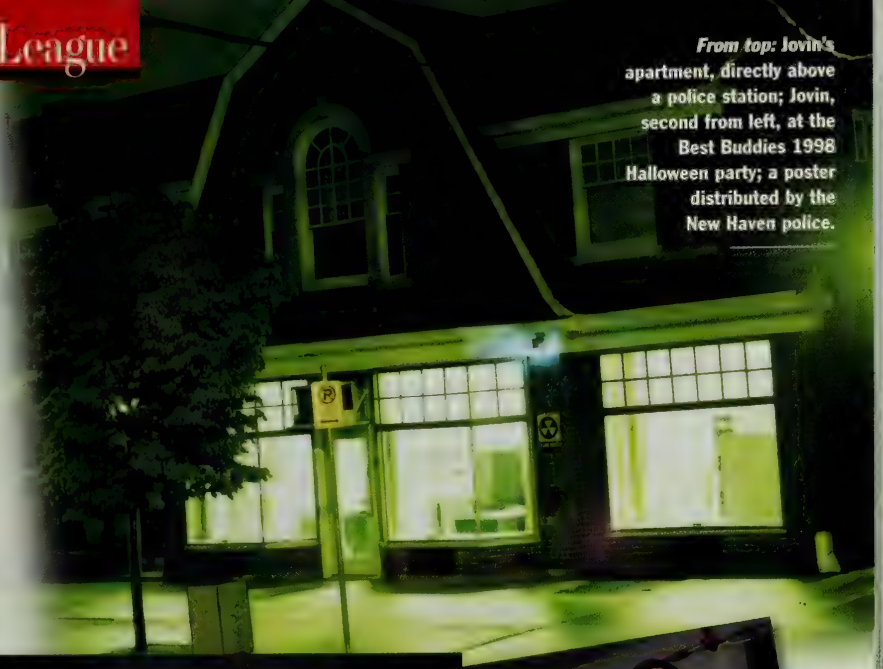

PIERCE BROSNAN RENE RUSSO
THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES PRESENTS AN IRISH DREAMTIME PRODUCTION A JOHN McTIERNAN FILM PIERCE BROSNAN RENE RUSSO DENIS LEARY
"THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR" MUSIC BY BILL CONTI CO-PRODUCER ROGER PARADISO EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MICHAEL TADROSS PRODUCED BY PIERCE BROSNAN AND BEAU ST. CLAIR STORY BY ALAN R. TRU
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SCREENPLAY BY LESLIE DIXON & KURT WIMMER DIRECTED BY JOHN McTIERNAN
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OPENS AUGUST 6

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 the David S. Ingalls Rink, situated about a mile north of the turrets and bell towers of the main campus, hundreds of Yale students and faculty were out in force to cheer their hockey team on against Princeton. For nearly three hours—from 7:30 until approximately 10:00—they sat in the bleachers of the Eero Saarinen–designed building, under the soaring roof from which the banners of Yale's hockey rivals and its 12 residential colleges hang. Screaming themselves hoarse, the spectators watched the Princeton Tigers defeat the Yale Bulldogs, 5–2.

Less than a mile north of Ingalls Rink, in the wealthy East Rock neighborhood, with its huge mansions and manicured lawns, people were also out enjoying the warm weather. Several of those later interviewed by the police said they saw nothing unusual. LaJeune Oxley, who lives at the corner of Edgehill and East Rock Roads, says she and her husband spent most of that evening in their kitchen listening to Bach. For some reason she had shut the kitchen door. If she hadn't, Oxley believes, she would have seen or heard something that might have enabled her to help the police or perhaps even to prevent what happened.

As it was, Oxley heard only a loud banging on her front door just after 10 P.M. She walked out of her kitchen and saw immediately, through her sitting-room window, the flashing lights of the police cars and the ambulance across the street. "As soon as I opened the door, a police officer said, 'There's a lady down,'" Oxley recalls. Terrified that something had happened to her 28-year-old daughter, Daphne, who had not returned from walking the family dog, Oxley ran across the street, where a young woman wearing jeans and boots lay near the curb. Oxley saw right away that it was not her daughter. The woman was Suzanne Jovin, a 21-year-old senior at Yale, who was horribly injured. About 15 minutes later, at 10:26, Jovin was pronounced dead at Yale–New Haven Hospital. She had been murdered savagely, stabbed 17 times in the back and neck.

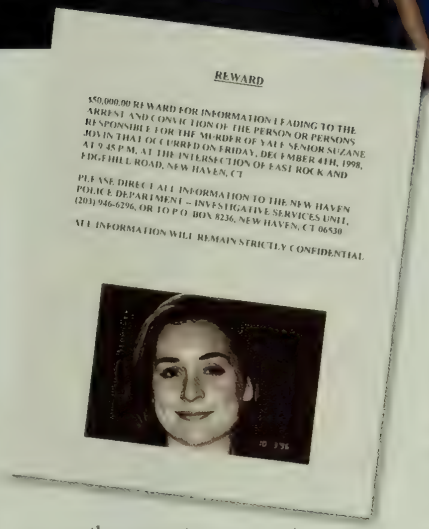
During the past months, Oxley has gone over and over in her mind the details of what she saw that night and of what she afterward learned. She knows that some of her neighbors heard an argument between a man and a woman around 9:45 and, shortly after that, a scream. She knows from the newspapers that no weapon has been recovered. The mystery of how someone was able to stab Suzanne Jovin 17 times in a well-lit neighborhood where people were out walking their dogs and where at least one party was going on is among the many strange aspects of that night. In the months following the murder, the questions have multiplied and become even more troubling.



From top: Jovin's apartment, directly above a police station; Jovin, second from left, at the Best Buddies 1998 Halloween party; a poster distributed by the New Haven police.

"We have lights on every single street here. . . . It's not secluded."





REWARD

$50,000.00 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF THE PERSON OR PERSONS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF YALE SENIOR SUZANE JOVIN THAT OCCURRED ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1998, AT 9:45 P.M. AT THE INTERSECTION OF EAST ROCK AND EDGEHILL ROAD, NEW HAVEN, CT.

PLEASE DIRECT ALL INFORMATION TO THE NEW HAVEN POLICE DEPARTMENT – INVESTIGATIVE SERVICES UNIT, (203) 946-6296, OR TO P.O. BOX 9236, NEW HAVEN, CT 06530.

ALL INFORMATION WILL REMAIN STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

"You see that tree across the street?" says Oxley, looking out the giant bay window of her antique-filled living room to a towering oak across East Rock Road. "The body was right next to that tree. She was facedown. Her feet were almost in the street. We call that grassy area [between the curb and the sidewalk] the parkway; the body was across the parkway, at an angle. She looked to me as though she was trying . . . to get to that house and didn't make it," says Oxley, turning away from the window with a stricken expression. "We have lights on every single street here. . . . It's not secluded. I just couldn't imagine that anything like that could happen, number one in the neighborhood and then certainly not *there*."

It took several hours for the news of Jovin's murder to filter into the Yale community. The first student to learn that she was dead—Amy Chiou, one of the victim's freshman-year roommates—was awakened around midnight by a call from the police, who had entered Jovin's apartment and dialed every number on a list taped near the phone until they reached someone. Most of Jovin's friends were partying that night; several were at the movies. Her 22-year-old boyfriend, Roman Caudillo, an engineering student, was on his way back to New Haven after spending the evening in New York City. "The police sent a car to get Amy, and they took her to identify Suzanne's body," says a friend of Jovin's. "The police told her Suzanne had 'expired.' She had no idea what was going on. She thought Suzanne had gotten into a problem or something. Amy had a friend with her who said, 'Amy, she's *dead*.'"

By noon the next day, many had heard the terrible news, and flowers piled up at

...resident-
...bbed in
...nightmare
...Chris-
...more lacrosse player
...n Yale man, was shot
...president's house as he
...walking home from a party at the Au-
...rician Society, a secret society akin to the more famous Skull and Bones. Prince's murder had traumatized the university, which responded by investing more than $2 million in campus security. Over the years, Yale also pumped millions of dollars into the troubled, crime-ridden neighborhoods that surround the spectacular campus. But Christian Prince was the victim of a random killing. Suzanne Jovin, the police believe, was murdered by someone she knew.

Jovin was last reported seen around 9:25 near Phelps Gate, the main entrance to Yale on College Street. At 9:58, someone called 911 to report that a woman lay bleeding on the corner of Edgehill and East Rock, nearly two miles away. How had Jovin traveled so far in approximately 30 minutes? The police think that she must have been driven there, and her friends are certain she would never have accepted a ride from a stranger. But whose car had she gotten into? Who could have killed her so brutally and left no clues? And why would anyone have wanted to kill Suzanne Jovin? Brainy, beautiful, and hugely popular, she was considered extraordinary, even among Yale's overachievers. She spoke four languages, sang in the Bach Society Orchestra, co-founded Yale's German club, and spent much of her free time doing volunteer work, tutoring inner-city children and running a program for mentally disabled adults. "Suzanne was just an *angel,*" says Michael Blum, a 1998 Yale graduate who had known Jovin since her freshman year.

What no one was prepared for was the shocking news that one of Yale's own—James Van de Velde, Jovin's 38-year-old senior-essay adviser—was a suspect in her killing. Van de Velde was a brilliant and well-liked political-science lecturer, who had previously held positions at the Pentagon and the State Department. He was also a 1982 graduate of Yale and a former dean of Yale's Saybrook College. In the week following the stabbing, Van de Velde vehemently denied any involvement in the crime and twice went in to be questioned by the police without bringing a lawyer. He gave the police permission to search his red Jeep Wrangler and his apartment, which was a half-mile from the crime scene. According to one of his attorneys, Van de Velde also offered to take a blood test and a polygraph—offers, his lawyer says, the police did not act on.

As the weeks wore on, Jovin's murder became more and more mysterious. F.B.I. specialists in profiling the perpetrators of serial murders and unusual, often psychologically based crimes tried to piece together a portrait of the killer. Dr. Henry Lee, Connecticut's public-safety commissioner and a well-known forensics expert who worked on the Nicole Simpson and JonBenet Ramsey murder investigations, examined the clothes that Jovin was wearing the night she was killed. The New Haven police searched the sewers around the crime scene and enlisted local treasure hunters to comb the neighborhood with metal detectors; hoping to find witnesses, they set up roadblocks and interviewed scores of people—including Yale students and faculty members. In March, at the request of New Haven police chief Melvin Wearing, who acknowledged that the investigators had hit a dead end, Connecticut governor John Rowland offered a $50,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of Jovin's killer. Still, seven months later no arrest has been made. "This is a profoundly unusual case," says one observer. "It's like the JonBenet Ramsey case of New Haven."

"It pains us terribly to imagine that Suzanne may have met her fate as a victim of her very positive, but critical, outlook."

In January, police confirmed that Van de Velde was "in a pool of suspects." Although the police have never said it publicly, today it is a pool in which he seems to be swimming alone. How he could have done it and why, and how he could have covered his tracks so thoroughly, are baffling questions that the police have so far not publicly answered. "It sounds like they have *zero* evidence, *zero,* against Jim," says his attorney Ira Grudberg, who is one of Connecticut's top criminal lawyers. And yet the police persist.

"The situation has been so extraordinarily perplexing," says Richard Brodhead, the dean of Yale's undergraduate college. "Someone has been murdered; no one knows who did it months after the fact. Allegations have been put in motion.... There is a confirmation by the police that he is a suspect, but then there is no arrest."

"When I think of Suzanne, I mostly remember how much fun she was," says a woman who was a friend of Jovin's since their freshman year. "Suzanne laughed a lot.... At Naples [a popular New Haven hangout] she'd go nuts when we got on the dance floor.... We went caroling freshman year and had so much fun, we glommed on to some crazy Christian group, and we ran around singing and somehow ended up drinking schnapps all night." It is an evening in late April, right before exam week, and three friends of Jovin's have agreed to meet over dinner at Caffé Adulis, an elegant Eritrean restaurant near the campus, to talk about her.

Over elaborate platters of African food, they recall how beautiful Jovin's singing voice was, how much she loved to go to the theater, how much fun she was to laugh with. "Suzanne was sparkly," says one friend. "She was so cool," says another. Tonight Jovin's friends want to focus on happy memories of her, but they start to cry when one of them brings out pictures of her. The photographs show a beautiful young woman with deep-blue, slightly dreamy eyes and a dazzling smile: Suzanne in an emerald-green dress on the way to "Casino Night" freshman year, Suzanne in Florida sophomore year, and Suzanne at a dinner party just two weeks before she was killed. "She did everything in her own way," says one friend. "She was different," says another.

Suzanne Nahuela Jovin had not lived in the United States before she arrived at Yale in the fall of 1995. She was born and raised in Göttingen, a beautiful medieval town in the western part of Germany. Her parents, Thomas and Donna Jovin, are American scientists—molecular and cell biologists—who work there at the Max Planck Institute for Biophysical Chemistry. The elder of the Jovins' two daughters, Suzanne grew up living in a 14th-century castle; by the time she was a teenager, she had traveled extensively throughout Europe and spent vacations in Mexico, where her grandparents lived. Suzanne was raised "as [an] American in Germany with all that implies," her father wrote in one of a series of E-mails to me. She grew up speaking English and German fluently, although German was the language she usually spoke with her sister and closest friend, Rebecca, who is 20. Educated in the rigorous German school system, Suzanne CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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...ATING TABLETS

...ding information. **See package insert).**

...: ...is indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms ... and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of ...

CONTRAINDICATIONS. CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this ... or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Patients with liver impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day). (See **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Special Populations**.)

Drug Interactions: Loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been coadministered with therapeutic ... cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies in ... Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of loratadine and/or ... were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine, as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT_c intervals, and no reports of sedation or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of Loratadine and Descarboethoxyloratadine After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers

	Loratadine	Descarboethoxyloratadine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+ 40%	+46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+103%	+ 6%
Ketoconazole (200 mg Q12h)	+307%	+73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.6 (loratadine) and 18 (descarboethoxyloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (descarboethoxyloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is not known.

In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) assays, or in the assay for DNA damage (rat primary hepatocyte unscheduled DNA assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenesis assay and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse lymphoma assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis).

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of animal teratogenicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg (approximately 75 times and 150 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, descarboethoxyloratadine, pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC_{milk}/AUC_{plasma} ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for loratadine and descarboethoxyloratadine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and descarboethoxyloratadine was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 188 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN for the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on an extrapolation of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions and the likelihood that the disease course, pathophysiology, and the drug's effect are substantially similar to that of the adults. The recommended dose for the pediatric population is based on cross-study comparison of the pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in adults and pediatric subjects and on the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets: Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older, received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day varied from 2 weeks' to 6 months' duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1926	PLACEBO n = 2545	CLEMASTINE 1 mg BID n = 536	TERFENADINE 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	11	8	8
Somnolence	8	6	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were simila... those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although ... number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets): Approximately 500 pati... received CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical tria... 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those s... with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not resu... an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

CLARITIN Syrup: Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age recei... 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these, ... children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adv... events in these pediatric patients were observed to occur with type and frequency similar to th... seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuance due to adverse events am... pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF ≥ 2% IN LORATADINE SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS (6-12 YEARS OLD) IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS, AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 188	PLACEBO n = 262	CHLORPHENIRAMI... 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	4	2	2
Wheezing	4	2	5
Fatigue	3	2	5
Hyperkinesia	3	1	1
Abdominal Pain	2	0	0
Conjunctivitis	2	<1	1
Dysphonia	2	<1	0
Malaise	2	0	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	<1	0

In addition to those adverse events reported above (≥ 2%), the following adverse events h... been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

Autonomic Nervous System: Altered lacrimation, altered salivation, flushing, hypoesthe... impotence, increased sweating, thirst.

Body As A Whole: Angioneurotic edema, asthenia, back pain, blurred vision, chest pain, ... ache, eye pain, fever, leg cramps, malaise, rigors, tinnitus, viral infection, weight gain.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension, hypotension, palpitations, supraventricular tac... arrhythmias, syncope, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Blepharospasm, dizziness, dysphonia, hyperto... migraine, paresthesia, tremor, vertigo.

Gastrointestinal System: Altered taste, anorexia, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatuler... gastritis, hiccup, increased appetite, nausea, stomatitis, toothache, vomiting.

Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia, myalgia.

Psychiatric: Agitation, amnesia, anxiety, confusion, decreased libido, depression, impaired c... centration, insomnia, irritability, paroniria.

Reproductive System: Breast pain, dysmenorrhea, menorrhagia, vaginitis.

Respiratory System: Bronchitis, bronchospasm, coughing, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemopty... laryngitis, nasal dryness, pharyngitis, sinusitis, sneezing.

Skin and Appendages: Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, photosensitivity reaction, pruritus, purpi... rash, urticaria.

Urinary System: Altered micturition, urinary discoloration, urinary incontinence, urin... retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the m... keting of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necro... alopecia; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

OVERDOSAGE: In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with o... doses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Extrapyramidal signs and p... pitations have been reported in children with overdoses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syr... In the event of overdosage, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be institu... promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdosage would reasonably consist of emesis (ipecac syrup), except in patie... with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb ... remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be perform... with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel conter... Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritor... dialysis.

No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 12... times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). Sin... oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 tin... the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis.

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CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) are manufactured for Scher... Corporation by Scherer DDS, England.

U.S. Patent Nos. 4,282,233 and 4,371,516.

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If a tree falls in the forest and no one's there to hear it, does it still make a sound?

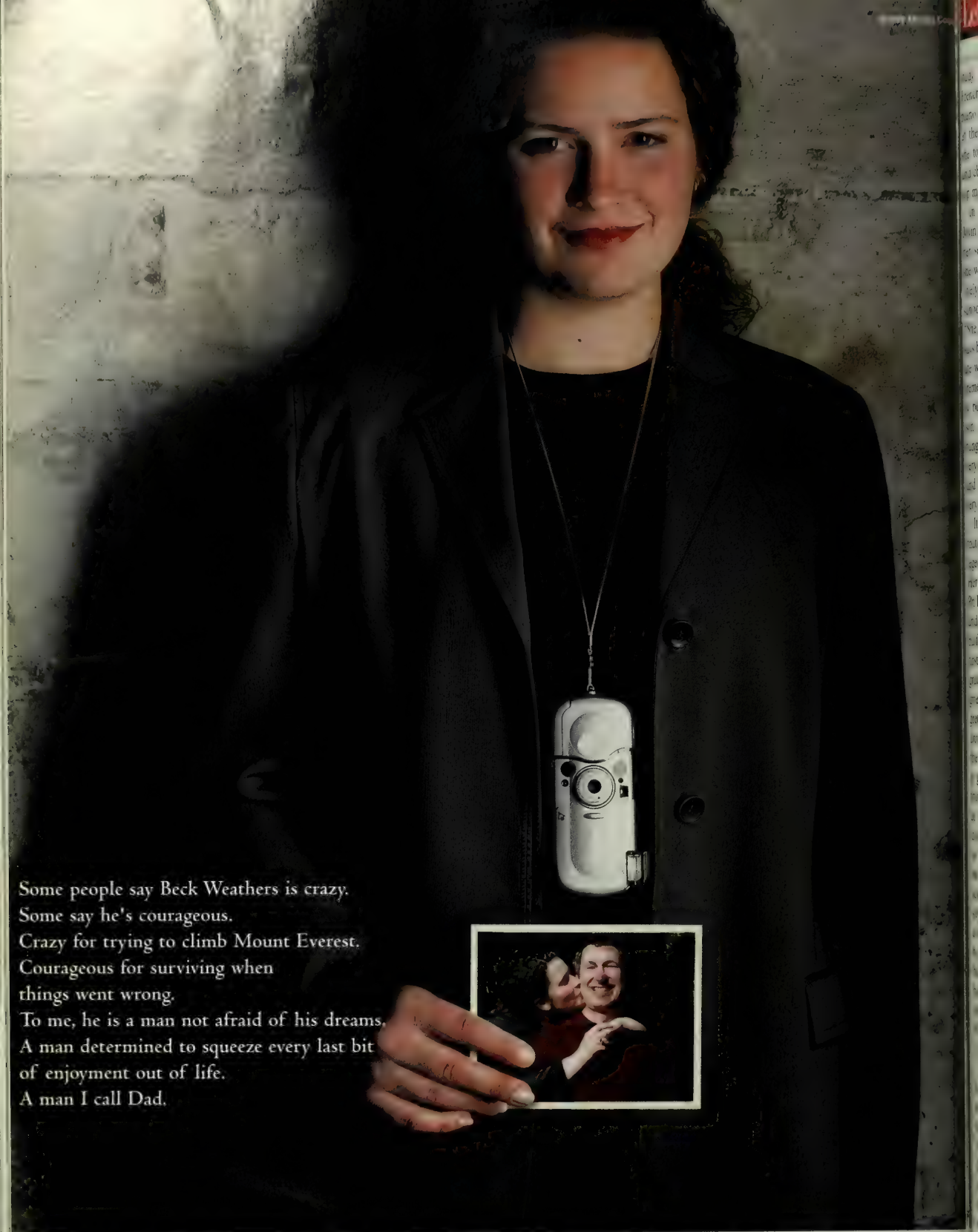
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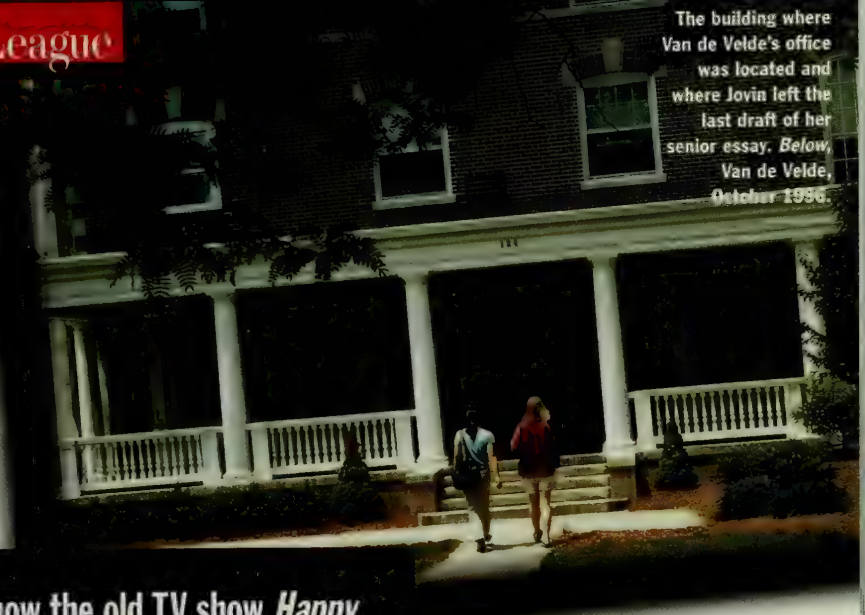
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 began to study Latin in the fifth grade and French in the seventh. She played the piano and the cello. In high school, at the Theodor-Heuss Gymnasium, she took a double major in biology and chemistry, passing her exams with top marks.

In press accounts after her murder, Jovin was described in ways that made her seem very serious, even dull. But she was not that at all. "She was really lively," says Rebecca Jovin. In high school she sang with several rock bands. "She was full of exciting contradictions," says her friend David Bach, a Yale graduate who is from Germany. "She was extremely serious academically, but also just a great person to have fun with and hang out with . . . She was very traditional and stylish and feminine, but then also very rebellious and liberal."

It was always assumed that Jovin would go to college in the United States. Her mother had gotten her Ph.D. from Yale, and Ellen and Diana Jovin, her older half-sisters from her father's first marriage, with whom she was close, graduated from Harvard. Today, Suzanne's grief-stricken parents say they deeply regret having encouraged her to go to the university, but Suzanne loved Yale from the moment she arrived. She immediately got involved in volunteer work—something her mother had done when she was at Yale, and had urged her daughter to do. Although she started out intending to major in one of the sciences, she switched to a double major in political science and international studies, friends say, after doing poorly in an advanced course in cell biology. "Suzanne and I both decided to take a graduate-level cell-bio class freshman year," a friend remembers, laughing. "We were both from Europe and thought we could do it. . . . Cell bio, that was the only time I saw her not confident."

"I think Suzanne held herself to very high standards partly because her parents were both these brilliant scientists," says another friend. At the time of her death, Jovin was considering a career in the diplomatic service and was finishing applications to graduate schools in the field—including, her parents say, Tufts, Columbia, and Georgetown. She wasn't interested in making money. She hadn't been raised that way, her family says. "She always came down to, you know, helping people and being influential [as] more important," says Bach.



The building where Van de Velde's office was located and where Jovin left the last draft of her senior essay. *Below*, Van de Velde, October 1996.

"You know the old TV show *Happy Days*? Jim is Richie Cunningham. Could you conceive of Richie doing something violent?"



In their early reports of Jovin's murder, newspapers and television stations used the same photograph of her. It made Jovin appear fragile, a delicate sparrow of a woman. Her friends were taken aback by the picture. "It didn't look anything like Suzanne really was," one recalls. To begin with, friends insist that Jovin, who was five feet five inches and weighed 125 pounds, was physically quite strong. She jogged, played squash, skied, and sometimes took step-aerobics classes at Yale's Payne Whitney gym. Whoever killed her, her friends say, was very strong or, says one, "someone who knew what they were doing." Nor was Jovin as shy and hesitant as the photograph made her seem. "'Strong-willed' isn't the word," says a friend. "If you were talking about things Suzanne knew about, she would knock you out if she disagreed." "She had very strong opinions," says Rebecca Jovin. "Sometimes she lacked self-confidence, but overall she was the strongest person I ever met."

"She was *so* not a victim," says a friend. Jovin, says another friend, "had a very, very strong sense of justice and righteousness. . . . She could just be furious if she thought somebody she cared about or herself was treated unfairly. . . . She would make that clear, that she wouldn't put up with everything."

"We tried to encourage self-confidence in our daughters to the extent of recognizing their worth and capabilities and of exerting their rights while avoiding arrogance. We encouraged them to never feel limited by their sex," her parents say. "We were very proud of Suzanne and admired her greatly. She suffered no fools and could identify them with ease. . . . It pains us terribly to imagine that she may have met her fate as a victim of her very positive, but critical, outlook."

On the night she was killed, Jovin spent the early part of the evening at Trinity Lutheran Church, four blocks from the campus, at a pizza-making party she had organized for Best Buddies, an international organization that pairs students with mentally disabled adults. She had worked with the Yale chapter since her freshman year, and ran it by the time she was a senior. She would spend hours on the phone with her "buddy," Lee, taking him to Yale games with her friends and arranging outings and social events. People later told the police that Jovin seemed tired that evening, but that she appeared to be in a

[illegible] left the church sometime [illegible] after she'd helped clean up, [illegible] a borrowed university car to drive other volunteers home. She left the car in a parking lot and then walked to her apartment, on the second floor of a two-story, Yale-owned building on Park Street. Sometime between 8:30 and 8:50, a group of friends passed by. "We waved to her and said, 'We're going to the movies—do you want to come?'" one of them remembers. "She was at her window and waved back. She couldn't come—she was planning to work on her senior essay." At 9:02, she sent an E-mail to a friend, telling her she was leaving some books for her in her apartment lobby. She logged off at 9:10. If she made or received any phone calls from within Yale's telephone system, they may be untraceable, because the phones function like extensions of Yale's central-exchange numbers.

By 9:15, Jovin had made her way to Old Campus, where she ran into a classmate, Peter Stein, who was out for a walk. She told him she was going to the Yale police communications center at Phelps Gate to turn in the keys to the university car. "She did not mention plans to go anywhere or do anything else afterward," Stein later told the *Yale Daily News*. "She just said that she was very, very tired and that she was looking forward to getting a lot of sleep." "Stein walked off, and when he turned around, Suzanne was gone," says Blair Golson, who covered the murder for the Yale newspaper. Suzanne was seen again, between 9:25 and 9:30, walking north on College Street. If she was going home, it appeared she was taking a roundabout way. The witness who says she saw her close to 9:30 was a student who had left the Yale-Princeton hockey game early and was walking, alone, to an off-campus party. She passed Jovin, but didn't think much of it until the next night, when she read about the murder in the Yale newspaper. Nearly hysterical, she called the police at two in the morning. "They told me to write down everything I saw, everything," she recalls. What she saw was "a Hispanic or black guy in a hooded sweatshirt" going north. Behind him, also walking north, was Jovin, and walking in the same direction several paces behind her was, she says, "a blond man with glasses . . . a white guy dressed nicely."

Less than a half-hour after this witness saw her, Jovin lay dying 1.7 miles away. According to the police, there was no evidence of a sexual assault. The viciousness of the stabbing suggested that robbery had not been her murderer's motive. Police believed she was stabbed from behind at the spot where she was found. It appeared she had gotten out of a car, before or after having had an argument with a man. She did not appear to have called for help or to have put up a struggle. "The police said she didn't scrape her hands. They didn't think she was running away," says a woman friend whom detectives questioned.

From the outset, it appeared that the police believed that Jovin was murdered by a man, one whose motive was probably jealousy or desire or anger. "Every guy she knew was interviewed by the cops, the cops were all over them," says the woman friend. "They asked if they'd slept with her." Her mentoring "buddy" was briefly a suspect, but he was cleared by the police almost immediately, as was Roman Caudillo, her boyfriend since freshman year, who took a leave from Yale after the murder. "Roman really loved Suzanne," says a friend. "His family adored her. When the murder happened, Roman's parents were in New York [from Texas] before Suzanne's family was [able to get here]."

"Men had a better rapport with Dean Van de Velde. . . . For women it was more difficult; he wasn't particularly friendly."

In the months since Van de Velde was linked in the press to the killing, his friends—as shocked and disbelieving as Jovin's—have rallied around him. They have written letters to the local media defending him, they have sat with him when he's broken down crying from the stress, afraid to go out in public. "You walk down the street and get the feeling everybody's looking at you and thinks you're a murderer," says Ira Grudberg. Van de Velde's friends say he is the last person they could imagine breaking the law, let alone killing someone. "You know the old TV show *Happy Days*?" asks Ken Spitzbard, a friend of Van de Velde's since the second grade. "Jim is Richie Cunningham. Could you conceive of Richie Cunningham doing something violent and horrible?"

Van de Velde was president of the student council at Amity Regional High School, in the wealthy New Haven suburb of Woodbridge. He was captain of the soccer team, played on the tennis and baseball teams, and was a member of the National Honor Society. His date to the senior prom was the most beautiful cheerleader at Amity. His pictures in the high-school yearbook are of a stereotypical American golden boy—big, athletic, somewhat shy-looking. The second of James and Lois Van de Velde's three children, and their only son, Van de Velde grew up in Orange, Connecticut. His mother worked as an administrative assistant at Yale, and his father in the media business, for the local ABC affiliate and also for Showtime. A driven workaholic, he died of lung cancer when his son was in graduate school. The family was staunchly Roman Catholic. "Jim," says a friend, "really was an altar boy."

Van de Velde majored in political science at Yale. He sang in the university's well-known Russian chorus his freshman year and twice traveled to Asia on internships. He was a serious student who graduated with honors. After Yale, Van de Velde went to Boston to Tufts' Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, from which, in 1987, he received his Ph.D. in international-security studies. In 1988 he was selected for a prestigious Presidential Management Internship and was assigned to work at the Pentagon and at the State Department, where he stayed for four years, working on U.S.-Soviet disarmament issues.

In 1988, Van de Velde also joined the U.S. Naval Intelligence Reserves, in which he still holds the rank of lieutenant commander, with a "Top Secret" clearance. Trained in intelligence work, he was assigned to Singapore, Brussels, and Panama, where he analyzed the drug trade out of Latin America. In 1993, after Bill Clinton defeated George Bush, Van de Velde, who was a political appointee and a Republican, left the State Department. That fall he was back at Yale as the dean of Saybrook College.

Jason Criss, a 1996 graduate, remembers when he first met Van de Velde, the week that all the freshmen were moving in. "I was a sophomore and Jim was the new dean. . . . The first couple days he looked like he was going yachting: blue blazer, white starched pants, he wore them everywhere. He was very formal and proper." Like almost all of the former Saybrook students interviewed for this story, Criss remembers Van de Velde "as in some ways . . . the model dean."

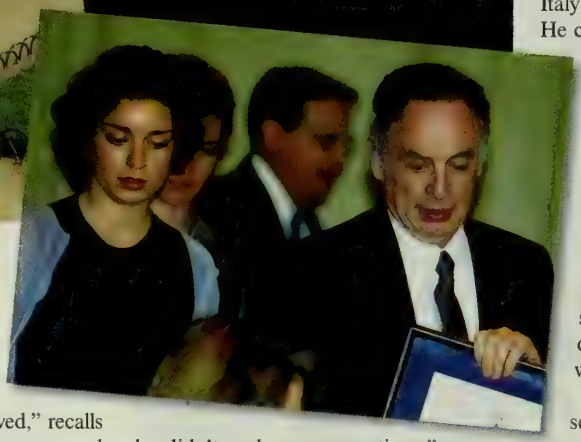
As dean, Van de Velde was supposed to supervise the academic affairs of Saybrook's 475 students, and by all accounts he took his job very seriously. He ate meals in the dining hall and knew all the students


bebe



From top: **Suzanne Jovin, right, with her sister, Rebecca, 1982; with her father, Thomas Jovin, a molecular and cell biologist, on the Place des Vosges, Paris, 1998; Thomas, with daughters Rebecca, left, and Ellen, second from left (partially obscured), accepting an Elm and Ivy Award on behalf of Suzanne, Yale University, May 6, 1999.**

"Furious. . . . That's the way to describe how she was in those last couple of days with him."



by name. He attended their student-council meetings, gave them dean's excuses when they were ill, and tried to help them out when they were in trouble. "He actually got involved," recalls one woman. "We had rats in our room, and he did something about it." During study breaks, he would invite students to his apartment. "He was a terrific cook," Criss recalls. "He'd cook us sesame noodles and Asian dumplings."

"He had this aura about him because we'd heard that he worked for the C.I.A.," another woman recalls. "He said he'd studied handwriting analysis, and he would do it for us in the dining hall," says another. Michael Ranis, who went to high school and to Yale with Van de Velde, says that his friend really enjoyed being a dean. "He liked the students a lot, the idea of being there for them," Ranis says. "He was shy and awkward socially, but he really tried. He wanted to do everything right," says one woman.

But some saw Van de Velde as too tightly wound. He was always formal and rarely used contractions in his speech. "He was no-nonsense; he wasn't really personable," says another former student. "Freshman year everyone called him Dean Anal. He was by the book, he didn't make any exceptions." Van de Velde, who Spitzbard says has never taken illegal drugs and rarely drinks, got the reputation for being extremely strict on the issue of alcohol and drug use at Saybrook. "Dean Van de Velde was the biggest straight arrow at Yale, more straight-arrow than any dean," says Jason Karlinsky, who graduated in 1997.

Students say that by 1995 Van de Velde seemed tired of the job. "I knew he was going to resign two years before he did," says one woman who was friendly with him when she was at Saybrook. "He never liked being dean. He didn't know what he really wanted. I think he wanted something in Washington." As the years went by, he appeared to some students to become more aloof. "He gave the impression of being sort of really inaccessible," says a woman who graduated from Saybrook this year. "Men had a better rapport with him because he played on some intramural teams. For women it was more difficult; he wasn't particularly friendly."

After the slaying, the police asked students if Van de Velde had ever had an affair with a student. Whether they liked him or not, all the Saybrook students interviewed for this story say that there was never a hint of anything untoward. "There were *no* rumors of him having problems with women or relationships with students," says Criss. Only after she graduated several years ago, says one woman, did Van de Velde even mention women to her. As she told the police when they tracked her down in December after finding her number in his phone records, "He said that it was odd being a young guy as dean, seeing all these freshmen who are so beautiful and that it's hard not to notice," the woman recalls. "They wanted to know if I'd had an affair with him," the woman recalls. "I told them I had not."

Van de Velde took a leave of absence from the dean's job, early in 1997, to go to Italy on assignment for naval intelligence. He came back that April to complete the semester, and then left Yale to go to Stanford's Asia-Pacific Research Center as its executive director. In May 1998, nine months into a five-year contract, he resigned and returned to New Haven. Van de Velde, a friend says, had been miserable in California. "There were older professors who came [to work] in shorts. Jim wears suits and ties every day," she says. "It did not click with anyone. He didn't have a social life. He wasn't happy."

Nevertheless, Van de Velde was upset at having to leave. "He's an overachiever," says this friend, "and basically he'd been let go." It was Van de Velde's "first real setback," says Ranis. "Most of us go through a lot of them by the time we reach 38; Jim hadn't." Van de Velde became depressed, friends say, to the point where he began seeing a therapist and was briefly put on an antidepressant.

During the summer he got back in touch with a woman he had dated before he went to California. Exactly what went wrong is not clear, but the results were disastrous. It appears that at some point during the fall of last year the woman, a local television reporter, went to the police and complained that she was being harassed by Van de Velde. "Supposedly she claimed that he was looking in her window, that he was stalking her somehow," says Ira Grudberg. The police have not confirmed the existence of this complaint, but after Jovin was killed the local press reported that apparently *two* women who worked for local television stations had spoken to the police about their relationships with Van de Velde. The other wom-



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[illegible] to be a friend of the first. He [illegible] woman flowers anonymously, [illegible] learned his identity from the [illegible] later discovered that he was involved with her friend.

"We have asked both the police and through the state's attorney's office, 'If there is a complaint, give us the date,'" says Grudberg. "Maybe he was out of the state. We don't know. One of the cops claims that he spoke with Jim and told him to keep away, but Jim says that never happened.... Jim was never arrested. He was never questioned." Van de Velde "flat out denies" that he stalked his former girlfriend, says Grudberg, but the attorney also believes that whatever this woman told the police has become a central element in their suspicions about Van de Velde. "I think they are convinced that he is a weird guy," he says.

"I think she understandably got upset," says a friend of Van de Velde's, who believes he really cared about this woman. "He would phone her, run into her on the street. He wasn't taking 'no' for an answer." (David Grudberg, Ira's son and law partner, who went to high school and college with Van de Velde, objects to this account. Van de Velde, he says, only ran into this woman, and phoned her once. Grudberg denies that Van de Velde was pursuing her.) "The thing with Jim is this circumstantial evidence coinciding with his personal life," says the friend. "Here he is, not letting go of a woman, and then people wonder: Was it the same with Suzanne?"

Jovin was accepted into Van de Velde's seminar Strategy and Policy in the Conduct of War, in September 1998. She was among the 169 students who had applied for the 40 places in that course and Van de Velde's other seminar, The Art of Diplomacy. During his time as dean of Saybrook, Van de Velde had also taught in the political-science department, and he developed a reputation as one of the best lecturers at Yale. His teaching style was riveting and creative. To demonstrate how force changes the balance of power in international relations, he once pulled out a fake handgun in the middle of a class simulated negotiation. He organized "diplomatic receptions" for his students and gave each of them the assignment of answering a question about someone else in their class without letting that person realize that he or she was being pumped for information. He took them on field trips, including one to a nearby naval base to tour a nuclear submarine, and, says one student, "we got to touch a cruise missile."

Jovin, friends say, began the semester like many students, enthralled with Van de Velde. Indeed, she was impressed enough that she decided to do her senior essay with him as her adviser—actually, she had taken the unusual step of writing two senior essays, the other in international studies. She chose a subject in Van de Velde's area of expertise: the international terrorist Osama bin Laden, who is believed to have masterminded the bombing of the American Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. Van de Velde appeared equally taken with Jovin. "I think he liked Suzanne's enthusiasm. It was flattering that a student would be so deeply involved in his topic," says a student who was in the class.

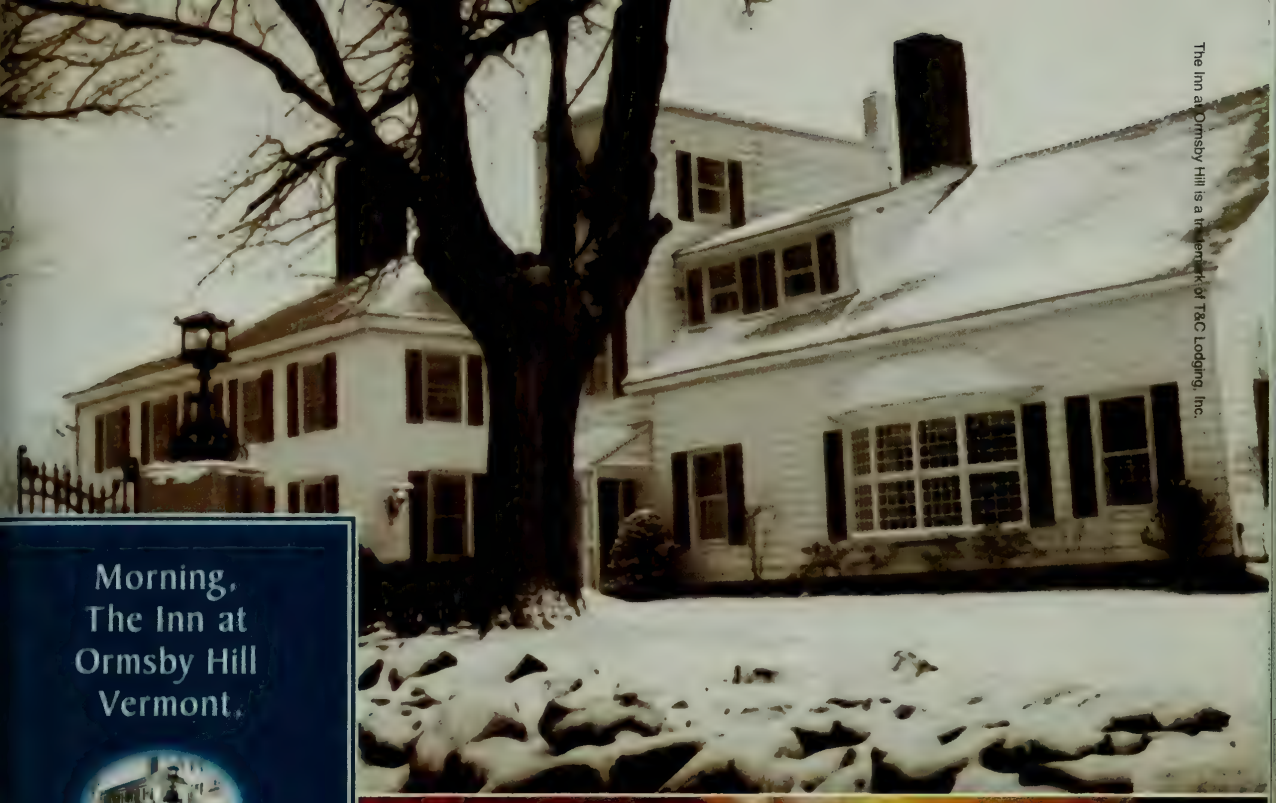
At some point in the semester, however, Jovin's enthusiasm seemed to falter. She didn't go on either of the two field trips. "She thought they were a waste of her time," says a friend of hers. She also had reservations about a project on terrorism. The project, which was optional but which the class had voted to pursue, involved using the Internet to show how easy it would be for a terrorist to get information to create a weapon of mass destruction. "We decided to plan to use chemicals in a plane that we'd fly over the Super Bowl in Miami," says one student. "We figured everything out except how much water to put in the chemical to make it fall from the plane—no one would give us the proportions for that." According to Jovin's parents, the chemical in question was the warfare agent sarin. "Suzanne expressed to a fellow student that we, her parents, might have that information," the Jovins say, "but that we would be opposed to the project on moral and ethical grounds and that she therefore would not proceed further." Faced with students' objections, Van de Velde stopped the project. He does not recall any complaints from Jovin.

"I got chills. I didn't know Van de Velde. I go home and turn on the news and I see *him*."

The initial speculation by the police was that Van de Velde and Jovin were having an affair that went horribly wrong. Although they pursued that theory aggressively in the first weeks after the murder, they seem to have found no evidence of a romantic relationship. Jovin was happy with Roman Caudillo, her friends and parents say, insisting that she never so much as hinted to anyone that she was involved with Van de Velde. For his part, Van de Velde seemed to be in search of a relationship, not in the throes of one. "He really wanted to meet someone," says a friend.

If the police found no evidence of a romance, they did, however, learn something else. By November, it appears, the professional relationship between Van de Velde and Jovin had broken down almost completely. Although Van de Velde had written her a glowing recommendation for graduate school in late October, Jovin began to feel that he had no time for her. According to a friend of Jovin's, she had tried repeatedly to meet with Van de Velde about her senior essay and had felt that she was rebuffed. In the weeks before she died, says this friend, "she complained bitterly about a bunch of things in that class, and especially his lack of support for her project. He had shown no interest in her work." For a college-thesis adviser basically to check out on a student trying to get feedback on her senior essay would be unusual in any case. But for Van de Velde—a devoted teacher noted for his availability, who would take his students to lunch to help them with their work, and who answered their E-mails within minutes—it would have been downright bizarre. During November, it appears that Jovin was trying to pin down a time to meet with Van de Velde. "They never did get together [then]," says Ira Grudberg. "They couldn't get the dates right and so forth." According to David Grudberg, Van de Velde was unaware that Jovin was concerned. "He invited all his students to meet with him, especially those writing senior essays under his direction," he says. "If she had complaints about the way he was advising her on her thesis, she never expressed them to him."

By Thanksgiving, Jovin had become upset; her essay was due on December 8. "Suzanne indicated to us during the Thanksgiving break—we were together in California—how deeply she resented the lack of mentoring by this senior thesis advisor," her parents recall. Although Van de Velde denies having received it, Jovin's parents say she had handed in a draft on November 17. She left a second draft with Van de Velde right before the Thanksgiving holiday. Jovin told friends that Van de Velde canceled a meeting on Monday, November 30, because he hadn't read the paper yet, although he says no meeting was scheduled. At a meeting the next day, December 1, he still hadn't read it. "He'd gotten tied up over Thanksgiving and hadn't done it," says Ira Grudberg. "He



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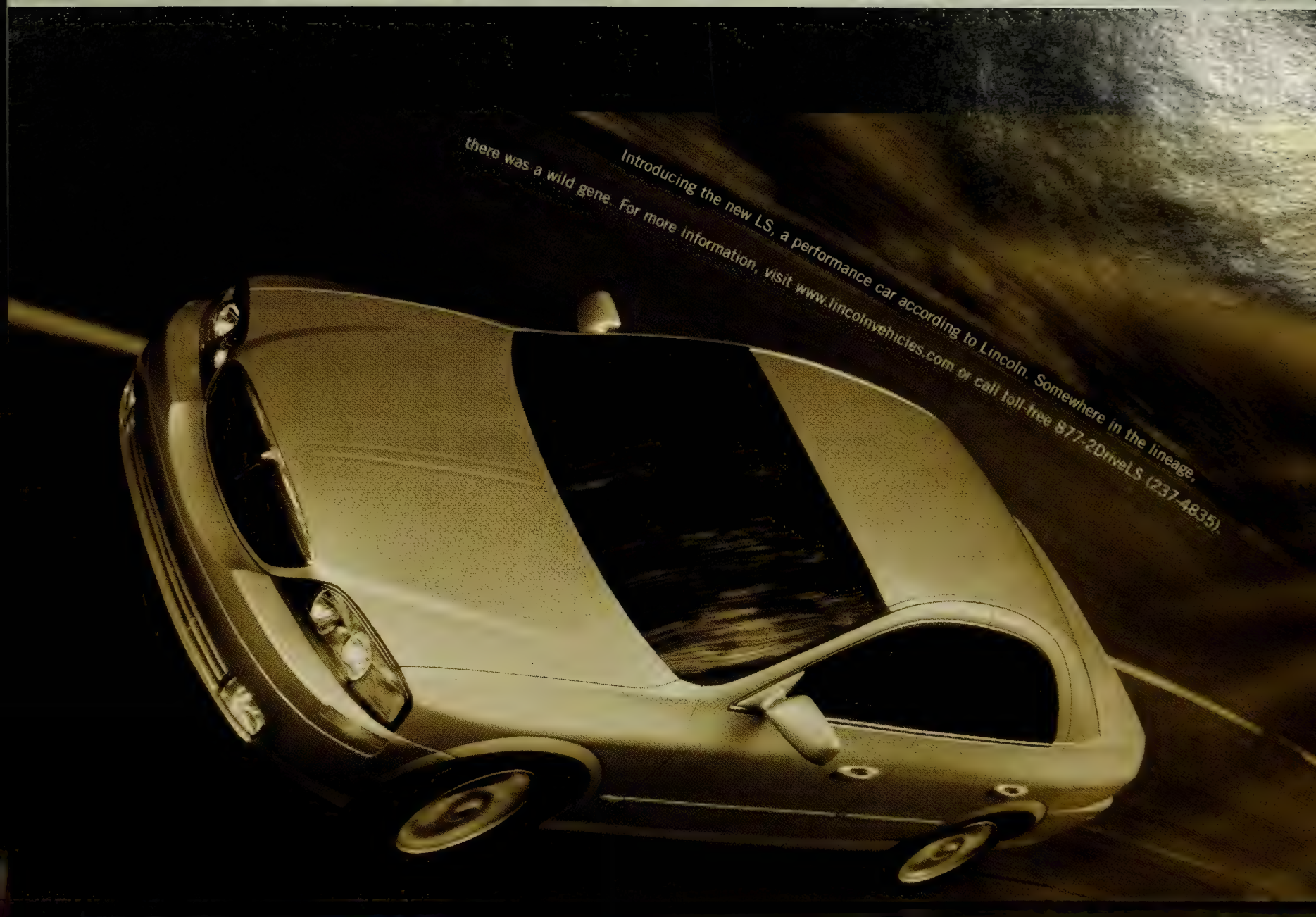
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...nd he could see ... day and night ... thly review of it and met ... on December 2, at which ... discussed it with her. She was ... much happier."

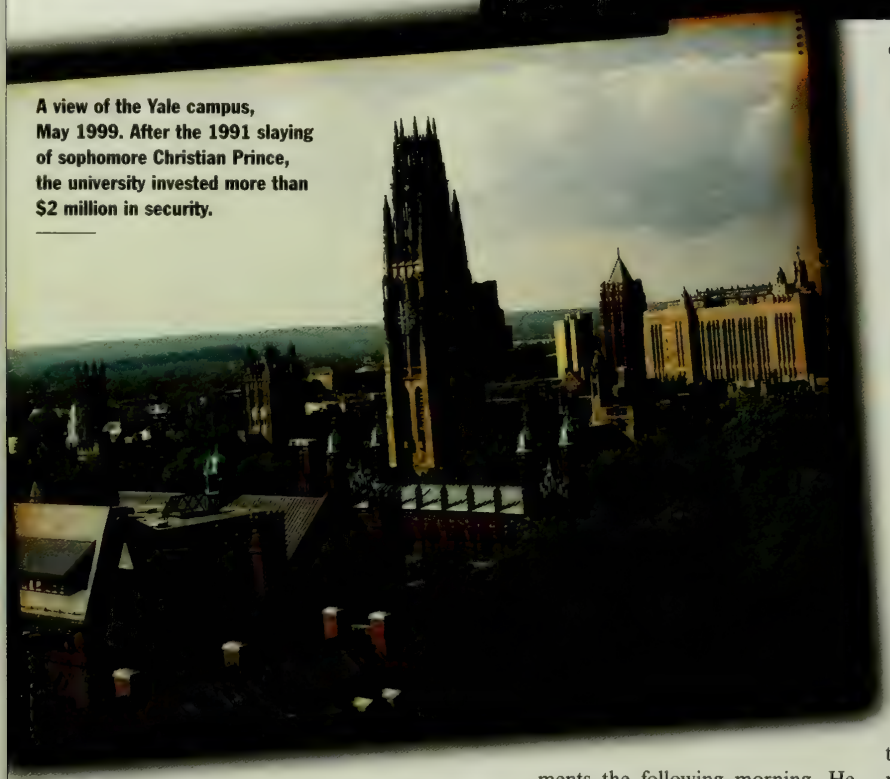
According to her parents and a close friend, however, Jovin was far from happy after that meeting. "The last time I talked to Suzanne was . . . on that evening, very late in the evening," the friend says. "She was still furious . . . and she was very insecure about what would happen."

Jovin was concerned, her parents say, that the second reader of her essay would not be happy with it. Her parents say she spoke to a member of the Yale administration about the problem "in a highly emotional, tearful session," but did not make a formal complaint. "She thought she could handle the situation," her parents say. "I tried to calm her down on Wednesday evening," says the same friend. "She was still upset. . . . Furious is how she was. That's the way to describe how she was in those last couple of days with him."

Sometime on the afternoon of December 4—Van de Velde believes it was either between 4 and 4:30, or around 1—Jovin stopped by Van de Velde's office on Prospect Street to drop off a new draft. She attached a cordial, handwritten note outlining her changes and thanking him. "Feel free to e-mail me over the weekend if you have questions or run into any major problems," she wrote, and signed it "Suzanne."

Van de Velde spent most of the evening of Friday, December 4, at his office, Ira Grudberg says. A friend, who stopped by around six P.M. to ask him to go to a movie, says he was planning to work all evening. According to Grudberg, Van de Velde went over Jovin's revisions that evening and was going to give her his comments the following morning. He took a short break at one point and walked up the street to Ingalls Rink, to watch part of the hockey game, then returned to his office, and then went home, which is where he was, alone, says Grudberg, at the time of the killing.

"This guy has been ruined. Suppose it turns out some vagabond did it. Jim can never get back what he lost."



A view of the Yale campus, May 1999. After the 1991 slaying of sophomore Christian Prince, the university invested more than $2 million in security.

Grudberg says that he and his son David have spent the past seven months trying to understand why the police consider Van de Velde their chief suspect. As much as they have been able to, they have followed the police's tracks, swooping in behind them to interview people who were questioned, hoping to get some insight into what the police believe to be the case against their client. "There was a witness who saw a car hightailing out from that area who spoke with the police," says Ira Grudberg. "He described it as a small red car, and [the police] asked him 14 times if it was a big, red Wrangler. . . . And they showed him pictures of Jim, and he said that's absolutely not who was driving the car." Grudberg says he's stumped. "Among other things, talking about a motive. Word got back to us supposedly from some people that [talked to the police] that Suzanne was going to make a complaint about the way he was handling her paper and therefore he killed her," says Grudberg. "It's just kind of strange. If, for some reason, she climbs in a car with him downtown, why drive a half-mile past his house and kill her on a corner? It doesn't make sense."

The police, says Ira Grudberg, first questioned Van de Velde on the Monday after the slaying. The session was brief, he says, and there was no suggestion that Van de Velde was a suspect. For some reason, however, by the next night the police appeared to have become persuaded that Van de Velde was guilty. They interrogated him for four hours, "accusing him of the murder," says Grudberg. Choosing not to call a lawyer, Van de Velde offered them the keys to his car—which they searched—and his apartment, and also offered to let them do blood and polygraph tests on him. Grudberg says that the police did not perform these tests, and although the police had told the *New Haven Register* that they had searched the apartment, Grudberg says they did not. The next day, Van de Velde showed up in the Grudbergs' office. He did not speak to the police again.

"I think that everything Jim did that weekend," says Michael Ranis, "the police think is suspicious—that he put himself out there, that he was exposed." Whatever he may have felt about Jovin before her death, Van de Velde seemed stricken by it. He showed up at Davenport College on Saturday, December 5, when Yale's president, its dean, the chaplains, the psychiatrist, and the chief of its police force met with Jovin's collegemates to discuss the killing. That weekend he also appeared on the local television news being interviewed about what an extraordinary person Jovin had been. On

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Monday morning he showed up in class with "red and puffy eyes," one student remembers, and placed a bouquet of three dozen white carnations at Jovin's seat. That day, Van de Velde spoke to the *New Haven Register,* in which he said again how wonderful Jovin was.

Ranis says that Van de Velde went on television only because the station called him. He had been working on a master's degree in broadcast journalism at nearby Quinnipiac College and had had an internship at the station. "Where I come out on this is: How can being straight make you a suspect?" Ranis says. "The police probably aren't used to having someone sit there for four hours answering questions without a lawyer. That is unusual. But that's how Jim is. He's so honest."

On the morning of December 9, the *New Haven Register* ran a banner headline: YALE TEACHER GRILLED IN KILLING. The story did not name Van de Velde, but its details were so specific that many people knew it was about him. On his way to the dentist that morning, Van de Velde was waylaid by local television reporters. "They put a microphone in front of him on the street and said, basically, 'Did you see the *Register* this morning? They did everything but name you.' And Jim said it sure seemed that way, but 'I'm innocent,'" Ranis says. The fallout from that interview was damaging for Van de Velde. Many people who saw the news that night say it made him look guilty. He seemed tired and looked down at the ground when he spoke. His words—"I never hurt her"—struck people as odd. There was, and still is, much discussion of whether the press at that moment, without breaking any rules, nevertheless went too far, crossing the line of fairness.

But what the police do know is that one person who watched the news that night phoned them, stunned at what she saw. The woman who had seen Jovin walking on College Street at around 9:25 on the night of the stabbing saw Van de Velde on television and started shaking. "I got chills," she says. "I didn't know Van de Velde. I go home and turn on the news and I see *him.* This guy, talking to reporters, he was blond, with glasses. I could not believe what I saw. I went back to my notes and saw the description I wrote, that I saw a blond man with glasses." The man she claims she saw walking behind Jovin near Phelps Gate the night of the murder so closely resembled Van de Velde's image on television that she believes it was he.

If this is a crucial element of the police case against Van de Velde—a tentative identification that could be highly biased by the television-news context in which it was made—it is obviously not enough for an arrest. In response to the claims of this witness, David Grudberg says flatly, "It was not Jim."

"I miss everything about Suzanne," says Rebecca Jovin, who was in the middle of her freshman year at college when her sister was killed. "When she left for college . . . I cried for weeks on end. I feel the same way now, but now I know the separation is permanent," she says. "I often think about the way in which Suzanne died and the questions that will never be answered, and that really traumatizes me. I cannot deal with that at all, I just have to let it pass when it comes to my mind."

Suzanne Jovin's family has said little publicly about the investigation into her death. Indeed, her parents spoke to *Vanity Fair* with deep reluctance and then only to clarify aspects of their daughter's life that they thought were important to understand. "For us, there remains a void in our life that can never be filled," Thomas and Donna Jovin say. The Jovins have not mentioned Van de Velde's name in public, but an anguished letter from Donna Jovin that was published in Connecticut newspapers on April 14 seemed to many to be directed at Van de Velde's mother. "I personally appeal in this open letter to the

mother of [Suzanne's] killer, assuming that she resides in the greater New Haven area," she wrote. "As a moral and rational human being you will not be able to live with yourself if you withhold knowledge or suspicion of your son's complicity. Come forward to the police, talk to them. Demand that your son tell the truth."

Lois Van de Velde, says a friend, saw the letter, but "she didn't read the whole thing. She is trying to keep on with her life. This has been awful for her."

Ever since Yale canceled Van de Velde's courses for the spring term last January—claiming that it would be a distraction to students to have a murder suspect in the classroom—he has had little to do other than focus on the horror of being the chief suspect in a savage killing he insists he didn't commit. His friends, who believe he is innocent, say that Van de Velde is beyond desperate. "At this point, Jim has got to be formally absolved, or else his life will forever be under this cloud," say Ken Spitzbard. Says James Thomas, dean of admissions at Yale Law School, "This guy has been ruined. Suppose it turns out some vagabond did it? Jim can never get back what he lost."

"To get a search warrant or an arrest warrant an officer must present relevant facts under oath before a judge. That has not been done," says David Grudberg. "To brand someone 'a suspect' all you have to do is pick up the phone and call the local newspaper. There is something very wrong with that when the potential consequence is the destruction of someone's life."

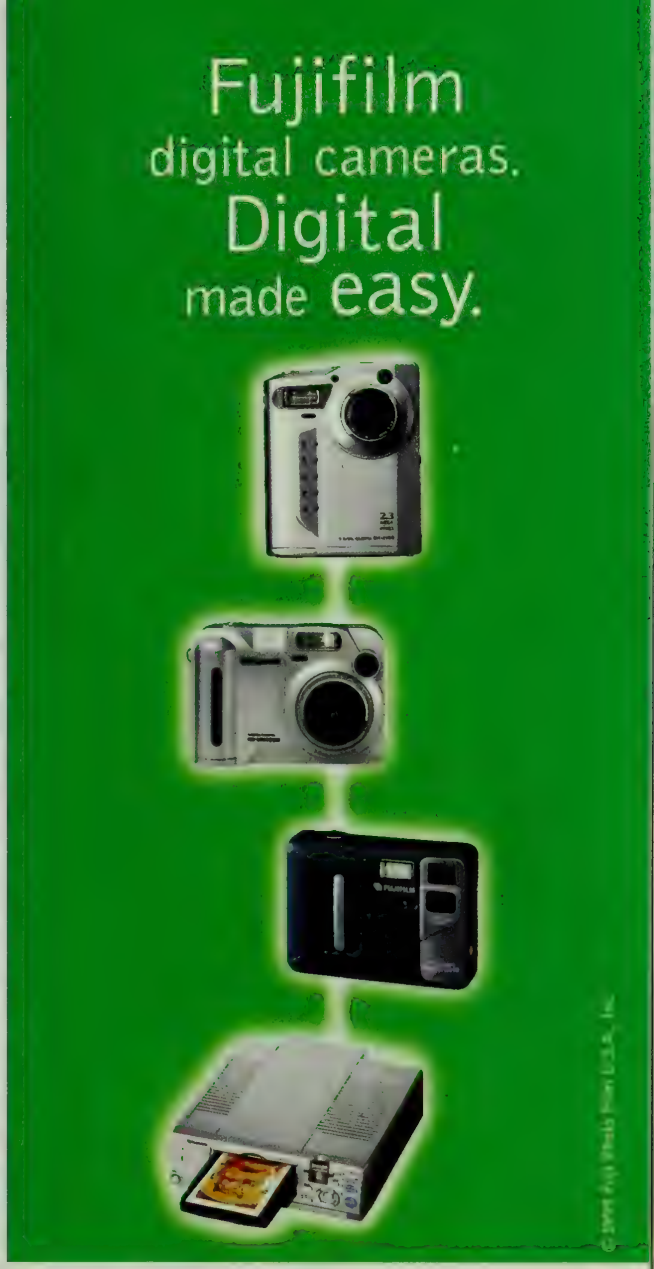
"I know how hard you have worked on the story about Suzanne. You have no idea how much I wish I could speak with you," Van de Velde wrote me in an E-mail in late May. "My best wishes for your success. We very much hope that your story will advance the investigation and ultimately help bring peace to Suzanne's parents, the Yale community, my family and all those horrified at Suzanne's tragic death."

By graduation day, May 24, the police posters of Jovin that had been tacked to the trees of Old Campus had long since been torn by the wind or ripped down. All of the pride and pomp and glory of Yale's 298-year history was on display that day as the 1,361 members of Jovin's class paraded in their black caps and gowns across the New Haven Green through Phelps Gate and into Old Campus. Looking exhausted and somewhat hung over, they stopped and posed for their proud parents, who were standing with cameras on the sidelines. As degrees were conferred, a loud roar filled the Old Campus courtyard as Jovin's classmates rose from their seats and cheered.

Suzanne Jovin was on many people's minds that day. In the smaller ceremony at Davenport after the main commencement, Yale conferred a degree on Jovin. She graduated cum laude with distinction in both her majors. Her classmates had placed a slab of black stone as a memorial to her in Davenport's smaller courtyard. Nestled in a flower bed under a linden and a dogwood, it reads:

Suzanne N. Jovin
In Loving Memory
January 26, 1977–December 4, 1998

The candle that students had placed on the stone had been extinguished by the rain that poured down on graduation day, a torrent that also drenched the bouquets of flowers and a lone rose. Still, says a friend, "it was as though Suzanne was there." In the months since the murder, says one woman who graduated that day, "a lot of us would wake up in the morning saying, Today maybe we'll find out that so-and-so killed Suzanne. And then we realized that we might not know before we leave Yale. Now we might never know." □



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DANIEL'S BOON

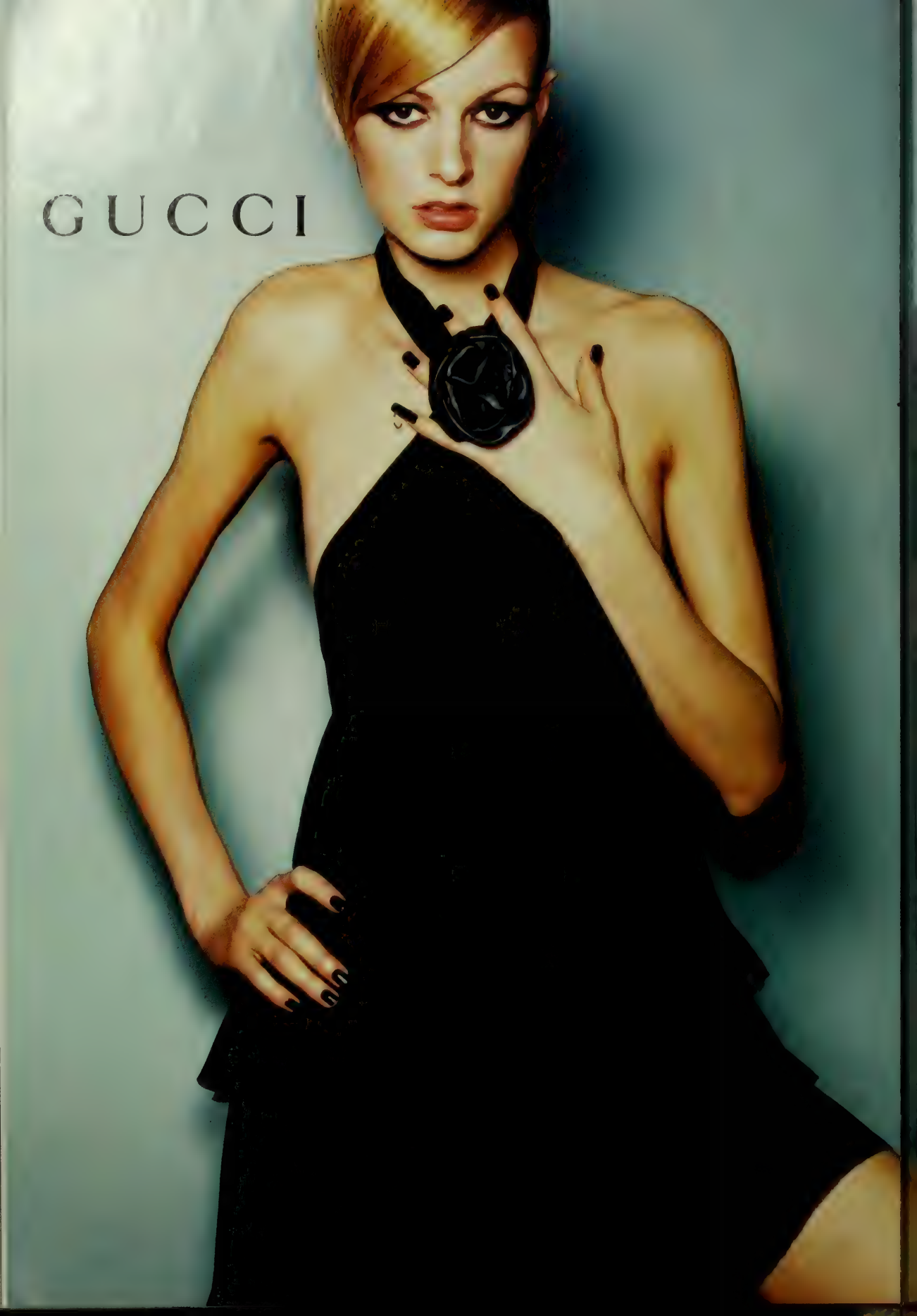
Name: Daniel Lapaine. **Age:** 28. **Provenance:** Sydney, Australia. **Fleetingly seen in:** The 1994 Australian hit *Muriel's Wedding* and *Polish Wedding,* co-starring Claire Danes and Gabriel Byrne. **Now arriving in:** *Brokedown Palace,* co-starring Danes and Kate Beckinsale, and *Elephant Juice,* a romantic comedy starring Emmanuelle Béart. **Why, in the future, the role of good-natured doormat might appeal to Lapaine:** "I have played quite a few roles where I seem charming and nice but I'm actually not. I worry if people see something going on here. I'm actually a very nice person." **How he and some fellow Aussies have brought an end to the era of Paul Hogan and Yahoo Serious:** "I went to see *Elizabeth,* and to see Cate Blanchett and Geoffrey Rush up there carrying this very British film . . . It's funny, after being a colony for 200 years, things have really opened up for Australian actors. Which is good, because there is a tendency to feel trapped living on the other side of the world." **Now that you've earned your international indie credentials, can we expect to see you in *Armageddon 2: Revenge of the Rock*?** "Only if the world gets destroyed. I'm still quite green, but ultimately it's my dream to be in a position where I have a choice. It comes down to whether a story is worth telling."

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIFF WATTS

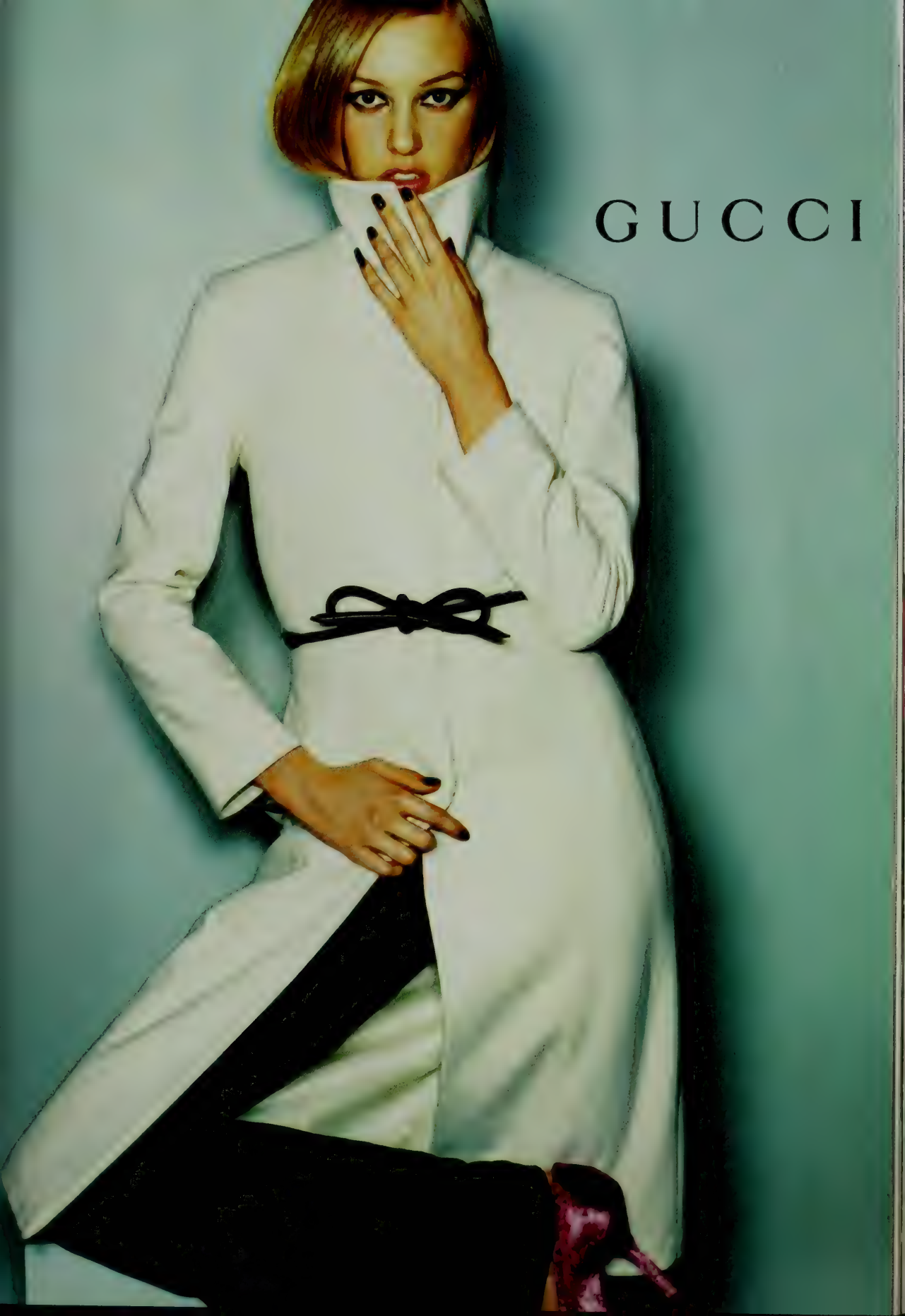

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Full-court Press: New York Press *publisher Russ Smith keeps tabs on the tabloids in his New York office;* inset, *among Smith's media-savvy speed-dialees are* New York Press *columnist Christopher Caldwell and* New Times *C.E.O. (and sometime business adviser to Smith) Jim Larkin.*

Speed Dial

Every ranter wants a chance to rag. Russ Smith's got his rag, one that's gaining enough size (circulation, 110,000) and stature to frighten the entrenched *Village Voice.* As editor, publisher, C.E.O., and majority owner of the petulant alternative weekly the *New York Press,* Smith—as the "Mugger" columnist—expends a massive amount of ink dissing the mainstream media, thereby ensuring that he will be read by all of his targets. On the phone in his Flower District office in Manhattan, though, he occasionally tempers his zeal to ask for advice from pal Jim Larkin, for example, No. 3 on Smith's speed dial and another alternative-paper co-owner and C.E.O. (the *New Times* chain). "Smith calls to ask me which way is up," says Larkin. "He has no clue about business." Nevertheless, Smith, 44, did have enough savvy in 1977 to invest $10,000 with partner and fellow Johns Hopkins alum Alan Hirsch (2) to launch the *City Paper* in Baltimore, which they sold for nearly $4 million in 1987, seeding the freebie *New York Press* and pressuring the "ossified" and "predictable" *Village Voice* to go gratis as well three years ago. "It's not a friendly competition at all," Smith says. "I can't stand them." Smith takes the people's pulse by phoning *Weekly Standard* staffer and *New York Press* columnist Christopher Caldwell (4). "Russ calls when he's outraged on some political matter," says Caldwell, "and he figures I'm bound to know about exit polls." Additional Beltway info comes from conservative *Wall Street Journal* editorialist John Fund (7). Is Smith, the married father of two young boys, as good at getting it as he is at giving it out over the phone and in print? "I get a lot of rude messages and obscene faxes and voice mail," he says. And once, a disgruntled reader sent him a tinfoil package of species-unspecified feces. Muckraking happens. —MELISSA DAVIS

Night-Table Reading

Charlotte Church
soprano

The True Confessions of Charlotte Doyle, *by Avi (Avon). "I just met Danny DeVito, and he told me to read it."*





David Yurman
jewelry designer, sculptor

The Unknown Matisse, *by Hilary Spurling (Knopf). "A revealing look into the life of Matisse, who inspired art and artists for the 20th century—including me!"*

Ted Rall
cartoonist, writer, radio talk-show host

Death in the Woods and Other Stories, *by Sherwood Anderson (Norton). "As brilliantly simple as* Winesburg, Ohio, *these short stories about loss and alienation are obscure, yet unforgettable."*





Jonathan Nahmias Morr
restaurateur

Memoirs of a Geisha, *by Arthur Golden (Vintage). "Finally finding the time to read this classic story, I realized an interesting insight into a fascinating part of the Japanese culture."*

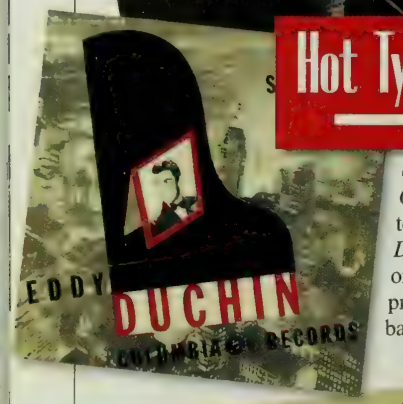

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Bill Clinton could go miles toward repairing his Karma by freeing Native American leader **LEONARD PELTIER,** whose memoir, *Prison Writings* (St. Martin's), shows him unbowed, despite 23 years in federal prison for a crime he most likely did not commit.

Hot Type



Also this month: The great white writer rises (with a little help from son Patrick) in *True at First Light* (Scribner), **ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S** fictional memoir of his final he-manly rompings in Africa. Five years ago, a cult leader under siege roasted his entire flock, except for 12 children; now those children are disappearing in **HOWARD** and **SUSAN KAMINSKY'S** suspense story, *The Twelve* (St. Martin's). In *In the Blink of an Eye* (Random House), veteran A.P. reporter **PAT MILTON** sifts through the F.B.I.'s files on the unsolved mystery of the crash of TWA Flight 800. Get into **ERIC KOHLER'S** swingy *In the Groove* (Chronicle), album-cover graphics from the 1940s to the 1960s. The works of the architect commissioned to design the Berlin Holocaust Memorial are showcased in *Peter Eisenman: Diagram Diaries* (Universe). **GIOIA DILIBERTO'S** bio *A Useful Woman* (Scribner) delivers the vitals on Jane Addams, early-20th-century do-gooder deity to the poor. To benefit UNICEF's educational programs, swanky-bag fanciers such as Henry Kissinger, Grandmaster Flash, and Sharon Stone play ball with the Louis Vuitton World Cup soccer ball in *Rebonds* (Louis Vuitton/UNICEF). In *A Certain Age* (Doubleday), former lit-brat-packer **TAMA JANOWITZ** satirizes that increasingly commonplace creature, the female desperate to marry well—before her biological clock blows up. Fifty years after its original publication, **E. B. WHITE'S** timeless memoir, *Here Is New York* (the Little Bookroom), recounts his early days in 1940s Manhattan. A quarter-century after Nixon's resignation, **BOB WOODWARD** revisits the scandal that made him and examines how Watergate's heritage continues to infect and inform our cultural history in *Shadow* (Simon & Schuster). **STEVEN HELLER** and **LOUISE FILI** put together a glorious typographical history from the Victorian era to the Digital Age in *Typology* (Chronicle). **STACEY RICHTER** goes for the absurd jugular in her warped and witty stories in *My Date with Satan* (Scribner). It's my guess that more people lose their virginity in the summer than at any other time of year—pop your cherry with *Virgin Fiction 2* (Rob Weisbach Books), collected short fiction by previously unpublished writers. Go forth and conquer. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

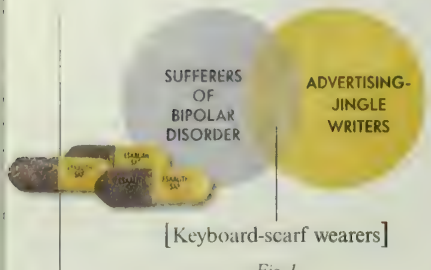




Counterclockwise from top right: *boxing promoter Don King handles two Louis Vuitton World Cup soccer balls (under Lady Liberty's watchful eye); vintage album covers for* Anatomy of a Murder *(1959),* The Billie Holiday Story *(1959), and* Eddy Duchin *(1940); an advertising page from the Hungarian periodical* Uj Föld, *1927; a 1983* Vanity Fair *cover prototype, designed by Henrietta Condak.*

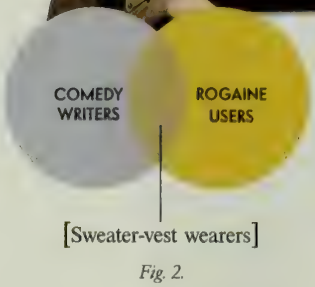

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sunglasses





[Keyboard-scarf wearers]

Fig. 1.



[Sweater-vest wearers]

Fig. 2.



[Disney Imagineers]

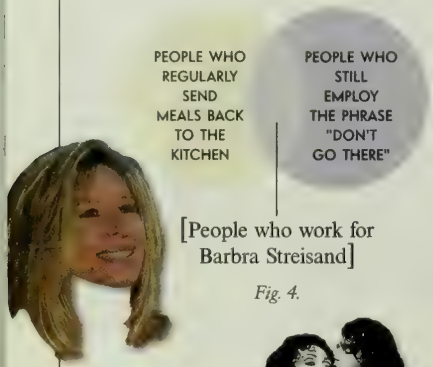
Fig. 3.

Sets and Setsibility

Venn diagrams for the 90s

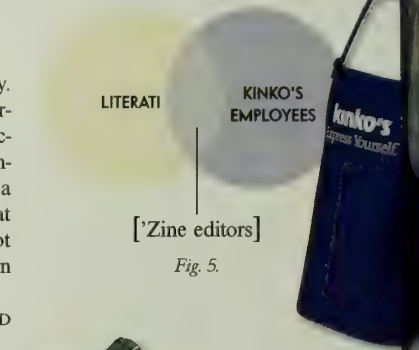
Commonalities are the linchpin of sociology. If a person hails from Britain *and* that person is from a prominent family, does it necessarily follow that that person has an ancestor whose name was Ethelred? Likewise, if a person is prone to uttering "Love ya!" *and* that person owns more than one porcelain Pierrot doll, does it necessarily follow that that person is employed as a talent agent? Yes.

—HENRY ALFORD



[People who work for Barbra Streisand]

Fig. 4.



['Zine editors]

Fig. 5.



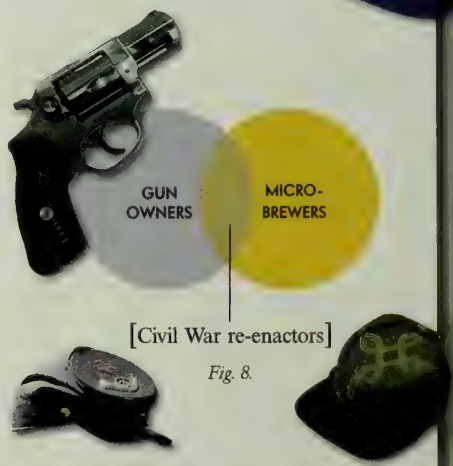
[*Babylon 5* chat-room visitors]

Fig. 6.



[Vodka-stinger drinkers]

Fig. 7.



[Civil War re-enactors]

Fig. 8.



[Party planners]

Fig. 9.



[*Cats*]

Fig. 10.

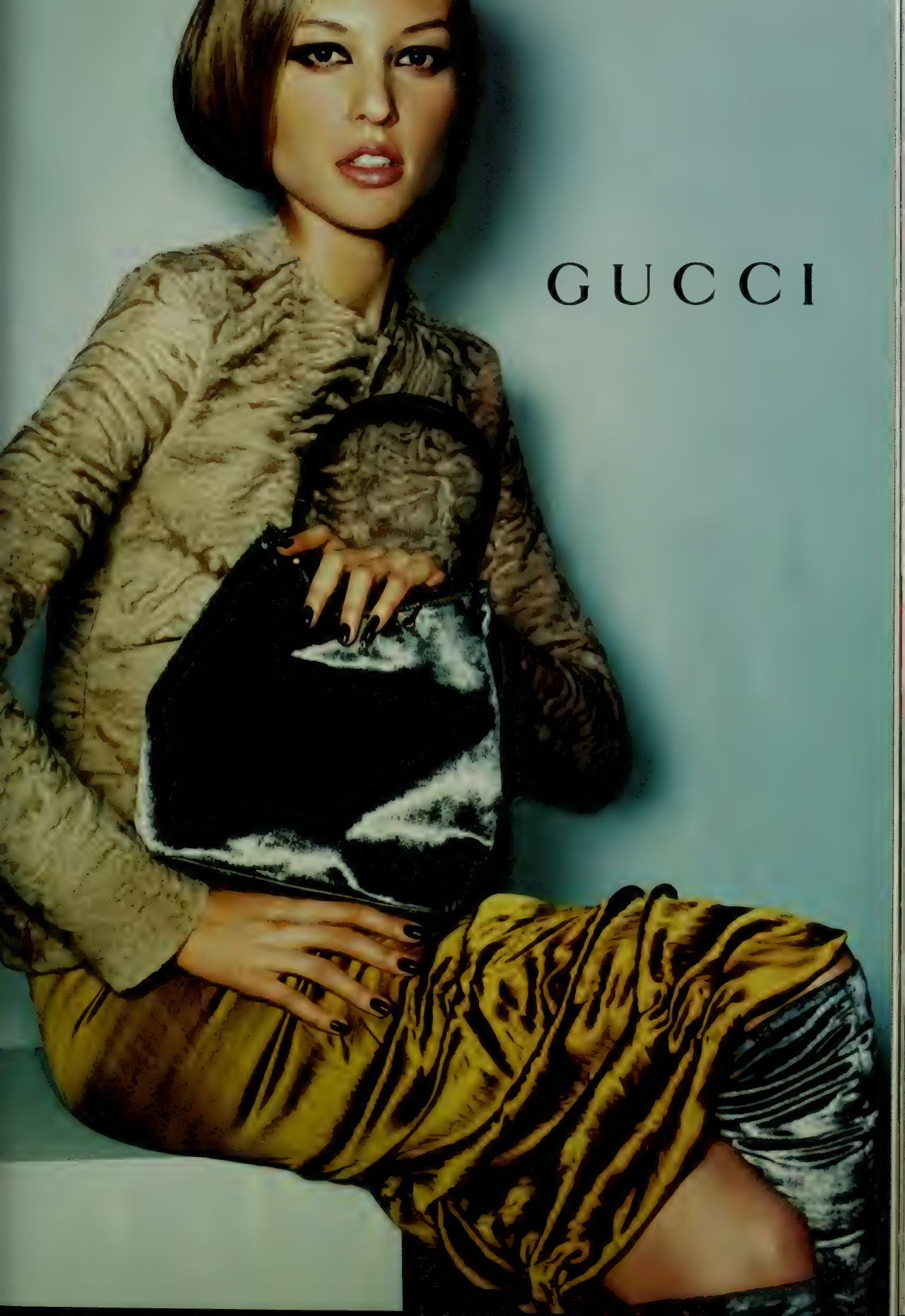


[Carol Channing]

Fig. 11.


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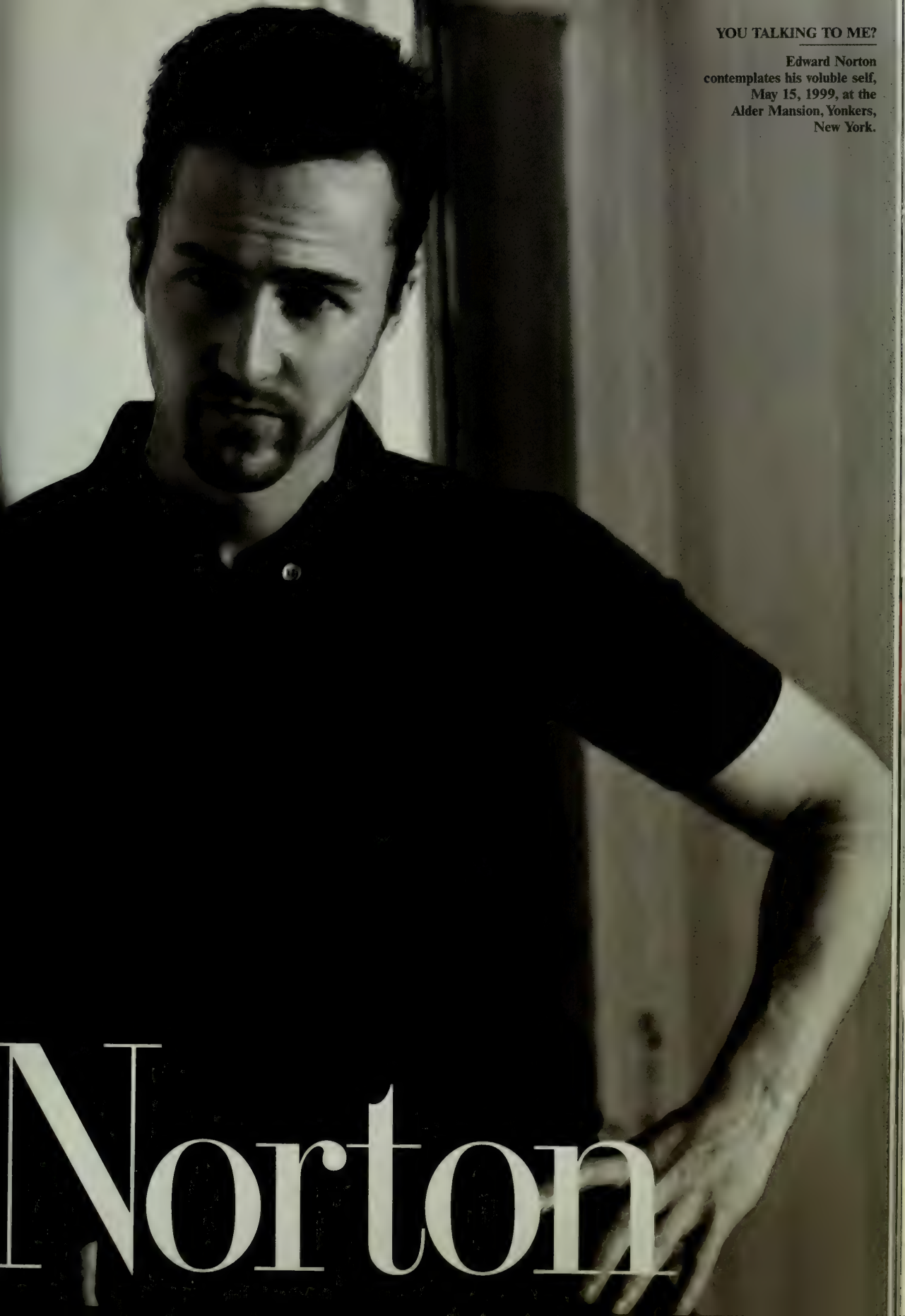

GUCCI



It's the Hollywood consensus, ratified by two Oscar nominations: Edward Norton is the finest actor of his generation. And this after only six films (including *Primal Fear* and *American History X*), in which he had mostly dark character roles. As he stars in *Fight Club*, an even darker movie that has left studio executives ashen, PETER BISKIND gets a look at the intellect behind the plaudits, and the surprising next step—a romantic comedy with Norton as co-writer, director, and star

Extreme

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB RITTS • STYLED BY L'WREN SCOTT



YOU TALKING TO ME?

Edward Norton contemplates his voluble self, May 15, 1999, at the Alder Mansion, Yonkers, New York.

Norton



kay, it's only a movie, I kept reminding myself as I watched Edward Norton screaming in agony. He was trying to squirm away from Brad Pitt who, seated at a kitchen table, had just planted a kiss on the back of Norton's hand, then held it fast while sprinkling lye on the moist imprint of his valentine. I could practically smell the flesh burning as the caustic chemical hissed and crackled like hot fat and heaved up a small hillock of raw tissue in the shape of Pitt's lips while he lectured Norton on the virtues of pain and humiliation, on the importance of slicing away the safety net, on the high of free fall, the Janis Joplin of it all. Freedom is having nothing left to lose.

This was a scene from Norton's upcoming film *Fight Club.* You might have thought that last year's *American History X* would be a hard act to follow, given that Norton's inhabitation—"impersonation" just doesn't seem to be the right word for it—of a venomous skinhead was so hatefully and uncannily convincing. But walking as always on the wild side of end-of-the-century American cinema, Norton has now found something even weirder and darker with *Fight Club,* in which he segues from extreme politics to extreme fighting.

The film tells the story of a man who—under the influence of a charismatic stranger played by Pitt—wanders from the safety of his nine-to-five life into a no-man's-land of violence and social insurrection. Think of *Falling Down* directed by Antonin Artaud instead of Joel Schumacher. Imagine a white-collar cipher so anesthetized by ennui that he can find peace only through sitting in on terminal-disease support groups—testicular cancer, melanoma, blood parasites—or by engaging in barefisted fighting, where similarly anomic men disfigure one another. The point is not to win, but to experience maximum pain in a desperate attempt to find some shred of authenticity. What's shocking here is not only the violence—we've all seen that before—but oddly enough the context, the metaphysics. This isn't "meaningless violence." The meaning is precisely what churns the stomach.

According to a source, even Norton's father, after reading the script, said something like "Oh my God, you're not going to make this, are you?" But in a fit of filial disobedience that might well have been lifted from the movie, Norton went ahead anyway. Directed by David Fincher, who previously gave us *Seven,* and based on a brilliantly mordant first novel by a writer with an unpronounceable name, Chuck Palahniuk, *Fight Club* is a film finely calibrated to raise the blood pressure of the guardians of civic virtue, to *épater* the William Bennetts of the world, only the movie's ambitions are larger, beyond shock toward a kind of wisdom. It is arrogant, nasty, and blackly comic, and Norton is excited about it, as well he might be. It's one thing to carry a low-budget film like *American History X;* it's quite another to shoulder a $60-million-or-so picture that also stars Brad Pitt. It's going to ratchet Norton's career up another notch, ratify his reputation for mainlining the most interesting pictures coming out of today's Hollywood.

"I think it's good sometimes to make things that are disturbing, that hold a mirror up to the *Zeitgeist,*" Norton says. "The first time I saw the picture, I walked out and it was really bright outside, and I couldn't have told you whether I was in there for half an hour or five hours. [A friend said to me,] 'I cannot believe that this film got made, let alone got made by a major studio.' For them, at first, it was about being at parties with other executives, saying, 'You wouldn't believe the fucking movie we're making.' Now that the movie has gotten made and is actually everything we said it was going to be, it's 'Oh shit!'"

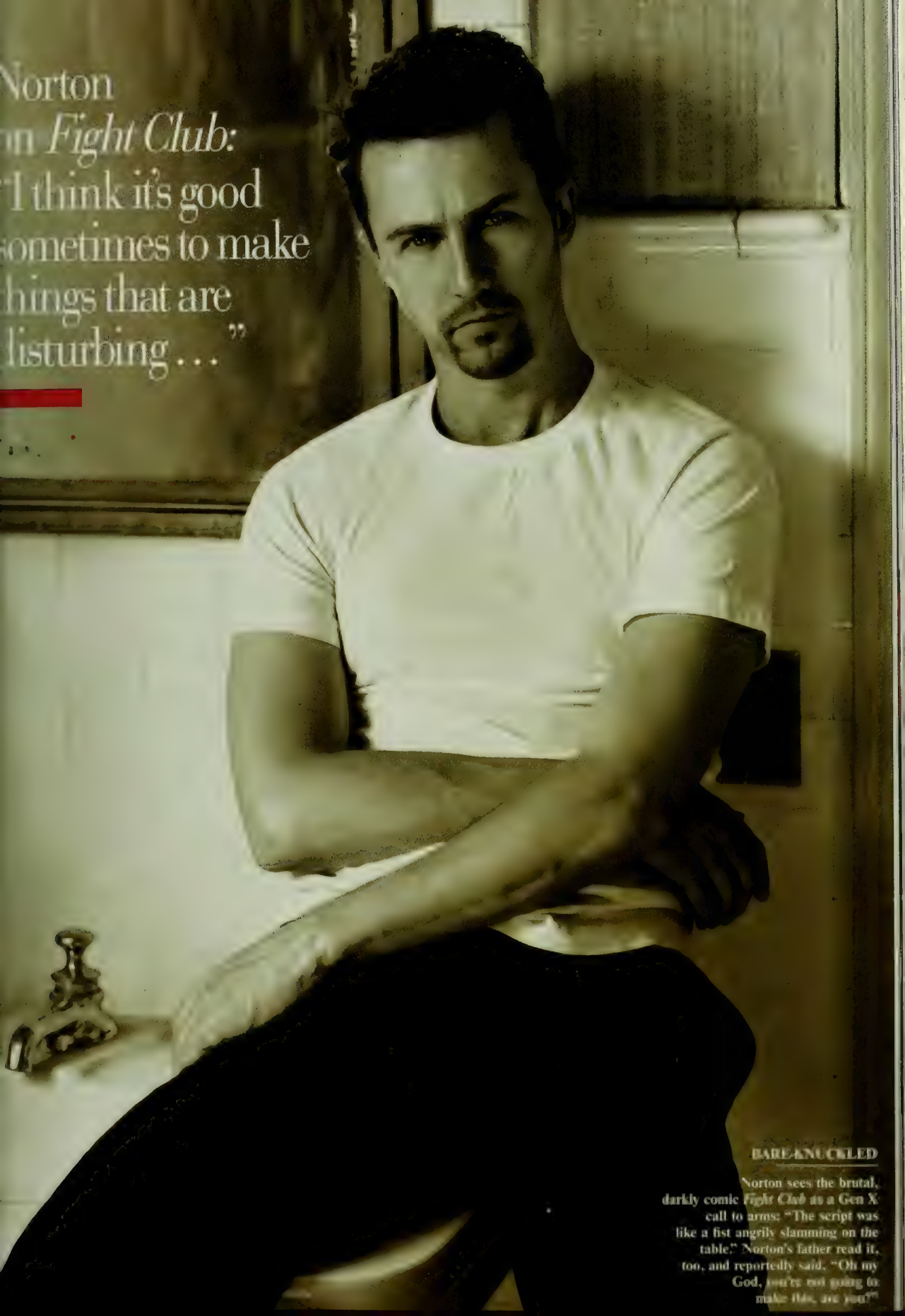
Norton enjoys talking. Helena Bonham Carter, also in *Fight Club* (on leave from her self-described "corset" dramas), puts it best: He's "vocally incontinent; he talks a lot, but it's good talk." The words tumble out, pell-mell, in a slightly hesitant fashion, a distant echo of the start-stop cadences of the seemingly sweet Kentucky boy Norton played to such good effect in his first film, *Primal Fear,* the one who turned out to be a psycho finger chopper feigning a split personality. In person, with his slender frame, narrow shoulders, and close-cropped hair of no particular color, Norton looks surprisingly unsurprising. After pumping up to play the scary *Übermensch* in *American History X,* he's back to normal—Clark Kent, the air let out of a Macy's Thanksgiving Day balloon. In *Fight Club* he makes that ordinarine work for him. With his goofy, crook grin he's a younger, bolder Tom Hanl the Everyman who leads the audien through Fincher's inferno.

It's hard to believe that Norton h been "around," in the public sense, f only three years. In his brief career he h shown a truly astonishing range: at hon with rage, violence, and psychosis, he w also the sweet, lovesick swain who se naded Drew Barrymore in Woody Alle *Everyone Says I Love You* as well as t put-upon First Amendment lawyer in *T People vs. Larry Flynt.* And now he is pr paring *Keeping the Faith,* a picture whi couldn't be more different from Finche film. *Keeping the Faith* is a romantic com dy, a love triangle in the vein of *T Philadelphia Story,* set in New York, th Norton is directing—his debut—as well producing, co-writing, and starring along with Ben Stiller and Jenna Elfman

Already Norton bears th burden of his talent, wi twin Oscar nominations for *Primal Fear* and *Am ican History X*—in a me six outings. Behind h back, the honorific "pro igy" is whispered loudly. Says John Dah who directed him in *Rounders,* "I alwa sort of cringe when people say he's the be actor of his generation because I thin Good God, what is he—29? How would yo like to be stuck with that label at that age?

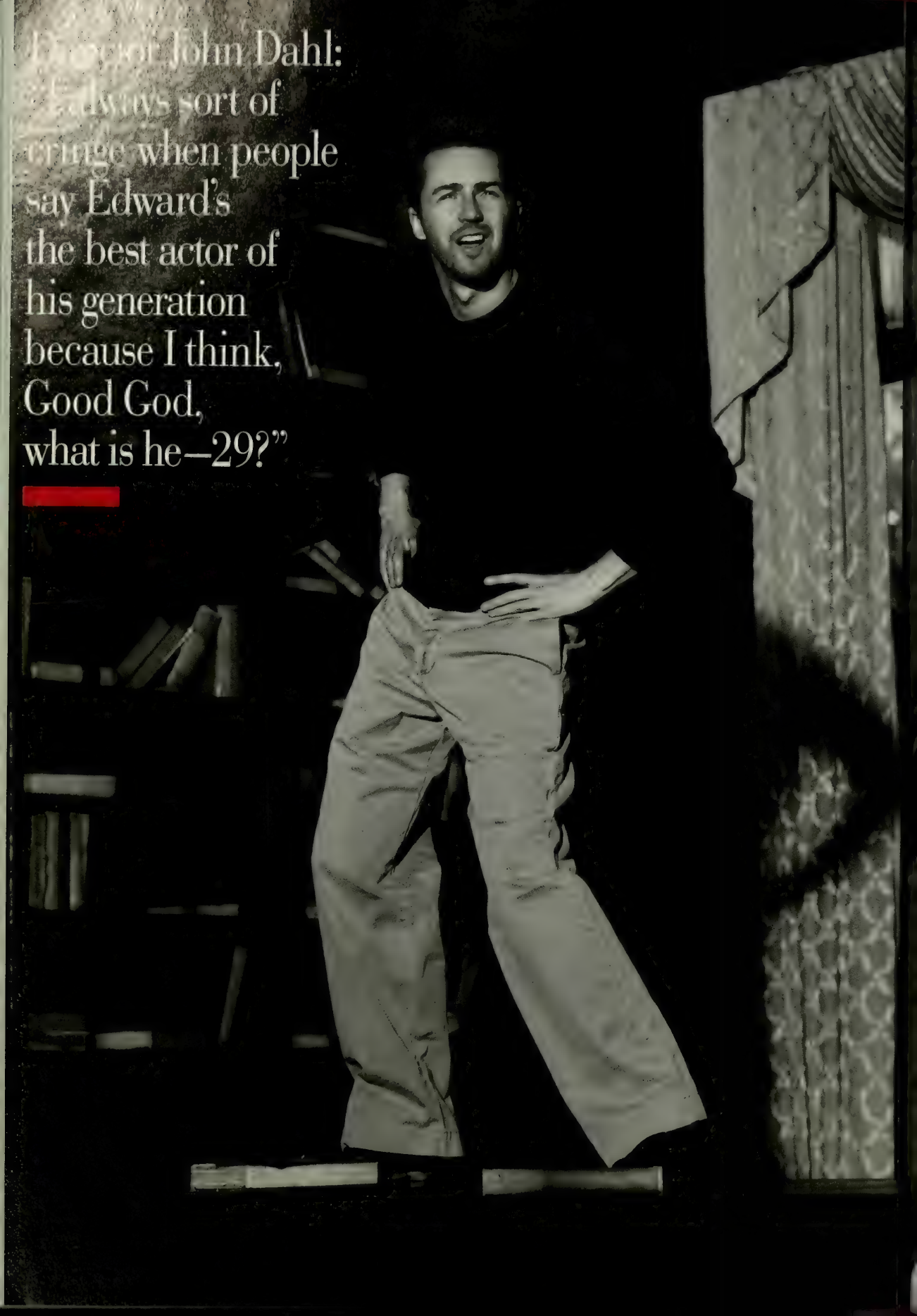
Dustin Hoffman's name has a habit popping up in the vicinity of Norton, as d those of Al Pacino and Robert De Niro the holy trinity of 70s-character-actor become-stars to whom Norton is the late heir apparent. Norton reveres Hoffma and I am reminded of the way Hoffman d scribed the younger actor after their firs encounter, a dinner several months ago at Japanese restaurant in Los Angeles whe both got well lubricated on sake. As Hof man recalls it, "When I meet somebody, always think, How would I cast them? said to him, 'I would never think of you a an actor—you're like a graduate student a young professor at Harvard.' He had habit of looking down when he talke looking at the table, almost stammering. wasn't just a shyness, as it appeared to b at first, it was connecting to the though And I said I believed that was the predom inant quality about his work, the effort t get to the center of things. He sniffs in th right places."

It is the first week of May, and Norton i frantic, or as frantic as he gets, which mean



BARE-KNUCKLED

Norton sees the brutal, darkly comic *Fight Club* as a Gen X call to arms: "The script was like a fist angrily slamming on the table." Norton's father read it, too, and reportedly said, "Oh my God, you're not going to make this, are you?"


Director John Dahl:
always sort of
cringe when people
say Edward's
the best actor of
his generation
because I think,
Good God,
what is he—29?"



IN PICTURES

Norton, who considers himself a character actor, reveres Dustin Hoffman. Flying to Los Angeles for his first big screen test, he thought, "O.K., this is the trip Dustin made to test for *The Graduate*. He did it, I can do it."

sheepishly for not being as focused as he [illegible] that could pass unnoticed in someone less famous [illegible]. He's re-recording dialogue for *Fight Club* in the mornings and on weekends at the same time as he tries to wrap up weeks of intensive pre-production for *Keeping the Faith*. The start date is looming ominously near, just three weeks away. In what few spare hours he has he's making drastic last-minute script revisions with his writing partner, Stuart Blumberg, and finding time, as he unenthusiastically picks over a salad in a dingy New York City coffee shop, to talk late into the night about his least favorite subject, himself. The joint is almost as anonymous as Norton, dressed as he is in functional, nondescript clothes: a lightweight gray pea coat, a blue short-sleeved shirt of some indefinable synthetic material, and jeans.

Norton belongs to the less-is-more school of publicity. He is not going to talk about his relationship with Courtney Love, and neither are his friends. "When I serve up my own private experiences as fodder for the cheap drama of the press it leaves me with a very hollow feeling, like I've given up something that is part of what makes my own life, and it's just not worth it," explains Norton, adding, "Too much familiarity can get in the way [of the audience]. It diminishes your own capacity to be an empty vessel that people can fill up with different things." Consequently, the Chinese know more about American warheads than anyone knows about what went down between Norton and Love, who met on the set of *The People vs. Larry Flynt* in 1996, when Love played Flynt's wife Althea. Norton is about as far from Kurt Cobain as you can get, and at the time, *Hustler* magazine *auteur* Flynt credited Norton—and director Miloš Forman—with getting Love through the performance without a meltdown. The couple apparently broke up earlier this year, though Norton has denied they were romantically involved. More recently, he has been linked in the press to the usual suspects, including a sighting with Cameron Diaz over Super Bowl weekend in Miami. He attended the Oscars with good friend Drew Barrymore, with whom he once shared an apartment in New York. Says Harvey Weinstein, whose company, Miramax, financed *Rounders,* "I told them if they each didn't find somebody else in a year, they'd have to marry each other."

Norton's wariness toward the press is also a response to the shabby treatment of his friends. He dashed off a letter to *The New Yorker* in defense of Love after the magazine published what he considered to be a negative profile. Likewise, he was appalled that his pal Kevin Spacey's private life was dragged through *Esquire.* "That," he says, "was really, really disturbing to me."

His friends are equally protective of Norton, invariably describing him as kind, thoughtful, and generous, the type of guy who helps old ladies cross the street. Says Weinstein, "Edward is a consummate gentleman. It's like he stepped out of another era." Adds Howard Koch Jr., who is producing *Keeping the Faith,* "He doesn't do drugs, he doesn't drink. He hasn't had the movies that have been commercially successful yet, but everybody wants to work with him because we all know where his career is going."

And yet, roles such as those he played in *Primal Fear* and *American History X* raise the Dark Side Question, as in: Is there a Mr. Hyde to Norton's Dr. Jekyll?

"There's clearly a very alive and well dark side to Edward Norton," says Gregory Hoblit, who directed *Primal Fear.* "I mean, you don't have to be Charlie Manson to have a dark side. Edward is no choirboy. You don't bring CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Spotlight

LITHE SPIRIT

No plastic starlet she. The name—Saffron Domini Burrows—is real. The astonishing body is real—all six feet of it, including the auburn tresses and a cleft chin that could wow Cary Grant. Her parents (who live in North London but divorced when Saffron was two) are left-wing teachers and fervent trade unionists who took her on protest marches instead of seaside holidays. At 25, their daughter is equally passionate: a socialist, civil-rights activist, and staunch feminist who would rather talk about "the reactionary backlash" against women than her romances. Not for Saffron the weaselly evasions of apathetic young women afraid of ideological labels: "I think we should own these things and be proud of them!"

But her love life has been star-studded: Daniel Day-Lewis, with whom she appeared in *In the Name of the Father;* Alan Cumming, whom she met on *Circle of Friends;* and Saffron's roommate of the last couple of years, Mike Figgis, who directed her in *The Loss of Sexual Innocence,* a hallucinatory meditation on sex and death in which Burrows played a doomed contemporary Eve, and in Strindberg's *Miss Julie,* a fall release. Next up: Renny Harlin's *Deep Blue Sea,* in which Saffron stars as a doctor trying to cure degenerative brain disease through her experiments on sharks. Guess who looks great in a black wet suit.

—LESLIE BENNETTS

STYLED BY TINA SKOURAS. TOP BY DONNA KARAN. HAIR BY RAY ALLINGTON. MAKEUP BY KIMBRA. HAIR AND MAKEUP PRODUCTS FROM AVEDA. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT ERDMANN



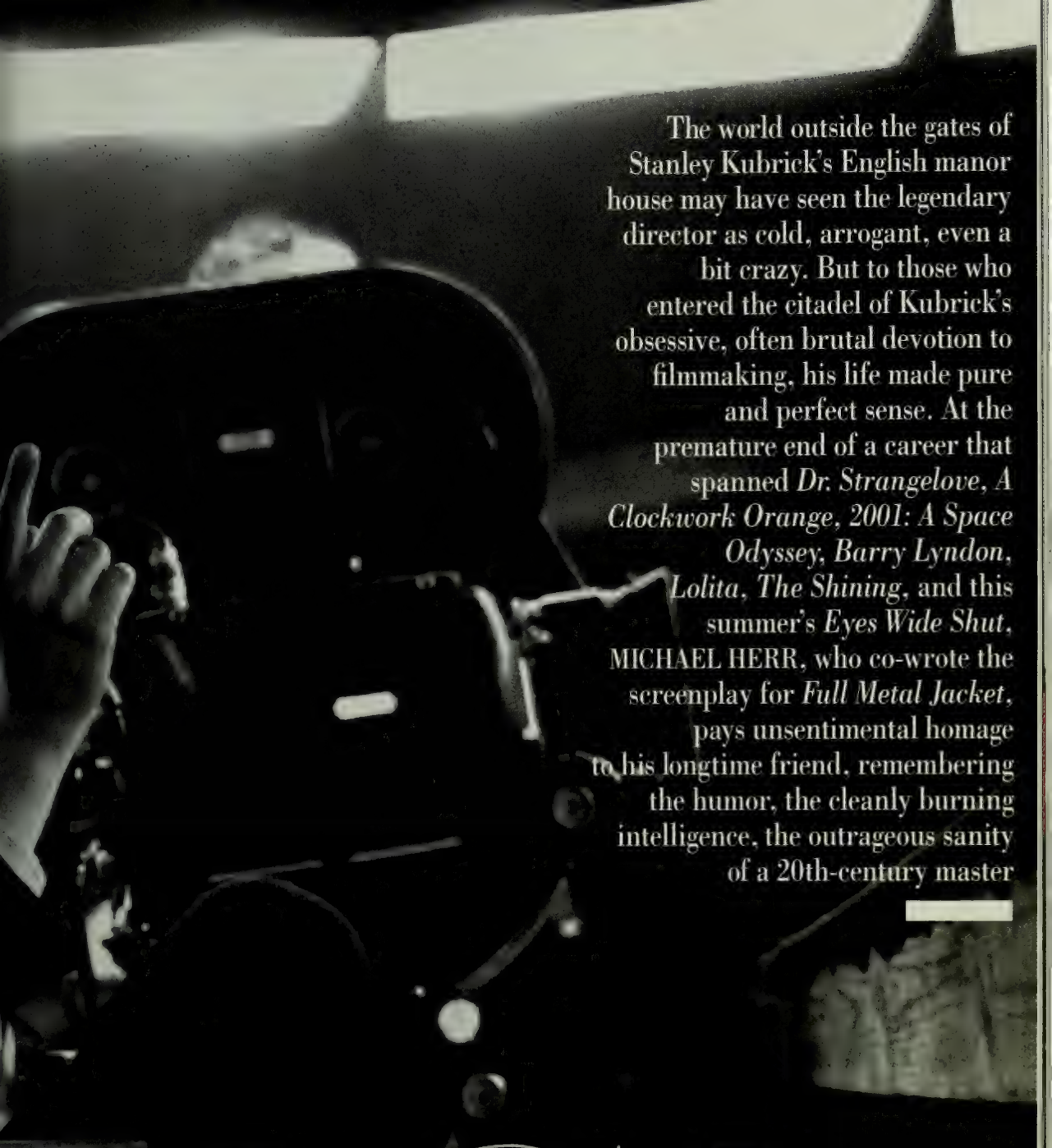
SPICE GIRL

Activist actress Saffron Burrows, photographed in Los Feliz, California, on May 17, 1999.



Stanley Kubrick, in 1963 on the set of *Dr. Strangelove — How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, the second of the films he made after moving to England.

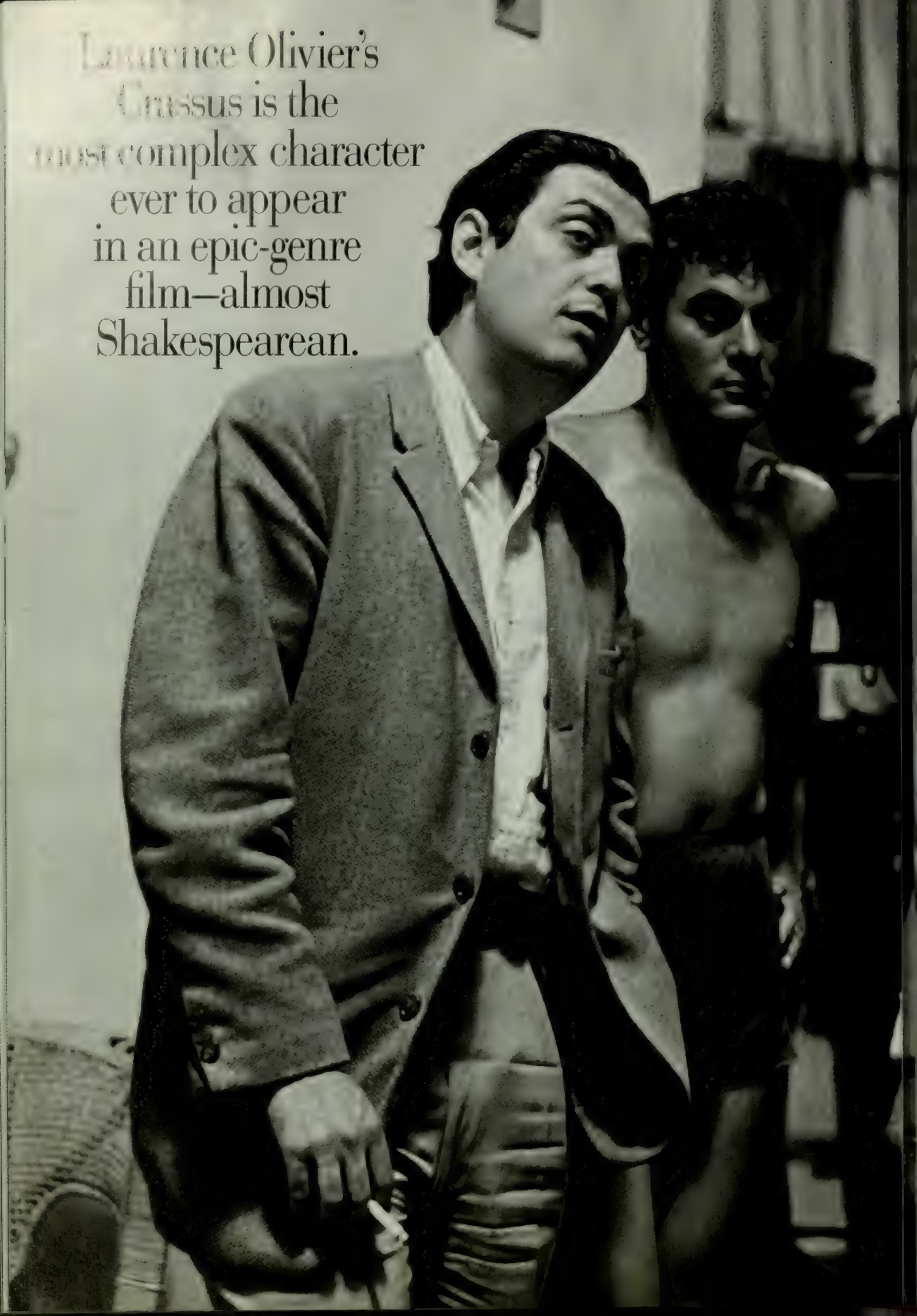
KUB



The world outside the gates of Stanley Kubrick's English manor house may have seen the legendary director as cold, arrogant, even a bit crazy. But to those who entered the citadel of Kubrick's obsessive, often brutal devotion to filmmaking, his life made pure and perfect sense. At the premature end of a career that spanned *Dr. Strangelove*, *A Clockwork Orange*, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Lolita*, *The Shining*, and this summer's *Eyes Wide Shut*, MICHAEL HERR, who co-wrote the screenplay for *Full Metal Jacket*, pays unsentimental homage to his longtime friend, remembering the humor, the cleanly burning intelligence, the outrageous sanity of a 20th-century master

RICK

Laurence Olivier's Crassus is the most complex character ever to appear in an epic-genre film—almost Shakespearean.





EPIC STRUGGLE

Kubrick with Tony Curtis and Laurence Olivier on the set of *Spartacus*, 1959. His grievances with star-producer Kirk Douglas led him to leave Hollywood forever and settle in England.

I

Somehow or other we get into this rather heavy rap—about death, *and* infinity, *and the* origin of time—*you know the sort of thing.*

—Terry Southern

Stanley Kubrick was a friend of mine, insofar as people like Stanley have friends, and as if there are any people like Stanley now. Famously reclusive, as I'm sure you've heard, he was in fact a complete failure as a recluse, unless you believe that a recluse is simply someone who seldom leaves his house. Stanley saw a lot of people. Sometimes he even went out to see people, but not often, very rarely, hardly ever. Still, he was one of the most gregarious men I ever knew, and it didn't change anything that most of this conviviality went on over the phone. He viewed the telephone the way Mao viewed warfare, as the instrument of a protracted offensive where control of the ground was critical and timing crucial, while time itself was meaningless, except as something to be kept on your side. An hour was nothing, mere overture, or opening move, or gambit, a small taste of his virtuosity. The writer Gustav Hasford claimed that he and Stanley were once on the phone for seven hours, and I went over three with him many times. I've been hearing about all the people who say they talked to Stanley on the last day of his life, and however many of them there were, I believe them all.

Somebody who knew him 45 years ago, when he was starting out, said, "Stanley always acted like he knew something you didn't know," but honestly, he didn't have to act. Not only that, by the time he was through having what he called, in quite another context, "strenuous intercourse" with you, he knew most of what you knew as well. Hasford called him an earwig; he'd go in one ear and not come out the other until he'd eaten clean through your head.

He had the endearing and certainly seductive habit when he talked to you of slipping your name in every few sentences, particularly in the punch line, and there was always a punch line. He had an espe-

Don't think just because you've known a few cont

[illegible] normal temperament anyway, but I [illegible] a few women who found him [illegible] charming. A few of them were [illegible] actresses.

Some Americans move to London and in three weeks they're talking like Denholm Elliott. Stanley picked up the odd English locution, but it didn't take Henry Higgins to place him as pure, almost stainless Bronx. Stanley's speech was very fluent, melodious even. In spite of the Bronx nasal-caustic, perhaps the shadow of some adenoidal trauma long ago, it was as close to the condition of music as speech can get and still be speech, like a very well-read jazz musician talking, with a pleasing and graceful Groucho-like rushing and ebbing of inflection for emphasis and suggested quotation marks to convey amused disdain, over-enunciating phrases that struck him as fabulously banal, with lots of *innuendo,* and lots of latent sarcasm, and some not so latent, lively tempi, brilliant timing, eloquent silences, and, always, masterful, seamless segues—"Lemme change the subject for just a minute," or "What were we into before we got into this?" I never heard him try to do other voices, or dialects, even when he was telling Jewish jokes. Stanley quoted other people all the time, people in the industry whom he'd spoken to that morning (Steven and Mike, Warren and Jack, Tom and Nicole), or people who died a thousand years ago, but it was always Stanley speaking.

When I met him in 1980, I was not just a subscriber to the Stanley legend, I was frankly susceptible to it. He'd heard that I was living in London from a mutual friend, David Cornwell (b.k.a. John le Carré), and invited us for dinner and a movie. The movie was a screening of *The Shining* at Shepperton Studios a few weeks before its American release, followed by dinner at Childwick Bury, the 120-acre estate near St. Albans, an hour north of London, that Stanley and his family and their dogs and cats had just moved into. Stanley wanted to meet me because he'd liked *Dispatches,* my book about Vietnam. It was the first thing he said to me when we met. The second thing he said to me was that he didn't want to make a movie of it. He meant this as a compliment, sort of, but he also wanted to make sure I wasn't getting any ideas. He'd read the book several times looking for the story in it, and quoted bits of it, some of them quite long, from memory during dinner. And since I'd loved his movies for something like 25 years by this time, I was touched, flattered, and very happy to meet him, because I was of course fairly aware that it was unusual to meet him. Stanley wasn't someone you ran into at a party and struck up a relationship with.

He was thinking about making a war movie next, but he wasn't sure which war, and in fact, now that he mentioned it, not even so sure he wanted to make a war movie at all.

He called me a couple of nights later to ask me if I'd read any Jung. I had. Was I familiar with the concept of the Shadow, our hidden dark side? I assured him that I was. We did half an hour on the Shadow, and how he really wanted to get it into his war picture. And oh, did I know of any good Vietnam books, "you know, Michael, something with a *story?*" I didn't. I told him that after seven years working on a Vietnam book and nearly two more on the film *Apocalypse Now,* it was about the last thing in the world I was interested in. He thanked me for my honesty, my "almost blunt candor," and said that, probably, what he most wanted to make was a film about the Holocaust, but good luck putting all of that into a two-hour movie. And then there was this other book he was fascinated by—he was fairly sure I'd never heard of it—Arthur Schnitzler's novella *Traumnovelle,* which means "Dream Novel," meaninglessly called *Rhapsody* in the only English edition available at that time. He'd read it more than 20 years before, and bought the rights to it in the early 70s (it's the book that *Eyes Wide Shut* is based on), and the reason I'd probably never heard of it (he started to laugh) was that he'd bought up every single existing copy of it. Maybe he'd send me one. I could read it and tell him what I thought.

"You know, just read it and we'll talk. I'm interested to know what you think. And Michael, ask around among your friends from the war, maybe *they* know a good Vietnam story. You know, like at the next American Legion meeting? Oh, and Michael, do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure."

"Don't tell anybody what we've been talking about."

The next afternoon a copy of the Schnitzler book arrived, along with the paperback edition of Raul Hilberg's enormous *The Destruction of the European Jews,* delivered by Stanley's driver, Emilio, who whether I realized it or not was abo[illegible] to become my new best friend.

I read the Schnitzler right away, a[illegible] that's when I had my early inkling of h[illegible] smart Stanley really was. *Traumnovell[illegible]* published in Vienna in 1926, is the full, [illegible] cruciating flowering of a voluptuous a[illegible] self-consciously decadent time and place, [illegible] shocking and dangerous story about s[illegible] and sexual obsession and the suffering [illegible] sex. In its pitiless view of love, marriag[illegible] and desire, made all the more disturbi[illegible] by the suggestion that either all of it, [illegible] maybe some of it, or possibly none of it, [illegible] a dream, it intrudes on the concealed roo[illegible] of Western erotic life like a laser, hintin[illegible] discreetly, from behind its dream cover, [illegible] things that are seldom even privately a[illegible] knowledged, and never spoken of in da[illegible] light. Stanley thought it would be perfe[illegible] for Steve Martin. He'd loved *The Jerk.*

He'd talked about this book with a lot [illegible] people, David Cornwell and the noveli[illegible] Diane Johnson among them, and sinc[illegible] David and Diane and I later talked about [illegible] among ourselves (and out of Stanley's hea[illegible] ing, I think), I know that his idea for it [illegible] those days was always as a sex comedy, b[illegible] with a wild and somber streak runnin[illegible] through it. This didn't make a lot of sens[illegible] to us; we were just responding to the text a[illegible] a work of literary art, and not a very funn[illegible] one. Maybe *Traumnovelle* is a comedy i[illegible] the sense that *Don Giovanni* is: attempte[illegible] rape and compulsive pathetic list-keepin[illegible] implied impotence, and the don dragge[illegible] down into hell forever, the old sex machin[illegible] ignorant and defiant to the end. A pretty s[illegible] vere and upsetting comedy, not very *gi[illegible] coso,* and not the essence of *Traumnovell[illegible]* which more than anything else is siniste[illegible] The way we writers saw it, it was as frigh[illegible] ening as *The Shining.* Now I think we wer[illegible] all too square to imagine what Stanley sa[illegible] in Steve Martin, because this was not *Th[illegible] Jerk.* This could have turned out to be a[illegible] other one of those stories you heard s[illegible] many times about him, usually from cam[illegible] eramen and other high-echelon crew: *Sta[illegible] ley said we should try to do it this way and [illegible] said it's never been done this way, and [illegible] can't be done this way, the wrong stops o[illegible] the wrong lens on the wrong camera, and h[illegible] did it anyway, and he was right.*

We talked about it for years, startin[illegible] that afternoon, because I don't think Em[illegible] lio could have made it back to St. Alban[illegible] before Stanley called. "Didja read it? Wha[illegible] do you think?" After about an hour, h[illegible] asked if I'd had a chance to look at th[illegible] Hilberg book yet. I reminded him that I'[illegible] only just gotten it.

aks that you can imagine what Stanley was like.

When he sent you a book, he wanted u to read it, and not just read it, but to op everything and get into it. John Calley, ıo was probably Stanley's closest friend, ld me that when he was head of produc- ın at Warners in the 70s and first work- g with him, Stanley sent him a set of azer's *The Golden Bough,* unabridged, and en bugged him every couple of weeks for year about reading it. Finally Calley said, Stanley, I've got a studio to run. I don't ve time to read mythology." "It isn't my- ology, John," Stanley said. "It's your *life.*"

I picked the Hilberg up many times ıd put it down again. I finally read it ıly a few years ago, when I knew there as no possibility that Stanley would ever ie it for a film, and I could see why anley was so absorbed by it. It was a rbidding volume; densely laid out in a vo-column format, it was nearly 800 ages long, small print, heavily footnoted, minutely detailed that one would have be more committed than I was at the ıoment to its inconceivably dreadful sub- ct. I could see that it was exhaustive; it ertainly looked like hard work, and it ad like a complete log of the Final Solu- on. And every couple of weeks, Stanley ould call and ask me if I'd read it yet. You should read it, Michael, it's *monu- ental!*" This went on for months.

Finally I said, "Stanley, I can't make it."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I guess right now I just on't want to read a book called *The De- ruction of the European Jews.*"

"No, Michael," he said. "The book you on't want to read right now is *The De- ruction of the European Jews, Part Two.*"

You know, Michael, it's not absolutely true in every case that nobody likes a smart-ass," Stanley was saying.

I once described 1980–83 as one phone ıll lasting three years, with interruptions. his serial call had many of the character- tics of the college bull session—long free- rm late-night intellectual inquiries, dis- ursions, conversations, displays, and I'd ink, *Doesn't this guy get tired?*—like talk- g to a very smart kid in a dorm room ntil three in the morning. But then Stan- y never went to college; he was only a unningly accomplished autodidact, one f those people we may hear about but rely meet, the almost-but-not-quite- gendary Man on Whom Nothing Is Lost.

"Hey, Michael, didja ever read Herodotus? The Father of *Lies*?" or "Frankly, I've never understood why Schopenhauer is considered so pessimistic. I never thought he was pessimistic, did *you,* Michael?"—laughing at the four or five things he found so funny in this, with a winsome touch of self-deprecation, half-apologetic ... It's not my fault I'm so smart. And I'd think, *Doesn't he have anything else to do?* But this is what he did. These calls were about information. They were about Stanley's work.



LITTLE STANLEY

This photograph of Kubrick at 12 or 13 suggests "how this dweeb-like Jewish kid from the Bronx came to identify so intimately yet so appropriately with Napoleon."

We'd be talking about something, like why "most war movies always look so phony," or why we thought this movie or that book was such a hit, and we'd be suddenly off across 2,000 years of Western culture, "from Plato to NATO." He was just an old-fashioned social Darwinist (seemingly), with layer upon layer of the old, now vanishing Liberal Humanism, disappointed but undimmed, and without contradiction; if he made no distinctions between Art and Commerce, or Poetry and Technology, or even Personal and Professional, why should he make them between "Politics" and Philosophy?

Stanley had views on everything, but I wouldn't exactly call them political. ("Hey Michael, what's the definition of a neoconservative? A liberal who's just been mugged, *ha ha ha ha.*") His views on democracy were those of most people I know, neither left nor right, not exactly brimming with belief, a noble failed experiment along our evolutionary way, brought low by base instincts, money and self-interest and stupidity. (If a novelist expresses this view, he's a visionary, apparently, but if a movie director does, he's a misanthrope.) He thought the best system might be under a benign despot, although he had little belief that such a man could be found. He wasn't exactly a cynic, but he could have passed for one. He was certainly a capitalist. He believed himself to be a realist. He was known to be a tough guy. The way I see him, essentially, he was an artist to his fingertips, and he needed a lot of cover, and a lot of control.

For the most part we talked about writers, usually dead and white and Euro-American, hardly the current curriculum. Stendhal (half an hour), Balzac (two hours), Conrad, Crane, Hemingway (hours and hours—"Do you think it was true that he was drunk all the time, even when he wrote? Yeah? Well, I'll have to find out what he was drinking and send a case to all my writers"), Céline ("My favorite anti-Semite"), and Kafka, who he thought was the greatest writer of the century, and the most misread: People who used the word "Kafkaesque" had probably never read Kafka. I'd read *The Golden Bough* and didn't have to go through that again, but he urged me to check out Machiavelli, and *The Art of War* (years before Michael Ovitz slipped him a copy), and Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class.* He had a taste and a gift for the creative-subversive, and he dug Swift and Malaparte and William Burroughs, and was interested that Burroughs was a friend of mine. I got him to read Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!;* he thought it was incredibly beautiful, but "there's no movie in it. I mean, where's the *weenie,* Michael?" Then he'd be into something else, the "inevitable" fiscal and social disaster lurking in the burgeoning mutual-fund market, or how he'd like to make a movie about doctors because "everybody hates doctors" (his father was a doctor), or the savage abiding mystery of Mother Russia, or why opera was "quite possibly the greatest art form" except, oh yeah, maybe for the movies. Then he'd dish about the movies.

"Always thinking, huh, Stanley?" I said after one of those exhausting (for me) rooftop-to-rooftop riffs of his. I felt that these calls were starting to take up most of my time, yet I knew they didn't take up most of his, that he was doing other things, "many many of them." I acquired a sense of awe at the energy that had coincided so forcefully with my own. You really needed your chops for this; you'd feel like some poor traveler caught in a ground blizzard, 3 to 30 times a week and usually after 10 at night, when he usually started wailing. Sometimes I'd duck his calls.

We talked this way, with occasional visits to his house, dinners and movies, until he found Gustav Hasford's *The Short-Timers,* bought the rights, wrote a long treatment of it, and asked me to work on the script with him. Then we really started talking. By then I knew I'd been working for Stanley from the minute I met him.










NUCLEAR WARHEAD
MANOLE WITH CARE
HI THERE!







MAGIC MOMENTS

Clockwise from top left: **Keir Dullea in *2001: A Space Odyssey,* 1968; Kubrick shooting the aging gymnast in *A Clockwork Orange,* 1971; Kubrick on the set of *Spartacus,* 1959; Jack Nicholson as Jack Torrance in *The Shining,* 1980; Sue Lyon as Lolita Haze in *Lolita,* 1962; Malcolm McDowell as Alex DeLarge in *A Clockwork Orange;* Slim Pickens on the bomb in *Dr. Strangelove,* 1963; Kirk Douglas as Colonel Dax in *Paths of Glory,* 1957; Lee Ermey (center) and Matthew Modine (right) in *Full Metal Jacket,* 1987.**



Stanley could never be accused of breaking any sumptuary laws. He may have been the master of Childwick Bury, but he dressed like a cottager, and it was very becoming, too. He wore the same thing every day, beat chinos, some sort of work shirt, usually in one of the darker shades of blue, a ripstop cotton fatigue jacket with many pockets, a pair of running shoes, so well broken in that you almost might think he was a runner (and not a man who liked to be seated), and an all-weather anorak. He had something like a dozen or so sets of this outfit in his closet, so he changed his clothes every day but never his wardrobe. When his daughter Katharina got married in 1984, he went to the Marks & Spencer in St. Albans and bought a dark-blue suit for £85, and a white shirt and a tie, and from one of the High Street shoe shops a pair of black shoes that he told me were made of cardboard. But he had never been admired for his dress sense. Even back in the late 50s, when he was working in Hollywood, the insouciance of his attire was remarked upon by many producers and actors, who thought that he dressed like a Beatnik.

Body-blocked, uncomfortable in physical contact, even Stanley's handshake was a bit awkward. The last time I saw him—we hadn't seen each other in four years—he actually put an arm around my shoulder, but I think he felt he might have gone too far, and quickly withdrew it. I don't mean to suggest that Stanley was not a warm person, only that he didn't express it in kissing or hugging or even touching, except with his animals. Apollonian not Dionysian—I couldn't see him on the dance floor breaking hearts. He hated being photographed, and the few glimpses of Stanley on film, in his daughter Vivian Kubrick's documentary *The Making of "The Shining,"* show a man who clearly doesn't want to be there at all. He never had the impulse to slip around to the other side of the camera like Orson Welles or John Huston or Hitchcock. I think he felt that he impressed quite enough of himself on his films without that.

He'd once been a chain-smoker, and would mooch the odd cigarette, but very rarely. He wasn't especially appetitive, except where information was concerned. He ate temperately, almost never took a drink, and was drug-free. Stanley had a lot of self-control, to put it mildly a hundredfold.

He had small fine hands that he seldom used when he talked, with slender

[illegible] expressive even in repose, [illegible] they were often in his beard, or [illegible] his glasses for a compulsive adjustment. He had an odd habitual gesture, a [illegible] sweeping movement of the arm, indicating some low-rent real estate of the mind. Over there, where we don't want to be. He had small feet, rather dainty, and they moved him along very quickly and smoothly. When I saw him on a set after years of only seeing him in his house, I was amazed at how fast he moved, how light he was, darting around the crew and cameras like one of the Sugar Rays, grace and purpose in motion.

He was totally contained physically, but everything else about him, all the action going on behind the forehead, was in constant play, and it showed—black beard and black hair horseshoeing back from his high brow to the crown of his head; he looked like he took care of his teeth; and although his mouth wasn't particularly sensual, he had an interesting repertoire of smiles, expressing a wide range of thought and irony and amusement.

As for his famous eyes, described as dark, focused, and piercing, he looked out from a perceptibly deep place, and the look went far inside you, if you were what he happened to be looking at. Only extremely startled people ever get their eyes open that wide. I know that quite a few people, mostly actors, have unraveled when they got caught in Stanley's beams, even though there was rarely much anger in them. Stanley's look was just so deliberate, as cool as functioning intelligence itself, demanding satisfaction, or resolution, some kind of answer to some kind of problem before the next problem arose, which it would. Life was problem solving, and to solve a problem you have to *see* the problem. The eyebrows, especially when arched, were the *coup de grâce.*

After I moved back to America in 1991, the calls fell off a bit to something like once a month. Usually he'd open with "Now, Michael, don't ask me anything about what I'm doing, O.K.?" I knew, but not from him, that he'd optioned the rights to a book I'd had sent to him in bound galleys, a possible way to make a two-hour Holocaust film, Louis Begley's *Wartime Lies,* which Stanley adapted and called *Aryan Papers;* I heard he'd talked to Julia Roberts and Uma Thurman about it. He'd also been working with Brian Aldiss and a couple of





Kubrick in 1954 with Irene Kane, directing *Killer's Kiss*, his first major film, which he made in New York and sold to United Artists.

If you had anything even resembling a life, time a

[illegible] writes on AI, a cyber-age version of "the Pygmalion myth," which he dropped because he thought it would be too expensive to make, until he saw *Jurassic Park* and started calling Steven Spielberg every 20 minutes to talk about the technology he'd used. I heard about Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman and *Eyes Wide Shut.* Then about three years ago he called

"Hey, Michael, what do you charge these days for a wash and a rinse?"

He was four or five months away from shooting *Eyes Wide Shut,* with a script he'd written with Frederic Raphael. The story was set in New York in the 90s, and he felt it needed "a little colloquializing."

"You know, like, when someone says 'Hello' it should read 'Hi.' [Laughing.] It needs your *ear,* Michael. It's perfect for you."

"How long?"

"At the very most, two weeks. But it isn't about how long. It's about the *magic.*" He was laughing, but he meant it.

Naturally, he wouldn't send the script he wanted "colloquialized" to me to read. I'd have to go to England and read it in his house, and once you walked in that door, it wasn't always so easy to walk out again. I didn't want to leave my family or my work and get into that kind of involvement with him again without some assurances. I said I'd do it only as a member of the Writers Guild, and that he'd definitely have to talk to my agent, Sam Cohn, at ICM. I told him that Sam was extremely intelligent and discreet, and besides, this was a Tom Cruise movie, and I felt that agents were appropriate, even required. I knew he'd never call Sam, and he never did. He wanted this to be between us, for a complex of reasons involving money and secrecy, affection and control, respect and pathology and old times' sake. Stanley tried over the next few weeks to get me to change my mind, just drop everything and come over, but I couldn't. When I think of all the ways he had of getting people to do what he wanted them to do, and of how much I liked him, I surprised myself.

"Come on, Michael," he said, "it'll be fun."

And that was the problem. If you had anything even resembling a life, time and money and Stanley's will could be a deadly infusion. I think I hurt his feelings. Over the next two and a half years, as I read about the ever expanding shooting schedule, I pictured myself chained to a table in his house, endlessly washing and rinsing for laughs and minimum wage, strenuous unprotected intercourse, and I had no regrets. Now, of course, I have a few.

I can hear my previous agent now all the way from 1983, when he'd just received Stanley's appalling offer for my writing services on *Full Metal Jacket.* Rendered almost inarticulate by representational indignation, he taunted, "Little Stanley Kubrick wants his *Bar Mitzvah money*" (a Jewish man talking to a Jewish man about another Jewish man), adding, "And it isn't *even his money!,*" obviously impressed, as we all were, by the nerve of the guy.

Stanley was a good friend, and wonderful to work with, but he was a terrible man to do business with, *terrible.* His cheapness was proverbial, and it's true that in the matter of deal-making, whether it was his money or Warner Bros.' money, it flowed down slow and thin, and sometimes not at all, unless you were a necessary star, and even then: it bugged him for years that Jack Nicholson made more money from *The Shining* than he did. If, I feel I should add, Nicholson really did.

Stanley's money pathology was one of the most amazing behavioral phenomena I've ever witnessed. In spite of the care he took, and the tremendous price he paid, to distance himself in all ways from the brutal, greedy men who ran Hollywood, a piece of him was always heart to heart with them, elective affinity, and he would sometimes use their methods. It's possible that a few of Stanley's ships sailed under Liberian registration, that his word was not necessarily his bond; and it's true, if you were only in it for the money, I can see where you would feel undercompensated, some have said ripped off.

Stanley was the Big Fisherman. He played everybody like a fish, but all different fish, from the majestic salmon to the great white shark, from the agile trout to the sluggish mudfish, each to be played in its particular way according to the speed of the current and the fighting capacity of his adversary, and obviously his desire and even need for the fish. Sometimes there was just more fight than play, and he'd cut bait, but much more often there were the ones who couldn't wait to jump right into his boat and knock themselves out, because after all he was Stanley Kubrick.

And he knew it, had every reason to know it. It really was Stanley's feeling th it was a privilege to be working with hi and it wasn't remotely the way it sounc it was a reality that existed far beyor any question of arrogance or humility. agreed with it then, and nothing ever ha pened to make me feel any different. Sti it made him happy, knowing that I wou never make more than the lamest pro fc ma difficulties over what he loved to c "emoluments." Probably somewhere h pitied me for being so careless with n "price," for offering him my soft whi throat like that, knowing as I did that h would never find it on his pathologic screen not to take advantage of it.

"Gee, Michael, you're such a pure guy almost drooling with sarcasm.

"Are you calling me a schmuck, Sta ley?" And my agent's words would pc into my head.

Stanley hadn't really been Bar Mit vahed. He was barely making it in schoc he couldn't do junior-high English, l alone Hebrew, and besides, Dr. and Mr Kubrick weren't very religious, and an way, Stanley didn't want to. He was n what anybody would have called we rounded. From the day he entered grac school in 1934, his attendance record ha been a mysterious tissue of serial and su tained absences, his discipline nonexister or at least nonapparent, his grades shoc ing. He'd received Unsatisfactory on "Work and Plays Well with Others," "Respec Rights of Others," and, inevitably, "Pe sonality." He did all right in physics, bu he graduated from high school with a 7 average, and college was out of the que tion. At 17 he was already working as freelance photographer for *Look* magazin and he joined the staff, and he played lot of chess, and read a lot of books, an otherwise arranged for his own higher ec ucation, as all smart people do.

Stanley always seemed supernaturall youthful to his friends. His voice didn age over the almost 20 years that I kne him. He had a disarming way of "leaver ing" serious discourse with low adolescer humor, smutty actually, sophomoric, b which I mean a sophomore in high schoo (Think of *Lolita,* with its cherry-pie, cavity filling, and limp-noodle jokes, so blatantl smutty, without shame, subversive, whic was the idea. He'd set the lyric-eroti Nabokovian tone and captured an essenc of the novel in the opening credit se quence, the tender and meticulous paint ing of Lolita's toes, and then begun th comedy. What a fabulous shiny mora barometer that movie looked like in 1962

ɔney and Stanley's will could be a deadly infusion.

en it was new, and how we loved which y we thought the wind was going to w.) Everybody brings his adolescence ward through life with him, but Stan-'s adolescence was like a spring, not cessarily rising pure, but always fresh, d refreshing, and touching, because u'd get a glimpse at times of someone e Little Stanley in there, an awesomely elligent teenager in a lot of pain keeping courage up. Sometimes I imagined that ould see his actual adolescence in all its vious complexity.

In Vincent LoBrutto's biography *Stanley ıbrick,* there's a photograph of this so-ılly challenged, academically reviled phe-ɯ, taken when he was 12 or 13, around e time he would have been Bar Mitz-hed, if he'd been Bar Mitzvahed, like a ɪrmal person. As a piece of evidence in me kind of *Citizen Kane* scavenger hunt establish the character of a legend, it's ɔnvincing in suggesting how this possibly veeb-like little Jewish kid from the Bronx me to identify so intimately yet so ap-ɔpriately with Napoleon.

It's as striking and unsettling as pho-graphs he used later in his movies: the ıe Mr. Haze in *Lolita,* "the soul of in-grity," whose mean, calculating eyes look wn from his widow's bedroom wall (his hes are displayed on the bureau) upon e sexual train-wreck-waiting-to-happen, or ck Torrance in *The Shining,* who has "al-ıys been the caretaker" at the Overlook, ıiling like One Possessed in a picture on e hotel wall taken a generation before he ıs born. Only just pubescent and already ɪperamentally if not yet tactically be-nd the possibility of compromise; secre-e but frank, focused, willful, serious and riously amused, not looking at you so uch as past you, at what I'd be reluctant say. I would call it a picture of a very werful boy, a handful (as I'm sure some-ıe in the house must have called him at ıst once), maybe not certain of what he ınts but unusually clear about what he esn't want, and won't stand still for; very ined features, delicate but tough, Stanley the trembling lip of manhood, a pre-ın face enveloping an ancient soul, like 's already seen them come and seen em go, and so what?

(This photograph could also suggest why, ıen he came to make his "youth movie," tual youth was completely absent from *A Clockwork Orange* was released in 71 to unprecedented controversy, odium en, revealing presumptions in the critical ommunity" about the high order of our -called civilization that Stanley was af-fronting here, a condemnation of the ambi-guity that has always been the sign of the first-rate. I think he scared himself with that one, which speaks well for any artist, art and life riding so close together and out of control here that there was no time for one to imitate the other, it was pouring from the same fount. The copycat beatings and killings started as soon as it was shown in England, and he permanently withdrew it from release there. Right-minded people couldn't believe that he was aware of what a repellent film he'd made, because if he'd been aware he could never have made it. But certainly he was aware, and perfectly sincere; he didn't care that it was repel-lent—it was meant to be repellent—as long as it was beautiful.)

He disliked the usual references to his having been a "chess hustler" in his Green-wich Village days, as though this impugned the gravity and beauty of the exercise, the suggestion that his game wasn't *pour le sport* or, more correctly, *pour l'art.* To win the game was important, to win the money was irresistible, but it was nothing com-pared with his game, with the searching, endless action of working on his game. But of course he was hustling, he was always hustling; as he grew older and moved be-yond still photography, chess became mov-ies, and movies became chess by other means. I doubt that he ever thought of chess as just a game, or even as a game at all. I do imagine that a lot of people sitting across the board from him got melted, fried, and fragmented when Stanley let that cool ray come streaming down out of his eyes—talk about penetrating looks and piercing intelligence; here they'd sat down to a nice game of chess, and all of a sudden he was doing the thinking for both of them.

A high-school friend, the director Alex-ander Singer, went with Stanley to see Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* around this time. "And we hear Prokofiev's score for the battle on the ice and Stanley never gets over that. He bought a record of it and ... played it over and over and over again," until his kid sister couldn't stand it anymore and broke it. "I think the word 'obsessive' is not unfair."

It's fair only as far as it goes; just as he was multidisciplined, he was variously ob-sessive, and not fastidious about picking up information, and not afraid of whatever the information might be. Nobody who really thinks he's smarter than everyone else could ask as many questions as he always did. He was beating the patzers in the park, working for *Look* magazine, some-times using a series of still photos to tell a story, sometimes taking pictures of people like Dwight Eisenhower and George Grosz, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra and Joe DiMaggio (and, I'm sure, keeping his eyes and ears open), reading 10 or 20 books a week, and trying to see every movie ever made. There was definitely such a thing as a bad movie, but there was no movie not worth seeing. As a kid he'd been part of the neighborhood multitude that poured ritually, communally, in and out of Loew's Paradise and the RKO Fordham two or three times a week, and now he haunted the Museum of Modern Art and the few foreign-film revival houses, the very under-ground Cinema 16, and the triple-feature houses along 42nd Street.

Reportedly he was already careless, even reckless, in his appearance, mixing his plaids in wild shirt, jacket and necktie combinations never seen on the street be-fore, disreputable trousers, way-out acci-dental hairdos. He started infiltrating what-ever film facilities were in the city in those days, hanging around cutting rooms, labs, equipment stores, asking questions: *How do you do that?* and *What would happen if you did this instead?* and *How much do you think it would cost if ... ?* He was jazz-mad, and went to the clubs, and a Yan-kees fan, so he went to the ball games too, all of this in New York in the late 40s and early 50s, a smart, spacey, wide-awake kid like that, it's no wonder he was such a hipster, a 40s-bred, 50s-minted, tough-minded, existential, highly evolved classic hipster. His view and his temperament were much closer to Lenny Bruce's than to any other director's, and this was not merely a recurring aspect of his. He had lots of modes and aspects, but Stanley was a hipster all the time.

Just look at the credits of *Killer's Kiss* to see what the 27-year-old director thought of himself even then. Story By—no screenplay credit is given—Produced By, and Ed-ited, Photographed and Di-rected By Stanley Kubrick. But get a load of the film too. He made it under severe time and money limitations, which he addressed like a soldier, and not a boy soldier either, making virtues out of limi-tations, so that even though it's only 67 minutes long it's not really a small movie. You can see in 10 seconds how infatuated he was with the medium, and how in-credibly adept, every scene packed with ideas, ambition, with tribute, *hommage,* even the odd tributary theft (what he

started calling "souveniring" later, when he began picking up on the Vietnam grunt vernacular), mostly from the Europeans who had given him so much pleasure and inspiration: Fritz Lang, G. W. Pabst, Vsevelod Pudovkin, Jean Renoir, Vittorio De Sica, and, always, Max Ophuls, with that fluent, rapturous, delirious camera of his. It also has a strange ending, a painful travesty of a happy ending, where the couple go off together even though we've seen both of them cravenly betray and desert each other to save their own lives. It's the kind of touch that would come to be called Kubrickian.

II

Money well timed and properly applied can accomplish anything.
—Thackeray and/or Kubrick, *Barry Lyndon.*

We were driving toward Beckton, an abandoned gasworks in far East London, near the London docks. It was a late masterpiece of the 19th-century Imperial Industrial Style, and Stanley had arranged to blow it up for his Vietnam film, let the pieces fall exactly where he wanted them to fall, even if it meant countermanding the laws of physics, and re-create Hue, which it already uncannily resembled, built about the same time as the industrial district of the Vietnamese city, and out of the same grand, doomed cultural assumptions. (He never got the thin light of the Southeast England skies to match the opulent light over Vietnam, but whatever could be dressed was dressed à la Kubrick, Stanley studying photographs of palm trees that he'd had taken in Spain, individually choosing from the thousands of trees which ones he wanted in his movie. Very meticulous guy, Stanley.)

Beckton (or Bec Phu, as it was called after its Vietnamization) was about 40 miles from his house. He drove us, and he drove the white Porsche that he supposedly used only to tool around his driveway in. He handled the stick with great proficiency. He drove at speeds above 60, and neither of us wore a crash helmet. It may be true, as has been reported so many times, and is in all the books about him, that he wouldn't let anybody driving him go above 35, and would not get in a car without a helmet. It's not unbelievable. His whole hard drive was up there; it would only be prudent to protect it, to say the least. Maybe by the time I knew him he'd grown reckless.

As we approached the gasworks, Stanley pointed to a row of small, grimy houses across the road from the plant.

"I'll bet they were owned by the company," he said. "They'd rent them out to their laborers and their families. They had them coming and going. It reminds me of the old studio system."

I looked over at them. They were so marginal, so dark.

"I wonder who lives in them now."

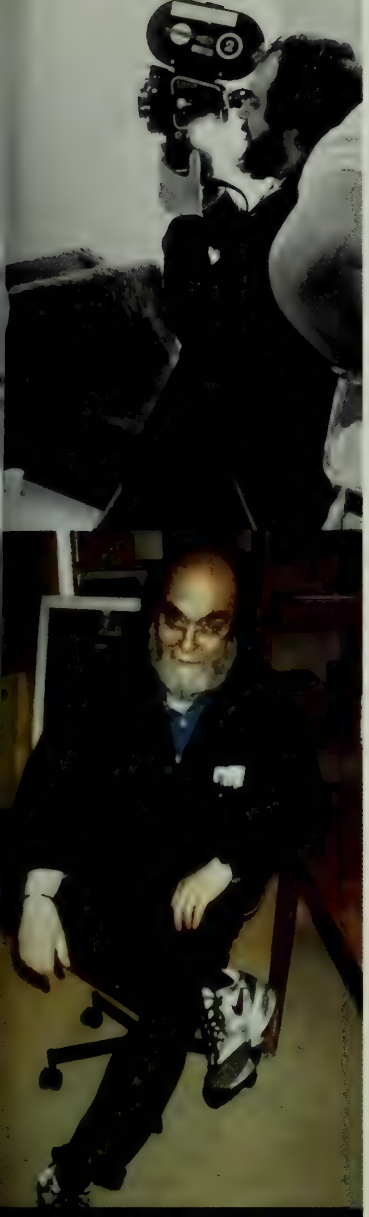
"Poor people," Stanley said.

Stanley liked to quote the songwriter Sammy Cahn, who was asked in an interview which came first, the words or the music. "The check," Sammy said. (Stanley called him "Sammy." He had never met him, but they were in the same business.)

He'd say that when he was younger and people used to ask him why he became a movie director, he'd tell them, Because the pay was good. He was excited by the roar of the propellers as big money took off and went flying through the system, circulating and separating into fewer and larger pockets, even if those pockets were not always his own; he just liked knowing that it was going on out there. He had great respect for the box office, if not the greatest respect, and found something to admire in even the most vile movie once it passed a hundred million. For him, that kind of success always produced some kind of wonderful/horrible aura, Vox Populi, a reflection of a meaningful fragment of the culture that he contemplated so ardently. Stanley never was one of those middle-class American Jewish men who are afraid of success.

He loved the biz, the industry, the action he observed day and night from his bridge; all those actors and directors and projects, all the dumb energy endlessly turning over in the studios and the P.R. that came with each new product; he loved being a part of it from his amazing remove, and in terms of being a player, he didn't see himself as better or worse, higher or lower, than any of them, all of them in play together, playing toward commerce and art, big expensive art and works of art for the cash register or, as I've sometimes thought in his case, art films with blockbuster pretensions.

He wasn't exactly Show People, but he knew a lot about the procedures and protocols: if I mentioned some moment I'd liked in one of his films, he'd say, "Showmanship, Michael," with more irony and levels of irony than you can imagine, with



NLEY'S WORLD

kwise from top left: Kubrick directing *: A Space Odyssey;* Kubrick filming break-in scene for *A Clockwork Orange;* rick photographed by Jane Bovingdon el at Pinewood Studios in Iver Heath, land, 1997; Ryan O'Neal and isa Berenson in *Barry Lyndon,* 1975; rick overseeing George C. Scott and y Reed in *Dr. Strangelove;* Kubrick rving a game of chess between Kola riani and Sterling Hayden on the set of *Killing,* 1955; Nicole Kidman and Cruise in *Eyes Wide Shut,* 1999.



[illegible] and affection, and [illegible]. And recently.

[illegible] learning that Stanley wasn't [illegible] but I don't think that just [illegible] he was obsessive-retentive he was a misanthrope, or even any more egocentric than anybody else in the movies. And I suppose that he was "selfish," which doesn't exactly make him a freak in the Directors Guild (or the Writers Guild either), nor was his particular selfishness uncharacteristic of artists in general, especially when they've acquired the reputation for genius. A powerful vision can be very fragile while it's still only in the mind, and people have gone to extraordinary lengths to protect it. He didn't think he was the only person in the world, or the only director, or even the only great director. I just think that he thought he was the greatest director, although he never said so in so many words.

III

Just because you like my work doesn't mean that I owe you anything.

—Bob Dylan

It's been said by critics that he was misogynistic, although he photographed some women beautifully: Jean Simmons in *Spartacus,* Sue Lyon in *Lolita,* Marisa Berenson in *Barry Lyndon,* Susanne Christian in *Paths of Glory,* and, judging from the 90-second trailer for *Eyes Wide Shut,* Nicole Kidman. There are some wonderful women in Stanley's movies, and some of them he had enough respect for that he made them as dangerous as any of the men. And they say he couldn't make love stories, when what they mean is he couldn't make happy love stories, since there's the famously difficult love of Humbert and Lo in *Lolita,* and Redmond Barry's young love for his cousin Nora in *Barry Lyndon.* She marries a pompous, cowardly, ugly Englishman for her convenience and the convenience of her family, turning Redmond into a fatally hard case. His films were certainly unromantic, possibly even anti-romantic.

I know from dozens of articles and a few too many books that Stanley was considered cold, although this would have to be among people who never knew him. This perception devolved into cant among a lot of critics, who called his work sterile, particularly in the New York circle (what an awful time liberals have had with his movies; what convolutions of reason and belief, what sad denials of pleasure), including some of the best, even Anthony Lane of *The New Yorker.* Writing the week after Stanley's death about *Killer's Kiss,* he says, "Because Kubrick was still learning, and was hobbled by a tight budget, he couldn't help stumbling up against life; the story of his subsequent career has been the slow and maniacal banishment of that young man's riskiness, to the point where feelings, like rainfall, can be measured by the inch." So how many inches for Charlotte Haze's hunger and confusion, or for Humbert's unending torture, in *Lolita*? How many for the loneliness verging on desperation of a space that's empty beyond conception, and even emptier for the presence of a few humans, in *2001: A Space Odyssey*? How many for Lady Lyndon's humiliation and despair, and for all of Barry's disappointments, however well earned, or for the grief they attempt to share at the death of their child, in *Barry Lyndon*? What about the living hell of Jack's madness/possession in *The Shining,* or the truly unbearable suffering of Marine recruit Private Pyle in *Full Metal Jacket*? Not even Robert Bresson showed more suffering in his films. Merciless is not the same as pitiless. In *2001,* even the last words of a dying, sexually ambivalent computer are pitiful. Worse, to some unforgivable, even vicious, violent Droogie Alex in *A Clockwork Orange,* denatured and cast out by Em and Pee and the unspeakable Joe the Lodger, breaks your heart as he walks along the river clutching his life in a parcel, and it's not a comfortable feeling. As Stanley said when we started to write *Full Metal Jacket,* "Well, Michael, it looks like I'm making another Who Do You Root For movie."

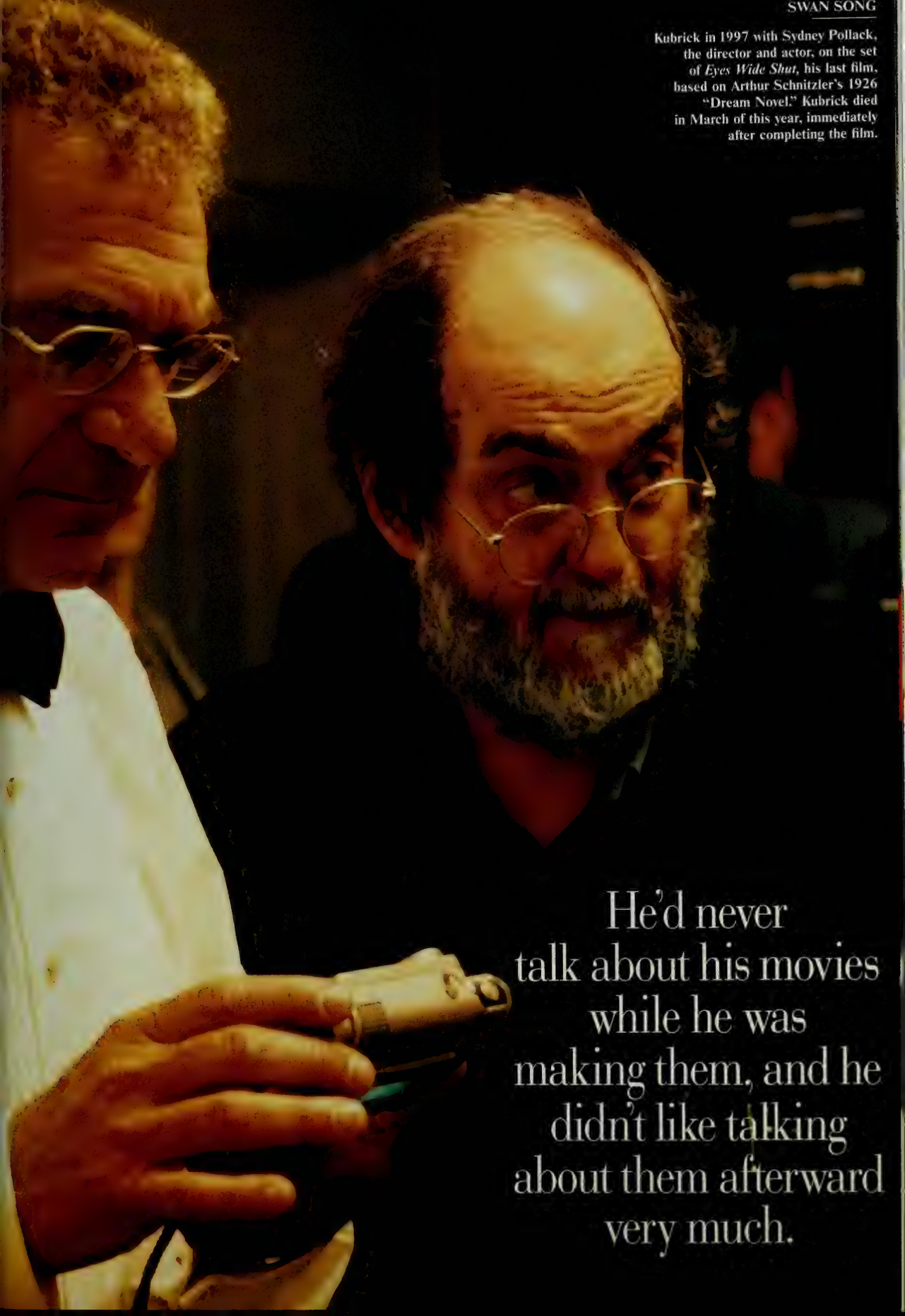
Just as it made Stanley happy to know that all was well in the Emolumental Universe, so it upset and offended him to hear stories of profligacy among members of the industry. This wasn't simply a phobic reaction to waste and folly, it was a response to energy and intelligence that weren't burning like his own, furious and clean. I told him about a dinner I'd had a few nights before with a director, a man whose history had set new industry standards for wretched excess, and there he was again, committing further hubris in a London restaurant, leaving £300 worth of wine that had been ordered and opened sitting untouched on the table when we left. Stanley shook his head sadly. "You see, Michael. These guys don't know how to live like monks."

I have to apologize for repeating this story, which I've told before, because I don't know how to describe Stanley to you wit[h] out it. I'd already begun to think of hi[m] that way before he said it, half joking a[nd] perfectly serious. His distance from peop[le], his "impersonality," were always attribut[ed] to his supposed neuroses, his "misanthr[o]py," but I think they were more probab[ly] signs of his purity. He lived a simple (ou[t]er) life, and a largely devotional one, [a]though admittedly secular. Childwick Bu[ry] was as much a studio as a home, a doub[le] studio actually, one for him and his movi[es] and one for his wife, Christiane, and h[er] painting. It was a space of perpetual cr[e]ative activity. He was thought by the pres[s] and so by the public, to be sequestere[d] there, lurking, scheming, like Howa[rd] Hughes or Dr. Mabuse or the Wizard [of] Oz, depending on which paper you rea[d]. This is because none of them could ev[er] imagine living the kind of life Stanley live[d]. Anyway, he wasn't misanthropic, he was [not] reverent; and come to think of it, he wasn['t] irreverent either.

They say he had no personal life, b[ut] that's ridiculous. It would be more corre[ct] to say that he had no professional lif[e], since everything he did was personal[ly] done; every move and every call he mad[e], every impulse he expressed, was utter[ly] personal, devoted to the making of h[is] movies, which were all personal. In term[s] of worldly activity, since you'd have t[o] look to the spiritual sector to find anythin[g] like it, I never knew anyone who cared s[o] much and so completely about his work.

When we first met I told him second hand stories about the filming of *Apocalypse Now,* and what a tough shoot it ha[d] been. "They're all tough, Michael," he said, and they were, at least the way he did it. Yet something drew people to it, and kept them at it, even into the part of the process where you felt like you were a slave, to [it] and to him, like he and his movie were in[se]parable, insatiable, you were trapped in it, even though the door was always open and you were technically, if not always contractually, free to walk through it at any time. People stayed, holding on to whatever piece of the prevailing obsession was going around at the moment, dragging massive blocks nights and weekends and holidays to build another one of Stanley's pyramids, and whether cheerful or resentful didn't matter that much to him, although he preferred cheerful.

The more highly paid you were, or the closer to the actual shooting, the more enslaved you were likely to be. If you were right there on the set with film running, the pressure could be amazing, or so I was convincingly told by many of the cast and crew of CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



Kubrick in 1997 with Sydney Pollack, the director and actor, on the set of *Eyes Wide Shut*, his last film, based on Arthur Schnitzler's 1926 "Dream Novel." Kubrick died in March of this year, immediately after completing the film.

He'd never talk about his movies while he was making them, and he didn't like talking about them afterward very much.

Dangerous Beauty

The battle between gorgeous, green-eyed Patricia Duff and her fourth husband, billionaire Ronald Perelman, for custody of their young daughter, has played for over a year as one of New York's more riveting tabloid dramas. Is Duff the victim of a powerful, domineering ex-husband? Or did her paranoia and deception drive Perelman to counterattack? Tracing the 45-year-old Duff's gossip-laden leaps from marriage to marriage, MARJORIE WILLIAMS profiles a modern femme fatale, from her Holly Golightly days in Washington, D.C., to her Hollywood reign as wife of studio head Mike Medavoy, to her post-Perelman landing in the arms of another high-profile protector, Senator Robert Torricelli

Welcome to the seventh circle of litigation hell: a cramped, gloomy courtroom on the fifth floor of the Supreme Court building in lower Manhattan, suffused with brown even on a brilliant May afternoon. Patricia Duff is dressed for court with her trademark simplicity: a tailored navy pantsuit, a simple black Prada bag, her shiny blond hair unstyled; the severity of it all makes her slim frame look tiny in the high-ceilinged room. To complete the effect, she is limping toward her side of the table that dominates the well of the courtroom, her left foot still in a cast from a spring-vacation stumble.

Justice Eileen Bransten does not seem especially happy to see her. "Man magnet" Duff, as the *New York Post*'s "Page Six" likes to call her, and her ex-husband the driven billionaire Ronald Perelman are now nearing their third year of litigation over the future of their four-year-old daughter. And quite a fight



COURTING DISASTER

Patricia Duff leaves the Supreme Court building, Manhattan, December 18, 1998, during the custody battle with Ronald Perelman. She accuses him of "systematic harassment" in an effort to control her. He says, "The likelihood of any man being in a position to control Patricia is somewhat less than zero."

[illegible] since the courtroom was [illegible] to the public, last December, at [illegible]

[illegible] become *The War of the Roses*, [illegible] they've both lost sight of what [illegible] doing," says someone who knows them both. "And it just keeps escalating." Perelman has steadily upped his demands in court, criticized Duff's performance as a mother, and made sure the tabloids got word of a court-appointed psychiatrist's conclusion, paraphrased by Perelman's lawyers, that Duff "has a personality disorder with paranoid, narcissistic, passive-aggressive, histrionic and borderline features" and that she is "unable to distinguish her needs from those of the parties' daughter."

Duff, in her own filings, has raised what she calls her ex-husband's "utterly false and hypocritical piety, his womanizing, his wayward way of life, his unrelenting punitive behavior to his ex-wives, his children and to anyone who does not bend to his will, and his systematic harassment of me in a multitude of ways."

"Frankly," she says in an interview, "considering what I've gone through, how besieged I've been, I think my ability to hold up and keep my daughter happy and in good shape is pretty extraordinary." The entire suit, she claims, is part of his vindictive drive to control her.

"Hah!" replies Perelman. "The likelihood of any man being in a position to control Patricia is somewhat less than zero."

The case is, among other things, an experiment in what happens when a powerful control freak collides with a woman who sometimes seems to live for the transgression of boundaries. It's also a rare look at divorce in the financial stratosphere, where parents can discuss with straight faces whether $36,000 is an adequate yearly clothing allowance for a four-year-old but cannot get along well enough to make sure the girl has a clean outfit to wear to pre-school on the day she shifts households, where the tumble from life with a billionaire to life as a mere millionaire can seem like the world's most precipitous slide. But at its most arresting, the case is the climactic chapter in the 45-year-old Duff's career as a femme fatale.

To this day's dull procedural hearing, the litigants' notoriety has drawn a small knot of reporters and half a dozen activists—from NOW, from the National Coalition for Family Justice, from Amicus for Domestic Justice—who have come to murmur their support for Duff's contention that she and her little girl are the butterflies being broken on the wheel of Perelman's wrath. But extensive interviews and a reading of the available records—including police reports in two states—point to a much more complicated conclusion: that Patricia Duff is a woman so intent on seeing herself as a victim that she may, at last, ensure that very result.

Even before the Perelman case spiraled out of control, the four-times-married Duff was a topic of fevered gossip in New York, Los Angeles, and Washington, for she has had a colorful career in each of those cities: as the belle of Carter-era Washington who, in the brief interval between two early marriages, was courted by congressmen; as an aspiring actress and then political doyenne in Hollywood, where, after marrying studio executive Mike Medavoy, she made herself a figure in the nexus where politicians and stars trade cash for cachet; and then in New York, where she arrived in 1994 to live with Perelman, already pregnant with his child. Since her split from Perelman, she has taken up with New Jersey senator Robert Torricelli, an up-and-coming Democrat who formerly dated Bianca Jagger, and who was recently tagged by *George* magazine as one of the 10 biggest publicity hounds in Washington.

Careers like this may be common in Hollywood, but it has been at least a generation since Washington or New York has seen a woman with such a penchant for the high-profile relationship. *New Yorker* media critic Hendrik Hertzberg, who has known Duff since the Carter presidency, muses admiringly, "If Jackie O. was Elvis and Pamela Harriman was Jagger, she'd be, what? Tom Petty? Neil Young?"

So delectable is her legend that when I called Warren Beatty for an interview, and told him I was writing about Patricia Duff, he laughed. "Congratulations!" he said.

It hasn't softened Duff's notoriety—or the tone of those discussing her—that she is a staggeringly beautiful woman. Photographs don't do her justice: in person she is, in the words of one woman who doesn't even like her, "*uncannily* gorgeous." Her wheaty shoulder-length hair is pleasantly tousled; her eyes are a rare, disconcerting shade of green, so deep as to be almost olive. The impact of her beauty is completed by her voice: it is soft and sandpapery—too deep to be kittenish, but with a definite help-me hush.

Beth Dozoretz, national finance chair of the Democratic National Committee, recalls that on her first meeting with Duff "I said, 'Excuse me for staring at you, but you're so beautiful.' And you know, she's beautiful in a disarming way—it doesn't seem like it's a lot of effort."

Men in Washington still recall her heyday as a political staff worker and social ornament among the Democrats who came to town with Jimmy Carter. "She was one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen, maybe after the Grand Canyon," recalls *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen.

Her beauty has not faded over time. Perelman recalls, of the encounter in late 1992 that sparked his relationship with Duff, that "she just captivated me—she looked in my eyes and captivated me. She can be the single most charming human being in the history of the world. She looks at you with those eyes.... And she looks great, and she moves great, and she smells great, and she sounds great. And I thought, This is *great!*"

Before her marriage to Perelman, Duff's high-water mark among gossips had been early in the Clinton administration, after she and Medavoy, who had been campaign supporters, took their turn as guests in the Lincoln Bedroom. Back in Los Angeles, Patricia regaled friends with stories of the president's solicitude; the *New York Post* reported that she said he was (nudge, nudge) "one full-service president." She denied having hinted at anything untoward. But the gossip alone was enough to end her easy access to the president. "The president was quite angry about it," recalls a former Clinton staffer. "And then she was kind of cut off. She stopped getting invited to see him in L.A.... She just seemed dangerous after that."

Most people doubted that she'd actually had an affair with the president. But the talk served to burnish the myth that Duff has worked hard at cultivating, liberally polishing the duller parts, editing and augmenting the less glamorous bits. The higher she has risen, the more careful this editing process has become, excising a husband here, altering a chronology there.

But if Duff has lived the life of a femme fatale, she lacks the flinty self-awareness that marks the genuine article. "For someone who's an insecure person to start with, she's chosen a very chal-



WOMAN BEHIND THE MAN

Duff with then Governor Bill Clinton in Culver City, California, 1992. She was among his earliest Hollywood supporters, but gossip about a subsequent stay in the Lincoln Bedroom led to her estrangement from the White House.

Duff's succession of marriages has been less a climb up the ladder than a series of lunges toward security.



E FLEW

mer chairman of TriStar tures Mike Medavoy sband No. 3) and Duff at harity ball in Los Angeles, 92. He was said to have n stunned when she left for Perelman.

person who worked
rnia. "Patricia is not
n. She's just not as tough."
Duff's story has been less
nd of Cleopatra than the Perils of
With the implosion of her mar-
to Perelman, the tone of the talk
about Duff has darkened. She has always had enemies—especially among the women who have watched her rise from millionaire's wife to billionaire's bride. What is striking now is how many erstwhile friends—old and new, in Hollywood and New York—have begun to pull away.

"I've sort of made an effort to sort of not call her much lately," admits an old friend from L.A. "I used to call her and check in to commiserate, and I'd get such an earful, it was all so crazy, that I didn't want to get sucked in by it.... I don't quite understand what happened to her life."

Model Cheryl Tiegs responded to an interview request by leaving a message on my voice mail, saying, "As much as I think Patricia is a very complicated character, and very interesting to write on ... I don't really feel right about betraying what was originally a friendship, and is no longer."

In New York, newer friends have sided with Perelman—or with his previous wife, television reporter Claudia Cohen, whose divorce from Perelman, once bitter, has now resolved itself in a close friendship with him. Cohen is a longtime New Yorker who is said to be furious with Duff over her efforts to drag the history of Perelman's last divorce—which was conducted in closed court—into her own litigation. Duff has complained to friends that the glamorous crowd that embraced her upon her arrival in New York, women such as Barbara Walters and Martha Stewart, has now spurned her.

Even if some of her new isolation can be explained away by jealousy or opportunism, much is clearly the fruit of her own recent conduct, which has sometimes been decidedly odd. "She's just incredibly, incredibly suspicious of everyone," says a friend. "She's sure that the servants and the nannies are bought off by Ronald. She accuses everyone of stealing things, of sabotaging her scheduling, of making her life difficult on purpose." The speed with which she has hired and fired law firms in her divorce case—16 of them, in all, by the count of Perelman's lawyers—is but the clearest symptom of the chaos Duff has ushered into her life.

"She's more trouble than she's worth," says an old Hollywood friend. "There's a lot of that sense in the air."

The name Duff, which Patricia has held onto through her third and fourth marriages, was earned from her second husband, a Washington attorney named Daniel Duff; before Duff, she was married briefly to Thomas O. Zabrodsky, a high-school sweetheart whom she dated for years and then wedded just before her college graduation in 1976. Before that, friends and family knew her as Patsy Orr. But even that was not her original name. When she was born, in April 1954, it was as Patricia Michelle Hoar.

Duff's father, a former navy pilot who became an executive with Lockheed and, later, Hughes Aircraft, legally changed the family's name to Orr in 1960, reasoning that "Hoar" would make life an uphill struggle for three daughters. Patricia was the third child—behind one sister and a brother, with her second sister born hard on her heels a year and a half later. The Orr children spent their early years in Woodland Hills, in the San Fernando Valley, and then moved to Europe when their father was transferred there. Patricia attended school in Bonn and then at the International School of Brussels.

Duff doesn't talk much about her family of origin. Friends describe her as somewhat alienated from her parents and siblings, as nursing a sense that something essential was missing in her passage from childhood to adulthood. Her father traveled almost constantly, the parents' marriage crumbled over time, and "Patsy" seems to have felt lost in her middle place in the small crowd of her siblings. "She did not feel ... emotionally supported," says a friend. Another person describes the family as "fractured," and says she believes that Duff's relationships with men are an effort "to fill this void. To have this sense of a very strong relationship with somebody." In this view, her succession of marriages has been less a climb up the ladder than a series of lunges in the direction of security. How many other girls who graduated from college in 1976, after all, got married twice before they turned 27?

"She's always escaping from a powerful man into the arms of an even more powerful man," says a veteran Duff-watcher. "This is really who she thinks she is.... She's not calculating on the surface; she's a scared little girl looking for sympathy and understanding."

Once out of secondary school, Duff enrolled at Barnard, but later transferred to Georgetown University. There, she has told friends, she was increasingly domina
ed by Zabrodsky, who had followed her
the States from Europe. Zabrodsky h
been depicted, in accounts of her life,
an exotic, somewhat dangerous figure
whom she was in thrall. As she has to
the story—a tale that has striking paralle
to her version of the Perelman saga—
isolated her from almost every other s
cial contact through college, and eventua
ly bullied her into marriage.

But Zabrodsky, who today is a hig
level executive at the Reynolds Meta
Company in Brussels, denies with som
heat the version of the marriage that Du
has told. "Some of the things that hav
been said I consider rather defamatory,
he says. "I hold no bitterness toward he
But I have been disturbed by what's sa
about me in the press." Theirs was, he a
knowledges, a "turbulent" union. "Ther
was a battle for dominance within th
marriage. Who sets the agenda, and s
forth. Just the things that happen whe
you put two very domineering people i
the same marriage.... But I don't thin
I'm a particularly overbearing man.
found that it was a marriage of equals
quite frankly."

In any case, this is the marriage Du
has airbrushed from some versions of he
life story. Friends from as late as the earl
80s—before her marriage to Medavoy—
were aware of it. But as she rose in th
world, she began to leave Zabrodsky ou
of her history, whether talking to friend
or to reporters. "She always represente
him to me as a boyfriend," says someon
who knows Duff very well. Another sourc
says Duff made up her mind that the ma
riage didn't really count: because sh
agreed to it under duress, in her view,
was as if it had never taken place at al
She has described it as lasting only for
few months. But Zabrodsky says they wer
married for more than a year before the
separated, and that the divorce didn't g
through for at least two years after that.

Separated from Zabrodsky and armed
with a degree in international relations an
a change in hair color, from brunet t
blond, Patricia snagged a staff post at th
House Select Committee on Assassina
tions, which had been appointed to invest
gate the murders of John F. Kennedy an
Martin Luther King Jr. This began a peri
od, lasting about six years, that might b
called the normal chapter in Duff's life.

She worked on the committee mostly
as a researcher, a job requiring a top
secret clearance; colleagues thought of he
as smart and hardworking. Later sh
worked for John McLaughlin, the forme
priest who was then beginning his caree

PIER DAYS

ld Perelman and Patricia
at a ball in Beverly Hills,
Perelman recalls,
looked in my eyes and
vated me."

At a party, Torricelli made a toast that elaborately compared Duff to the survivors of the *Titanic*.

HER HEART WILL GO ON

Current boyfriend Senator Torricelli and Duff at a White House State Dinner this spring.

[illegible] Pat Caddell, Jimmy Carter's pollster; and [illegible] consultant Bob Squier. Those who knew her [illegible] Caddell seem to remember her more vividly as a presidential [illegible] swimming pool, in her bikini, than in his office. But when he was hired away by Squier, it was to do the complicated [illegible] of buying advertising time for his political clients—far from a cupcake job—and she worked her way up to vice president of the small firm. "I've always said, if she hadn't quit, she'd be a partner today," says Squier.

"Of course, she was also a trophy office wife for both" Caddell and Squier, says Hendrik Hertzberg, who was a Carter speechwriter, "but what made her such a valuable trophy was that once she had stunned you with her looks she could then surprise you with her brains."

Friends' memories of this time in her life summon up a Potomac version of Holly Golightly, dating congressmen—notably Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, who was on the Assassinations Committee, and California representative Pete Stark—and befriending senators and White House aides. She was widely liked. "I could name you 50 people about whom I'd sooner have said, 'This person is going to try and push to the top.' Or 'This person is going for the power,'" says someone who became friendly with Patricia during this period. Indeed, she seemed to turn down the more glamorous opportunities that came her way, choosing for her next husband Daniel Duff, a handsome, easygoing government lawyer.

"I guess I'm the odd character in this line of men," says Duff, who is now general counsel for a transportation trade association. "Maybe I offered what appeared to be security and stability." They met in 1978 and married in 1980. The Duffs lived in a reclaimed town house in the tumbledown neighborhood of Logan Circle; Patricia drove an old Vega that leaked whenever it rained. For a time, this life seemed enough. "She was not supersophisticated at that point," recalls Daniel Duff. "There was still a kind of innocent quality about her."

"She didn't seem to come from any kind of fancy background. She just sort of seemed to—poof!—appear," says someone who met her professionally in those years. "She had a lot of poise, and knew a lot of people, but it seemed to be clearly all on her own steam."

Yet few thought of her then as someone truly engaged with politics as a profession. And on the side she had begun to find modeling and acting work—posing on the cover of *The Washingtonian* magazine, landing a national TV ad for Freixenet champagne, and commuting to New York to take acting classes. She was invited to Los Angeles to audition for a continuing role on Bruce Paltrow's NBC series, *St. Elsewhere.* And though she didn't get the part, her compass shifted. She moved "temporarily" to Los Angeles, but never really returned to Washington, and left Duff for good in 1984.

In the legend according to Patricia, she was sent to L.A. that year by Gary Hart's presidential campaign to organize Hollywood on the candidate's behalf—the founding element in her carefully honed image as the savvy political missionary sent to bring substance to the land of laughs. She did end up working for the campaign as liaison to the celebrities who supported it. But several sources who knew her at the time, both inside and outside the Hart campaign, remember her shift to Hollywood as the move of an aspiring actress; politics, they say, was an afterthought.

She arrived in Hollywood with an CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

Spotlight

A TOUGH GUY IN TAILS

When director Guy Ritchie cast legendary soccer hard man Vinnie Jones as the stoic epicenter of his baroque scuzz film, *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels,* few expected the newcomer to score so big. Jones was every bit as threatening as one would have imagined, but critics were amazed to find that he also brought restraint and dry wit to his first movie role. It helps that Jones has a face that could have been designed for the big screen: Paul Newman as constructed by Dr. Frankenstein. Hollywood has come calling in the shape of box-office king Jerry Bruckheimer (*Armageddon*) and his latest mega-production, *Gone in 60 Seconds.* In the film, due out next year, Jones plays The Sphinx, a taciturn member of Nicolas Cage's reassembled car-theft gang. As a midfield destroyer with Wimbledon F.C.'s "Crazy Gang" side, Jones was routinely lambasted in the press and taunted by opposing teams' fans. So he's glad to be muscling into the movie game, even if it means going straight into the major leagues. "There's not the same pressures here as there is as a footballer," says Jones. "Everybody likes a pat on the back occasionally, and I've had 14 years of being kicked in the groin." —STEVEN DALY

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER



A JONES FOR HOLLYWOOD

With his brutally down-to-earth performance in *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, legendary British soccer hard man Vinnie Jones demonstrated Hollywood muscle—and landed a role in Jerry Bruckheimer's *Gone in 60 Seconds*. Jones was photographed in front of the Tower Bridge in London on April 11, 1999.



As the legendary Four Seasons restaurant turns 40, MIMI SHERATON returns to early 1959, when Joseph Baum and Jerome Brody assembled a perfectionist presidium—including chefs Albert Stöckli and Albert Kumin—to create the first truly contemporary American restaurant, in New York's Seagram Building, designed by Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson. For Alex von Bidder and Julian Niccolini, who now preside over this ground zero of power lunching, the divinity is still in the details, from Michael Eisner's post-coronary-bypass diet to the bison fillet from Edgar M. Bronfman's ranch to the status seating of such regulars as Barbara Walters, Barry Diller, and Sanford Weill



SEASONED VETERANS

These individuals, who helped create the Four Seasons, were photographed at the bar of the Grill Room beneath one of the Richard Lippold sculptures in the spring of this year. *Outside the bar, counterclockwise from rear left:* former pastry chef Albert Kumin, former press agent Roger Martin, landscape architect Karl Linn, architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable (who helped design the tableware), project director Phyllis Lambert, architect Philip Johnson, sculptor Richard Lippold, lawyer Lester Klepper, former co-owner Tom Margittai. *Inside the bar, from left:* former executive chef Seppi Renggli, current chef Hitsch Albin, former press agent Philip Miles, current pastry chef Patrick Lemblé, adman George Lois, food writer Mimi Sheraton, sculptor Marilynn Gellman Karp, adman Ron Holland, menu and logo designer Emil Antonucci, former director George Lang, current co-directors Alex von Bidder and Julian Niccolini (seated on bar)

SEASONS IN THE SUN

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL



This month, as the Four Seasons restaurant celebrates its 40th birthday, it has just won the 1999 James Beard award as the outstanding restaurant in the country, and it also continues unchallenged to maintain its enduring status as absolute ground zero for power lunching in Manhattan. Located at the corner of Park Avenue and 52nd Street in the Seagram Building, designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe with Philip Johnson as his associate and completed in 1958, the restaurant is a monument to timeless elegance, from the entrance area's travertine walls hung with Joan Miró tapestries to the Grill and Pool Rooms upstairs, distinguished by French-walnut paneling and ceiling-high windows curtained in swags of brass-, copper-, and silver-colored chains, rippling like a scrim. In addition to seasonally changing plants and trees, the décor includes two suspended sculptures of bronze rods by Richard Lippold and a romantic curtain painted by Pablo Picasso for a Diaghilev ballet, which hangs in the passage between the two rooms.





"Brooke Astor was sitting at m
table," says Arthur Loel
"So Julian gave me another—n
as good, but it was all right

On any given day in the Grill you can see a mix of high-profile lunchers which might include former New York governor Mario Cuomo, ex-mayor Ed Koch, Barbara Walters, Diane Sawyer, Bill Blass, and Barry Diller. The great mystery is how the reserved seating in this de facto club is orchestrated each day by the co-directors and minority owners, Swiss-born Alex von Bidder, who tends mostly to business matters, and the exuberant Julian Niccolini, a native of Lucca, Italy, who works the floor. Trideep Bose, the manager, described by von Bidder as "the next generation," also seems to have a sixth sense for the nuances of the room.

According to Niccolini, the only regulars who are always given the same table are Edgar M. Bronfman, chairman of Seagram, the majority owner of the restaurant since 1995 (Table No. 37); Seagram C.E.O. Edgar Bronfman Jr. (Table No. 45); Philip Johnson (Table No. 32); and Simon & Schuster editor in chief Michael Korda (Table No. 35). Beyond that, some juggling is usually necessary. Niccolini says, "There are about 10 to 12





Y THE BEST

erise from top left: co-owner Kovi with the Duke and Duchess ndsor, late 60s; Anna Wintour and and Ahmet Ertegun arrive at a party, 90s; the Pool Room in springtime; Grill Room on a typical day, late June s year; Philip Johnson, Ludwig van der Rohe, and Phyllis Lambert ssing the restaurant's design, 1958; es' *Home Journal* executive editor re Hershey, Jacqueline Onassis, Radziwill, and Norman Mailer at a party, 1974; the Seagram Building 958; Jerome Brody of Restaurant ciates with John F. Kennedy e president's 45th-birthday dinner, 19, 1962.







guests who have daily reservations, and each morning we call them to see if they plan to come." These include *GQ* editor Art Cooper, Citigroup co-chairman Sanford Weill, and Bristol-Myers Squibb chairman emeritus Richard Gelb. Asked how they decide who goes where each day, von Bidder says, "That is our secret, and I will not discuss it. Julian and I are like two halves of the same brain. We know who to put where without any discussion." When pressed, Niccolini admits that they keep a few tables open for emergencies. "We hold them until noon," he says, "and usually they are gone by 12:15."

Edgar Bronfman Jr.'s choice of Table No. 45, on the balcony, has a long history, von Bidder says. "When he was in his 20s and not with Seagram, Edgar junior used to come in wearing jeans. That was a problem for us, and we solved it by putting him on the balcony. When he joined the company and began wearing grown-up clothes, we asked if he wanted his table changed, and he said no. The same thing happened when he became C.E.O. But when Seagram bought the Four Seasons, he said he would sit wherever it was best for the restaurant. So we left him up there." Entertainment lawyer Robert H. Montgomery Jr. adds, "The balcony, where I sit, was Siberia until Edgar junior became C.E.O., and suddenly it was *the* place to be."

Occurrences in the Grill Room have a way of becoming legends. Von Bidder vividly recalls May 23, 1990, when Marla Maples, who was being seated at a table, was served with a subpoena on behalf of Ivana Trump. "She just let out a big gasp," he says. On December 19, 1996, an animal-rights activist arrived and announced she was joining *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour for dessert, then walked to Wintour's table and dropped a dead raccoon on it, shouting, "Anna wears fur hats!"

Arthur Loeb, the owner of the Madison Avenue Bookshop and son of investment banker John Loeb, whose offices used to be in the Seagram Building, says, "I loved having lunch in the Grill with my father, who always sat at Table No. 36. After he died, I asked for that table whenever I went there and especially when I was having lunch with Albert H. Gordon, who is 98 and who was the chairman of Kidder, Peabody and a family friend. One day this past May I made a reservation, and I walked in and saw Brooke Astor sitting at my table with a guest. She, too, is an old friend and a customer. I could hardly make a scene. So Julian gave me another table—not as good, but it was all right."

Niccolini notes, "Brooke Astor just walked in with Pamela Fiori, the editor of *Town & Country,* and sat right down at that table. I didn't have the nerve to tell her it was reserved for some-

...absolutely full, but luckily a guest who had an ... at the right moment. We don't get too many ... about tables. Usually they come from people who ... only once a year and expect the best spot. People who ... comfortable with themselves don't really care where they sit."

What I see whenever I enter the Four Seasons is a split-second flashback to my first glimpse of it, back in early 1959: a dusky canyon of gray concrete with shafts of light filtering through a haze of dust, and enough hanging biaxial cable for six Tarzans to swing across this artificial jungle. Guided through the obstacle course of wires, drop cloths, and scaffolding, I was, as a newly hired research consultant, being given an indoctrination in what this restaurant would be about.

My guide was the late Joseph H. Baum, the vice president and creative genius of Restaurant Associates (R.A.), the organization chosen to invent and operate the restaurant in this new skyscraper. A graduate of Cornell's hotel-administration school, Baum was a veteran of the Schine Hotel chain and the old Monte Carlo supper club, on East 54th Street. Short and stocky in his stiffly tailored suits, he looked upholstered, and though he seemed imbued with a Napoleon complex, his modus operandi was closer to Cecil B. DeMille's. He had a reputation as a short-tempered screamer, but I was a budding food writer, eager to taste everything in the world as quickly as possible, so I stuck, and I soon discovered that Baum was also a brilliant perfectionist, funny and intensely loyal to those he came to value. As I look back, in all my years as a restaurant critic and food writer, this turned out to be my most valuable assignment.

Keeping Baum on a long leash was R.A. president Jerome Brody, a savvy entrepreneur with a taste for class. Along with Albert Stöckli, their Swiss chef, Lester Klepper, their lawyer, and Philip Miles, their P.R. director, Baum and Brody had already racked up successes that included an upscale restaurant in the Newark airport, the kitschy Hawaiian Room in the Hotel Lexington, and the extravaganza known as the Forum of the Twelve Caesars in Rockefeller Center.

Baum's message to me that morning still rings clear: This would be the first really contemporary American restaurant reflecting New York's role as the crossroads of the world. We would create a menu inspired by dishes from all over the globe, freely mixing ingredients and cooking techniques. We eventually invented recipes that would be considered cutting edge in California today: barquette of flounder with glazed fruits, julep of crabmeat in sweet pepper, herbed lobster parfait, Amish ham steak with a glaze of the pungent citrus fruit calamondin. There were also some prescient Japanese accents—wasabi horseradish as well as shrimp in soy sauce—because Baum had come under the spell of *House Beautiful* editor Elizabeth Gordon, who was then championing Japan and the aesthetics of *shibui,* or understated elegance. After the opening, restaurant critic Silas Spitzer, in the December 1959 issue of *Holiday* magazine, called the Four Seasons food "the New American Cuisine."

This came at a time when only French cuisine had luxury status and high-class menus were invariably written in that language. Craig Claiborne was then the food editor of *The New York Times,* and since he was a gastronomic Francophile, Baum and Brody dreaded his review. Praising the décor, the creators' intent, and some of the dishes, Claiborne declared, "On the whole, the cuisine is not exquisite in the sense that *la grande c... sine française* at its superlative best is exquisite." He did, how... er, praise one of Baum's pet innovations—reasonable prices ... wines so that customers could have a good time, a policy Ba... would carry over to his later restaurants such as Windows ... the World in the World Trade Center and the Rainbow Room ... Rockefeller Center. But if he was low on wine prices, he too... leap in pricing a martini. "Let's see if we can get a buck for i... he said with a devilish grin. (Today, a martini at the Four S... sons costs $12.)

Most of all, Baum wanted seasonal foods, organic where p... sible but always fresh. To a memorial service for Baum, w... died last October, Alice Waters of Chez Panisse in Berkeley, C... ifornia, sent a videotaped tribute, since she could not attend. ... it she described a time, several years before, when she a... Baum had talked and she had urged him to showcase organ... foods and heirloom produce varieties. I could barely stifle a g... faw. Baum was tirelessly seeking the sources of such foods wh... Waters was probably in kindergarten. He searched everywhe... for potted herbs that would grow in the Four Seasons kitche... he obtained wild mushrooms from the composer John Cage, ... amateur mycologist who foraged in Rockland County; and ... attempted to get a steady supply of organic vegetables fro... Malabar Farm, the ecological agricultural experiment develop... in Ohio by the novelist Louis Bromfield. It took us two weeks ... choose the type and grind of table pepper, and at least a mon... to perfect such specialties as the mini-croissants and candi... strawberries served in the Pool Room. Big farm baskets of fre... vegetables were presented to diners for their selection, and t... hors d'oeuvre wagons were designed with sausage trees.

Baum charged me with scouring books and magazines f... seasonal foods—fiddlehead ferns, ramps, and shad for sprin... pomegranates, walnuts still in their velvety green husks, an... game for fall. He was interested in the food lore of all countri... and cultures—rice-harvest rites in Indonesia, the custom of ea... ing bitter greens in springtime in the Pennsylvania Dutch cou... try as well as along the Adriatic shores of Apulia, the serving ... chervil soup in Germany on Holy Thursday.

I also compiled a food library and searched for such high... specialized cooking equipment as a Portuguese *cataplana,* use... to make a traditional clam-and-sausage dish, and a vertical broil... for preparing Turkish *döner kebab.* And I was just one of th... food researchers, who included, most notably, James Beard, a... ready the grand Pooh-Bah of American cookery. It was Beard, as... recall, who finally went to Istanbul and obtained the vertical broile...

Meanwhile, creating original desserts for the restaurant wa... the master Swiss pastry chef Albert Kumin. A wizard wi... chocolate, Kumin went on to Windows on the World and late... in 1979, became the White House pastry chef for the Carters.

For me, the fun started about a month before th... restaurant was to have its "soft" opening, a... unannounced trial period that would allow us t... work out kinks before the public and press wer... invited in. During four scorchingly hot weeks i... late June and early July, we had daily tastings i... the banquet room of the Hotel Lexington. A... each session, 8 or 10 of us would put Stöck... and Kumin through the paces of preparing 35 dishes.

Our assignment for the two-week soft opening was to go t... the restaurant for lunch and dinner whenever possible, takin...

ends and ordering all over the menu, at no charge. Baum, ickli, and Kumin scrutinized every dish as it came out of the chen, sending it back if it was in any way incorrect. One ening Baum passed my table and asked what I had ordered.

"The goat," I answered.

"You must be crazy, eating goat," he said.

"Then why is it on the menu?"

"Because people feel better eating steak if they know they uld have had goat," he said.

It has been said that Baum got the name for the restaurant from Japanese haiku. I think he took it from the Vier Jahreszeiten Four Seasons) hotel in Munich, the site of one of his favorite staurants, Walterspiel. Once, when he and I were in a cab going om his office to the restaurant, Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* was on e driver's radio. "*Shh!*," Baum said. "They're playing my song."

The overriding mandate for excellence really began with the design of the Seagram Building itself and the commitment to the project of the Bronfmans, the Canadian family behind the Seagram distilling empire. When president Sam Bronfman decided to build his American headquarters, he hired the architect Charles Luckman. Upon seeing Luckman's proposal, Phyllis Bronfman Lambert, then 27 and living in Paris, sent her father a 1,200-word tter explaining why the building had to be of far greater distinction. "She was the apple of her father's eye," Philip Johnson tells e in his office, "and Sam told her that if she would come back e building project would be hers." Lambert chose Mies van der ohe as the architect, in association with Philip Johnson, who was en head of the architecture and design department at the Museum of Modern Art. Lambert herself went on to become an architect and found the Canadian Centre for Architecture in Montreal.

"The job was an architect's dream come true," Johnson says. Mr. Sam held the purse strings, and there were none. We got hatever we wanted. I'll never forget the day Mr. Sam, Mies, nd I were walking along Park Avenue discussing e building materials we might use. Sam saw mething made of bronze and said 'How out that?' Knowing how expensive bronze was, ies gulped. But bronze it was."

Jerome Brody and Lester Klepper won the ase for Restaurant Associates. As many recall, m Bronfman's only expressed hope for the staurant was that he would be able to get "a od piece of flanken." Brody remembers that A. had complete contractual freedom reding interior design, but Klepper and John- n both say that Johnson had the final word.

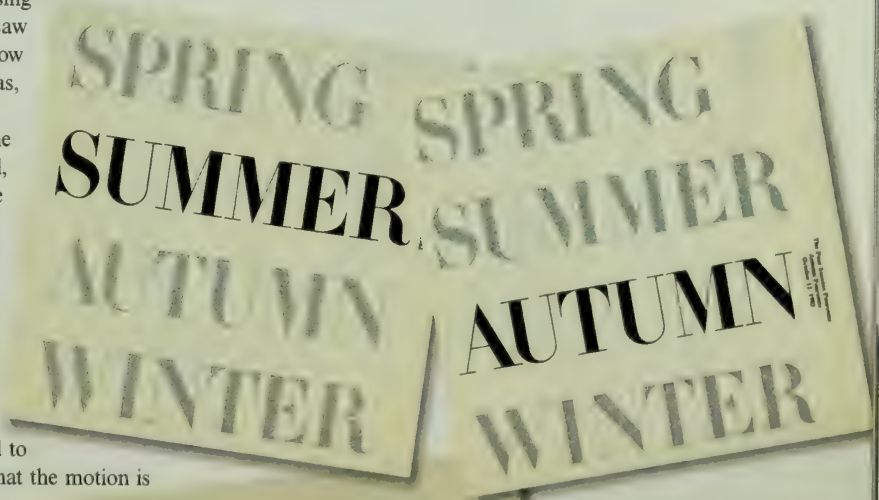
Johnson suggested Richard Kelly to do e lighting and found the textile designer arie Nichols, who came up with the chain ea for the windows. "Everyone was amazed to e them rippling," Johnson says, explaining that the motion is used by air currents resulting from e different temperares inside and outside e glass panes.

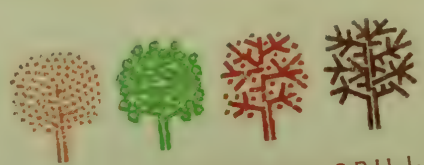
Having worked with e decorating firm of illiam Pahlmann Associates on the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, R.A. hired Pahlmann for this job, too, much to Johnson's consternation. "I was given the restaurants to oversee by Mies," says Johnson, "and I only cared about the Grill. I hated Pahlmann's work, but I told him to do the big dining room. The pool was his idea and, I must say, a good one. It was a way of cutting down on the huge center space that made the room seem like a wasteland." No one will say how many guests have fallen or jumped into that pool over the years. "Let's just say it has happened," says Alex von Bidder with a sigh.

Phyllis Lambert wanted Picasso to sculpt four bronze trees for the corners of the pool. "I went to see him and asked him, but he refused," she says. "He really wanted to sell me sculptures he had of bathers for the plaza in front of the building." Having real trees was the next choice. Landscape architect Karl Linn chose plant and tree varieties that would grow indoors and found Everett Conklin, a New Jersey landscape contractor, to supply them.

Johnson recommended the late industrial designer Garth Huxtable to create the glassware and silver serving pieces, which he did with some input from his wife, Ada Louise Huxtable, already

"The most powerful person," Michael Korda wrote, "is the one who can order the meal with the lowest number of calories."





CHANGING MENU

Above, two menus from 1982, one for summer, the other for autumn. *Left*, the top of a 1960s menu, with the Four Seasons logo: trees in pink, green, red, and cinnamon brown.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE



"The job was an architect's dream come true," says Philip Johnson. "Mr. Sam held the purse strings, and there were none."

POWER HOUSE

Diners come in from East 52nd Street to the lobby, *opposite*, with its travertine walls, Joan Miró tapestries, and furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe. Carpeted stairs lead from the lobby to the Philip Johnson–designed Grill Room and reception area, *above*, with its leather couches and ottomans, French-walnut paneling, chain curtains, and trees with silk cherry blossoms (for spring).

[illegible] historian and critic although not yet the Pulitzer [illegible] would later become at *The New York Times*. [illegible] drove us crazy on some things," Ada Louise Huxtable recalls lunch in the Pool Room. She recalls the harangues [illegible] glassware that had a particular flange at the base, which Baum wanted to eliminate. "Look at these glasses now," she says. "They're no longer the same shape." They're no longer made of lead crystal, either.

Sausage trees, serving carts, and a bowl with four splayed feet that could take a flat tray liner to hold cookies were among Garth Huxtable's design triumphs, several of which are in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

Ada Louise Huxtable and Phyllis Lambert both notice that artificial trees have replaced the ficus rubber trees chosen by Linn for the Pool Room. "I'll have to talk to them about that," Lambert says, and a week or so later von Bidder reports that she has done so, in no uncertain terms.

Like Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel, Richard Lippold worked for months on scaffolds in the Grill Room, hanging each of the more than 4,000 rods in his sculptures by two wires. He was assisted by an intern, Marilynn Gelfman, whose occasional short skirt attracted considerable attention from the workmen below. Now married to Ivan Karp, she is a professor of fine arts at New York University. The sculptures are cleaned rod by rod, by Lippold's associate, Gianni Morselli, at a cost of about $20,000.

Other art on the premises has included works by Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Delaunay, on loan from the Joseph E. Seagram & Sons collection, and chairs designed by Charles Eames and Mies van der Rohe, in the dining rooms, and by Eero Saarinen, in the rest rooms.

The restaurant logo and menus were drawn by Emil Antonucci. He came up with four stylized trees as the symbol of the place and developed the seasonal color scheme: blossom pink for spring, leaf green for summer, red for autumn, and cinnamon-chocolate brown for winter. This color scheme carried over to the uniforms with ties and cummerbunds for the dining-room staff; to a tile in the center of the restaurant's original black service plate, which suggested a phonograph record; and to the matchbooks and menu covers.

For the menus, printer William Doerfler selected rough vellum plus a cover of Japanese rice paper textured with silky threads. "Bill bought out a one-year supply of that paper from a Japanese importer," Antonucci says. "Then he had to devise the inks for printing and silk-screening." The result was so expensive that Baum hated to reprint the menu if a typographical error occurred or if a food on it became unavailable.

That latter consideration sparked one of our more electric meetings. Fresh wild morels were going to be on the menu, at a time when only white champignons and dried cèpes could be found in American markets. Sylvia Schur, a former food editor of *Look* magazine, assured Baum that she had a reliable contact for morels. He glared at her and screamed, "If I print morels on this menu, you'd better come up with them, if you have to grow them in your armpits!"

Roger Martin, who worked with Philip Miles, recalls that in those days the Pool Room was it. The Grill got mainly the disappointed overflow from the Pool Room. The most desirable seats were poolside; the outer edges near the windows were scorned. Regulars included Charles Revson, Roy Cohn, Senator Jacob Javits, lawyer Louis Nizer, and movie mogul Joe Levine, who gave ma[illegible] lavish parties in the Pool Room and brought in such stars as Sop[illegible] Loren, Franchot Tone, and Natalie Wood and Robert Wagne[illegible]

The early opulence of the restaurant culminated in 1962 w[illegible] two quite different parties, both producing what Philip Miles [illegible] scribes as "mountains of clips." The first, on May 19, was [illegible] 45th-birthday party for President John F. Kennedy, a $1,000 [illegible] plate Democratic Party fund-raiser. Among the 400 guests w[illegible] Marilyn Monroe, who continued on to Madison Square G[illegible] den, where she made her legendary appearance singing "Hap[illegible] Birthday, Mr. President."

The late Stuart Levin, who was then director of the resta[illegible] rant, told John Mariani for *The Four Seasons,* a history of t[illegible] restaurant through 1994, that Kennedy asked if he could ha[illegible] dinner in a private room along with lyricist Alan Jay Lern[illegible] then New York mayor Robert Wagner, and Levin. J.F.K. hac[illegible] glass of beer and cream of asparagus soup.

The other memorable party that year was a December [illegible] dinner at which new members were inducted into the Confré[illegible] des Chevaliers du Tastevin, an organization dedicated to hypi[illegible] the wines of Burgundy. Heralded by trumpeters blaring the T[illegible] umphal March from *Aïda,* the organization's officers filed [illegible] and marched around the room in a procession before taki[illegible] their seats. Guests included the actress Joan Crawford, Neim[illegible] Marcus chairman Stanley Marcus, *TV Guide* founder and [illegible] collector Walter H. Annenberg, publisher Alfred A. Knopf, [illegible] dustrial designer Raymond Loewy, philanthropist Alice Tul[illegible] and real-estate developer William Zeckendorf Jr.

Each course was elaborately presented on a dais of thick L[illegible] cite set over the pool. The turkey soup arrived in a huge turke[illegible] shaped tureen carried by two men. The fish course was preced[illegible] by a mermaid-costumed model borne on a platter by two porte[illegible] For dessert, a gilded tree hung with chocolate pears was pr[illegible] sented to the guests so that each could pluck his own.

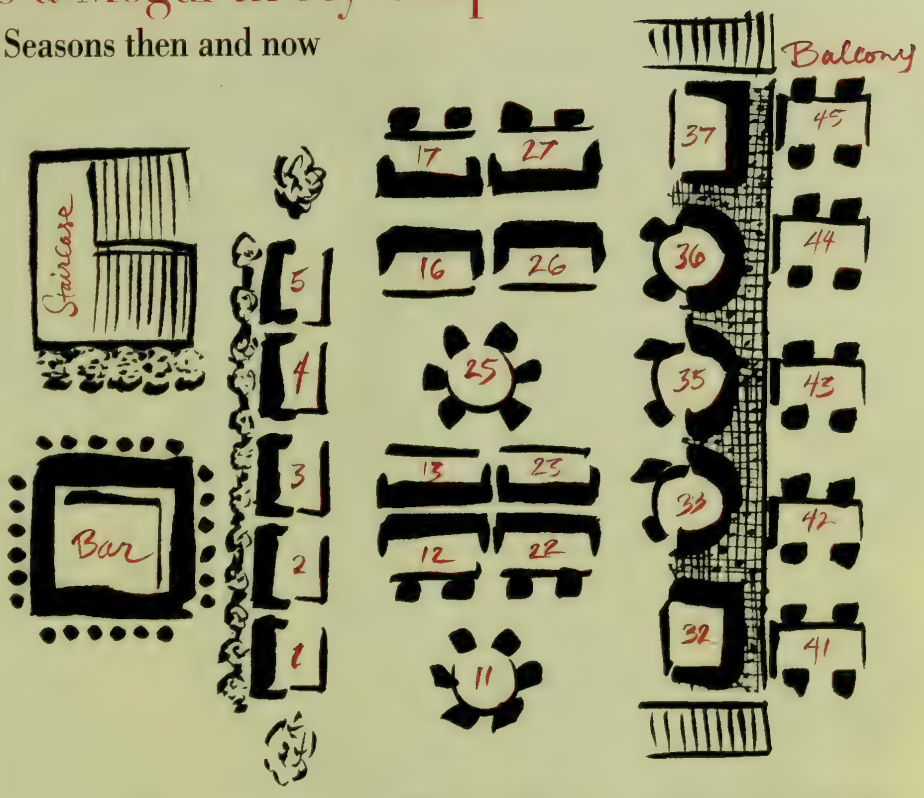
For the fourth course, *tourtes feuilletées* filled with truffl[illegible] quail, Julia Child was invited to donate her services by prepa[illegible] ing the pastry shells, which required one sort of dough for t[illegible] bottom and another for the top. "Working in that kitchen alo[illegible] with Jim [Beard], the great chef Albert Stöckli, and the magic[illegible] *pâtissier* Albert Kumin was like being in [the 1987 film] *Babett[illegible] Feast,*" Child recalls. "It took a whole week."

George Lang, then head of special projects ar[illegible] later director, remembers that this dinner f[illegible] 235 cost more than $20,000. I clearly reca[illegible] Baum's telling me that it cost the Chevalie[illegible] organization not more than half that amour[illegible] since the wines, much of the food, and th[illegible] services and premises of the Four Seaso[illegible] were provided gratis, for publicity. It was th[illegible] sort of largesse at such high-profile events that made Restaura[illegible] Associates and the Four Seasons famously unprofitable, eve[illegible] with a reported $30 million in annual corporate sales and a 19[illegible] public stock sale of about one-third of the company's shares.

Worse was yet to come, for both R.A. and the Four Season[illegible] After buying a hotel in the French spa town of Divonne-le[illegible] Bains, Jerome Brody spent considerable time there redevelopin[illegible] the property. Meanwhile, he fell in love with Marlene Gray, h[illegible] interpreter and assistant. He was already married, however, [illegible] Grace Wechsler, daughter of Abe Wechsler, one of the princ[illegible] pals in a company that supplied tea and CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

aiter, There's a Mogul in My Soup!"

egulars at the Four Seasons then and now

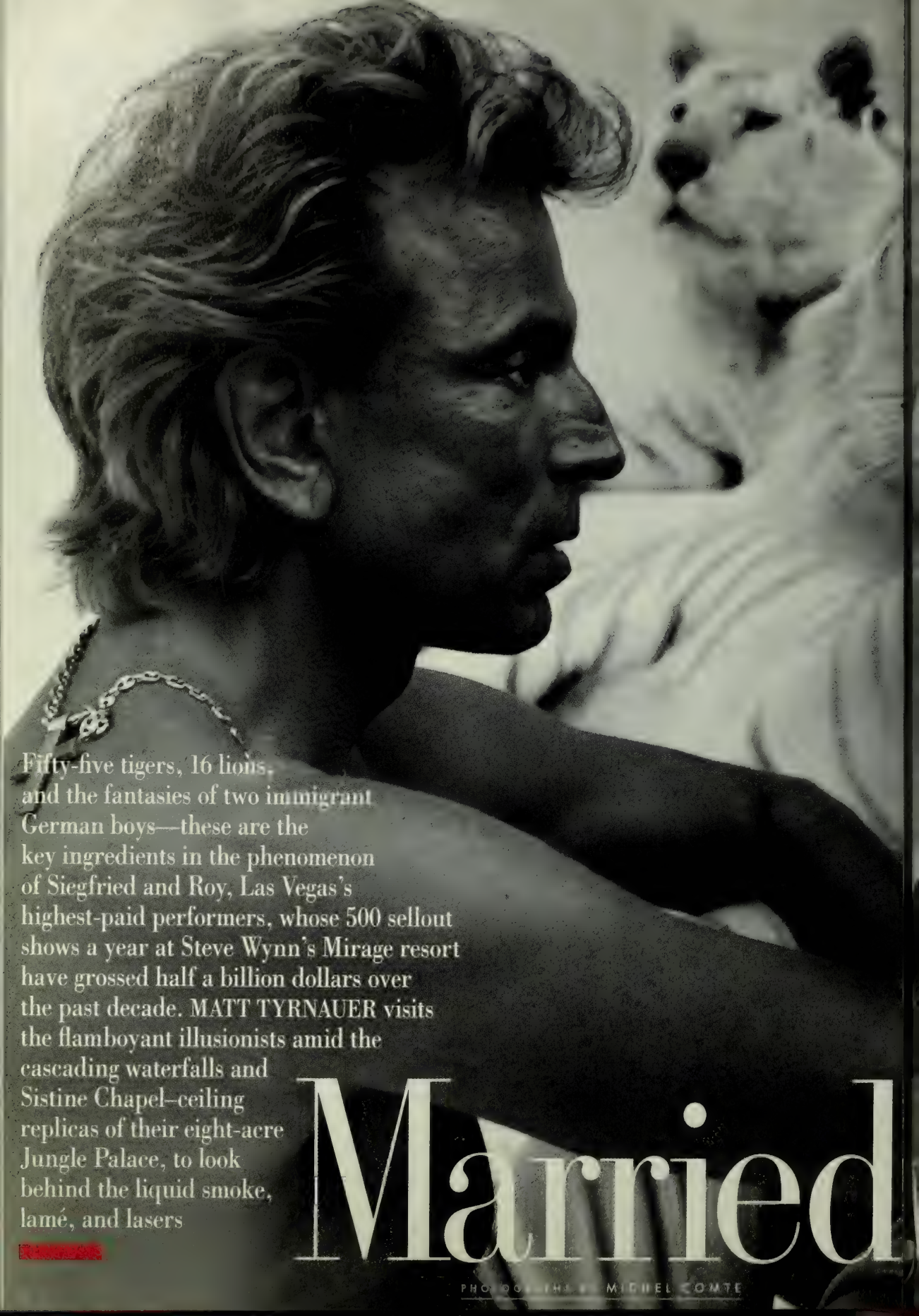


1979

Louis Hagopian, chairman, N. W. Ayer
Pat Soliman, editor in chief, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
Jonathan Dolger, senior editor, Harper & Row
Bess Myerson, consumer advocate
John Geoghegan, president, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
Lewis Rudin, real-estate developer
Bruce Gelb, executive vice president, Bristol-Myers
Roger Straus Jr., publisher, Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Betty Prashker, vice president, Doubleday
Mark Goodson, game-show producer
Clay Felker, founder, *New York* magazine
William Bernbach, chairman, Doyle Dane Bernbach
Bill Blass, fashion designer
Nelson Doubleday, president, Doubleday
John Chancellor, NBC anchorman
Leonard Garment, lawyer
Philip Johnson, architect
Oscar de la Renta, fashion designer
Michael Korda, editor in chief, Simon & Schuster
Lois Wyse, writer, president, Wyse Advertising
Mort Janklow, literary agent
Paul Schlem, retired president, Gold Seal Vineyards
Calvin Klein, fashion designer
Robert H. Montgomery Jr., entertainment lawyer
James Beard, food writer
Alexis Lichine, wine expert
Edgar M. Bronfman, chairman and C.E.O., Seagram Company Ltd.

1999

George Weissman, former Philip Morris chairman and chairman emeritus, Lincoln Center
Martin E. Segal, chairman emeritus, Lincoln Center
Morton Schrader, real-estate broker
Paul Scherer, managing partner, Paul Scherer & Company
Stephen A. Schwarzman, president and C.E.O., the Blackstone Group
4 **Phyllis Grann,** president, Penguin Putnam
5 **Felix Rohatyn,** U.S. ambassador to France
James Brady, editor-at-large, *Advertising Age*
11 **Lewis Rudin,** real-estate developer
Alan Flusser, men's clothing designer
12 **Christopher Meigher III,** chairman, Meigher Communications
W. Randall Jones, C.E.O., Capital Publishing
13 **Leonard Lauder,** C.E.O., Estée Lauder
David Dinkins, former mayor, New York City
Ronald Perelman, chairman, Revlon
16 **Betty Prashker,** editor-at-large, Crown Publishers
Brooke Astor, philanthropist
17 **Marvin Traub,** retail and fashion consultant and former Bloomingdale's C.E.O.
22 **Judith Leiber,** handbag designer
Bill Blass, fashion designer
Pierre Bergé, chairman, Yves Saint Laurent
23 **Sanford Weill,** co-chairman, Citigroup
Arne Glimcher, president, Pace Wildenstein; film producer and director
25 **David Brown,** film producer
Art Buchwald, columnist, humorist
Abe Rosenthal, columnist, former *New York Times* editor
Barbara Walters, ABC's co-anchor of *20/20* and co-host of *The View*
Diane Sawyer, co-anchor of ABC's *Good Morning America*
26 **Barry Diller,** chairman and C.E.O., USA Networks
Tom Brokaw, anchor, *NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw*
27 **Richard Goldstein,** president and C.E.O., Unilever United States
32 **Philip Johnson,** architect
Charles Bronfman, co-chairman, Seagram Company Ltd.
Art Cooper, editor in chief, *GQ*
33 **Anna Wintour,** editor in chief, *Vogue*
Richard Gelb, chairman emeritus, Bristol-Myers Squibb
Pete Peterson, chairman, the Blackstone Group
35 **Michael Korda,** senior vice president and editor in chief, Simon & Schuster
Linda Wachner, chairman and C.E.O., Warnaco Group
Mario Cuomo, former governor, New York State
36 **Gianluigi Gabetti,** vice-chairman, Fiat S.P.A.
John Fairchild, editor-at-large and former chairman, Fairchild Publications
Mort Janklow, literary agent
37 **Edgar M. Bronfman,** chairman, Seagram Company Ltd.
S. I. Newhouse Jr., chairman, Condé Nast Publications
Steve Florio, president and C.E.O., Condé Nast Publications
41 **Martha Stewart,** chairman and C.E.O., Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia
42 **Robert H. Montgomery Jr.,** attorney, Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison
Gladys Nederlander, Nederlander Television & Film Production
43 **Donald Trump,** real-estate developer
Gershon Kekst, president, Kekst and Co.
44 **Michael Ovitz,** founder, Artists Management Group
William Loverd, head of publicity, Random House
45 **Edgar Bronfman Jr.,** president and C.E.O., Seagram Company Ltd.
David Geffen, partner, DreamWorks SKG



Fifty-five tigers, 16 lions, and the fantasies of two immigrant German boys—these are the key ingredients in the phenomenon of Siegfried and Roy, Las Vegas's highest-paid performers, whose 500 sellout shows a year at Steve Wynn's Mirage resort have grossed half a billion dollars over the past decade. MATT TYRNAUER visits the flamboyant illusionists amid the cascading waterfalls and Sistine Chapel–ceiling replicas of their eight-acre Jungle Palace, to look behind the liquid smoke, lamé, and lasers

Married

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL COMTE



Siegfried Fischbacher and Roy Uwe Ludwig Horn with Mirage, at rear, and Montecore, 2 of the 55 white tigers they keep at the Jungle Palace, their home in Las Vegas

with Tigers

Through a long plate-glass window in the dining room of the Jungle Palace, their fanciful Moroccan-Mission-style compound in West Las Vegas, Siegfried Fischbacher and Roy Uwe Ludwig Horn—better known as Siegfried and Roy, the flamboyant illusionists whose trademark is making exotic beasts vanish—watch as two of their white Himalayan tigers, Shasadee and SiegRoy, play together beneath a cascading waterfall at the far side of an emerald-green lawn. "Look at them! Do you see how happy, peaceful, and content they are?" asks Siegfried in a thick Bavarian accent as he puffs on a La Paz cigarillo. "You know, when you are here looking at them—so majestic—after a hard working day . . . well, it just changes your life," he says, choking with emotion.

"That's right. Whenever anyone comes to the Jungle Palace, they say, 'I want to be reborn as a white tiger of Siegfried and Roy,'" says Roy, finishing his partner's thought in a Bremen accent that is even thicker than Siegfried's.

It is half past noon, and "the boys," as everyone in Las Vegas calls them—although Siegfried, the blond one, is 60, and Roy is 54—are just getting around to breakfast. We are in the brightest, most glorious room in the Palace—a kind of solarium that affords sweeping views of what is known as the Garden of the White Tigers: an eight-acre park dotted with palms and cypresses that is a habitat and breeding facility for the animals that have helped make Siegfried and Roy, in the words of Steve Wynn, owner of the Mirage hotel, where they perform, "the entertainment cornerstone of Las Vegas, and the most important single act in town, comparable only to Frank Sinatra," and, in the words of their close friend Arnold Schwarzenegger, "probably the hottest, longest-lasting, and most spectacularly successful entertainers in the world. And the greatest immigration story I know: two guys who came over to this country, starting with nothing, who have made their dream come true."

My chance to interview the boys, I have been repeatedly informed by their manager, Bernie Yuman, is a rare privilege, for their hectic schedule—500 performances a year of their show at the Mirage's 1,504-seat Siegfried & Roy Theater and the production of a biographical Imax 3-D movie entitled *Siegfried & Roy and the Magic Box,* which is out next month—makes it almost impossible for them to interact with anyone outside of their tight-knit support staff of several dozen animal caretakers (trainers, groomers, vets), 38 personal servants, and the 55 tigers and 16 lions that live with them at the Jungle Palace and at their 100-acre "country" estate, Little Bavaria, located at the foot of Mt. Charleston, on the outskirts of town.

Though it's early by Jungle Palace standards (like their tigers, Siegfried and Roy are nocturnal creatures), both men are nonethe-





KINGS OF THE DESERT

Siegfried, Roy, and five of the white lions of Timbavati on the uncultivated outskirts of their 100-acre desert compound, Little Bavaria, near Las Vegas.

"Where would they be without each other?" ask Shirley MacLaine. "Roy with an ocelot and Siegfried with a deck of cards—what the hell is that?"

less perfectly kitted and groomed for the day's activities. Siegfried is wearing a black leather vest, a plaid shirt, and pressed jeans. Roy, who is known for wearing the largest codpiece west of the Rockies onstage, is more subtle in tight jeans, a white silk T-shirt, and a white Bachrach cotton shirt worn untucked. A large gold cross on a black rope hangs from his neck. Their hair, in the glaring light of day, seems, well, important. Every strand has been fastidiously gelled into place. Siegfried's pompadour is a stiff, shellacked butte; Roy's brown tresses are spiked and a bit blonder on top than on the sides.

S and R (as close associates sometimes call them) are pleasing opposites—"darkness and light," as they like to put it—and their taut, angular faces are masterworks wrought by a brilliant but unknown Leonardo: chiseled, unblemished, and much more handsome in person than in photographs. Siegfried, up close, possesses the looks of an aloof Wagnerian hero—or Marlene Dietrich crossed with a lion; it's hard to decide. Roy is a dark Eurasian prince, a mystic who each morning meditates with a white tiger named Mantra, and has what both casual observers and experts agree is an unprecedented, almost transcendental rapport with animals—a connection so strong that he believes, with the firm backing of his friend Shirley MacLaine, that he was a tiger in another life.

"You have to understand that they have been born literally in my lap," Roy tells me as we continue to observe what are now four white tigers at play. "I am their stepfather, their guru. I am their guide through the world. Wherever I am, they are comfortable, because the first voice they hear is mine. The first face they see is mine. So, most probably, they think I am a tiger."

Until the cats reach the age of one, they sleep in bed with Roy. He feeds them from a bottle. He swims with them every day in their pool. When he rises in the morning, he strikes a six-foot gong to tell them he is up. "Your love has to be bigger than love," he says, "because they are like our children."

Even Siegfried, who gets along very well with the tigers (none of which is declawed), is mystified by his partner's relationship with them. "I respect it, I am awed by it. I enjoy the whole thing. I am grateful that Roy make me a part of it," he says, but he emphasizes that there is a division of labor: Siegfried is in charge of the illusions. Roy raises the animals. That's the way it has always been, for 40 years, and that's the way they have made it work.

As Shasadee and SiegRoy continue to splash about in the bright-blue pool at the center of the Garden of the White Tigers, Nanette, the Central American housekeeper, enters the dining room with several trays of cakes, baked by Roy's mother, who lives in her own mansion just outside the Jungle Palace grounds. (Tour groups, who buzz by the compound several times a day, can easily distinguish the Palace from Mrs. Horn's residence thanks to the enormous gold "SR" logotypes on the Palace gates and the white Rolls-Royce parked in the driveway, with license plates that read SARMOTI—an acronym for *S*iegfried *a*nd *R*oy *M*asters *o*f *t*he *I*mpossible—t special word Siegfried and Roy use in their show as a synony for "abracadabra" and in life as a salutation, like "*ciao.*")

As we take our seats at an oblong glass table set with Christi Dior tiger-pattern china, Roy asks Nanette to light all of the ca dles in the room—a request that, for some reason, displeas Siegfried, who immediately orders the candles extinguished. "B Mr. Roy wants them lit!" Nanette protests. (After a brief discu sion between Siegfried and Roy—in German—they are re-lit.) one side of the table, there is a large marble Jacuzzi. The ceiling frescoed with a replica of Michelangelo's handiwork in the Sistin Chapel. At the rear of the dining room, near a towering copp espresso machine, is what appears to be a mahogany church co fessional (emblazoned with the SR logo), though later in the day discover that this is, in fact, a cleverly disguised powder room (b hind the priest's door) and china closet (on the confessor's side).

Just as Cristal champagne is being uncorked and pastries are b ing served (*mit Schlag:* both S and R have done their rounds at th gym today), we are joined by Bernie Yuman, Siegfried and Roy manager of almost 25 years. Highly aggressive and overly prote tive, Yuman often refers to himself as "the ampersand in Siegfrie & Roy," and serves as a buffer between his charges and all that quotidian. ("They think it all just falls into place for them," Yuma whispers to me at one point. "They don't even *know* or *see* what do. But that's the job of Bernie Yuman—to make it all look easy."

Mr. Bernie Yew-maan, as Siegfried refers to him, is the Jungl Palace's jack-of-all-trades. With a pager constantly beeping an a StarTac glued to his ear, he is perpetually working the weight levers of the Siegfried and Roy celebrity-publicity machine, fun tioning as a combination gatekeeper–business manager–publicis On one hand, he is guardian of what Siegfried and Roy's frien MacLaine calls "the boys' cloistered world of magical perfo mance, the hermetically sealed bubble in which they live lik two rare orchids in their Shangri-la," cut off from almost all r ality, two glorious self-inventions, "striding and strutting aroun as if the world literally is their stage." On the other hand, it Yuman's responsibility to promote the unique franchise that h two clients have painstakingly built up over 40 years in sho business—40 years that have brought them, in Roy's word from "the bleakness of Germany after the Second World Wa where we had nothing to eat and no education," to, in Yuman words, "the very pinnacle of entertainment, the top of the hea where they are the stars of the highest-grossing live entertainme spectacle in the history of the world."

Although white tigers frolicking in pools, a magic show o the Las Vegas Strip, and middle-aged men who call their ornat ranch house a palace may seem frivolous—a little Liberace, t put it in the appropriate local parlance—the big business behin Siegfried and Roy is very serious indeed.

Their elaborate production, which the Las Vegas–based cultur critic Dave Hickey describes as "a seamless . . . conflation of Wag ner, Barnum, Houdini, Rousseau, Pink Floyd, *Fantasia, Peter Pan* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream,*" is not your run-of-the-mill La





YS IN THE BUBBLE

ckwise from above: Siegfried and perform their "balloon illusion" tage at the Siegfried & Roy Theater at Mirage hotel in Las Vegas; with co the cheetah at Monte Carlo's Gala Rois, circa 1967; the "Amazon" scene n their show; in the Jungle Palace l with Leo, 1982; Roy, blindfolded, on orito, his Andalusian stallion, at Little aria; with Pope John Paul II at Vatican, 1986; with Shirley MacLaine, istmas 1984; with Michael Jackson and e tiger cubs on January 12, 1988.












looks of an aloof Wagnerian hero–
or Marlene Dietrich crossed with
a lion; it's hard to decide.



SMOKE AND MIRRORS

Siegfried in his Jungle Palace boudoir. The mural on the dome and walls of the bedchamber portrays Siegfried leading two cheetahs in a battle against Merlin and a serpent.

Siegfried & Roy at the Mirage (the official title) is [illegible] production-choreographed, high-tech extravaganza that [illegible] by the illusionists in collaboration with the Tony [illegible] production designer John Napier (who did *Cats* and *Les Misérables*) and writer-director John Caird of the Royal Shakespeare Company. The show—which Napier tags "Marvel Comics meets the Met"—debuted almost a decade ago and cost an astonishing $60 million to produce (including the construction of the custom-designed Siegfried & Roy Theater, which has a domed stage big enough to house a DC-10). Since its opening on February 1, 1990, it has been "sold out at 104 percent for every show at $90 a seat," according to Yuman, who says the show's cumulative gross over nine years is more than half a billion dollars. The show's producer, Kenneth Feld, C.E.O. of Feld Entertainment, which operates the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, claims that it is "the most popular and lucrative production in the history of Las Vegas.... There are no live performers today who can draw over 700,000 people a year except Siegfried and Roy."

For their proven star power (thousands are turned away from the box office every day), as well as their all-consuming professionalism ("They have no life except for these performances," says Wynn. "Their schedule, with the animals on their backs, so to speak, is relentless"), Siegfried and Roy are very well compensated. *Forbes* magazine reports that they are the highest-paid entertainers in Las Vegas history, earning an estimated $58 million in 1996–97 (with an estimated net worth of more than $100 million). On the *Forbes* ranking of entertainers' salaries for 1997, they are No. 19, sandwiched between Mel Gibson and Sting. And, according to Wynn, Siegfried and Roy deserve much of the credit for the extraordinary success of his $650 million Mirage hotel (the most profitable resort property in the world, Wynn says), where they have been the anchor attraction since its opening day.

"When we were getting ready to build the Mirage in 1988, Siegfried and Roy was the safest show we could pick for our entertainment facility, because they were already the all-time greatest attendance attraction in Las Vegas history," Wynn tells me. "By orders of magnitude, nobody has ever drawn the kind of attendance that they have. Really, in terms of the numbers of people who have witnessed the act, nothing has come close—Elvis, Frank Sinatra, Martin and Lewis, Steve and Eydie, and Wayne Newton *all put together* don't approach Siegfried and Roy.

"When Elvis Presley used to work in Las Vegas two months a year, he had empty seats. These boys don't," Wynn continues. "I mean, at our place for eight years, we're talking about 15,000 people a week, 700,000 people a year. And then, of course, there was a complete history with these gents at the MGM, at the Stardust, and at the Frontier before us. These are 20-odd years of full-capacity attendance on a regular basis. Anyone who thinks they can do what Siegfried and Roy have done should go ahead and try—it's almost impossible."

Siegfried puts a fresh cigarillo between his perfectly capped teeth, and Nanette rushes forward with a sterling-silver lighter to light it.

Roy is now running around outside telling the animal attendants what to do. I can see him through the window, in the middle of the lawn, cuddling with a black panther named Macumba (this same animal, he tells me later, nearly castrated him in a fit of pique 10 years ago; they've since made up). If it were not for my presence at the Jungle Palace today, Roy says, "the animals would roam free—it's not a problem."

Siegfried takes me on a tour of his wing of the house, which is just off the dining room. Roy's rooms are upstairs. With Yuman a few paces behind us, Siegfried leads me into his bedroom suite, positions me at the center of the airy stucco-walled chamber, and instructs me to look up. Gesturing toward a Baroque fresco on the dome and walls, he announces, "This is the young Siegfried, when I was in my youthful days!"

The life-size image is that of a perfectly formed nude boy-toy, leading two fierce cheetahs on a chain through a desolate moonscape. "And what happens is Merlin is with the evil, and Siegfried is the power and the strength and the good magic," he explains, pointing out the Arthurian wizard, who, in the company of a hydra-headed serpent, is shooting fire from his fingertip at the young Aryan hero. "Black magic against white magic. In other words, the evil spirit against the good spirit."

"What's that enormous crystal you are holding?" I ask.

"It is the power of life and light. It's nothing special," he concludes, exhaling a cloud of blue cigarillo smoke.

I note that the young Siegfried looks not much different from the present-day Siegfried. He shrugs. "Well, the painter got a little carried away."

The free-form mythology exhibited in this mural is exactly the kind of operatic stuff that Siegfried and Roy's show is made of. Onstage, playing themselves as elaborately costumed superheroes in lamé capes and silver space suits, they are the audience's emissaries into an imaginary dreamscape, where they successfully battle the forces of a rather sketchily defined "evil empire," led by a wicked blonde sorceress and a four-story-tall fire-breathing dragon. In the midst of these unfolding scenes—each one brimming with complex stagecraft, liquid smoke, and lasers—24 tigers and eight lions vanish and reappear, as do Siegfried, Roy, an Arabian horse, and an elephant.

The most spectacular illusions are the ones based on metamorphosis, and most stunning of all is what's called "the Death-Defying Crystal Chamber," wherein the writhing sorceress is slowly lowered from the rafters in a huge transparent box; then, after some taunting through the Plexiglas by Roy, she is—*poof!*—transformed into a 700-pound white tiger by Siegfried. The tiger is then marched along a *pasarela* into the audience by Roy, only to be reloaded into the crystal chamber, sent aloft, and then "vanished" as the chamber flies apart in midair. The sorceress then reappears, and is transformed into Roy.

"Our show," says Siegfried as we make our way out of the bedroom to rejoin Roy in the dining room, "is about our dreams and fantasies. It is the realization of 40 years of fantasy."

If one were to reduce *Siegfried & Roy at the Mirage* down to its basic dramatic arc, it would be a kind of hallucinogenic "buddy picture." In an analytic essay called "Lost Boys," Dave Hickey describes the show this way: "The illusions are those of peril and rescue; Siegfried is fed to the dragon and emerges unscathed; Roy is impaled by the dragon and resurrected by Siegfried; both Siegfried and Roy are apparently crushed in the dragon's claws only to reappear, swinging triumphantly out over the audience on ropes, à la Peter Pan. These are all rituals of friendship."

Roy agrees. "Yes," he says, "that's what our show is about.... You see, Siegfried and I are living a modern poem! A fairy

"When Elvis worked in Las Vegas, he had empty seats," says Steve Wynn. "These boys don't."



IE BOYS

y and Siegfried at ttle Bavaria, near s Vegas. "We are married our profession. We are arried to what we believe, d we are married to e whole substance of our ings," says Roy.

century. And we al- the story of our lives, be- famorous. It's very eccen- Maybe it's a little crazy, story of Siegfried and Roy!"

"Where would they be without each other?" asks Shirley MacLaine, who has been a friend of Siegfried and Roy's for two decades, since the days when she played the Desert Inn and they were the headliners for the topless Lido revue at the Stardust. "It would be Roy with an ocelot and Siegfried with a deck of magic cards. I mean, what the hell is that?"

That, actually, is more or less the way things started, once upon a time way back when. They met—as people used to say in Hollywood—cute. On an ocean liner. They were both lonely children from unhappy families, whose fathers had been Nazi soldiers. They were both escaping miserable home lives, shattered by the war, rigid, abusive, loveless.

The ship was the *Bremen,* which plied the North Atlantic between Bremerhaven and New York. The year, 1960. Siegfried, then 21, was a first-class steward with a part-time job as the ship's magician. Roy, 15, was the personal bellboy to the captain. Delmare the Magician, as Siegfried called himself, ate razor blades and lightbulbs in his act. He also made rabbits and doves disappear, and for that he needed an assistant. Roy's cabin was across from his, and soon the bellboy became part of the act.

One evening after the show, when they were having a drink in the bar, Roy asked Siegfried a fateful question: "If you can make rabbits and doves appear and disappear, could you do the same thing with a cheetah?" Siegfried replied, "In magic anything is possible." In their autobiography, *Mastering the Impossible,* Siegfried recalls, "I wasn't about to let this wiseguy think otherwise. Who knew he had a pet cheetah? Or that he'd be so bold as to suggest that I incorporate his animal into my show!"

However, on the next voyage, Roy, who had saved his pet, Chico, from the Bremen Zoo, where his uncle was a director, smuggled the creature aboard. And on that crossing the course of theatrical illusion was forever altered.

"In show business, in order to be successful you have to be different," Siegfried says today. "And when Roy showed me that cheetah, it made all the difference.... I can tell you this: when I disappear from the lounge of that ship in the middle of the ocean, and reappear as a cheetah, this is better than pulling rabbits out of a hat. Yes, me and Roy, we are on our way. It is better than anything."

They toured Europe in a Citroën as Siegfried and Partner—Bremen, Cannes, Barcelona, Geneva, Lausanne, Nice, Madrid. They performed in smoky cabarets alongside striptease acts, and indignities were abundant. At Berlin's Eden-Saloon, one insulting poster read, COME SEE THE FEROCIOUS CHICO! HE WILL DAZZLE YOU! No mention of the cheetah's partners. Eventually they arrived in Paris, and their big break was to perform in the Folies Bergère, where they developed and fine-tuned the concepts which form the basis of their act to this day: metamorphic illusions with giant cats done at great speed.

"All illusions are derived from five basic ideas: appearance, disappearance, transformation, levitation, and sawing," says Siegfried. "The challenge for a magician is to put these principles into his own wrapping or adapt them to his given situation."

From the Folies Bergère they went directly to Las Vegas. "When we arrived," recalls Siegfried, "entertainment had not yet evolved from, uh, how do you say it ... ?"

"T&A," says Roy.

"Yes, thank you very much, T&A. It was a gambler's town, pure and simple, and the Rat Pack was in charge—Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr. Entertainment was no more than just a rest period between gambling sessions—you know, bring on the scantily clad showgirls, strike up the band, tell some jokes, *ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-boom,* you've got a show."

In the intervening years, thanks to Siegfried and Roy, that has all changed.

"When the only things that were really playing in Las Vegas were recycled French production shows and big stars, Siegfried and Roy carved their own niche here," says Wynn. "Before them it was topless women marching up and down a staircase, and that was a stale concept that should have gone out in the 50s." They were the first to "cover" their showgirls and encourage parents to bring children. "We never understood the fascination anyway with topless women in the shows," says Siegfried. And in many respects they anticipated Wynn's makeover of Las Vegas into a family resort. "Respectfully," says Yuman, "when Siegfried and Roy started the nonnude show, everybody in the city saw that families poured in. And they may remain nameless, but every single entrepreneur and every C.E.O. that owns and operates these megabillion-dollar resorts here, they took notice of that.... And remember, Siegfried and Roy were told that magic didn't work in Las Vegas when they first got here. After them, every show had a magician. I mean, there are Elvis impersonators everywhere, there are Siegfried and Roy impersonators everywhere. Recently I took a whirlwind tour to look at some shows. I went to Majorca, and in Majorca there is a Siegfried and Roy knockoff. They have golden tigers, one of them is blond and the other one is dark with a cross, and the same mannerisms and movements."

As they grew rich and famous, the even richer and more famous queued up to see them. Every president since Carter has witnessed the show. At Clinton's photo op with Siegfried and Roy in 1998, Secret Servic sharpshooters trained rifles on the tiger Pope John Paul II received Siegfried and R at the Vatican; they got a splinter of St. Franc of Assisi's shinbone from him. Michael Eisn has seen the show 12 times. Michael Jackso wrote their theme, "Mind Is the Magic Elizabeth Taylor admires—even envies—then "They have such confidence, and walk wit grace—like dancers almost," she tells m "They are not show-offs, and I think it is b cause of their intensity with the animals—tha is where their star is shining. It's a feeling power without conceit. And the audienc loves them back. I just wish I could crawl i side their skin and become part of a tiger!"

Siegfried and Roy say that the two mos important things in their lives are their a imals and their audience. They rarely leav Las Vegas and seem to have very little sens of the world beyond their reach. "You hav to give up a lot of freedom," says Roy durin a lunchtime interview at the rustic, thatched roof house at Little Bavaria, their estate o the edge of Las Vegas, where German march ing music is piped in over hidden speakers Beluga caviar and chocolate-dipped straw berries are served. "Yes, it is lonely at th top," he continues, "but my animals are suc that when I get home at night to the Jungl Palace it is a very peaceful surroundings. gives me sanity.... After a show it feels lik good sex, and I actually bask in the fan mail after I come home." Fan letters numbe 10,000 a month, some addressed simply "Sieg fried and Roy, Las Vegas." Hits on their Wel site, www.sarmoti.com, average 700,000 pe month. Siegfried and Roy are also deeply in grained in popular culture. On *The Simpsons* they are parodied as Ernst and Gunter. I Martin Scorsese's 1995 film, *Casino,* they wer portrayed as Jonathan and David. Yet whe I bring up these references to them in TV an movies, they seem to be unaware of them.

One thing that *has* reached them is prevalent (especially in Hollywood) rumo that Roy perished some years ago of AIDS an was replaced by a surgically modified brothe named Ray. Shirley MacLaine says she hear the rumor "so often from all my Vegas bud dies, and I had been away for some time, s it began to really worry me—especially whe one person said they'd gone to the funeral!"

The story is pure bunkum, according t Siegfried and Roy. "Do you think I would g through with a new one what I went through with *this* one?" asks Siegfried with a wave o a caviar spoon when I ask them about it. W are in the parlor of the Little Bavaria house A Duraflame log is burning in the fireplace

"You *met* my brother," Roy adds, "so you *know* who is my brother." (His older sibling Werner, is a groundskeeper at Little Bavaria Roy has one other brother, who is an entre preneur in Ireland.) "But that rumor I have

ard. I think it is because I am a very fast-
d-furious-moving person, and I have con-
ntly, like a chameleon, changed my images.
egfried, on the other hand, as long as I
ow him, hasn't changed his haircut or any-
ng else. I am adventurous. I try everything
ce in life. I think it is good to be versatile."

Many other presumed facts about Siegfried
d Roy also go unaddressed by them, simply
cause, according to MacLaine, "they are so
ermanically naïve. It's like they are living in
l Germany, where one would never do such
ings as ask about one's life! The way they
al with the perception of them as a couple
as much sleight of hand as their act.... I
ean, they used to be lovers a long time ago,
ah? In this day and age, who cares?"

Clearly the boys do. When I ask them if
ey are or were a couple, or if they had been
arried on board the *Bremen*—as a billionaire
ntertainment mogul swore to me they had
een—their reaction is one of shock. Siegfried
ts tense, muttering under his breath, "Oh,
y God." Roy says, "That's a new one! So,
guess the public is intrigued, huh?"

"Listen," says Siegfried, supporting his jaw
ith a fist. "When we were on the ship, at
at time, if you had just *mentioned* we had
ot married, they would have thrown us off
e ship, you know what I mean?" After a
ause, he adds, "What can I tell you? Many
eople say, 'Oh, Siegfried and Roy, this is al-
ost like a marriage, and the animals are the
ids.' ... Well, what Roy's private life was is
ot my business; what my private life was is
my business. You understand? Roy is his
wn man, and I am my own man. And Sieg-
ied and Roy, who are friends, respect each
ther and went there without being married."

Roy's response is softer, slightly New Age.
But we are married," he says. "We are mar-
ed to our profession. We are married to
hat we believe, and we are married to the
hole substance of our beings. I mean, I
ave a family—not only of humans, but of
nimals. I feel that I am part of a family in
any, many ways."

"So you go deeper and say what is going
n in my bedroom and in Roy's bedroom?"
ys Siegfried. "I don't care. I don't know. I
ll you this because this is me, and I wouldn't
k you what you do with *your* dick, either."

"But—" I start.

"Ifs and buts don't exist!" says Roy.

I continue. "Do you realize that Siegfried
nd Roy are perceived, if not as lovers, as
omosexual icons?"

This news seems to genuinely puzzle them.

"A *cult* figure? A cult?" asks Siegfried.

"Icons," I repeat.

"*Gay* icons? For these people? Well, I am
ery honored," says Siegfried, having ab-
rbed the information. "In my life I have a
t of friends who are gay, and I made a lot
f friends in show business, and I found out
at they are always interesting, intelligent, and good people, and fun to be with. They are very open-minded. They are not narrow-minded. If I am an icon to them, it is wonderful, because gay people are always very loyal.... And, you know, when you go back in history, there are great names in the arts and in every field, so be my guest."

Roy adds, "They are very generous! And I think it is a wonderful thing, because I care for everybody in the public. Everybody is an audience to me.... And I am flattered to think that people think that I am versatile. You don't have to define everything, and I don't want to disillusion people. Besides, I'm not a guy who kisses and tells."

It's dusk at Little Bavaria. Roy, Siegfried, Yuman, and I take a walk around the grounds, which are kept green by water pumped from an aquifer under the desert floor. The animals are being fed—white peacocks, a donkey, goats that were a gift from David Lee Roth. Several white tigers are lazing about near a man-made pond. Also on view are the white lions of Timbavati, which Siegfried and Roy have recently started to breed in a joint program with the Cincinnati Zoo, the institution from which Roy received his first white tigers more than 15 years ago. He says he hopes one day to return the tigers to their homeland in Nepal, but there are no firm plans to do that.

Questions about Siegfried and Roy's retirement have recently been raised in Las Vegas. Their current contract ends in 2002. I ask Steve Wynn what he would do if they chose to retire. "One of the things I dread the most is ever having to replace them," he says. "They've been on such a relentless schedule their entire lives, you can't be sure of what their attitude will be in 2002. These men are in such a groove with the work that I am not sure they have fully embraced the idea of stopping it. I'd support them in anything they do, because we are so close. I tried to get them to make a decision, and they couldn't. So I'll make a contingency plan until the last possible second, and then there will come a moment when the boys will really have to square off on that."

Siegfried and Roy will not reveal their future plans, but it is clear that their recently finished movie has them in a reflective mood—especially the scenes on the *Bremen,* in which they are played by young actors. "It is interesting," says Roy, "to look into the window of your past, looking into the window of today and actually looking into the window of tomorrow. That's what the movie does for us. It is the window of our lives."

"Now, for the first time in my life," adds Siegfried, "I came out of filming 18 hours a day on the set and I went home and said, 'Oh, my God.' I realized what I had done in these decades! It is not an accident that things happen. It is so poetic—you know, you cannot do it like the life story of Tina Turner. It is Imax 3-D."

Bret Leonard, the director of *Siegfried & Roy and the Magic Box,* says the movie is meant to be "a sort of poetic, spiritual journey," not "simply a 'concert' movie about some big Vegas extravaganza.

"What is wonderful is that Siegfried and Roy have a simple, poetic story to tell," Leonard continues. "It's really an adventure story about two kids coming from different parts of Germany, one having a dream of magic, the other having a dream of animals, and, through destiny, being brought together. So, in a sense, we are telling this epic poem of their lives, which, because of the animals and the illusions, is very appropriate for the largest pictures you can have on the planet, eight-story-tall Imax 3-D."

Siegfried & Roy and the Magic Box is plainly an attempt by live performers to preserve the fleeting magic of the stage. Yet many of their admirers haven't a doubt that Siegfried and Roy will live on. "I think they will be a mythos—mythological figures," says their great fan 97-year-old German filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl, most famous for her documentary *Triumph of the Will,* on the phone from Munich. "Siegfried and Roy are wonderful artists—not only with their magic, but they make so many people happy! And their love and friendship with the white tigers and white lions is wonderful. And I love the combination of ideas: old stories, mystery, the charm, the fantasy, the enormous physical difficulty. I can't believe what they do with their bodies. I really must say, I think that they will be legends remembered forever into the future!"

Siegfried, Roy, and Werner all stand at the Little Bavaria gates to say SARMOTI to Yuman and me as we climb into the manager's blue Corvette. The two wooden doors on the compound's grand entrance are carved with elaborate cruciforms, each with a big red heart at its center. Tonight, a night off, Siegfried and Roy plan to inspect the new Mandalay Bay hotel and casino on the Strip. "We like to see how Sin City has grown up!" says Roy. When they venture out in public, they generally go incognito, covering up with large cowboy hats and dark glasses. "But everyone knows anyway," says Roy.

As we speed toward Vegas on the highway, Yuman makes an attempt to put a final spin on the day's proceedings, ticking off some points he'd like to see included in a Siegfried-and-Roy profile. He stresses one point above all: "Sincerely and respectfully, please, I am pleading with you for your word that you will not call Siegfried and Roy animal trainers. Whatever you do. Please. Say that Roy is a tiger from another life, because that's a fact. And I'd call Siegfried a magical force, deep in the depths of his soul, because that is a fact. But what I call them *both,*" says the manager, "is well versed in the art of entertainment."

Edward Norton

[illegible] that kind of [illegible] to the work unless you've [illegible]

Adds Deborah Aquila, who "discovered" Norton when she was casting *Primal Fear,* "If you're having a cup of coffee with him, he's very clear, lucid, he's intellectual. What he does do well is tap into those primal emotions. [Maybe] he goes there intellectually and imagines the kind of rage that a character like that would feel and then lets it happen. I don't think that he walks around with that in his heart." Aquila recalls Norton reading a scene for *Primal Fear* in which his character attacked Richard Gere's. "I didn't know Edward at the time, and I got a little concerned because when I gazed into his eyes there was no sign of Edward. I thought, O.K., we may make it out of this room, and we may not."

Norton doesn't like the idea that he may have a dark side, or that his films suggest so: "I think it's always dangerous, with any artist, to try to draw too many literal connections between the life and the work. On a purely personal level, one of the really great thrills of acting is that it lets you be an experiential dilettante. You can pursue an enormous diversity of people, lifestyles, worlds of experience, all without the consequence of actually making those choices in life. It's like having a secret key that lets you into any door."

Edward Norton was born in Boston and grew up in Columbia, Maryland, a planned community designed by his late grandfather, James Rouse, who has the dubious distinction of having invented the shopping mall, but would probably have liked to be remembered for revitalizing inner cities with projects like Baltimore's Harbor Place. Although it may sound like *The Truman Show*'s Seahaven, Columbia actually fostered a salutary mix of incomes and cultures, and convinced Norton of the virtues of pluralism. His mother, Robin, taught high school, then worked for a civic trust. His father, Ed, was a federal prosecutor during the Jimmy Carter administration and later became something of an environmental activist.

The oldest of three children, Norton has been acting since he was five. The lightbulb went on when his baby-sitter, who later played Cosette in *Les Misérables* on Broadway, took him to see a musical version of *Cinderella* at the local drama school. He was overcome with the urge to play one of Cinderella's mice, and rushed down to the school to take acting lessons, hoping to be cast before the production ended. He was not, but it was his first "I want to do that" moment, and he acted throughout grade school. In high school, however, acting wasn't considered "cool." Recalls Norton, "I stopped doing plays and stopped taking acting classes, even though I really loved it." One day when he was 16, his teacher took the class to see a one-man show by Ian McKellen called *Acting Shakespeare* in nearby Washington, D.C. "That was the first thing I saw that really just crushed me on an adult level," he continues. "It blew my mind. I remember riding on the school bus back. I sort of sat by myself, away from my friends, and I was thinking, You have to reconsider this whole thing. You have to take this very, very seriously because what [McKellen] was doing was a serious thing you could do for life. And so I started taking acting classes again and I did a lot of it in college."

College was Yale, where he intended to major in astronomy, but switched to history instead when he couldn't hack the physics. He learned Japanese and spent one summer in Osaka working for a real-estate development company. And throughout his time in New Haven he took as many theater courses as he could, doing Chekhov and the like. He graduated in May 1991 and moved to New York.

Then as now, Norton regarded himself as a character actor. "You can't underestimate what people like Dustin Hoffman and Robert De Niro did," he explains. "Coming out of the late 60s, they asserted that you could be something other than the traditional Tab Hunter leading guy, and you could carry a film, you could be a lead actor as a character actor. I'm the direct beneficiary of the ground those guys broke."

Through the early 90s, Norton was living an actor's life, shuffling odd jobs around his life in the theater, waiting tables, temping, proofreading at a court-reporting service. He even tried to get a hack license, but he was too young. He came within a hairsbreadth of being cast in movies such as *With Honors, Hackers, Sabrina,* and *Up Close and Personal.* "It's very frustrating," he says, "because it's like you walk up to a line and you can see over on the other side how your life is gonna change and get a lot more exciting if you can make that last step, and then you don't, and you have to go back to your grind temping or waiting or whatever. And hustling."

Once, he went to audition for the New York Shakespeare Festival, where he read for Georgianne Walken, the casting-director wife of Christopher Walken. By that time in his life Norton had played so much Shakespeare he could have done it in his sleep. But, as he recalls it, she sat him down and said, "Well, if you don't mind my saying so, I think you might want to consider doing something else other than acting."

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm just saying this to you because I think it's important for you to hear it. I'm not sure this is the best choice for you." He says now, "Those moments can be very important, because if they make you doubt yourself, you oughta get out. But if you walk out pissed off and convinced that they're wrong, then you're probably in the right business. I walked out pissed off, thinking she was an idiot, and I was going to show her."

Norton's first break was being cast in *Primal Fear.* The role of the cunning killer who concocts a sweet, Kentucky-choirboy doppelgänger was a career-maker, one that every young actor on both coasts was dying to get. It was slated for Leonardo DiCaprio, who eventually backed out. (Recalls Hoblit, the director, "The last time I talked to him he was in Africa in a tent on some sort of radiophone bouncing off a satellite. It was clear he was just not in a frame of mind to go to work.")

Searching for a replacement, the filmmakers threw out a net that drew in 2,100 actors from L.A. to London, South Texas to Canada, all to no avail. "We'd have some wonderful actors," continues Hoblit, "Matt Damon being one of them, who could just nail one of the character's two sides but couldn't get the other one. They'd get the good guy but not the bad guy or they'd get the bad guy but not the good guy." The actors were also having trouble handling the shift between the two personalities, which in the script was broadly written, calling for lots of eye spinning, muscle twitching, and vein throbbing in a manner reminiscent of Linda Blair's possession in *The Exorcist.* "I was prepared emotionally not to do the movie if I couldn't find the right person for the role," Hoblit says. Indeed, he was close to giving up when he got a call from Deborah Aquila, Paramount's senior vice president of features casting. She had stumbled onto Norton at an open casting call in New York City. His performance had been so authentic he had her convinced he actually came from Kentucky.

Norton recalls that before the audition formally began "she said something to me, and I just kind of answered her [in character]. And then when I left, she said some very nice things to me, and I just kind of stayed with the whole thing. I don't think I lied. But I think I said I had family from eastern Kentucky. Maybe I augmented a little bit."

Hoblit flew in from L.A. to see the handful of actors Aquila thought had promise. He remembers: "It was one of those pennies-from-heaven kind of things. When Edward came in, it was an electrifying moment. It was the first time that I sort of sat forward in my chair and went, 'Oh.' He was making the shifts [between the character's two personalities] beautifully, through a subtle facial change, a subtle yet clear shift in intonation. Edward just nailed it, and I knew he was the one."

Unfortunately, the studio was not enthusiastic about trusting a total unknown with such a key role. Aquila says she had "tread marks" on her back from trying to get Paramount to take a chance with him. The filmmakers even

lly flew Norton to L.A. to shoot tests. On plane, he thought to himself, "O.K., this he trip Dustin made to test for *The Grad-e*. It's like he was not a traditional leading n, and neither am I. He was a character or, and so am I. He did it, I can do it."

In the end, Norton's screen test for *Primal ar* not only got him that part but also cir-ated around town, and within a few weeks was reading for Woody Allen's *Everyone ys I Love You* and Miloš Forman's *The ople vs. Larry Flynt.*

The miracle of Norton's performances is it when he talks about acting he gives the pression of being a totally cerebral actor, e who thinks himself into a role; on-screen, wever, he is entirely intuitive and sponta-ous. According to Forman, "Edward's great vantage is that he combines instinct with ellectual analysis. And if he keeps it in per-t balance, instinct and intellect, that's the eatest result you can get from an actor. The ly problem [with Edward], which some-nes is very annoying, but which I gladly lerate, is that he's a perfectionist. I am also perfectionist, and on the film set there is no y to accommodate two perfectionists."

Matt Damon, who found that performing posite Norton in *Rounders* raised the level his own game, seconds Forman's analysis: dward's definitely a perfectionist. He will t stop because he's tired, he won't stop be-use everyone else says it's time to stop. here was one scene [in *Rounders*] where our aracters get in a huge argument out of ors, after these cops beat us up. That was long night, and it was pretty cold. We did dward's scenes, then we did mine, and Ed-ard found something for his own perfor-ance in my stuff, so he asked to set up a ot and go back to his scenes. It's tough to y that out loud at four in the morning to 0 cold people—'We're gonna stay another ur and do this again'—but he stuck to it. e really felt like it was important."

Norton's part in *American History X* led to the first high-profile controversy of his w-profile career. He and British director Tony aye were not a match made in heaven. While rton is intensely private and cerebral, hype d histrionics are the sea in which Kaye swims. conceptual artist as well as a filmmaker, he a practitioner of what he calls "hype-art," d coming out of the world of British televi-n commercials, he puts a premium on fast ce, image, and cutting. Kaye didn't get Nor-n; he was searching for a Marlon Brando pe, a more natural-born skinhead, but agreed cast Norton under pressure from the pro-cers and New Line Cinema, the company at financed the film. As later events proved, aye never did reconcile himself to Norton.

Just before the shooting started, in March 1997, Norton's mother died of brain cancer the age of 54, shortly after the deaths of two of his grandparents. Says Drew Barrymore, "The most important person in his life was his mom. It was a very hard year for him." Adds John Morrissey, one of the producers of *American History X,* "I thought this was going to have a profound effect on him in this movie, and I think it did. A lot of the rage in him had to do with his rage about losing something that dear to him." Aside from Norton's grief, however, the production itself was fairly uneventful, and ended in May.

But what happened next was anything but smooth. Kaye had shot a lot of film, and it took a long time to edit, more than a year. (Most films take several months.) He did a few cuts, each one progressively shorter. "The first cut that I saw was about 90 minutes," says David McKenna, the film's writer. "It was so cut down none of the scenes were allowed to play out, and the characters were shallow. He literally destroyed the movie. It was a commercial."

New Line wasn't happy, Morrissey wasn't happy, McKenna wasn't happy, and Norton wasn't happy. "Edward and I were irate," McKenna recalls. "I wasn't in a position with the studio to put the movie back together, but I knew Edward had enough power to fix the movie. So after Tony spent 15 months on the damn thing, we finally just kind of said, 'Get Edward's ass in there and have him do a cut.'"

For a while, it was all very amicable. While Norton was in the editing room working with an editor of his own, Kaye continued to noodle his version next door. But eventually Kaye insisted Norton go. Recalls Morrissey, "Edward at this point became very, very nervous because he was being depicted very publicly as having taken this film away from Tony. He felt that that wasn't true, and I have to agree with him. That isn't what happened."

Eventually, the actor put as much distance between himself and the *American History X* situation as he could, going off to do *Rounders* in December 1997. Meanwhile, after months of increasingly desperate behavior on Kaye's part, New Line finally pulled the plug on the director, made some tweaks of its own—on a combination of the two versions—and went forward with plans to release the film. Kaye began taking full-page ads in the trade papers (dozens each in *Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*), attacking various people connected with the movie.

By most accounts, however, the final cut was not all that different from Kaye's. "That movie is not anybody else's movie," says Norton. "That movie is Tony Kaye's movie all the way."

(Replies Kaye, whose wounds have obviously not healed, "How does he have the audacity to tell you it was my film? . . . He's an East Coast privileged young man whose grandfather invented the ice-cream cone, or whatever it bloody well was, which is why he's on the cover of *Vanity Fair,* or *Vanity 'Unfair,'* a little quicker than me. I was going to take Hollywood by storm, and I would have, but for that buffoon.")

For Norton, *Rounders* was a pleasure from beginning to end. Directed by John Dahl, the film is a drama in which Damon plays a proto-yuppie law student with a jones for poker, and Norton is Worm, his ex-con pal, a scummy, self-destructive, inveterate card cheat—a relationship somewhat reminiscent of the one between Harvey Keitel and Robert De Niro in Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets.*

"I remember John calling me up, he was really excited, and he said Edward Norton might be interested in it," recalls Damon, checking in from the South Texas set of *All the Pretty Horses* (the film version of Cormac McCarthy's best-selling novel, a revisionist Western). "That was the end of that conversation. I first saw him in *Primal Fear.* He beat me out for that part, a part I really wanted. When he did that, the talk among young unemployed actors in Hollywood was: Who's this guy that nobody's ever heard of? So he was kind of on everybody's radar. Then *The Rainmaker* came around, he and I were both up for that, and we met in Memphis, because we screen-tested on the same day." When he ran into Norton, Damon thought it was all over. He continues: "Not only had he beat me out when we were both unknown, but then he was known, and I thought, I'm screwed, I don't have a chance." This time, it was Damon's turn, but it was the beginning of a friendship. "I told him what I thought of him, [that] he was pretty much the man among the young up-and-comers. I was the first one to meet him—we got along really well."

As someone who holds his cards close to the chest—"He is a subplot person," observes Barrymore; "there are other things going on than just what he gives out"—Norton is constitutionally well suited to poker. It was a game he hadn't much played, but he and Damon quickly got good enough to take on Harvey Weinstein, and his brother, Bob, who were financing *Rounders.* "Harvey and Bob fancy themselves big-time poker players, so we challenged them to put together a game," recalls Norton. "Matt and I definitely chopped 'em up."

Rounder writers David Levien and Brian Koppleman were also at the table. "Edward was almost impossible to read," recalls Koppleman. "You couldn't tell when he had a good hand or when he didn't. He just sucked those guys in, made them underestimate him. One time Bob had a decent hand, said something like 'Whaddya hiding under there?' Edward said, 'What do you think I have, Bob? Like, I got two kings?' And he actually did have two kings, but he said it in such a way that Bob didn't believe him, so Bob bet into him, and lost. Edward used the truth as a weapon." As Harvey Weinstein re-

Edward Norton

[illegible] those bastards won. Norton, I [illegible] $1,300, and Matt won $800 or $900, that's Edward—he's a total Method actor. You give him two months and he becomes an expert in whatever. He wiped us out." Norton guesses the Weinsteins will probably figure out a way to get it back. As he puts it, "Nobody wins money off Miramax."

Tony Kaye was still in the editing room with *American History X* when Norton finished *Rounders* and started *Fight Club.* Despite its bizarre premise and lurid content, Fox 2000 head Laura Ziskin had bought the novel for $10,000. "I didn't know how to make a movie out of it," she says. "But I thought *someone* might." That someone proved to be Fincher, no stranger to the outré.

Fincher hired Norton off his performance in *The People vs. Larry Flynt,* the only one of the actor's films he'd seen. Recalls Fincher, "I said, 'That's the guy, Edward Norton.' Then I saw him do the dance in the Woody Allen movie and I thought, This guy's pretty fearless. I don't know who else could play this role. I don't believe Matt Damon in this role, I don't believe Ben Affleck in this role, I don't believe Giovanni Ribisi in this role. Edward's ultimately kind of a great blank slate. His opacity is part of the thing that makes him a terrific Everyman."

Norton says he sees *Fight Club* as a Gen X call to arms. "There were things in *Fight Club* that I hadn't heard said and that I really believe," he says. "There's a speech that's straight out of the book where Brad says, 'I see some of the smartest people of my generation working as gas-station attendants, and clerks, or slaves with white collars, working in jobs we hate to earn money to buy shit that we don't need.' Those are sentiments that I feel. This script was the first thing that was like a fist angrily slamming on the table and saying, We're sick of this."

As Helena Bonham Carter noted, Norton's talk just flows. Says Norton, "There's a part in the film that we wrote—it's not in the book—where Brad and I sort of have a conversation, in which he says, 'Do you know what a duvet is?' And I say, 'Yeah, it's a comforter.' And he says, 'No, it's a blanket.' And then he says, 'But why do two young men, our age, right now, know what the word duvet means? Is that essential for our survival in the hunter-gatherer sense of the word?' And I say, 'Because we're consumers?' And he says, 'Yeah, what terrifies me is that war and poverty and crime don't actually affect my life, don't actually scare me all that much even though I hear about them all the time. What actually makes me stressed on a day-to-day level is all these things that I get told I need, like an upgrade to 500 channels, an upgrade to a faster microprocessor. Hair-replacement products. Designer underwear.'" (Pitt and Norton needn't have worried about their familiarity with duvets, which are quilts filled with down. Hunting and gathering lives.)

Though Fox executives had read the script, the finished film was something of a shock. When the lights went up after Fincher and producer Art Linson first screened the film, the executives were ashen, looking like they had just witnessed a fatal car wreck in slow motion. But the following day each one called Fincher to congratulate him. Studio head Bill Mechanic told him, "This is one of the best movies ever made at Twentieth Century Fox."

For an actor less determined than Norton, directing a film after appearing in only a handful might seem alarming. But rest assured he'll storyboard every shot, scout every location, and block every scene in his head before he even comes near the set of *Keeping the Faith.*

"The thing about directing, it's 90 percent casting, so you figure you get that out of the way, it's a matter of getting out of bed," says Damon, laughing. "Edward's gonna be a great actors' director. I'd work with him in a minute."

Norton has trained himself for this moment from the time he did *Primal Fear,* and probably earlier, with the shorts he directed as a kid. "I'm not a go-back-to-the-trailer kind of person," he says. "And I've been really, really fortunate in that I couldn't have had a better series of directors to tutor me." Stuart Blumberg, who has been close to Norton since their days together at Yale, wrote the original script for *Keeping the Faith,* his first; over the years the two friends revised it together. "At a certain point you feel like it's yours to tell," Norton continues, "and you don't really want to turn it over to someone else. I just decided I'd give directing it a crack."

Keeping the Faith is a story about the proverbial love triangle, two guys and a girl except that the guys are a New York City priest (Norton) and a rabbi (Stiller), although the girl (Elfman) is still just the girl. "The film interested me because it's about what it means to be young, modern, and human in a multicultural place like New York City," Norton explains. "All my friends who are Jewish have this tension that they feel between being the children of the civil-rights generation and the ultimate flowering of everything that they worked for in those days—'I'm dating a girl who is half-Japanese or black'—when, on another level, they're getting this pressure from exactly the opposite direction, to maintain the traditions of their culture, to honor them on some level."

It may sound like a tall order to shoehorn these preoccupations into a genre formula—even one as limber as romantic comedy, but it works, at least on paper. "I've tried to do something pretty different almost every time," Norton continues. "That keeps me interested. And if I'm a little bit nervous, that's a good sign. Warren Beatty once said to me, 'If you're going to direct a movie, just do it before you think you're ready. Don't wait for the perfect opportunity, because the first time, you got to just do it.' It's inevitably a bungee jump. On a certain date, we're starting, come hell or high water. Whatever gets done between now and then will get done. Whatever doesn't, doesn't." Norton adds a verbal shrug: "It's only a movie." As if he could possibly believe that.

Stanley Kubrick

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150 *Full Metal Jacket.* I wasn't the cameraman or the art director or even a grip, or, thank God, an actor. I was only even on the location two or three times, so maybe I wasn't properly enslaved at all. I may have rewritten a few scenes 20 or 30 times—I would have done that anyway—but I never had to go through the number of takes Stanley would require. It was everything anyone ever said it was and more, and worse, whatever it took to "get it right," as he always called it. What he meant by that I couldn't say, nor could hundreds of people who have worked for him, but none of us doubted that he knew what he meant.

After seeing *Paths of Glory,* I remember walking out on the street and thinking that I'd never seen anybody shot and killed in a movie before. I was 17, I'd seen a few (thousand) movies, and I soon realized that I'd been seeing it all my life: cowboys shooting Indians, Indians shooting cavalry, cops shooting robbers, good guys shooting bad guys, weak guys shooting strong guys, Japanese and Germans and Americans shooting one another—it was a staple of the cinema. This was the first time I'd seen it done in this way, as calculated and pitiless as a firing squad itself, no possibility to dissociate, no way to look someplace else. Stanley had apparently wanted a last-minute reprieve for the condemned soldiers, a happy ending, because it was more commercial, and he wanted to make money. Now, 2[illegible] years later, he wanted Joker, the teenage hero of *The Short-Timers* and of his still-untitled movie, to die. (He also wanted a Joker voice-over.) I didn't think so. "It's the Death of the Hero," he said. "It'll be so powerful, so moving." And he was genuinely moved by it. "We've seen it in *Homer,* Michael."

I'd arrived for work in the late afternoon

eady for some serious brainstorming, Mi-
tel? You want a drink first?" I reflexively
cked my watch. "How come all you heavy
nkers always look at your watches when
nebody offers you a drink?"

Jim Thompson, the toughest pulp novel-
of them all, had made him nervous when
y were working together on *The Killing,* a
; guy in a dirty old raincoat, a terrific
iter but a little too hard-boiled for Stan-
's taste. He'd turn up for work carrying a
ttle in a brown paper bag, but saying
thing about it—it was just there on the
sk with no apology or comment—not at
interested in putting Stanley at ease ex-
ot to offer him the bag, which Stanley de-
ned, and making no gestures whatever to
y part of the Hollywood process, except
aybe toward the money.

We were working that afternoon in the
ar Room, a large space on the ground floor,
hich would have been airy if it hadn't been
ammed with computers and filing cabi-
ts, long trestle tables littered with sketches,
ans, contracts, hundreds of photographs
weapons, streets, pagodas, prostitutes,
rines, signs. (He'd taken three months, an
tire summer, to go through his *Full Metal*
cket contract with Warners, crawling up
nderneath the boilerplating to make sure
ere were no hidden viruses, checking the
oteric meanings of "force majeure," calling
s lawyer, Louis Blau, in L.A. every hour,
cause Stanley hated surprises.) There were
o sets of French doors opening onto the
rden, part of which was fenced off to
ake sure that none of the dogs got to any
the cats. He kept the cats in this section
the house and fed them himself. While
talked he cleaned their litter boxes.

The American language of the Vietnam
ar gave him tremendous pleasure. "Mi-
ael, I need this scene finished most ricky-
k" (a variation on "I don't want it good,
want it Tuesday"), or "Michael, these
ges you sent me today are Number Ten.
aughing.] In fact, I think they may even be
umber *Twelve*." One scene, where a bunch
Marines sit around in the evening eating
rations and talking (titled "C Rats with
ndre" on the scene-by-scene file cards he
pt), wasn't only too long but too talky, bor-
g, and a little sentimental. "Shouldn't there
some guy playing a *harmonica* in the
ck?" he said. One day we took a few of
anley's guns over to a local gun club and
ed at their range. It surprised him that
meone who'd spent so much time in a war
uld be such a lousy shot. "Gee, Michael,
n beginning to wonder if you've got what it
kes to carry a rifle in my beloved Corps."

The walls of his workrooms were one
ntinuous shooting board—lists and sched-
es, names, dates, equipment, locations;
cept for one crowded wall, which seemed
be devoted to Stanley's investments.

He liked the way my pages looked: open spacing, agreeable format, good *font,* big enough for easy reading but never obtrusive. He was very happy with the dialogue. But he wanted the scenes shorter. "Tell me, Michael, did you ever see a movie that had too many good short scenes?"—a funny question from a director who loved long takes and long scenes, who was, in Anthony Lane's opinion, "alarmingly insolent toward the demands of chronology," which wasn't meant as a compliment but should be, and referred perhaps to the leap across three million years in a single jump cut in *2001,* or the languorous protractions of 18th-century discourse held in rooms lit by candles in *Barry Lyndon,* every one of his films making its powerful assertion that pace is story as surely as character is destiny. He'd watched *The Godfather* again the night before and was reluctantly suggesting for the 10th time that it was possibly the greatest movie ever made, and certainly the best-cast.

"Your buddy Francis really hit the nail on the head with that one.... [Because Francis was another director, and a friend of mine, Stanley affected to regard him through a long lens.] It was certainly better than *One from the Heart.*"

"I loved *One from the Heart,*" I said.

"Boy, Michael, you're so *loyal*.... Anyway, what were we talking about?"

"Computers."

It drove him nuts that I didn't use one. This was 1983, pre-laptop. There were five computers in this room alone, all running, and he'd move from station to station to feed and manipulate data while we talked.

"Michael, listen to me: it's only a very limited, *arbitrary,* and simple series of commands that you just don't know yet. I mean, how hard can it be? The *police* use them."

"I know, Stanley, but—"

"Michael I'm telling you, *blah blah blah,*" and "Michael I swear to God *blah blah blah*.... At least for *screenplays* [a lesser form] you're crazy not to use them."

He gave a demonstration to soften my Luddite heart and show me that I was only making more work for myself by resisting. He went to the computer that he was using to write the script. He typed, marked, cut, pasted, while I faked interest. When he was finished with the routine, Christiane phoned to say that dinner was ready. As we left, I reminded him that he hadn't turned the computers off.

"They like to be left on," he said ironically, factually, tenderly.

I sometimes thought that he was ruled by his aversions; chief among them—worse than waste, haste, carelessness to details, hugging, and even germs—was bullshit in all its proliferating manifestations, subtle and gross, from the flabby political face telling lies on TV to the most private, much more devastating lies we tell ourselves. Culture lies were especially revolting. Hypocrisy was not some petty human foible, it was the corrupted essence of our predicament, which for Stanley was purely an existential predicament. In terms of narrative, since movies are stories, the most contemptible lie was sentimentality, and the most disgusting lie was sanctimoniousness.

Once a year he'd get the latest issue of *Maledicta,* a journal of scatological invective and insult, unashamedly incorrect, willfully scurrilous, and pretty funny, and read me the highlights.

"Hey Michael, what's the American Dream?"

"I give."

"Ten million blacks swimming to Africa, with a Jew under each arm."

To which he added, "Don't worry, Michael. They don't mean us."

Since everybody talks about Stanley Kubrick's Eye, I'd like to say a word about his Ear: I've been reading lately about his "suspicion of language," in books and critical pieces, and in the often strangely rancorous tributes that followed his death, and yet it's always seemed obvious to me that language was one of the most striking things about his films. Whether cunningly, crushingly banal (a couple of "normal guys [getting] together to talk about world events in a normal sort of way," as Quilty incognito tells Humbert agonistes in *Lolita*) or in manic bursts of frantic satire (inspired and encouraged, maybe childishly egged on, by Terry Southern and Peter Sellers in *Dr. Strangelove*), or starkly obscene, utterly cruel, sparing nobody's sensibilities, from yarblocko nadsat in *A Clockwork Orange* to the elaborate yet brutal locutions of the 18th century in *Barry Lyndon* to the vicious comedy of *Full Metal Jacket,* he was highly sensitive to literary *mise en scène,* completely susceptible to it. He wasn't merely unsuspicious of language, he was a believer, he had faith in it. Without it, dialogue was just talk.

Once he became his own man, he was drawn to his projects as much by the writing of the source material as by anything else. Story was at least as alive in the voice as it was in the plot; I know this is true of *Lolita, A Clockwork Orange, Barry Lyndon,* and *Full Metal Jacket* (and if it didn't already exist in Stephen King, Stanley and Diane Johnson brilliantly invented it for *The Shining*), and although I haven't seen it, I'm sure that *Eyes Wide Shut* will contain the reflected, refracted, *written* essence of Arthur Schnitzler's "Dream Novel," no matter what Stanley did to the "story," after leaving it to season for nearly 30 years in his mind. He was always looking for the vi-

Stanley Kubrick

[illegible] or what he'd first respond- [illegible] he read the book, and in that [illegible] some real respect to it.

Stanley didn't live in England because he disliked America. God knows, it's all he ever talked about. It was always on his mind, and in his blood. I'm not sure he even really knew he wasn't living in America all along, although he hadn't been there since 1968. In the days before satellite TV, he'd had relatives and friends send him tapes of American television—N.F.L. games, the Johnny Carson show, news broadcasts, and commercials, which he thought were, in their way, the most interesting films being made. (He'd tape his favorite commercials and recut them, just for the monkish exercise.) He was crazy about *The Simpsons* and *Seinfeld,* and he loved *Roseanne,* because it was funny and, he believed, the most authentic view of the country you could get without actually living there. "Gee, Stanley, you're a real man of the people," I said, but in his way he was. He was fiercely unpretentious. He was exclusive, he had to be, but he wasn't a snob. It wasn't America he couldn't take. It was L.A.

He was walking into a Hollywood restaurant one night in 1955 as James Dean came out, stepped into the Porsche Spyder that had just been brought around by the parking valet, and drove off. Stanley remarked at the time how fast he was going.

He lived in Hollywood for three or four years and made two movies, *The Killing,* which got him a lot of attention, and *Paths of Glory,* which got him a lot of respect. He and his partner, James B. Harris, formed a small company. He went to a thousand meetings with Harris, *tummled* and *hondled,* read and wrote scripts, watched the big changes as star power, in the form of independent production companies, started breaking down the old studios, and wished all the time that he was in New York.

Harris told me that when they were making *Paths of Glory* Stanley came to him with a new final scene, something to follow the execution of the three soldiers and make the ending less grim. A young German girl has been captured by the French, and they force her to sing for them in a tavern. They intend to humiliate her, but when she sings, her innocence and the suffering that they've all been through move them to tears of shame and humanity.

Stanley had just met a young German actress, Susanne Christian, and was going out with her. "She was his girlfriend," Harris said. "He was really crazy about her, and he came to me with this scene he'd just written, and I said, 'Stanley, you can't just do this scene so your girlfriend can be in the movie.'" But Stanley had his way, and gave the film an unforgettable ending. The actress was incredible. Then she and Stanley got married, and the marriage lasted 40 years. Harris laughed. "Boy, was I wrong."

Stanley could hardly fail to notice that very few directors had anything close to autonomy on their pictures. He said the way the studios were run in the 50s made him think of Clemenceau's remark about the Allies winning World War I because our generals were marginally less stupid than their generals. He was determined to find some way to succeed there, because he didn't know where else he could make movies. His ambition was spectacular; he had talent and confidence, a steely brain and huge brass balls. He saw clearly that on every picture someone had to be in charge, and figured that it might as well be him.

He told me that he owed it all to Kirk Douglas. Douglas once called Stanley "a talented shit," and this may be one of the nicer things he said about him. He'd starred in *Paths of Glory,* and even though he'd done himself a lot of good by it, I imagine that he felt Stanley owed him, and would be grateful and pliant when he hired him to replace Anthony Mann after three weeks of shooting on *Spartacus.* The script had been written by Dalton Trumbo, who was still blacklisted in 1958, and when the producers agonized over whether they dared give him the writing credit or not, Stanley suggested that they solve the problem by giving the credit to *him.* (Douglas says that Stanley never wrote one word of that script, but I doubt this. Laurence Olivier's Crassus is the most complex character ever to appear in an epic-genre film, almost Shakespearean, and I'm sure Stanley wrote and otherwise informed a lot of those scenes. I don't think he wrote lines like "Get up, Spartacus, you Thracian dog.") Kirk Douglas (and this is rich) was offended by Stanley's chutzpah.

But specifically, conclusively, it was Kirk on horseback and Stanley on foot, just about to shoot a scene and having yet another of their violent disagreements. Kirk rode his white freedom-fighter stallion into Stanley to make his point, which was that he was the star *and* the producer, turning his horse's flank against Stanley, pushing him back farther and farther to drive it home again, then riding away, leaving Stanley standing in the dust, furious and humiliated, as one of the wise guys on the crew walks by and says, "Remember, Stanley: The play's the thing."

The only other two places he knew of to make movies in were New York and London, and New York was too hard, and too expensive. That's how he became English Stanley, and why he made all his movi[illegible] there, most of them within an hour's dri[illegible] from his house. The English work eth[illegible] drove him nuts. The crew would call hi[illegible] "Squire" on the set, and he got so piss[illegible] off at their endless tea breaks that he wa[illegible] ed to film them surreptitiously when he w[illegible] shooting *Lolita* there in 1961. He said, "E[illegible] gland's a place where it's much more dif[illegible] cult to *buy* something than to *sell* som[illegible] thing." He once asked me if I'd mind mo[illegible] ing with my family to Vancouver for a ye[illegible] to check it out for him, and he heard Sy[illegible] ney was a great place, maybe I could t[illegible] that out for him too, but he liked Englan[illegible] it suited his family and it suited him, livi[illegible] and working and making telephone calls [illegible] his great house, his multi-gated manor, h[illegible] estate, his *park.* And anyway, if he'd liv[illegible] in America, it would have been in such[illegible] house, used the same way, as a studio, [illegible] citadel, a monastery, a controlled Stanl[illegible] Kubrick environment, so what differen[illegible] did it make which country it was in?

IV

Gentiles don't know how to worry.

—Stanley Kubric[illegible]

I don't want to give the impression that didn't get extremely irritated, that I nev[illegible] thought he was a cheap prick, or that h[illegible] lack of trust wasn't sometimes obstructiv[illegible] and less than wholesome, that his demand[illegible] and requirements weren't just *too muc[illegible]* Nothing got between the dog and his mea[illegible] somewhere it was that basic—I only ju[illegible] hesitate to say primitive. It was definite[illegible] unobstructed; you'd have to be Herma[illegible] Melville to transmit the full strength [illegible] Stanley's will—My Way or the Highway—y[illegible] he rarely raised his voice. It was hard t[illegible] know whether he was just supernatural[illegible] focused or utterly fixated. "What is it the[illegible] say, Michael—if something can go wrong[illegible] it will?" Vigilance wasn't enough, pre[illegible] emption was the only way to go. Don[illegible] think just because you've known a few co[illegible] trol freaks in your time that you can ima[illegible] ine what Stanley Kubrick was like.

Tony Frewin and Leon Vitali, who'd bee[illegible] working as Stanley's assistants for years[illegible] said there was a staff joke about the on[illegible] phrase you would never hear at Childwic[illegible] Bury, and a week after Stanley's deat[illegible] someone actually said it to them. It went[illegible] "Use your own judgment, and don't bothe[illegible] me with the details." His concerns ran fro[illegible] the ethereal-aesthetic through the technica[illegible] to the crudely logistical, no detail too pro[illegible] saic, all the way down to stationery and pa[illegible] per clips.

We know that even though he had a p[illegible] lot's license he'd stopped flying almost 4[illegible] years ago, allegedly after monitoring the ai[illegible]

tanley Kubrick

ffic controllers at La Guardia Airport. I ed to kid him about oversubscribing to germ theory, and he'd go on various alth kicks as long as they didn't require y effort, like an aspirin a day, and vita- n C in the form of Redoxon, an English zy tablet in various flavors, "very pleasant- sting," upgraded to "delicious," then in- king scientific opinion—"I mean, Michael, s *Linus Pauling.* He certainly ought to ow what he's talking about"—figuring, yway, "at the worst, you're only wasting ur money."

He had more compartments in his head an anyone else I have ever known, and he uld open or close them selectively to the ople he was working with, or to each of s friends; the one with the money in it, e one where he kept all his toys, the one here he kept his most personal things, like s hopes and his fears, that sort of thing, id whatever he loved most besides work, s family and friends, his dogs and cats. nd however adroitly he manipulated the ors to those compartments—now open, w closed—essentially Stanley was a very en guy. Still, none of those compart- ents ever sprang open accidentally.

Beyond those compartments, and govern- g them, was a capability to take his intelli- nce up or down as circumstances required, ithout ever being either obscure or patron- ing, a rather beautiful quality of mind.

I once told Stanley William Burroughs's ne "A paranoid-schizophrenic is a guy ho just found out what's going on," and e took it to his heart. "Wait a minute, ait a minute. I've gotta write that down." e put it into wide release, telling it to eryone he knew, and I think it was most- because he was so pleased to find him- lf of one mind with someone he admired much as Burroughs. "What is it they y, Michael: What one has thought so of- n, but never said so well?"

Stanley would have said it was cash, but I think the most perishable element in e making of a movie is reverence. On ost pictures it rarely survives the first day shooting, but in Stanley's case it had a e of its own. You can follow its career er the course of a series of interviews, sually but not always with actors, normal- spanning a couple of years: They're so onored to be working with Stanley, they'd o anything in the world to work with anley, such a privilege they'd work ith Stanley for free. And then they work ith Stanley and go through hells that noth- g in their careers could have prepared em for; they think they must have been ad to get involved, they think that they'd die before they would ever work with him again, that fixated maniac, and when it's all behind them and the profound fatigue of so much intensity has worn off, they'd do anything in the world to work for him again. For the rest of their professional lives they long to work with someone who cares the way Stanley did, someone they can learn from. They look for someone to respect the way they came to respect him, but they can't find anybody. Their received, fictionalized, show-business reverence has been chastened and reborn as real reverence. I've heard this story so many times.

He'd been looking all day at hundreds of audition tapes sent in from all over America and England in response to the public casting call for *Full Metal Jacket.*

"Some of them are interesting. Most of them are terrible. Oh well, I suppose I can always wipe the tapes and use them to record football on." Like this was the first he'd thought of it.

Stanley was in his Low Road mode for *Full Metal Jacket.* "I only want people working on this one that no one else will hire or, if they hired them, would never dream of hiring them again." This was of course Kubrickian misanthropic hyperbole, muttered privately to me, because he could never, would never, work with anything less than the best, even if that meant educating them all, "correcting" them, as Grady calls it in *The Shining.* And he started in on actors and all the problems they bring, not forgetting to sing a few choruses, without much conviction, of his old song about actors being to blame for the number of takes he was always forced to do. On *Barry Lyndon,* Marisa Berenson had a line, "We're taking the children for a ride to the village. We'll be back in time for tea." "And Marisa couldn't say it. We must have done 50 on that one alone."

We talked a lot about actors for *Full Metal Jacket.* He couldn't wait to find out who would play Sergeant Hartman, the demon drill instructor—"It's such a fantastic part." We talked about Robert De Niro, but Stanley thought the audience would feel cheated when he's killed off in the first hour. Then he was thinking about Ed Harris, but Harris wasn't interested, because "Get this, Michael. He wants to *take a year off!* Hey, I know! What about Richard Benjamin? He'd be perfect, Michael, *ha ha ha ha.*"

He didn't exactly utter the word "actors" under his breath like a curse, but he definitely thought of them as wild cards, something to be overcome with difficulty. They were so lazy about learning their lines, were often otherwise "unprepared," so capricious, so childlike, and the younger ones were completely spoiled. There was even something mysterious, and to him a little freakish, about anybody who could and would stand up in front of other people to assume and express emotions at will, sometimes to the point of tears.

"I don't know," I said. "I have to tell you, I really like actors."

"That's because you don't have to pay them, Michael."

One of the sweetest things anybody ever said about Stanley, and one of the truest, was something Matthew Modine told Stanley's biographer Vincent LoBrutto: "He's probably the most heartfelt person I ever met. It's hard for him, being from the Bronx with that neighborhood mentality, and he tries to cover it up. Right underneath that veneer is a very loving, conscientious man, who doesn't like pain, who doesn't like to see humans suffering or animals suffering. I was really surprised by the man."

This from a guy who really suffered for most of the year that he was in London shooting *Full Metal Jacket,* as part of an ensemble of young actors, some of them hardly actors at all, who had only the most rudimentary sense of what Stanley actually meant by "knowing your lines"; by which he meant that you had to know them so completely that there were no other possible lines anywhere in your head, and certainly no lines of your own, unless you were Peter Sellers or Lee Ermey. They were a jolly enthusiastic crew, some very talented, some not, all thrilled to be in a Stanley Kubrick movie—I think they all saw blue skies and high times ahead—but there was a plateau of discipline that they couldn't have known existed before. Stanley showed them, and it hurt.

Then there was a break in the shooting of almost five months after Lee Ermey smashed up his car late one night and broke all his ribs on one side. Some of the cast had other jobs lined up and had to juggle while they sat and waited in London, going to the theater five and six times a week, and tried to keep some kind of edge. Vincent D'Onofrio had gained 40 or 50 pounds to play Private Pyle, and he had to keep the weight on through all those idle months. A few of them with their wives and girlfriends would come to our apartment for dinner, and they were all flipping out. They believed that Stanley asked me to the set only on the rare days when there were no foreseeable glitches, because he didn't want me to hear the way he spoke to them. When I went to the set, they'd come over to me between takes, search my face for a clue, confused and half-mutinous, and then Stanley would walk by and say something like "Don't talk to my actors, Michael."

I have no idea what really went on for Stanley with actors. I do know that it was

Stanley Kubrick

[illegible] his prevailing hunch, that actors [illegible] really working only when film was running. If he had any preconceptions about what he wanted them to be doing, he kept them to himself. Maybe actors were essentially visuals for Stanley, like Alfred Hitchcock and his blondes. Stanley said he didn't like Hitchcock much—"all that phony rear projection"—but they had a lot in common. I was always impressed by what Hitchcock did with, or to, James Stewart in *Vertigo,* ruthlessly (but far more subtly than Carl Dreyer making Falconetti kneel on cobblestones all night to experience the suffering of Joan of Arc) drawing a performance out of him that was so sweaty, tortured, and unwholesome that, if Stewart had known he had any of that in him, he would have done anything in the world to conceal it. I think that Stanley did something like this with just about every actor he ever worked with.

Nor could I explain that strange irresistible requirement he had for pushing his actors as far beyond a "naturalistic" style as he could get them to go, and often selecting their most extreme, awkward, emotionally confusing work for his final cut. The peculiarity of it: George C. Scott in *Dr. Strangelove,* Patrick Magee in *A Clockwork Orange,* and Jack Nicholson in *The Shining,* just to pick the most blinding examples; Scott complained publicly that Stanley not only directed him way over the top but also chose the most overwrought takes for the final cut, while Nicholson's performance turned *The Shining* into a movie that largely failed as a genre piece but worked unforgettably on levels where it didn't matter that there was a huge movie star and great actor on the premises or not. (Nicholson did some of his greatest work, and his very worst, in *The Shining,* and the same could be said of the director.) "That was much more real," Stanley told him after a take, "but it isn't interesting." Even the biggest stars knew what it was like to be a pawn in Stanley's game: "That was really great. Let's go again."

They'd come to him for direction, and he'd send them back to work to find out for themselves. On *A Clockwork Orange,* when Malcolm McDowell asked, he told him, "Malcolm, I'm not RADA. I hired you to do the acting." He was preparing a scene for *Spartacus* in which Laurence Olivier and Nina Foch are sitting in their seats above the arena waiting for the gladiators to enter and fight to the death, and Nina Foch asked him for motivation. "What am I doing, Stanley?" she asked, and Stanley said, "You're sitting here with Larry waiting for the gladiators to come out."

The usual M.O. was for him to become incredibly close to actors during shooting, and then to never see them again. A lot of actors were terribly hurt by this. There's no question that the affection he felt for them and the inspiration he extended to them were genuine, and this made the break even more painful. For Stanley's part, I never heard him speak of an actor, even ones who had given him a hard time or been "disloyal" once the film came out, with anything but affection, like a family member who'd gone off, dispelled into some new career phase, even if it was oblivion.

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He told me once that if he hadn't become a director he might have liked being a conductor. "They get to play the whole orchestra, and they get plenty of exercise," he said, waving his arms a bit, "and most of them live to be really old."

As I write this, the release of his last film is two months away. Only a few people have seen it, and already the entertainment media is holding itself ready to be shocked and offended, or pretending to be. "What's new?" Stanley would have said, as if it hardly warranted the question mark. He'd begun planning the publicity campaign before he completed the final cut of the film, but I'm sure that he'd thought about it for years. Some people seem to think that he's controlling it from the grave. It's inconceivable to anyone who knew him that an energy like that could stop just because death has occurred, that it isn't going on in some form, circulating. This very piece is evidence of that, since it was his idea that I write about him, and specifically for this magazine.

In the two and a half years between the time I declined to wash and rinse for fun and the moment he finished editing, we talked only a few times. He was shooting for most of it; he said it was going great, no matter what I might have heard. He was crazy about his stars, impressed with their professionalism and their energy; he said they energized the whole crew and made his job a lot easier. The only other actor I ever heard him speak quite that way about was James Mason, and that was on the day after Mason died.

In the beginning of January my wife and I received a gift from him, a book of photographs by Jacques-Henri Lartigue. It was a Season's Greetings present, the first we'd had in three years, since he'd gone into production.

"That was nice of him," my wife said. She'd always liked Stanley.

"Yes, it was," I said, thinking, I wonder what he wants.

The calls started up again, every couple of days, longer and longer. He sounded te[illegible]rific; it was great to be on the blower wi[illegible] him again. For the first time in all the yea[illegible] I'd known him, he actually asked me [illegible] there was some time of day that was bett[illegible] for me than others, so we did most of t[illegible] talking in the mornings, his afternoon[illegible] Did I happen to see Norman Mailer[illegible] piece in *The New York Review of Boo[illegible]* about Tom Wolfe? Brilliant. *He must be pr[illegible]ty old now, Michael, but what passion,* and[illegible] *hear your buddy Francis just won a hund[illegible] from Warner Bros. in a lawsuit,* and *Som[illegible] body ought to write a book about Bill Cli[illegible] ton and call it "He's Gotta Have It."*

Then, one morning, "Hey Michael [a[illegible] ready laughing], I've had a great idea! How[illegible] you like to write the exclusive piece on *Ey[illegible] Wide Shut* for *Vanity Fair*?"

I didn't know. I was working on som[illegible] thing, and besides, I hadn't written a mag[illegible] zine piece in 20 years.

"Listen, it'll be fun.... You come ov[illegible] for a week, I'll show you the movie, yo[illegible] can talk to Tom and Nicole, *interview* m[illegible] Wouldn't you like to do that, Michael?"

"I wouldn't know what to ask you."

"That's all right, I'll write all the que[illegible] tions.... It'll be the only piece about th[illegible] movie, you know, Michael, a really *class[illegible]* piece of P.R." (yuk yuk yuk), and "You'[illegible] the only one who can do it right," and "It[illegible] perfect for you," and "It'll be fun."

I said that since it was him I'd thin[illegible] about it, look into it. I decided to do [illegible] and called him.

"Gee, that's terrific, Michael. That make[illegible] me very happy."

"Me too, Stanley. Now you'll find ou[illegible] what I really think of you."

Problems arose, as I'd told Graydon Ca[illegible] ter, the editor of this magazine, the[illegible] would. Stanley called to ask me what [illegible] meant by the word "exclusive," and I tol[illegible] him I'd never used the word, he had; wha[illegible] did *he* mean by "exclusive"? Then he calle[illegible] in extreme distress and said that he couldn[illegible] possibly show me the movie in time for m[illegible] deadline—there was looping to be done an[illegible] the music wasn't finished, lots of small tech[illegible] nical fixes on color and sound; would [illegible] show work that wasn't finished? He had t[illegible] show it to Tom and Nicole because the[illegible] had to sign nudity releases, and to Terr[illegible] Semel and Bob Daly of Warner Bros., bu[illegible] he hated it that he had to, and I could hea[illegible] it in his voice that he did. But once tha[illegible] screening was over, and the response to [illegible] was so strong, he relented.

"All right, Michael. Let me see." The[illegible] we talked about Hemingway, how you coul[illegible] never break that prose down into compo[illegible] nents that could be studied and examine[illegible] and qualified and expect it to tell you hov[illegible] it worked in the magical way that it did.

On the Friday before he died, I was driv-
to Vermont on the New York State Thru-
y when my phone rang.

"Michael, can you drive and talk?"

"Yes, Stanley. And chew gum."

"No, I mean, is it *legal?*"

He told me it would be all right if I
ne over in two weeks to look at the
wie and "interview" him. When I asked
n if this was his last word on the subject,
laughed and said, "Maybe."

Then he told me about a friend of his, a
dio head who'd just bought an apart-
nt in New York. He told me how much
'd paid for it, and said that he was the
st Jew ever admitted to the building.

"Can you believe that? What is it, 1999?
id they never let a Jew in there before?"

In Holland, he'd heard, there was a soc-
r team called Ajax that had once had a
wish player, and ever since then Dutch
inheads would go to all the team's match-
and make a loud hissing noise, meant to
present the sound of gas escaping into
e death chambers. "And that's *Holland,*
ichael. A *civilized* country." Laughing.

We talked for 90 or 100 miles, from be-
re Utica until my exit at Albany. I told
m I needed both hands now, and that I'd
ll him when I got home on Sunday.

All the things that people believe they know about Stanley they get from the press, and the entertainment press at that. Almost none of these reporters ever met him, because he thought you had to be crazy to do interviews unless you had a picture coming out, and even then it had to be very carefully managed. It wasn't personal with him, but I think it became personal for a lot of them. They work hard, much too hard, the belt is moving faster and faster, carrying increasingly empty forms, silly and brutal and thankfully evanescent entertainments. You can't go to the movies anymore without slipping in all the Pavlovian drool running down the aisles, big show business Manifest. This is the world that Stanley chose to become a master of, and one of the ways he did it was by keeping himself to himself. So I can see, in a time when so many celebrities are so eager to hurl themselves into our headlights, where anyone who doesn't want to talk with the entertainment press might seem eccentric, reclusive, and misanthropic; crazy, autocratic, and humorless; cold and phobic and arrogant.

But I must say that a lot of people took it hard; people he'd known, some of them for 40 years, or people he hadn't seen in a decade; certainly his family, since he'd been a loving husband and father—amazing, the number of people who loved him, and the way they loved him, and the size of the hole he made in our lives by dying. He was so alive to us that it was hard to believe, and then there was that other thing ("We've seen it in *Homer,* Michael"), people regarding their dead heroes and thinking, If it can do this to him, imagine what it can do to us.

He'd never talk about his movies while he was making them, and he didn't like talking about them afterward very much, even to friends, except maybe to mention the grosses. Most of all, he didn't want to talk about their "meaning," because he believed so passionately in their meaning that to try to talk about it could only spoil it for him. He might tell you *how* he did it, but never why. I think that he, an arch-materialist (maybe) and an artist of the material world, made the single most inspired spiritual image in all of film, the Star Child watching with equanimity the timeless empty galaxies of existence-after-existence, waiting patiently once again to be born. Somebody asked him how he ever thought of the ending of *2001.* "I don't know," he said. "How does anybody ever think of anything?" □

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our Seasons

NTINUED FROM PAGE 168 coffee to restau-
nts. The Wechsler children were big share-
lders in R.A.

We were all shocked to hear of Brody's
minent divorce, and we did not share
s illusion that he would be allowed to
y or even to put together a deal to buy
A. However, having been married to
arlene Gray Brody for 35 years now,
d with his huge successes at Gallagher's
eak House and the Oyster Bar & Res-
urant in Grand Central Terminal (both
which he has just sold to his employ-
s), Brody undoubtedly made the right
oice for himself, even if he did kill our
lden goose.

I left Restaurant Associates in 1964 to
rk for Brody, so I did not witness the
ur Seasons' decade of decline from the
side. As the restaurant attracted more
d more tourists and corporate parties, it
came more and more déclassé in the
es of hip New Yorkers. Although some of
e original crew lingered for a while, they
adually defected for more satisfying posi-
ns. Baum himself left in 1970. Remark-
g on the lack of taste of R.A. corporate
wcomers, Lester Klepper, who remained
e general counsel for 36 years, through
regimes, until he retired in 1991, says,
"Eventually, I think, I was the only one in the company who wore natural fibers."

The good days were over. Soon there was terrible garish carpeting on the stairway, and the worn leather upholstery was replaced with plastic. In the Grill, a divider to shut off the noise of the bar from the dining area consisted of pots of philodendrons hung on an iron grid. And still the Grill remained unpopular.

No act of R.A.'s new management, headed by Martin Brody (no relation to Jerome), Max Pine, and Richard Blumenthal, became them more than the selling of the Four Seasons' lease to Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi in 1973. By that time the handsome and urbane Margittai, who had worked at several R.A. restaurants, was the company's vice president in charge of white-tablecloth restaurants. In 1966, he brought over Paul Kovi, a fellow Hungarian and a colleague from several New York hotels. The witty and implacable Kovi became the director, replacing George Lang, who, though he would later have success with such restaurants as Café des Artistes in New York and Gundel in Budapest, had been unable to reverse the Four Seasons' decline.

With the sale of R.A.'s valuable low-rent lease to Margittai and Kovi, Klepper says, "my recollection is that we practically gave away the Four Seasons for the value of its wine cellar." And thus began the restaurant's second life.

Describing the strategy he and Kovi had worked out for their new venture, Margittai listed their goals. Most important was defining who their prime customers would be: Young Turks in business who would have liked to go to "21" but were not yet quite rich and famous enough to do so, because they soon would be; women in business, because they represented part of the emerging women's-lib movement; people in the communications media, because they could make the restaurant visible; members of the food and wine industries, because the new owners needed their support and respect; and, finally, members of the press, because they could put a message across (the owners even offered them a 25 percent discount, which only a few were ethical enough to resist).

With chefs Seppi Renggli (now at R.A.) and Christian "Hitsch" Albin (still at the Four Seasons), and with the polished maître d' Oreste Carnevali (now at "21") to restructure the service, the new team turned to two innovative admen, who had worked for the restaurant since 1960. Copywriter Ron Holland and art director George Lois created a simple, powerful ad that they ran as a full page in *The New York Times.* It showed Margittai and Kovi shaking hands in front of the 52nd Street entrance to the restau-

Four Seasons

...ing that "the two of us" were the ... "That's how we said the restaurant was being run by individuals, not by a corporation," Lois explains.

They launched a program to give the Grill Room the style of such European counterparts as the Connaught Grill in London and Harry's Bar in Venice. They courted Michael Korda and through him a nucleus of other editors from Simon & Schuster.

"Gaining the approval of Leo Lerman, the James Beard of the cultural scene," Margittai says, referring to the late editor of *Vanity Fair,* who was then features editor of *Vogue,* "we managed to get the blessings and business of the Condé Nast publications. We were also befriended by Nora Ephron, then known for her essays in *Esquire,* and that led to the famous power-lunch article in that magazine written by Lee Eisenberg."

Credit for the term "power lunch" as it relates to the Four Seasons Grill usually goes to that October 1979 issue of *Esquire.* However, two years earlier, in 1977, Michael Korda, in a column headed "Le Plat Du Jour Is Power" in *The New York Times,* had written, "At present, it seems to me that the most powerful place to eat lunch in town (apart from the private dining rooms of the more interesting corporate presidents and bankers) is the grill room of The Four Seasons." He mentioned seeing there on a single day, among others, Jason Epstein of Random House, Phyllis Grann of Putnam, James Silberman of Summit Books, and literary agents Mort Janklow and Lynn Nesbit. Korda also noted shrewdly, "The most powerful person is the one who can order the meal with the lowest number of calories."

Korda had thereby nailed the menu philosophy that still holds sway today. Departing from the lavishness of Pool Room dishes, Renggli and Albin created simple but carefully prepared food that required no tableside service, thereby eliminating distractions for deal-makers, most of whom want to be in and out in an hour and 40 minutes. There are always enough choices for those with more opulent tastes, for example risotto (costing as much as $125 if made with white truffles and served as a main course), foie gras ($27.50 as an appetizer), crabmeat cakes ($38.50), and fillet of bison ($46) from the Virginia ranch of Edgar M. Bronfman.

Typical fare includes the almost iconic baked potato with olive oil, tuna carpaccio, stir-fried chicken salad, and many fish and vegetable plates. To bring business back to the Grill, Margittai and Kovi at first priced the menu there below that of the Pool Room. No longer. "Why should we charge less for what is now our most desirable space?" Niccolini asks.

"I was once very depressed there and wanted to eat fattening food, but Julian dissuaded me," says Phyllis Grann, who developed the Four Seasons habit when she was at Simon & Schuster. Now there less frequently because as president of Penguin Putnam she has offices downtown on Hudson Street, she still tries to get Table No. 4 once a week, traffic permitting. "They know never to give me a roll, and in the early days they would mail the check to me to avoid the awkwardness of a woman paying for a man—now no longer a problem. It also usually saves me a few phone calls, as I see people I want to talk to. As for price, it's really the same as other expensive places."

Just as they keep Michael Eisner's post-coronary-bypass diet in their computer, so the current management cossets Bill Blass at Table No. 22. Following the designer's stroke last December, Niccolini and von Bidder watch over him carefully. "They won't let me order fettuccine with cheese and butter and white truffles, although I can have crab cakes and stone crab and, at night, baked potato with caviar," Blass says. "There's a sense of amusement there, despite it being a business rendezvous, and the food is better than at most places. I'll never not go back."

To regain a reputation for fine food, Kovi and Margittai made the most of the nouvelle cuisine trend, inviting French chefs such as Gaston Lenôtre and the Troisgros brothers to cook for two-week gourmet festivals and asking the supermacho Paul Bocuse to produce a "women's dinner." They also hosted many wine tastings and found suppliers to ship in such exotica as Louisiana crayfish, Oregon morels, and many ingredients from France and Italy. Even so, Margittai says, "most critics never cottoned to us."

In 1979, five and a half years after Margittai and Kovi were installed, I cottoned to them to the tune of two stars out of a possible four. Then the restaurant critic of *The New York Times,* I said, in sum, that the Four Seasons was very good and promising, but somewhat uneven and disappointing with certain house classics. I had a very tactful, restrained response from the new team. They thanked me for my "constructive" comments and vowed to turn the two stars into three, "God willing," in the coming year.

So successful were their efforts that for 22 years Kovi and Margittai were the favorites of the power-lunch crowd. Their ideal successors were the current co-directo... Alex von Bidder and Julian Niccolini. V... Bidder, 48, whose father was in the Sw... national tourist office and who trained ... many prestigious European and Americ... restaurants and hotels, joined Kovi a... Margittai in 1976. A year later, Niccoli... 46, came to the Four Seasons after havi... trained at several respected hotel schoo... and done a stint at the Palace, a luxe re... taurant on 59th Street.

Finding the backing to buy the lea... proved so difficult, von Bidder says, th... they enlisted the aid of the Bronfmans. B... fore being able to buy the restaurant, Se... gram needed a special dispensation fro... the state law that prohibits liquor whol... salers from also having an interest in a ret... establishment, such as a restaurant. Lobb... ists for Seagram had an exception passe... stipulating that the restriction would not a... ply to a landmark restaurant in a buildi... on the corner of Park Avenue and 52n... Street. The Four Seasons interior (as well ... the entire building) had been accorded lan... mark status in 1989 by the New York Ci... Landmarks Preservation Commission.

As the Four Seasons enters the new m... lennium, it looks remarkably as it did ori... inally. The food I have had during rece... visits has been more consistently excelle... than it ever was, and the menu has retaine... its character. Not so Joe Baum's hospitab... policy on wine pricing. In a recent *Ne... York Times* sneak preview of a Zagat su... vey which compares wine prices in Ne... York restaurants, the Four Seasons ranke... among the 10 most expensive. The faithf... clientele, however, remains generally inure... to price.

The Pool Room, after 20 years of bein... in the shade of the Grill Room, seems t... be making a comeback. Governor Georg... Pataki, a regular, prefers a poolside tab... close to the door. Phyllis Lambert choose... the north side of the pool, while real-estat... tycoon Leona Helmsley insists on a nort... corner table, away from the pool.

André Leon Talley, *Vogue*'s flamboyan... editor-at-large, recently went as far as to de... clare the Grill Room passé. "Not the arch... tecture, of course," he explained. "Johns... son's work still looks marvelous. What ... passé is those power mongers like Mo... Zuckerman and Henry Kissinger oglin... each other. It's no longer cool to sit there... The Pool Room is beautiful, even with fak... cherry trees. I love the burble of the wate... People there don't care about being seen... My advice is to use the Park Avenue en... trance and turn left at the Picasso curtain... The Grill is the 80s. The Pool Room is th... 21st century!"

Niccolini responds, "We're waiting an... hoping. It would be our dream come true!"

So it's 160 seasons, and still counting.

atricia Duff

NTINUED FROM PAGE 158 introduction to ke Medavoy from Chris Dodd. Medavoy, n the production chief of Orion Pictures, itle he had previously held at United tists, was associated with such hits as *e Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest, Annie Hall, cky,* and *Platoon.* He was also the nation- finance chair of the Hart campaign. Nine nths after meeting Duff, in 1984, he left wife for her.

In part through Medavoy, Duff contin- d to get acting roles: bit parts in the TV ovies *Fatal Vision* and *Blade in Hong Kong,* d in the feature film *About Last Night . . .,* which she plays an anonymous woman ho picks up Rob Lowe outside a bar. (She s three lines: "Are you going in?" "I real- like you a lot." And "What?!") She also peared in *Gimme an 'F'* (the second in- llment in the "T&A Academy" series) and *C. Cab,* and had guest roles on the TV ows *Moonlighting* and *Hotel.* But after she came Patricia Duff Medavoy, the role at would increasingly define her was that Hollywood wife. The couple was married May 1986 in a huge, star-studded wed- ng at the former Harold Lloyd Estate, here Patricia wore a tight, midriff-baring ess that was the talk of the town. "The hrase 'sprayed on' comes to mind," says meone who attended.

Medavoy was heavily involved in Democratic politics, and the couple became gnificant brokers in the romance between ollywood and Washington, holding fund- isers, putting candidates up in their home, aking introductions. (Their most fateful olitical act was taking Gary Hart along as guest to a party in Aspen, at the home rocker Don Henley, on New Year's Day 87. It was there that Hart met Donna ice, the lissome blonde with whom he ould torpedo his political career.) In Clin- n's first campaign, they were among his rliest supporters in Hollywood—and were uick to let everyone know it. After Clinton's ection, Medavoy was rumored to close an canny number of phone calls with a hur- ed announcement that he had to run—the esident was on the other line.

Patricia labored to become a political ower in her own right, co-founding, with her refugees from Hart's circle, the Show oalition, a sort of political-education fo- m for the film community, which enrolled id-level Hollywood—writers, actors, as- ring directors—and invited politicians to eak at its functions. In her prime there, uff was skilled in the subtle art of capital- ng on one power center's awe of, and il- sions about, another. Washington readily cepted the idea that this glamorous, mon- eyed, well-connected woman was someone who had to be cultivated in the Hollywood money chase, just as Hollywood accepted her self-presentation as a former political consultant who was hugely connected in Washington.

Shrewder observers of the California political scene scoffed at the idea that "Show Co" was a power to contend with. "It was the most extraordinary example of wasted political energy," says someone well versed in Los Angeles fund-raising. "It didn't activate people, nor did it raise money. And she dragged any important politician who could breathe in front of it. And they came!" However, this person adds, with some admiration, "She really knew how to use it as a platform."

Duff defends Show Coalition's role as a "catalyst" in persuading film people to get involved in national politics, and also notes that it performed community service in the South-Central neighborhood of L.A. "We weren't just talking about issues in the abstract," she says, "but also about working in our own community." On the national level, "I do think we had an enormous amount of influence on getting people involved, getting them primed to give money."

But gossip was rife over power struggles between Patricia and the other big players in Democratic Hollywood, especially the Hollywood Women's Political Committee and the circle around Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda. Which group could inspire the most assiduous courtship by the most important senators? Who would be invited to serve as liaison between Hollywood celebrities and the party's 1988 convention? "There was just a lot of tension, because she was so concerned that she be seen as the most influential Hollywood political person," recalls one old Democratic associate. Says another, "I'm sure there's some great old MGM movie, *The Snake Pit* or something, that would compare" to the venom of these battles.

This was when associates began to notice a suspicious streak in Duff. "She always thought people were out to get her, and she'd turn on people," says a longtime Hollywood Democrat. "She was extremely paranoid. . . . You just never knew on a given day when she would be unbelievably sweet and fun, or when on the next day she would think you were plotting against her."

This period was also when friends began noticing a tempestuous quality to Duff's days. "She seemed to thrive on chaos, in a sense," says a friend from this era. "The phone would be constantly ringing: 'You have 42 messages.'"

"It's always just a whirlwind at Patricia's house," says a more recent friend, "of ac-

Credits

Fashion

Cover: For **Edward Norton's** Helmut Lang shirt and sweater-vest, go to www.helmutlang.com; Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren pants from Polo Jeans Co. stores nationwide; Salvatore Ferragamo shoes from Salvatore Ferragamo stores nationwide; L'Wren Scott for Vernon Jolly. **Page 42:** Bottom, see credits for cover. **Page 46:** Marjorie Williams styled by Barbara Zatcoff for the Artist Agency. **Page 113: Daniel Lapaine's** Perry Ellis Portfolio shirt from selected Bloomingdale's stores. **Pages 128–29:** Edward Norton's Prada shirt and pants from Prada, Beverly Hills. **Page 131:** J. Crew T-shirt from J. Crew stores nationwide; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche pants from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y.C. **Page 132:** Dolce & Gabbana sweater from the Dolce & Gabbana boutique, N.Y.C.; for Dockers K-1 Khakis pants, call 800-DOCKERS; Salvatore Ferragamo shoes from Salvatore Ferragamo stores nationwide. **Page 133:** Prada jacket and T-shirt from Prada, N.Y.C. **Page 135: Saffron Burrows's** Donna Karan top from the Donna Karan boutique, Manhasset, N.Y. **Pages 158–59: Vinnie Jones's** Hackett clothing and accessories, from Hackett, London. **Pages 160–61:** Leda Gorgone for Daniele Forsythe.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Edward Norton's hair styled with Polo Sport Alcohol-Free Hair Gel; Max Pinnell for Bumble & Bumble; Jorge Serio for Garren New York. **Page 46:** Marjorie Williams's hair and makeup by the Artist Agency. Mimi Sheraton's hair by Younghee for the D. J. Rubin Salon; makeup by Sara Johnson for Sarah Laird. **Page 82: Albert Brooks's** hair by Nina Kraft; grooming by Linda Arnold. **Page 113: Daniel Lapaine's** grooming by David Cox for Bumble & Bumble. **Page 120: Russ Smith's** grooming by Kat James for Garren New York. **Page 135: Saffron Burrows's** hair styled with Aveda Phomollient. All makeup from Aveda. On her cheeks, Blush Minus Mineral Oil Vapor; on her eyes, Shadow Plus Vitamins in Pinkglow. Ray Allington for Aveda; Kimbra for Artist Group Management. **Pages 158–59: Vinnie Jones's** hair by James Alan Taylor for Art and Commerce; grooming by Kay Montana for Streeters. **Pages 160–61:** Younghee for the D. J. Rubin Salon; Sara Johnson for Sarah Laird. **Pages 170–79:** John Setaro for Cloutier.

Photographs and Miscellany

Cover: Stefan Beckman for Exposure, N.Y.C. **Page 22:** From Pictorial Press. **Page 46:** Top, from Corbis-Outline. **Page 62:** From Corbis. **Page 66:** Top left, from the Temple University Libraries, Urban Archives; right, from Sygma. **Page 70:** Top, from the *Philadelphia Daily News;* bottom, from the Temple University Libraries, Urban Archives. **Page 73:** Top, from Reuters/Archive Photos; bottom, from Gamma Liaison. **Page 102:** Bottom, from A.P./Wide World Photos. **Page 120:** Bottom left, by Ray Burmiston; second from left, from the Art Department. **Page 124:** By Ed Bohon/Stock Boston (Union hat), Matthew Borkowski/Stock Boston (CD-ROM), Marci Brennan (Shih Tzu, bottom), Steve Bronstein/Image Bank (lightbulb), Mark Burnett/Stock Boston (Confederate hat), Barbara J. Feigles/Stock Boston (revolver), Chris George (Shih Tzu, top), courtesy of Kinko's (apron), by Bill Losh/FPG (bald man), Gregory Pace/Sygma (Channing), from Photofest (Mouse ears), courtesy of Prada/I.P.I. (shoe), by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos (Streisand), Cylla Von Tiedemann/Photofest (*Jekyll & Hyde*). **Pages 136–37:** From the Everett Collection **Pages 138–39:** From Photofest **Pages 142–43:** From Bison Archives (gymnast), from the Everett Collection (Pickens), from Movie Still Archives (Douglas, Nicholson), from Neal Peters (Dullea), from Photofest (Lyon, McDowell), from Pictorial Press (Ermey) **Pages 148–49:** From AMPAS (*Dr Strangelove, The Killing*) from the Everett Collection (*Barry Lyndon*), from the Kobal Collection (*2001*), from Movie Still Archives (*A Clockwork Orange*), courtesy of Warner Bros. (*Eyes Wide Shut*) **Page 151:** Courtesy of Warner Bros. **Page 155:** Bottom, from Celebrity Photo. **Page 157:** Top, from Globe Photos **Pages 162–63:** All except Seagram Building, Pool Room and Grill Room courtesy of the Four Seasons center left, © by Esto Photographics. **Page 165:** All courtesy of the Four Seasons **Page 175:** Courtesy of the Siegfried & Roy Archives (Chico, Leo, the Pope, Mac Laine, Jackson) **Page 200:** From icon International

frosty and being late and canceled appointments and changed minds, and yelling at the servants because the towels aren't lined up just so."

"She thought of herself as being in a gilded cage" and compared herself to Nora, in Ibsen's play *A Doll's House,* says an intimate from her California days. Duff wanted to be something more substantial than a Hollywood wife, and made constant feints in the direction of another career. At one point she and a friend started a corporate-consulting firm that lasted about a year. She produced a movie, *Limit Up,* starring Nancy Allen and Dean Stockwell, but it went straight to video. ("In a man's world," begins the advertising copy on the video's box, "a working girl can use a little magic to get ahead.") She published an article in *Premiere* magazine. Around the time of Clinton's first inaugural she founded a philanthropic organization called the Common Good to promote community service, but it never really got off the ground.

Later, after she took up with Perelman, she would become an editor-at-large at *Premiere,* of which he was by then part owner. She would start a production company, Sojourner, but never use it. She would consider a career in TV news, going to a CBS training facility in Dallas for evaluation, and doing a brief stint at a Perelman-controlled station in Monterey. She would talk about entering law school or business school, but never go. She would become president of the Revlon Foundation—a position, in her husband's organization, that ended abruptly along with the marriage.

"She was too good-looking for her own good," says a friend from the Medavoy days, "and too smart for her own good. If she'd been less smart, she wouldn't have minded. And if she'd been less good-looking, she would have gotten something else going."

As she neared her 40s, her major occupation was supervising the construction of the Medavoys' $5 million house on Hazen Drive in Beverly Hills. It was described in a 1992 story in *W,* in which Duff spoke of entertaining the likes of Warren Beatty, Dustin Hoffman, and Richard Dreyfuss. But she sighed over the trials of building such a vast house. "It took so much work," she said, "I actually developed chronic fatigue syndrome while I was doing it."

What she really wanted, she told all her friends, was a child; she felt, according to an intimate, that a child might be "the thing that would validate her life." Medavoy, who had an adult child from a previous marriage, didn't flatly refuse, but he dragged his feet. In 1990 he had become chairman of TriStar Pictures, which had just been bought by Sony, and he was very caught up in work. She complained that he was distant, uncaring, emotionally abusive.

And so she moved out—to send him a message, she told friends, that she wouldn't wait forever. In the legend according to Patricia, she left Medavoy in mid-1993; some months later, she was taken to a party by Melanie Griffith, who was soon to start modeling for Revlon and who introduced her to Perelman. This decorous version proposes a decent interval between the rejection of Medavoy and the merger with Perelman. But in fact she and Perelman had begun a passionate affair the previous winter. It began when she approached him during a Revlon charity ball in L.A., and the two discovered what one source calls "giant chemistry."

Medavoy, who declined to be interviewed for this article, was apparently stunned. "She comes and she says, 'You know what, I'm not happy, I need to have a simple life,'" says a source close to Medavoy. "She says, 'I'm trying to find myself. I had to build this house, it made me crazy, I need to go travel more, I need to not be in your shadow.' He's going, What? *What?*"

Duff moved into the Hotel Bel-Air and began a period of dramatic agonizing about her future. Perelman pressed her to get an immediate divorce, and showered her with money and jewelry and Picasso etchings. "Medavoy found out about [her relationship with Perelman] after she left, and got furious. And she by then wanted to get back with him, and she was devastated," says a confidante from that time. "She said it was the worst mistake she ever made in her life, and so on, and it all just escalated from there. But that's her drama. At the time, I thought it was all real—the kind of tragedies that just happen to people who are living their lives. Later I came to understand that Patricia creates these things."

Finally, Perelman, who already had five children from two marriages, discerned the true price of the prize he sought: if Patricia wanted a child, she would have one. In fact, he told her, she could have two. To enhance his bid, he packed her off immediately to a fertility doctor in New York, and paid for her treatment. "It was kind of like a takeover," says someone who watched the courtship closely.

Throughout 1994, the pull between these two lives seems to have played serious havoc with Duff's equilibrium. She told her friends that Perelman was explosive and domineering, that she was afraid of him. When Medavoy declined to take her back, according to two sources, she went into their old house and defaced close to a dozen pictures of his girlfriend, Irena Ward, who would later become his third wife, drawing horns on her head and arrows through her breasts, and attaching Post-it notes bearing angry commentary. Duff furiously denies this story. "I have never marked up anyone's property, never defaced anyone's property, never harmed anyone's property," she says. "I'd love to have some one get on the stand and say that."

"During '94, in the spring, she was in tears all the time over Medavoy," says someone who knows her well. "But she was also trying to get pregnant with Ronald.... But at the same time, she was complaining that Ronald was abusive. That he had the guards who watched her house in California and shadowed her, and that it was terrible being watched all the time. But then, in July, she was really happy because she was pregnant. So now *this* would make her happy, and make everything O.K."

Papers filed in the Medavoy divorce show that Duff hedged her bets financially for as long as she could. In October 1993, the same month she first filed for divorce from Medavoy—Perelman gave her a cash gift of $200,000. Medavoy, knowing nothing about this, gave her $10,000 the same month. The following February, the producer gave his estranged wife $100,000, followed by $20,000 in April and again in May. In a later deposition, Medavoy's attorney asked her whether she had mentioned her lover's subsidy when she asked her husband for money. "No, I did not," she explained. "I did not want to be put in the position of having to use the $200,000 if I really didn't have to."

Even after she embarked on fertility treatments with Perelman, she filed a request for support from Medavoy in Los Angeles Superior Court, asking that the court order him to pay her $37,000 a month—plus taxes. She was unable to work, she noted in court filings, because of recurrences of her chronic fatigue.

Much later, when both marriages had run their courses, Warren Beatty arranged for Medavoy and Perelman to get together. The two men realized, according to sources close to both of them, that in the raw period between her marriages she had been simultaneously telling each man how badly the other treated her—and how furiously the other was pressing her to commit to him.

"Men are dumb," says Ronald Perelman. "Particularly the one sitting across from you."

He is a dense bullet of a man, compactly contained in a tightly fitted shirt. As he talks in his plush paneled office, he constantly mouths a huge cigar or squeezes a cheap, multicolored Koosh ball. He does have, as people say, a forceful presence—though maybe that's just a function of all

e stories one has heard: about his ruthless siness dealings in the 1980s, when his acisitions of Revlon, the Marvel Entertainent Group, and other companies made m one of the chief leveraged-buyout brigds of that lawless era. Or maybe it's the ay that employees in his hushed townuse headquarters, an environment as renuously controlled as Biosphere Two, go ound referring to him by the godly prouun. As in: He's back from lunch, or He's ady for you now.

Or maybe it's just that he has so much oney. Lately the stock of Revlon, his biggest holding, has declined, and Perelman as been trying to sell it. But even in a bad ear, *Forbes* recently pegged his fortune at 4.2 billion.

And he is not one of those men on hom billions are wasted. Perelman spends eely on a lifestyle that includes travel by elicopter, yacht, and private jet, and houses n Palm Beach, New York City, and East Hampton. His 57-acre estate there on Georica Pond, "The Creeks," is the scene of wish weekend house parties. One visitor emembers another guest telling her, in wed tones, that he had called to the front ate to ask if there was some way he could nake a quick trip to a local drugstore. Intantly, someone pulled up to his door to ffer him the keys to a gleaming Mercedes onvertible with less than 100 miles on it. You get the impression the place is full of oys like that," she says.

Surely the money is one of the reasons or Perelman's success with women; since is breakup with Duff he has dated TV personality Eleanor Mondale and, more recently, Ellen Barkin, whom he apparently intends to marry once she has completed her ivorce from actor Gabriel Byrne. He can e gracious, even charming, when he wants o be. "We never should have gotten here," e says of the custody case he and Duff are aging. "It's not a good thing for anyone inolved. Both Patricia and I look lousy."

Around the edges, though, you can make ut the annoyance of a man who, when he uys a thing, expects it to stay bought. He ronounces his ex-wife's name Pa-*tree*-sha.

When Duff finally married him, a few weeks after Caleigh Sophia's birth in December 1994, Perelman turned out not o be the world's best husband material. Might the pre-nuptial agreement, which he signed between the birth and the wedding, have served as her first clue? It contained a provision that neither party would make disparaging remarks about the personal, private or family life" of the other arty, "including without limitation the other's family, companions, dates, acquaintances, or future spouses.") Once they married, Duff has told friends, he demanded to know her whereabouts all the time. A friend describes her cadging cell phones so she could make calls he wouldn't be able to find out about, and others remember her sneaking out a side door of Barneys to run secret errands—including legal consultations—while her car and driver idled at another door.

"'Domineering' is too small a word" to describe Perelman as a husband, says someone who had a close-up view of the marriage. "He thinks if you're nice 80 percent of the time, and you're only berserk 20 percent of the time, it's O.K." This might be dismissed as the hyperbole of someone on Duff's side, but there is other testimony about Perelman's rages. Anne Kiley, who was one of Duff's attorneys in her divorce from Medavoy, recalls two furious phone calls from Perelman—who at that time was fuming over the slowness of his lover's divorce. "I would pick up the phone, and he would be screaming about something going on in that case, and while he was yelling at me he would turn from the phone and scream at her. Like 'Shut up, you bitch.' ... During the second call he insulted her and screamed at her so much that the next day I called his attorney and said, 'I don't want your client calling me ever again.'"

> "I just think I'm up against impossible circumstances," says Duff, bursting into precipitous tears.

Perelman adamantly denies screaming at Kiley or at Duff during these conversations.

"Ronald is a total, total control freak," says someone who knows him through business. "He's quite nuts, in his own way." Perelman is famously hypervigilant about protecting his family and his business interests, employing a huge security force that includes retired New York City police officers and a former deputy director of the F.B.I. He requires strict confidentiality agreements from everyone who works for him.

"He lets out his temper in huge, fast, quick spurts," says someone who is fond of him. "He'll do it at the driver—'Do you know how to fuckin' drive a car? Do you fuckin' know where you're going?'" Clearly, his intimates get their share of this wrath: when his son was getting married, in 1996, and the bride refused to sign the proposed pre-nup, Perelman boycotted the wedding.

Naturally, Perelman's advocates also describe the Duff-Perelman marriage as a living hell—for him. Where she saw a husband who shadowed and controlled and bullied his wife, he saw a wife who lied constantly, treated his other children badly, and ran around town peddling slander about him. It isn't at all clear who was controlling whom. Someone who knew the couple well believes that Duff played "a cat-and-mouse game," meeting Perelman's efforts at control with a constant attempt to elude him and keep him off-balance. Which only made him more controlling. In its way, it was a perfect relationship: just as paranoids sometimes have real enemies, each had found a mate who fulfilled his or her darkest expectations about the possibilities of love.

At any rate, the union was brief. "Once you had lunch with her, you always said to yourself, Boy, that is measured in days or weeks, that marriage," says an acquaintance. Perelman dumped Duff in a legendary blowup in Chicago, during the 1996 Democratic convention, because he was furious with her for attending, the night before, a party he had asked her not to go to. In the accounts of her friends, it was the classic tantrum of a totally despotic man who was looking for an excuse to punish his wife. In the accounts of his camp, her offense lay not in going to the party but in lying about it; this one, apparently harmless, transgression was the straw that broke the camel's back.

She told friends she was astonished. Despite the wildly stormy nature of their marriage, she thought things were settling down; in fact, she'd been trying to get pregnant again with the promised second child. They attempted, several times, to reconcile, but every try ended in a fight. The marriage had lasted for about 20 months.

Under the terms of their pre-nuptial agreement, Duff made out pretty well: she received $5 million in cash, two houses in Connecticut now worth about $6 million, and roughly $1.2 million a year in maintenance, which will continue until Caleigh's 16th birthday, unless Duff remarries before then. In addition, she had accumulated substantial assets through gifts and investments during the courtship and marriage. It wasn't the $80 million that Claudia Cohen got from him, but that marriage had lasted almost nine years. (His first wife, Faith Golding, had received only $8 million—but that was in 1983, and she had entered the marriage with a huge fortune of her own.) Altogether, according to a 1997

Patricia Duff

[illegible] tied with the court, Duff left her marriage with assets of close to $30 million, including about $3 million she had won from Medavoy, jewelry worth $4.5 million, and art and antiques valued at $7.5 million. Last September they were officially divorced, setting aside the unresolved issues of custody, visitation, and child support to be decided later.

The custody case has already dragged on so long, and spun off so many small tornadoes of sublitigation, that it's hard to make the simplest generalizations about who's trying to do what to whom. Perelman wanted the case tried in closed court, as is common in celebrity custody cases in New York. Duff, however, went to the state court of appeals to open the courtroom, arguing that it was the only way to prevent Perelman's money and power from corrupting the process. The forensic psychiatrist in the case and Caleigh's court-appointed guardian filed in vehement opposition, arguing, in the guardian's words, that Caleigh would be "traumatized by the repercussions of [her] renown." The move was also opposed by Cohen, who conducted her own divorce from Perelman in secrecy, and who now fears that the terms of that divorce, and the details of her own nine-year-old daughter's life, will be dragged into the light of day. "None of it," says someone in Perelman's camp, "is worth putting your kid on page one of the *New York Post*."

But Duff won on this issue. This is why all of New York now knows that Caleigh Perelman's parents can't agree on what age is appropriate for riding lessons (she says four; he says never); that Duff was supposedly cruel to Caleigh's older half-sister Samantha; that a court psychiatrist tagged Duff as a histrionic, paranoid narcissist and said Perelman should have long-term therapy to control his fits of rage.

Along the way, there have been bitter battles over such issues as schooling and religious holidays. Duff converted to Judaism as a condition of her marriage to Perelman, a devout Jew who keeps kosher even at Le Cirque 2000 and talks to his rabbi daily. In court, Perelman has charged that Duff isn't sufficiently observant—she held an Easter-egg hunt last year, for example—and has won the right to supervise his daughter on most of the Jewish holidays. Security has been another major point of conflict. Although experts for both sides testified that Caleigh was at relatively low risk for kidnapping, Perelman successfully argued for round-the-clock security, and Duff now labors under a strict requirement that employees of a $1,000-a-day security service—hired by her but vetted and paid by him—accompany her and the child everywhere, screen all their visitors and repairmen, and live in their home. She is appealing this ruling, as well as numerous others. In turn, Perelman has sued her more than once for violating the confidentiality provision of the pre-nuptial agreement, which contained a punitive clause specifying that he can withhold $500,000 in support every time she is in breach. He appears close to winning a fine against her on this front.

Although Perelman is technically the plaintiff in the custody case, it was Duff who first requested full custody—allowing Perelman to argue that he had no choice but to sue for full custody himself, since New York law leans against the imposition of joint custody in any case where the parents have not voluntarily agreed on it. In fact, what he now really wants is an arrangement in which physical custody is shared, but he will control such matters as education, medical care, and religious training; this is what the forensic psychiatrist recommended. "For me, it's about protecting my child," he says. "As the process has shown, Patricia cares about, and thinks about, Patricia."

What Duff would settle for is harder to say. "She wants to demolish him, and she's not going to be able to do that," says one of her legion of former attorneys. Duff maintains that Perelman's chief interest in the child is as a means to punish the mother. Claudia Cohen, she argues, received similar treatment during her divorce from Perelman. "I lived through that litigation with Perelman," Duff said in an affidavit. "I saw the way he treated Cohen during the litigation: often purposely leaving her on hold for many, many minutes when she called to speak to Samantha, even though Samantha was right there and available; forcing her to send Samantha to his home for visitation even though he was out of town and she would be left in the care of others . . . withholding money from Cohen just to pressure her and in numerous other ways torturing her and treating her punitively." In court papers that were leaked to the *Daily News* in 1996, Cohen charged that Perelman tried to "exert control over me and my personal life," threatening to disinherit Samantha if Cohen dated New York senator Alfonse D'Amato.

But these days Cohen is firmly on Perelman's side, and she refused to comment for this article. Both Duff and Perelman have friends who attest to their devotion as parents.

Just to complicate matters, after the custody trial was opened to the public last winter, in the middle of Perelman's presentation of his case, Justice Bransten, who was being transferred to a different division of the court, abruptly halted the proceedings and assigned the question of child support alone to another judge; that proceeding, which began in the winter, was in turn stopped when two of Duff's attorneys were disqualified, on the ground that they had represented Cohen in her divorce from Perelman. Duff has appealed the disqualification, throwing the child support hearing into hiatus. And now Justice Bransten has temporarily returned from her new assignment, ready to resume the custody trial later this summer.

This stop-and-go process, Duff argues, has effectively silenced her, while the judge makes incremental decisions on things such as holiday visitation without the benefit of any evidence from Duff's side. Or, as she puts it, "I waited Gandhi-like for two years of rulings by the judge, until I could put on my case. And then just before it was supposed to start . . . the judge closes it down." There has been, she charges, "an appalling lack of due process that has been part and parcel of this case from day one."

And then there's the money. Perelman's camp claims that Duff is dragging the case out in order to make, in child support, the spectacular score that the pre-nuptial agreement prevented her from getting in alimony. "The only way to increase your standard of living, if you're her, is child support," says a Perelman ally. "And there isn't a child in the world you can spend that amount of money on, unless you're planning to hang Matisses on the wall of the nursery."

"This isn't about money," Duff says. "I don't want anything for myself." For Perelman's side to portray her as a gold digger is, she says, "a cruel joke."

"It's only about the kid, for her," affirms Richard Emery, a friend who has also acted as her attorney. "She has a completely pure-hearted belief that the child's only chance at a life with a semblance of normalcy is to be with her."

Yet Duff's side has argued that it's important for Caleigh to live at least as well as her half-sister Samantha—whose mother has a Park Avenue apartment that was worth almost $8 million in 1994, and an 8.5-acre East Hampton estate that cost more than $4 million a decade ago—and, to the extent possible, to see her mother and father as financial equals. "It's about getting what Claudia got—that's really what she has in mind," says someone who has discussed the issue with Duff.

"It's clear [in New York State support guidelines] that there should be no great disparity between the [parents'] homes," Duff says. "There's no way I can ever equalize it. But what I don't want it to be is

different that somehow or another she ıld be, in effect, seduced away from me. those times in her life, particularly as reaches puberty, that she sees the differ-ːe. She sees it now! She'll say, 'Mommy, ı we get a screening room in Connecti-?' Well, I used to have screening rooms my old life. But that's not something t's an option now. She's well aware that r father has a yacht. She's well aware ıt in her other house, with her father, re's huge playrooms."

She maintains that Perelman should be ponsible for the purchase of a fine New rk town house—claiming that the court-posed security regime means that she eds a bigger house than she can afford rself. "No co-op board will accept em," wrote Duff's legal team in one ng. "Only the most unaffordable vnhouses can accommodate their ace/security needs." (If necessary, uff notes, Perelman could pur-ase the house himself and allow r to live there only until Caleigh aches 18.)

And in a filing last summer, Duff dicated that she and Caleigh might expected to have monthly ex-ːnses—not including the Manhat-n housing costs—in the neighbor-ɔod of $267,000, including $15,000 r vacations (each month), $20,600 r household help (which would, esumably, cover the chef that her gal team claims is in order for aleigh's care and feeding), $1,750 beauty-parlor and salon treat-ents, $15,000 in clothing for her-lf, and $3,000 in clothing for aleigh. Pending resolution of the ild-support issue, Duff asked for terim support of $60,000 a onth, to include rent. At present, e is receiving $12,000 in interim pport, with Perelman also paying fees for nannies, schools, and mps.

Until all this is settled, Duff has cast her-lf and Caleigh into the limbo of a $30,000-month suite at the Waldorf-Astoria—and trying to move up to a bigger suite at 0,000 a month.

"She *wants* the money," says a woman ıo knows her. "When the separation first ırted, I said, 'God, Patricia, why don't u just get a divorce and get a job and t on with your life?' She looked at me as I was talking a foreign language, and id but then her daughter wouldn't live in e same way as his other children. And I id, 'So what?' Her daughter would still fine. And she looked as if I was talk-g a different foreign language. To her, it's conceivable that her daughter won't be well off as his other children."

In the meantime, Duff has been plowing through the cream of the New York matrimonial bar at the average rate of one law firm every two months since her divorce from Perelman began; Perelman's lawyer says she has used 16 firms in all. "The Duff case could also be called the Lawyers' Full Employment Act," says Stanford Lotwin, who was fifth in line.

Duff insists that some of these lawyers have worked in teams, so the numbers look artificially high. "I don't think all the attorneys I've had have necessarily always been on my side," she adds darkly. "She's sure that they've all been bought off by Ronald," says someone who knows her well. "That they're all giving her bad advice, and fooling her, and withholding information, because Ronald has gotten to them.... She wants them on 24-hour call, and then she disagrees with everything they tell her.... So she calls friends and asks for recommendations because it's an *emergency,* and no one is *helping* her, and you wouldn't *believe* what's happening to her. And then the cycle starts again, with the next one."

But it isn't true that she has fired them all; at least four of them have fired *her,* and a fifth has petitioned to leave the case. Lotwin was one of those who quit. Although he has seen clients through some tempestuous divorces, including Donald Trump in both his splits and Claudia Cohen in Perelman's previous divorce, he couldn't hack this one. "I simply found that it was causing too much stress on myself and members of my staff," he says. "When someone has gone through many lawyers, they haven't just had a lot of bad lawyers. They're a difficult client."

Another of Duff's former attorneys complained of "the second-guessing and the criticism and the hysteria.... She's just too suspicious, and too difficult to handle."

Then there's the matter of payment. At least six firms, including her current one, claim to have been stiffed by Duff. In February, her former attorney Herman Tarnow sued her for $70,434.85. The following month, William Beslow—who represented her for about three months beginning last November—sued her for unpaid fees of $114,009.50. Last November, Norman Sheresky—one of the lawyers who quit the case—took her to arbitration over money she owed him. And now one of her current firms, Cohen, Hennessey & Bienstock, has asked to withdraw from the case unless Duff will agree to a schedule of payments and stick to it. Another lawyer has written off the fees she owes as a lost cause, and still another is in the threatening-letter stage of trying to recover some money.

As of late May, two more parties had come after Duff for funds: a court reporter who has not been paid by Duff's side for transcripts of the proceedings, and Jo Ann Douglas, the court-appointed guardian who represents Caleigh, who wants to recover $20,000, Duff's unpaid share of her fee. This last one, despite the relatively small sum involved, is really the most astonishing: it would seem self-defeating in the extreme for Duff to be on the bad side of a woman whose recommendations will carry enormous weight in court.

But in Duff's view all these creditors seem to be part of Perelman's vendetta against her. "All these decisions about what's going to happen to my daughter aren't going to be based on her interest. It's going to be based on whether I can stay focused on the litigation when there's other litigation coming from three or four other parties. And I frankly don't think it's just a coincidence."

Duff says this in the same way she says everything about her case—fast, but in a calm, normal voice. Watching her pretty face at a time like this, you have the feeling of momentary dislocation that is described



SCARLET WOMAN
Duff, in her political-consultant/aspiring-actress days, embodies the spirit of "Summer Pleasures" for *The Washingtonian* magazine, 1983.

Patricia Duff

people who've been through earthquakes, [illegible] shifting in your sense of reality.

According to people who have talked with Duff about the case, she believes that Perelman is literally trying to drive her crazy, "gaslighting" her with an elaborate series of small, malicious acts of vandalism and theft performed by her quickly shifting cast of household help. When anything goes wrong—the mail is late, or a storm seems to damage more of her trees than her neighbor's—she sees his machinations at work.

Over the past three years, she has called police in Connecticut and New York City at least seven times to report episodes of mischief for which she believes he's responsible. In June 1997, for example, she called the Fairfield police to report a raft of thefts and vandalism, including tampering with her telephone. "Duff located marks on her office door which is always locked indicating it had been removed from the hinges," wrote the responding officer. "The office had cassette tapes of conversations with her husband Perelman. Duff's voice is still on cassette, Perelman's voice was erased."

She phoned the police again five months later with a complete list of the items she said had been stolen from her. It included four Hermès belts, an Hermès crocodile handbag that had been whisked from behind another locked door, "24 Baccarat highball glasses valued at $3,120," six Hermès scarves, and "three Pratesi sheet sets, value $7,500."

When another officer followed up two months later, he wrote, "Duff has no suspects but believes any person employed by Perelman after their separation could have been instructed to remove the items from the house."

In September of last year she summoned the police again at almost 10 P.M., reporting the theft since May of so much property that it took the responding officer four pages to enumerate it all: 25 shirts valued at $10,000, 15 Ralph Lauren leather belts, and 20 pairs of black pants, valued at $24,000. A cell phone, a photo album, a rug, a cable remote, film containing pictures of Duff, and Duff's notes documenting all the incidents she was reporting to police. This time, Duff named a specific employee as the culprit. "Miss Duff stated the suspect is removing the items to cause an inconvenience to her, a divorce with her husband is pending and all security personnel are employed by him."

Two weeks later, Duff called police again to report that two Plexiglas window guards in Caleigh's room had been tampered with. "Mrs. Duff feels that her ex-husband . . . is somehow responsible."

Duff is so persuaded, by now, of Perelman's omnipotence that she often makes phone calls from the homes or offices of friends. She has been known to ask people to use pseudonyms when they call her, and she has put combination locks on the doors of her bedroom and bathroom at the Waldorf-Astoria. At some point, she began recording the regular phone calls she makes to Caleigh when the girl is visiting her father; Perelman got a court order to make her stop.

"This is actually a really easy case," says Perelman's lead lawyer, Adria Hillman. "There have been half a dozen serious settlement negotiations. Every time she gets close, she fires her lawyers or finds some other excuse." To be sure, this is what Perelman's lawyer *would* say—and pretty much the same thing Duff has said about him. "If I could extricate myself from this," she says, "I would, in a minute."

But some of her former attorneys concur that it is Duff, more than Perelman, who has kept the fight alive. "She always found an excuse not to resolve it," agrees one of her former attorneys. "When it comes down to it, she'll find an excuse that's meaningless . . . that's her more than him."

"I think he would like to have settled it," says Lotwin.

Had they settled the custody question early, when it was framed more as a matter of working out a visitation schedule, the court's presumption would have been mostly in the mother's favor. "As time has gone by, she loses ground," argues one of her former attorneys. "He didn't want as much decision-making power" in the beginning. But in refusing to settle, she opened the way for the appointment of the forensic psychiatrist, whose conclusions about Duff were devastating. This attorney also believes she has alienated Caleigh's court-appointed guardian. And Justice Bransten may well be tired of hearing herself described as Perelman's pawn. He, meanwhile, has moved to press every advantage. "The terms you could have g[illegible] ten a year ago, you couldn't get today, [illegible] the settlement," says the attorney, addi[illegible] of Perelman, "You're talking about M[illegible] Tough. It's not like a normal person."

Could Duff lose custody completely if s[illegible] and Perelman force the trial all the w[illegible] to a conclusion? "It could happen," sa[illegible] this attorney. "At the beginning of the ca[illegible] I would have thought that was impossib[illegible] But now it's certainly a possibility."

The custody trial is scheduled to st[illegible] again in early August. In the meantime, Se[illegible] ator Torricelli continues to play the knig[illegible] errant, scaring up lawyers for Duff and s[illegible] ting in on an occasional conference abo[illegible] strategy. They have been seeing each oth[illegible] seriously since spring of last year, wh[illegible] Democratic fund-raiser Beth Dozoretz br[illegible] kered a date between them. According to[illegible] friend, he's hoping desperately that Duff w[illegible] see the light and settle the case, or that [illegible] judge will do more to force a settlement.

But apparently the impulse to ride [illegible] Duff's rescue is one that few men can r[illegible] sist. At a birthday party he threw for h[illegible] this year, Torricelli made a toast that elab[illegible] rately compared Duff, in the wake of h[illegible] divorce from Perelman, to the survivors [illegible] the *Titanic:* "On April 12th, the *Titanic* e[illegible] tered the Atlantic and Patricia entered th[illegible] world. And at some point in their voyage [illegible] the *Titanic* sank, and its survivors swam t[illegible] a ship that was simply passing in the nigh[illegible] unaware," he told 30 guests at Fresco. H[illegible] described this toast to me proudly in an i[illegible] terview after the fact. "I was making th[illegible] point that I was that ship, and the survivo[illegible] swam aboard," he said. "I was comparin[illegible] myself with the *Carpathia.*"

But if the past is any measure, he'd d[illegible] well to watch for icebergs himself. For it [illegible] striking, in the end, how much at hom[illegible] Duff seems in the midst of her distress[illegible] She is undoubtedly, sincerely miserable[illegible] but she is at home.

More than once, during our interviews[illegible] Duff burst into precipitous tears. "I just thin[illegible] I'm up against impossible circumstances,[illegible] she said during one such outburst. "Th[illegible] longer I'm in this, the more I see it. I feel a[illegible] though I'm completely overwhelmed b[illegible] forces that are just so far beyond the norm.

When the tears clear, she looks as radiant a[illegible] ever, like a garden refreshed by spring rain. [illegible]

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Michael Lutin tells Leos, Laugh and the world laughs with you

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

You're feeling preoccupied with your professional life now, and that's because Saturn is culminating in your solar chart. That may not be a bad thing, for work has been just what you've needed to keep your mind off a personal wound that is taking longer to heal than you'd care to admit. Since the only way to cure it is to address it, however, you need to take time out from your worldly pursuits to deal with the personal issues which have taken a toll on you and your family for several months. And if you cry now and then, do you think anyone cares?

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

With your solar 4th and 6th houses so active, you've got your hands full just staying healthy enough to be productive on the job. As if that weren't enough, you can't seem to get away from neighbors and relatives who can be terribly irritating, if not downright destructive. Getting out of the city and collapsing into the comforting embrace of friends who can ply you with good food and drink is certainly a great way to spend the summer. Even a day-trip can do wonders for your pressured psyche. In any arena, quickies can be fun.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

A Texas billionaire, when asked what his favorite beer was, reportedly replied, "That's easy. A free one." While that may be one sure way to retain your billions, it's not a point of view that suits everybody. As Mars transits your 2nd house for most of the summer, you'll have to adopt a different philosophy. The way things stand, if you want to make money you're going to have to start by spending a pile. But don't disregard the financial nervousness you've been experiencing. You know how dangerous it can be to be rushed into counting those stupid chickens.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

At last! Having weathered a perfectly wretched retrograde transit of Mars through your solar 12th house, you are coming out of your cave, scarred perhaps but renewed and ready to resume your seduction of everybody who has more money than you do. In fact, by the time Chiron leaves your sign in late September, your wounds, emotional and physical alike, should be healing nicely. The Mars-Saturn opposition is not over yet, however, so although it may be really hard to control yourself, please keep this advice in mind: No matter how hungry you are, don't grab.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Given the 12th-house transits you are currently experiencing, it is likely you are hiding a few secrets you wouldn't care to see on the evening news or in tabloid headlines. That makes you somewhat vulnerable, especially since there are a couple of snakes in the grass who would love to bite you on the ankle and ruin your little picnic. If you put your faith in a higher power, though, you will not have to waste your precious time worrying about enemy plots or looking over your shoulder every five seconds to make sure you're not being followed.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

If you've resisted the temptation to invest in can't-miss deals that promise fantastic money, then you're in tune with cosmic forces. Putting your eggs in a stranger's basket is scary, no matter how much you would like to believe in that person's integrity. Now, however, with Mars in your 11th house, you will have to take risks if you are to achieve security. That's a tough one for you, since you've always been told that the lottery is for suckers and a few lucky dogs, and that you should avoid falling into the former category and give up any hope of stumbling into the latter.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Will you ever get out from under those infernal political games? Much as you would like to, you probably won't be able to in the near future, as long as your 3rd-house ruler is crossing your solar midheaven. It's hard to believe, but some jerks are foolish enough to think they can boss and bully other people around, control and intimidate them, attempt to make them conform to a rigid set of rules, and—get this—at the same time make them feel that it's all for their own good! Foiling the plans of such tyrants is one reason Aquarians were put on the earth.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

You may not be totally over your latest funk, but at least you're not just sitting on the couch in front of the tube watching the ice melt at the bottom of your glass. And you certainly don't have to stew in your own juice now that your solar 9th house is getting a jolt of juice from Mars. You should be out there traveling, socializing, performing, partying, and stimulating your brain with wholesome, cultural thoughts and high-minded exercises. And, if you must, you can also add a measure of your usual secret monkey business on the side.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

As your ruling planet enters your solar 8th house and Chiron prepares to leave it, you really ought to apply your considerable talents to the process of rebirth in the area of your sexuality. That shouldn't be too difficult. Even those who find you pushy, obnoxious, and almost impossible to deal with will have to concede that you've been able to accomplish wonders over the last six months. Whether you were caught up in the reconstruction of a nearly shattered ego or busy starting a new job, you managed to be fabulous, if you have to say so yourself. And you may have to.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Now that you are getting your strength back and no longer consider yourself the winner of the World's Biggest Loser contest, you should get a bang out of turning down any flaky offers that come your way. Try to remember that you are not desperate anymore. That said, the transits of Mars and Chiron in your 7th house indicate that there is still a powerful guy around whose advice you would do well to follow. The problem is that whenever you honestly try to listen to what someone else has to say, you tune out after two seconds. And that *is* a problem.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

No sane human being could fail to notice how exhausted you are, or honestly deny your need to retreat into yourself and escape from the incessant pounding you have been taking from a very demanding world. It would be great if you could just go off and sit on a sunny deck somewhere, sketching hummingbirds and dictating your memoirs. Your 6th house is buzzing, however, and that means you've got to get yourself into a work mode. This is the time to clean up the joint, get your health together, and stop thinking frightening thoughts. Retirement now? You? Get real.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

The transit of Chiron through your 5th house hasn't been easy. Single, childless Cancers have had their hearts stomped on. Maybe it was important for them to open up emotionally, but only those who have never been in therapy could actually enjoy being batted around like that. Meanwhile, the happily married and fruitful members of your sign have received enough aggravation from their kids to last a lifetime. Fortunately, it's just about over. Let's hope that you've learned the painful lesson of nonattachment and are now ready to have some serious fun.

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.





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Sandra Bernhard

From her 1983 film debut in Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy* to her acerbic stand-up performances, to her recent Broadway hit, *I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!*, Sandra Bernhard has proved to be comedy's irreverent hipster queen. This month, as she takes her show on tour, Bernhard pauses to sound off on bottom feeders, taxi drivers, and lunching with supermodels

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A cross-country road trip with a new lover and my baby riding shotgun.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
I can tell you what historical figure is most associated with me: Sarah Bernhardt. Unfortunately she's not here to comment.

What is your greatest extravagance?
My open account with a high-class escort service and a standing reservation at the Carlyle.

What is your favorite journey?
Steve Perry.

On what occasion do you lie?
Onstage, during interviews, during grand-jury testimony, when I get pulled over for speeding, and when I come through customs after a shopping extravaganza in a Third World country.

Which living person do you most despise?
The stinky taxi driver who picked me up at 14th and Eighth on December 1, 1998, at approximately 5:15 P.M.

What is your greatest regret?
A recent tension-fraught lunch with a supermodel.



When and where were you happiest?
The weeklong anticipation before a recent tension-fraught lunch with a supermodel (which I now regret).

Which talent would you most like to have?
The ability to bullshit my way into a major motion picture.

What is your current state of mind?
Whacked out on muscle relaxants and echinacea.

What is your most treasured possession?
My mucus plug—it sits on my desk in a snow globe.

Where would you like to live?
1006 Bluff Ridge Drive, New Albany, Indiana.

What is your most marked characteristic?
A tiny mole on the bottom of my foot.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Lots of prickly ear hair.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
A shrill, bitchy edge that never stops.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Neely O'Hara.

What are your favorite names?
Ezekiel, Tina, Mickey, Tilly, Loulou, Maurice, Herminio.

What is it that you most dislike?
Bottom feeders.

What is your motto?
"Kiss 'em, slap 'em, send 'em home."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT ERDMANN

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